WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—When we went into the World war, Sen. Smith W. Brookhart of Iowa said our crack riflemen would win for us if he were allowed to recruit and train them. Americans, he said, were born marksmen, and the rifle would be suited to our native genius. He was soundly patriotic and moving, as he worked in Daniel Boone and individual initiative, but his plea went unheeded—in fact, the senator's suggestion seemed amusing to most commentators.

Rifle Virtuoso Made Gun Our Army Mainstay

But, at that time, there was a young fellow popping off the conveyor belt ducks at Coney island with such accuracy that he became a virtuoso of rifle fire, and, in between war years, made the rifle the mainstay of our army firing power, just as Senator Brookhart said it ought to be. The Garand self-loading, semi-automatic rifle, tested by National Guardsmen at Camp Smith, Peekskill, has for several years been put down by military men as the world's most sensational achievement in light arms. The army took it over in 1937. It is the creation of John C. Garand, the young toolmaker whose earlier laboratory was a Coney island shooting gallery. It weighs only nine pounds, and fires 60 shots to the minute—one shot with one trigger-pull.

Young Garand made several models, embodying his basic idea, and sent one to the navy department at Washington. They planted him with the bureau of standards to continue his experiments.

Later, they sent him to the United States armory at Springfield, where in 1923 he brought through the deadliest small weapon ever made. It has been steadily improved since then, and, according to the most authoritative military judgment, has more than trebled our army's firing power. Automatic in all but the trigger-pull, muzzle gas is used to power it.

John C. Garand was born in a French-Canadian village, 20 miles from Montreal, and was brought to Putnam, Conn., by his father, when he was seven, after the death of his mother. He was the seventh of 14 children. He was a textile mill machinist at 18. In 1930, he married a Canadian girl. They have a boy and a girl. He is 52 years old, still a gunsmith at the Springfield armory.

THERE was once a hillbilly girl who went to a neighbor's cabin to borrow a hammer. She said, "Pappy's fixin' to build a house next fall." Over in Europe, they are "fixin'" to build a federated Europe, forehanded about it, as above, with the building apparently dependent on a preliminary wrecking job.

Europe Borrows Our 'World of Tomorrow' Idea

Within the last few days, plans for the grand remodeling have gone forward, with two sets of blueprints on each side of the west wall. Franz von Papen thinks the new commonwealth of Europe will be devised by Germany, while Paul Reynaud, French minister of finance, and his confreres in London, are making other arrangements. The wide range of planners swings from intellectuals, such as Julian Huxley, the British scientist, to the man of action, General Wladislas Sikorski, premier of the Polish government which is just now camping out in France.

General Sikorski, the latest matriculate in the peace seminar, visions a "consolidated Europe," but one in which a reconstituted Poland will somehow be happily encysted.

He is a soldier who became a writing, as well as a fighting man, also, with his gift of ready speech, an orator and politician. He was an effective leader of the war of 1920, when the French general, Maxime Weygand, helped the Poles stop the Bolsheviks, and he became premier in 1922 when he was replaced by Marshal Pilsudski as chief-of-staff. He was forced out in 1923, and in 1924 became minister of war. One of his first official acts was to forbid women workers in the department to wear silk stockings. He decreed dark, high-collared dresses, high shoes and cotton stockings. He is a strict disciplinarian.

A handsome and romantic figure of the old feudal Polish aristocracy, he took full account of modern conditions as he tried desperately to tool his country into modern statehood. Now, it appears, he would just skip it and take a chance on the world of tomorrow.

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

Revolutionary Borrowing

Over $500,000 in cash was borrowed by the United States during the last two years of the Revolutionary war, according to a study of "Business Enterprise in the American Revolutionary Era" issued by the Columbia University Press.

Typewriter Ribbons

Typewriter ribbons are usually made of the best quality nainsook, closely woven of fine, even thread spun from the best long-fiber Sea Island cotton.

Four Score Years Have Passed Since John Brown Died on the Scaffold But His Renown "Goes Marching On"

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

FOR four score years the body of John Brown has lain "moldering in its grave" but his fame "goes marching on." The fires of the Civil war have long since died down but the song which once fanned its flames is still being sung by a generation of Americans to whom the story of this "martyr" (or "fanatic") is but a dimly-remembered legend.

They can, however, obtain a little clearer picture of what manner of man he was and why he was instrumental in setting millions of Americans at each other's throats if they read a book published recently by the Kansas Magazine Publishing company of Manhattan, Kan. Last year Kirke Mechem, secretary of the Kansas State Historical society wrote a play about John Brown. It won the 1938 Maxwell Anderson Award of Stanford university. It was published as a book on October 16 of this year—the anniversary of John Brown's famous raid on Harper's Ferry.

As December 2, 1939, approaches, it is appropriate to turn to the last two pages of this book and read there

ACT THREE
Scene III

SCENE: A hill overlooking a valley, December 2, 1859. At first dark, it slowly becomes lighter until the figures of Kagi and Oliver are visible, although indefinite.

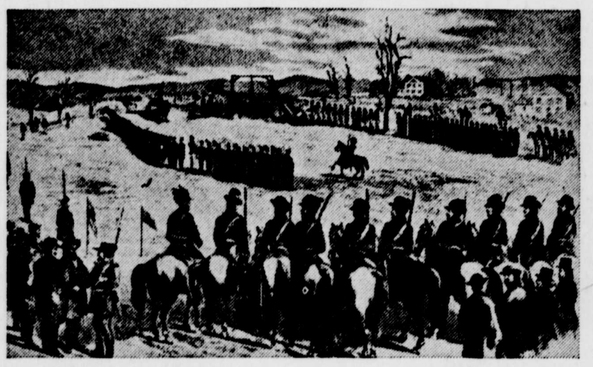
(Note: John Henry Kagi, Brown's chief lieutenant, and his youngest son, Oliver, were killed during the fighting at Harper's Ferry.)

Oliver—Kagi! I see the scaffold.
Kagi—Yes, Oliver.
Oliver—But we are dead!
Kagi—Yes.
Oliver—But why are we so dim?
Kagi—Because our spirits were dim.
Oliver—Spirits? Ghosts, Kagi?
Kagi—Not heavenly ghosts or spirits, Oliver.
But now we live within the minds of men.
You are the Oliver the world remembers.
And I am Kagi, living as a spirit
In men's remembrance.
Oliver—Then as the world remembers us we live!
Kagi—Not by our earthly bodies, Oliver.
No, for most strangely, in the same degree
That men renounce their bodies do their spirits
Seem to have earthly life.
Oliver—As we renounced ours, then we live?
Kagi—Yes; somewhat dimly. Our renunciation
Was a little under protest.
Oliver—All the great spirits have renounced themselves.
Kagi—If not renounced, transcended, Oliver.
Oliver—Kagi! They're on the gallows!
Kagi—Yes, so they are.
Oliver—Kagi, Kagi! They're hanging him!
Kagi—Yes, Oliver, they think they're hanging him.
They have a scaffold and they have his body.
Yes, now — They hang him!
Now, John Brown is dead!
That fierce and passionate body, there it hangs!
They've strung him up between the earth and Heaven!
John Brown is dead! Now cut his body down.
Now, bury him. You cannot bury him!
He stands colossal on the blood-stained sod!
He springs a hundred-fold—
Oliver—Kagi! Look! Rising from the scaffold!
All white and shining!
Kagi—That is his spirit, Oliver!
Oliver—What's that?

(There is a sound of a distant cannon, then another.)

Kagi—A cannon in the distance.
Oliver—He's moving! Someone is with him. Soldiers!
Kagi—They're coming. Millions. Millions. Following him.

(As the lights fade from Kagi and Oliver, John Brown in a white light moves across the background, the heads and shoulders of Union and



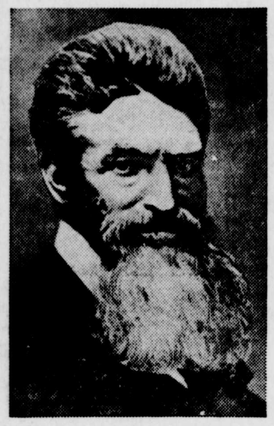
THE EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN NEAR CHARLESTOWN, VA.
(From an illustration in Leslie's Weekly, Dec. 17, 1859.)

Confederate soldiers crossing and re-crossing, and the music of "John Brown's Body" accompanying them. Brown's voice, pronouncing the names of the battles when the soldiers appear, slowly fades as the music increases in volume.)

Brown—Manassas. Shiloh. Gettysburg. Vicksburg. Chickamauga. Lookout Mountain. Wilderness—

CURTAIN

Thus the poet-dramatist's version of the historic event which took place on that December day 80 years ago. For the version of an eye-witness, turn now to the July, 1921, issue of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly and in it read "John Brown at Harper's Ferry and Charlestown — A Lecture by S. K. Donovan." In 1859 Donovan, who later became editor of the Columbus (Ohio) Times and a contributor to the Cincinnati Enquirer, was a reporter for the Baltimore (Md.) Daily Exchange. He was the first newspaper correspondent on the ground after John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry began. He interviewed Brown



John Brown at the time of his death.

after his capture, accompanied the "angry man of God" and his fellow raiders when they were moved to Charlestown and was present when Brown was placed on trial for his life. Here is Donovan's account of the execution of John Brown:

The air on the second day of December was crisp and sharp, such as we have in this latitude in early December when the weather is fine. Early in the morning there were fleecy clouds shrouding the sun, but by 10 o'clock these had dissipated and the sun shown brightly.

John Brown dressed for the execution when he rose from bed. About nine o'clock, bedizened with laces and cords and spangles, General Taliaferro, commandant of the 3,000 Virginia uniformed militia, called at John Brown's cell. The old hero was engaged in writing. As he looked up and recognized the general he said:

"What is the hour of execution?"

"Eleven o'clock," replied the general.

"I will have finished my correspondence before that hour," he replied as he resumed his pen.

Taliaferro stood for a moment and then turned on his heels and left the jail. He did not awe the old raider by his imposing presence and attitude.

At 11 o'clock a furniture wagon, with two horses attached, was drawn up in front of the jail. John Brown with Sheriff Campbell on one side and Jailer Avis on the other stepped from the jail. Unaided Captain Brown got into the wagon and took a seat on a box which contained his coffin. Jailer Avis sat at his side. On the driver's seat sat George W. Sadler, Massachusetts man, resident of Charlestown, who thought it necessary that he should drive John Brown to his death, that he might attest his loyalty to southern institutions. The Charlestown cadets, under command of Capt. W. W. Gallagher, formed around the wagon, and preceded by military and followed by military the line of march was taken up to the field of execution just beyond the town limits and to the south of it.

As Captain Brown filled his lungs with the crisp air he said to Mr. Sadler, "What a delicious atmosphere. It is very invigorating."

"Yes," replied Mr. Sadler. They reached a little knoll from which the open country could be seen.

"Why, Mr. Sadler, you have a lovely country surrounding you. I had no idea it was so lovely."

"Yes," replied Mr. Sadler.

Then the old man's eye caught the Blue Ridge mountains.

"Is the Blue Ridge always as beautiful as it is this morning?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Sadler, "always so on bright days. Captain Brown, you are more cheerful than I."

"Oh! yes, I should be."

And thus he proceeded to his death.

Reaching the field, he got from the wagon unaided and started for the steps of the scaffold. Of all the scenes in a life which has not been uneventful, that scene at the scaffold is most indelibly impressed upon my mind. Tonight, as on that cool December morning nearly a generation ago, it stands distinctly before me. I see him as he places his foot on the first step. No bravado, but a calm mien and exquisite poise, step after step he takes, as though he were ascending the stairs in a gentleman friend's home to a chamber in which he was to rest. Reaching the top, he steps forward on the trap, glances at the thousands of soldiers by whom he is surrounded and turns to Jailer Avis with,

"Where are your citizens?"

"Citizens are not allowed to be present," the jailer replies.

"That is a great mistake—a grave mistake. Your citizens should have witnessed this scene."

He throws his head back and looks at the rope which dangles above him. Then his eyes catch the Blue Ridge and he turns almost around grasping its beautiful sweep up the valley. A touch on his shoulder calls his attention, and, as he faces, the sheriff whispers to him. The old man reaches up and removes his old black felt hat, laying it at his feet; then runs his fingers through his hair, and then his arms are pinioned, his limbs are bound, the rope is adjusted and the white cap is drawn over his face.

Then an order is given to the military and it commences to maneuver. Charging and retreating, flying off at the flank and falling back on the center; 10 minutes are occupied in this barbarian behavior, and all the while the old man stands on the death trap without a tremor. Jailer Avis becomes impatient and says to Captain Brown,

"Aren't you getting tired, Captain?"

"No, but I do not see the necessity for keeping me waiting so long."

The military settle. The sheriff approaches the old man and touches his hand with a handkerchief with the remark:

"Drop this when you are ready."

"Oh, no! I do not need that. I am always ready."

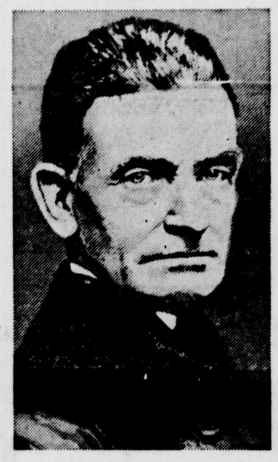
In a few seconds the trap is sprung and in 15 minutes John Brown's soul is with his God.

United States marines storming the engine house, Brown's "fort" at Harper's Ferry.

Equally interesting is another eye-witness account. This is contained in a letter written on the day of the execution by an officer, on duty with the Virginia Military Institute cadets, to his wife in Lexington, Va. It was printed many years later—in the January 31, 1934, issue of the Lexington Gazette. It says in part:

By 10 o'clock all was arrayed. The general effect was most imposing, and at the same time picturesque. The cadets were immediately in the rear of the gallows, with a howitzer on the right and on the left, a little behind so as to sweep the field. The whole enclosure was lined by cavalry troops, posted as sentinels, with their officers continually dashing around the enclosure. Outside this enclosure were other companies acting as rangers and scouts.

Shortly after 11 o'clock the prisoner was taken from the jail and the funeral cortege was put in motion. First came three companies—then the criminal's wagon, drawn by two large white horses. John Brown was seated on his coffin, accompanied by the sheriff and two other persons. The wagon drove to the foot of the gallows, and Brown descended with alacrity, and without assistance, and ascended the steep steps to the platform. His demeanor was intrepid, without being braggart. He made no speech, whether he desired to make one or not, I do not know. His manner was free from trepidation, but his countenance was not without concern, and it seemed to me to have a little cast of wildness. He stood upon the scaffold but a short time, giving brief adieus to those about him, when he was properly pinioned, and the white cap drawn over his face, the noose adjusted



John Brown in 1855.

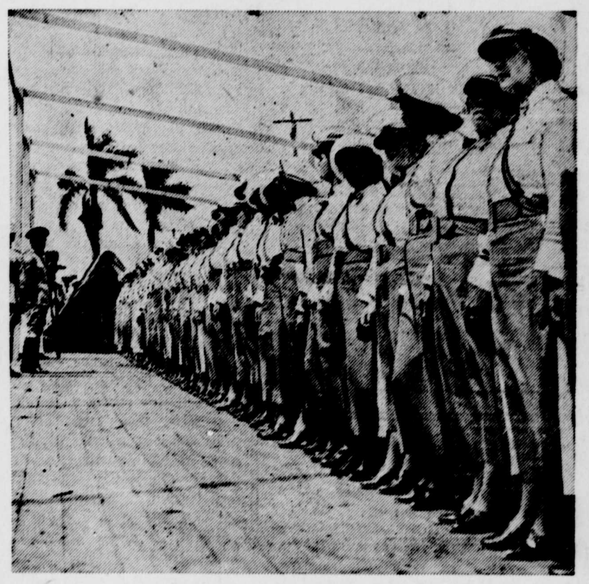
and attached to the hook above, and he was moved blindfold a few steps forward. It was curious to note how the instincts of nature operated to make him careful in putting out his feet, as if he were afraid he would walk off the platform. The man who stood unblenched on the brink of eternity was afraid of falling a few feet to the ground!

He was now all ready. The sheriff asked him if he should give him a private signal, before the fatal moment. He replied in a voice which seemed to be unnaturally natural—so composed was its tone and so distinct its articulation—that "it did not matter to him, if only they would not keep him too long waiting." He was kept waiting, however. The troops that had formed his escort had to be put into their proper positions, and while this was going on he stood for 10 or 15 minutes blindfolded, the rope around his neck, and his feet on the treacherous platform, expecting instantly the fatal act. But he stood for this comparatively long time upright as a soldier in position, and motionless. I was close to him, and watched him narrowly, to see if I could see any sign of shrinking or trembling in his person. Once I thought I saw his knees tremble, but it was only the wind blowing his loose trousers. His firmness was subjected to still further trial by hearing Colonel Smith announce to the sheriff, "We are all ready, Mr. Campbell." The sheriff did not hear, or did not comprehend, and in a louder tone the announcement was made. But the culprit still stood steady, till the sheriff, descending the flight of steps, with a well-directed blow of a sharp hatchet, severed the rope that held up the trap-door, which instantly sank sheer beneath him, and he fell about three feet. And the man of strong and bloody hand, of fierce passions, of iron will, of wonderful vicissitudes—the terrible partisan of Kansas—the capturer of the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry—the would-be Cataline of the South—the demi-god of the Abolitionists—the man execrated and lauded—damned and prayed for—the man who in his motives, his means, his plans, and his successes must ever be a wonder, a puzzle, and a mystery—John Brown was hanging between heaven and earth.

* * *

Among the letters written by John Brown in the last few hours of his life was one to a friend in which he said: "I am quite cheerful. Men cannot imprison, or chain, or bind the soul. I go joyfully, in behalf of those millions that 'have no rights,' that this great and glorious, this Christian Republic, 'is bound to respect.'" Just before he was executed he is said to have declared, "I am worth more to the cause hung than I am alive."

Cuba Today Is Vastly Changed From Days of Columbus Visit



CUBAN WOMEN have been organized into a reserve army to aid and supplement the island's regular military unit. Pictured here are a number of volunteers to the corps as they are lined up for inspection by their commanding officer Col. Fulgencio Batista.

Havana, Capital City, Is Now a Modern Seaport.

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

As the skyline of Havana rises from the deep blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico and takes form, one wonders of the thrill that Columbus must have felt on that memorable October 27, 1492, when first his tired eyes beheld the virgin shores of the island, and his mind quickened at the vision of gold and other precious metals he hoped this fair territory would yield to the coffers of Spain.

What would be his feeling now were he to approach the Cuban capital and see the golden dome of the new Capitol building glittering in the sunlight? Landing, he would feel increased awe at the size and the splendor of this building, which

HERE IS COL. Fulgencio Batista, dictator of Cuba, who rose from a lowly ranking army officer to become Number One man of the republic. Last year on a trip to the United States Batista was given a royal reception by the federal government.

would eclipse anything known to him.

Then someone might whisper in his ear that $17,000,000 had been spent in its construction, and that, set in the floor beneath its golden dome, is a 24-carat diamond!

From that diamond Cuban distances are measured; it is a glistening marker corresponding to the Zero Milestone south of the White House in Washington.

Weather-Beaten Harbor.

Grim and weather-beaten, Morro Castle since 1597 has stood guard over the bottle-necked harbor of Havana. As one's ship slips softly through the narrow channel, the massive walls and tower of the fortress rise sheer to the left, while to the right the shore seems so close that one could almost shake hands with the people on the sea wall.

No doubt many visitors have had several years of Spanish at school, but the chances are that they will not understand the rapid-fire chatter of boatmen, porters, and chauffeurs. It sounds so different. Much of it is different, just as everyday English is far from the correct and precise language of the classroom.

Venturing into the older sections of Havana, a visitor finds narrow streets and tiny sidewalks not more than 18 inches wide. The pedestrian on them brushes against people standing in the doorways or windows. Here it is customary to walk in the street, using the sidewalk only as a safety zone to let some vehicle pass as you flatten yourself apprehensively against the wall.

In this area, too, both homes and shops are built flush to the sidewalks. They have massive wooden doors with huge metal knockers, many of them shaped like a hand, an oddly coiled serpent, or a gargoyle with a ball in its mouth, with which you may set up a resounding demand for admittance.

Iron Bars on Windows.

The windows are in nearly every case enclosed with iron bars, those of the more pretentious residences having fancy scroll patterns. Most of them have a hinged section at a convenient height, which may be opened when desired, so that one may lean out and see what is going on farther down the street. To us, this custom may seem strange, except for jails or banks, yet it provides ventilation without the danger of intruders.

Cuban stores are blessed with an infinite variety of names—the smaller the establishment the more ponderous the name. As a rule the name selected has no bearing on the nature of the business conducted, as in the case of a small laundry bearing the royal designation of "Alfonso XII"; a tailor shop entitled "Nueva Retreta" (New Retreat); "El Canonazo" (The Cannon Shot), a photograph and furniture store; or "Flor de Oriente" (Flower of the Orient), a butcher shop!

The ground floor of many houses is often set back some distance and the second story, called the "first floor," is built out over the sidewalk, thus forming a broad arcade with heavy, supporting columns of masonry rising from the curb. The residences on the upper floors are usually protected by a fancy iron door at a landing about midway up the stairs.

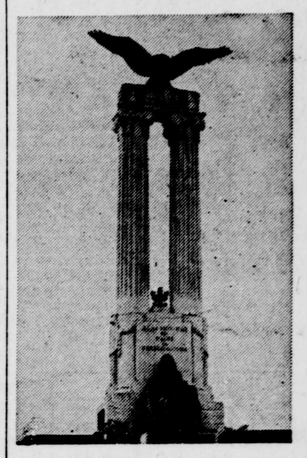
Large Rooms in Homes.

The rooms of an older house are huge, the ceilings high—often 15 to 18 feet high—and the floors usually of marble or tile. Between the rooms are ornamental doors, the upper part mostly of colored or frosted glass to make them opaque. Air can circulate freely over them as they do not reach the lintel. This gives some ventilation, for generally at night all outside doors and windows are closed to keep out the night air, which, according to legend, is thought to be injurious!

There are no built-in closets, and the walls are of painted plaster, without benefit of wallpaper. The furniture in the parlor usually consists of a center table with much bric-a-brac, while along the walls are two rows of chairs facing each other, placed with military precision.

An old-style Cuban kitchen would widen the eyes of any American woman. The ashes drop down inside the stove and out of the narrow bottom of the "funnel" either into a pan or onto the floor, depending on how neat the housekeeper happens to be.

Earthen pots and bowls, rough on the outside and glazed within, are used extensively for cooking. The



"REMEMBER THE MAINE"? This monument in Havana is Cuba's way of remembering the 260 American sailors who lost their lives when the battleship Maine exploded in Havana harbor on February 15th, 1898. The event was considered a contributory factor to the Spanish-American war and on each anniversary of the historic event, Cuba pays homage to the victims.

contents do not easily stick or burn in these receptacles. While gas is being installed in many houses today, some Cubans assert that food so prepared is not as delectable as when cooked over the slower charcoal fire.

Portable Heating Equipment.

In the very poor sections and tenements a small, portable charcoal brazier is used instead of a stove for cooking and for heating flat irons. These braziers are sometimes used by more well-to-do people to take the chill from the air in rainy weather or during the few unusually cool days of the winter season.