CACTUS PLANTS NO HELP CLIMBING UP SIDE OF CANYON

(Continued from Page One)

cactus because it breaks off at the slightest touch. Flat beds of prickly pear cactus tend to discourage one from sitting incautiously on the desert.

—Tucson and its environs is a place of great scenic beauty. Last week, with two friends I journeyed to nearby Sabino Canyon in the Catalina range. We drove along the paved canyon road to its very end, where it dwindles off into a winding climbing burro trail. There we discovered a burro train, of about 16 or 18 burros and a number of Mexican drivers, just starting the 14-mile trip across the mountains to the eastern side, and all those 14-miles on a trail where you or I would scarcely venture to walk afoot.

I followed this trail a short distance, and then turned up the side of the canyon, climbing the face of the mountain. It was hard going, to say the least. The sand and rocks slipped treacherously from under foot and threatened any moment to precipitate us down the slope in a cloud of dust and flames. I found that I often reached to steady myself, by means of the suhuaro cactus, a grave mistake. I made that mistake just twice. You learn very quickly out here—or you stay on level ground.

It took us the better part of an hour to reach a point just under the summit. We inched out on an enormous overhanging rock formation. From this position, we were able to survey the country for miles around, a glorious view. The canyon walls are a maze of color—red, blue, green, brown. Far below us we could see the pack train, like some great snake twisting its way along a trail where no trail should be. We could faintly hear the cries of the Mexicans as they urged on the burros. We shouted and waved, and we could barely make out their answering hail.

Coming down was a different story. Greenhorn that I am, I refused to descend by means of the slope. Rather I chose to lower myself perilously down the face of the rock. And again—I quickly learned. A loose piece of shale slipped beneath my foot, and I suddenly found my stomach was curiously empty. I attempted to retrace my course, and saw that I had to crawl out over the edge of an overhanging ledge to do so. For what seemed a long time, I sat there, between the sky and the earth, and it seemed that my whole past neared me and slapped me in the face. It took me ages to summon the courage to move from that one spot, and I have never been so thankful as I was the time we rode down the slope the "easy" way.

Today we visited one of the oldest missions in this part of the state, the mission of San Xavier del Bac, named by its founder, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino, in honor of his patron saint, Francisco Xavier, a Jesuit missionary. It is located on an Indian reservation, that of the Papagoes.

We entered the building through two great doors made from massive wood, and fastened with large hand-fashioned nails. The interior is one of the loveliest and most picturesque ever seen. The walls, eight feet thick, are covered with paintings done about 1797 by a monk who had to work with vegetable oils. The time and the sun have faded most of these until only their bare outlines are distinguishable. The whole interior is done in Spanish Renaissance. The carved wooden statues brought from Spain in the 13th century repose in wondrously decorated niches. The clothing on these statues is actual cloth, dipped in plaster and beautifully draped several hundred years ago. All of the decorations were wrought right into the plaster walls, and gilded with gold leaf or marvelously painted. The domed roof is declared by modern architects to be a wonder of architectural work.

In the little baptistry stands a great bronze copper bowl, larger than a dishpan. The top, one solid piece of copper, is carefully hammered and shaped. The bottom, also one piece of copper, reposes in a large plaster base. It was struck by one note of incongruity. On the walls of this little room, hundreds of years old and certainly to be treated with reverence and respect, modern tourists and sightseers have written and chipped their names and initials. "Fools' names and faces often seen, not only in public places"—but even on the walls of a church!

PLENTY OF DOOR KNOBS

Washington.—It is said that if all the door knobs in the new Department of Interior Building were to be stacked up, one upon the other, they would make a stack twice as high as the Washington Monument, which is 555.55 feet high.

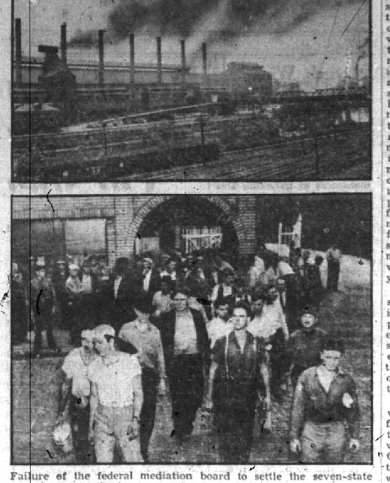
SEVEN DAMS

The TVA is now on its fifth year but the "yardstick" is still blocked by legal entanglements brought about by suits of private utilities. Two large dams have been completed, three others are under construction and work will begin soon on two more. Some idea of the magnitude of the operation can be had from the fact that the seven dams will cost more than $250,000,000. So far, the TVA has spent $150,900,000 and it has about $40,000,000 in sight for the next year.

CONFIRMS DEATH

Rome—In paying tribute to General Alberto Liuzzi, the first high-ranking Italian officer to die in the Spanish Civil War, the Fascist regime for the first time officially confirmed the death of the General while fighting in Spain.

Smoke Heralds Back-to-Work in Steel



Failure of the federal mediation board to settle the seven-state crucial steel strike became a signal for back-to-work movements in most of the major plants affected, and thousands returned to their jobs under the protection of Ohio and Pennsylvania National Guardsmen. At top a heavy pall of smoke rising from the chimneys of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company welcomes non-strikers back to their jobs. And below, tired but obviously happy, a group of workers in the same plant finish their first shift since the strike began and leave for home as a new shift comes in. Despite the return of thousands to work, C. I. O. leaders asserted the strike was "still on."

LEGION DROPS TWO, WINS ONE

(Continued from Page One)

a disastrous fourth inning when the opponents tallied six runs, the Birmingham legion team played airtight baseball and austied. The locals' lone run came in the first half of the fourth frame when Wenzell scampered home on Rohnds' single after hitting safely and advancing to second on an infield out.

Grambau, who plays first base when not on the pitching mound, is the team's leading hitter for the eight games played to date. He has collected 15 hits, including two doubles, in 30 trips to the plate for an even .500 average. Rounds, who missed the opening game of the year, is the second leading swatsmith with a .384 average. He has 10 safe blows in 26 times at bat. Wenzell, Green, and Forester are clouting the ball over the .300 mark to date.

Three Games Left

The team has three more games to play to complete its schedule. Saturday they take on the league leading and undefeated Fernale squad at Springdale Park. The game will start at 3 p. m.

PLATE GLASS FOR TARGET

Denver.—Police have been ordered to hunt someone with a "perverted sense of humor" and a BB gun who in two weeks broke $1,500 worth of plate glass windows, unseen by anyone.

CHAINS AUTO TO TREE

Muncie, Ind.—When an automobile landed on Clyde R. Gray's porch after a collision, Mr. Gray promptly chained the car to a nearby tree where, he says, it will remain until he is paid for the damage done to his house.

DRAWS BLACK ACE; DIES

Seattle.—During a card from the deck during a game with two friends, Charles McGulley fell dead from a heart attack. The card was the ace of spades—called the "death card" by card players.

FOUR BROTHERS WED

Grand Baie, Que.—A multiple wedding was recently celebrated in the village church when four brothers, Ernest, Raymond, Henry Paul and Rodolphe Lavoie were married at the same time.

Jack—Who spilled the mustard on this waffle, dear?

Wife—Oh, Jack, how could you? This is lemon pie!

THIS AND THAT

(Continued from Page One)

menus, beside the glasses, plate, silverware, etc., and, when I turned my head to glance in another direction, the menu had vanished; one of the waiters had taken it as a souvenir. I tried my best to get it back, even going to the manager of the hotel; all I got were smiles, shoulder shrugs, and regrets. You see, I had secured the autographs on the menu of the Rotarians at our table, as well as those of Paul Harris, founder of the Rotary movement, Chesley R. Perry, secretary of Rotary, and the red-robed Bishop of Nice. This sample of French trickery irked me; it is illustrative of what you may expect from certain quarters. I fondly hope that the remainder of my visit in France, after my family arrives and we have our six weeks' motor tour, will give me contact with French people who will not take the shirt from your back.

You who subscribe to Life should watch for an early July issue; in it you will find many pictures of the Convention, some of which will probably be ones I snapped; for I also spent several evenings with the two Life photographers getting various "shots" of other phases of the Convention.

Well, as I have told you, I wanted to get down into Italy for six days and, since the trains to Rome were all booked in advance for the two days after the Nice Convention, I had to take a train to Marseille, about 200 miles toward Spain where I boarded an airplane for Rome. It was just forty minutes past thirteen o'clock, (the French use 24 hours to reckon their time in), when, with only a man and his wife from Chicago, I climbed into the 24-seat Savoy Italian plane, with its ivory enamelled body and wings and its huge four motors to drive it through the air. Within two minutes from the time the pilot took off, (and there were three pilots and a mechanic; also a male steward), we were soaring high up over the edge of the Mediterranean Sea, en route to Rome, about 400 miles away. We made it in just three hours. It was the most beautiful flight I ever took; the Sea was the bluest thing I ever saw, and the jagged shore line was like a great cameo edge reaching out into the water, making a thousand different silhouette patterns of humans and animals and flowers and trees.

We flew at an average altitude of 8,000 feet, most of the time being over the few streamy clouds that were in the air. Our route was over the northern edge of the Island of Corsica, which gave Napoleon birth; it was a forbidding sight, mostly covered with high mountains whose saw-toothed, snow-covered peaks reached sky-ward. Then came the Island of Elba, where Napoleon was banished to; and then the Island of Monte Cristo, made famous by Alexander Dumas in his book, "The Count of Monte Cristo"; this latter Island was not very large, but its mountains came right to the edge of the water; I was informed that it is still used by the French as a prison for criminals.

Our flight took us over steamer lanes, and even large ships looked like tiny toy boats in a bath tub. I had hoped to take some pictures of the flight, but before leaving at Marseille the custom officers required that I have my Leica camera sealed, and later opened officially at Rome. You see, the Italian government doesn't want pictures taken from the air that might reveal its military fortifications, or other topographical secrets.

When I landed at the outskirts of Rome (and Rome is very beautiful from the air, St. Peter's great dome being first to greet you) I had to go through customs inspection, of course. No less than 11 uniformed men looked me and my belongings over. My passport referred to me as "newspaper editor" and this required extra inspection. One of the officials vigorously assured me that I must show more "credits letters", so I produced a special letter of credence I had obtained from Secretary of State Cordell Hull, and this smoothed out my path, and soon I was on the way to the Palace Ambassador Hotel, one of Rome's best. There I was to meet Mr. and Mrs. Louis Weil, of Port Huron, Michigan, and their fifteen-year-old son, Bill, whom I had met in Nice and had promised to spend time with in Rome, Florence, and Venice. Mr. Weil is co-publisher of the Times-Herald, at Port Huron, and I have known him for many years.

Before reaching Rome, however, our flight had taken us over about 60 miles of Italian farms, every one of them given to the orderly growing of crops, each of them utilizing every inch of the land to grow food upon.

Now, Folks, I realize that in these more or less sketchy letters I cannot give you details of everything I saw in Italy; let me say, however, that the six days I spent there convince me that Italy is a beautiful country, not only in Nature's beautiful offerings, but in the people, the architecture, the treasured art of that ancient land. And I have also make this observation, gathered from talks with many people: Benito Mussolini has done a heroic job for the Italian nation! We, in the U. S. A., and as we are of what we are pleased to call democratic government, may not like dictatorship, (and you who know me know that I abhor it), but if Mussolini had not taken over the government just fifteen years ago it most certainly would have gotten into the hands of the Communists. Il Duce is hailed as a genius by most Italians. He alone is the supreme power, the modern Caesar. I observed that he has done on a glorified scale what Franklin D. Roosevelt is in part doing on a minor one. Il Duce is actually running the country—every phase of it too. When he took it over, as an illustration, chaos reigned in Italy; the train that you might want to take to another city from Rome might be on schedule, within a day or two; and now it does run fast, and ON TIME. Business in Italy fifteen years ago was at a standstill; King Victor Emmanuel was unable to do a thing about it all. The Communists were on the verge of victory. It was then that Mussolini marched on Rome with his Fascists, or Blackshirts, which is merely a political designation, and Mussolini then for the first time met and talked with the King and the latter, knowing his people and the danger of the Communists, and realizing that a strong man was needed to lead them, valiantly cooperated with Mussolini, and the day was saved against Communism. Il Duce, is the hardest working man in Italy today. "He thinks of everything, he works for the common people, he has done more for women and children in fifteen years than has been done for them in two hundred years before," is the general opinion of those with whom I have talked.

How does he do it? Well, of course, he has a strong military backing. One million eight hundred thousand Fascists are behind him; they control the destinies of the other 42 million Italians. The power to tax has been Mussolini's economic weapon to date—just as it is always the strongest weapon of political leaders; just as it is in the U. S. A. under Roosevelt. But there is this difference: in Italy the people who are the beneficiaries of government support actually WORK on the projects; they don't rake leaves from one pile to another, or merely lean upon the handles of shovels. They build fine roads, public schools, great athletic fields and swimming pools, thousands of apartment houses for the poor, (and you can live as a workman in a three or four room apartment for one lira, or five cents in our money, per day.)

Although a city of one million three hundred thousand people and containing many automobiles, you never hear an auto horn in Rome. About a year ago Il Duce, not liking the raucous honking, hailed a policeman one day and said something like this: "When you hear an automobile coming toward you and its driver furiously tooting his horn, just hold your hand up to your lips and say 'Sh-sh-sh.'" The word spread around like wildfire and in a few days horns ceased blowing in Rome. For the first month accidents did increase, but after that drivers were more careful, and so today you can enjoy a large city in Italy without hearing a horn (Boy, what a great idea that would be for Paris, or even Detroit, or Birmingham!)

Next to Switzerland, I think Italian people are most courteous, especially those in the hotels—many of whom speak fairly decent English. The food is wonderful, too. My first dinner with the Weils consisted of ravioli and pigeon breast; the next evening I had guinea hen. So far, though I am somewhat critical of soups and consomme, I have yet to find any of these offerings other than most delectable. I am now unafraid to point out from a menu any of their first offerings—for I am confident that I will get and eat a fine arrangement of the chef's art.

Rome, as well as Florence and other parts of Italy, (except Venice), offers you the good old horse-drawn open carriage for transportation, if you wish it. One evening in Rome I suggested to the Weils that we hire one of these "open hacks" and drive to the Coliseum, that great ruin that once housed, for fun and frolic, the early Kings and peoples of the Roman Empire. It was about ten o'clock, and the half-moon played queer, yet delightful, light and shadow tricks with its interior. We saw, by the aid of a flashlight in the hands of a guide, the many places where the early Christians were held and tattered for the arena; where the lions were kept for their diet of human flesh. And we saw the remains of tier upon tier of seats where King and noble had sat to enjoy these contests. It was this evening I shall never forget—for here was devilish inhuman evidence of man's inhumanity toward man—and one must more seriously ponder the heroism that marked the entrance of Christianity to enthrone itself in the intelligence of a then quite pagan world.

I saw, while in Rome, the Catacombs, where the early Christians gathered for their worship under the earth's surface, and where several millions of them had been buried; revealed were also the tombs supposed to have held the bodies of St. Paul and St. Peter for many years. I visited the Baths of Caracalla, of Diocletsyian, which were the combination "golf clubs, night clubs, town clubs," etc., etc., of the first centuries of the Christian era.

And, while speaking of the Christian era, which we refer to as A. D., you may be interested to learn that today Italy is beginning to date its history from the period when Mussolini came into power. For instance, one of our hotel menus was dated: June 13, 1937 - XV. This latter Roman numeral refers to "fifteen years after Mussolini." Even recently erected monuments bear the date "after Mussolini."

While I saw the ancient Roman Forum, the ruins of the Palaces of the Caesars, countless monuments many Piazzas, or public squares, the office building where Mussolini works, and the small balcony facing the Peiazzo Venezia, where Il Duce makes his addresses from, I was the outstanding event was a visit to the Vatican Galleries, and St. Peters Church, the fountain head of Roman Catholicism in the world.

Many pages would be required to set forth the artistic triumphs contained in these two latter places. Within the Galleries are the art treasures of the centuries, that have been gathered together by the Church. Rare paintings, on the walls, the ceilings, in frames, fairly bewilder you. Here are the best things done by Michaelangelo, by Raphael, others whose names are better known to students of art; sculpture, both ancient and modern, are everywhere. Tapestries by Gobelin, jewel-covered vestments, crowns; intricately covered with precious gems, with gold and silver, are cabinets, miniature statues, mosaics,—everything. I suppose that one section of the Galleries contains enough value which, if sold, would pay off Italy's national debt. In the Galleries are valuable offerings from every country in the world, from Kings and Queens, from groups of people who sought to pay their respects to the Holy See.

English speaking Italian guides take you about, for a fee; and, of course, you pay a fee everywhere you go for entrance. And these guides! how proud they are of their beloved Italian traditions. And how well posted they are regarding the history of everything. I sat for fifteen minutes in the Sistine Chapel, in the Galleries, where the College of Cardinals makes its selection of the succeeding Popes when the contemporary Pope dies. I visited the place in the basements of St. Peters where lie most of the Popes who have presided over the Church through the centuries. They are in marble, or stone, or bronze, sarcophogi, entombed for temporal eternity.

And I also stood in the great open spaces of St. Peters, dazzled by the ornateness of its beauty, its great dome, the supreme architectural brain child of Michaelangelo. Statues everywhere, beautifully carved marble columns, the great central canopy beneath which lie the remains of St. Peter himself, and around which burn always lighted candles. The bronze statue of St. Peter, the toes of whose right foot have been almost removed by the millions of kisses bestowed upon them by the faithful.

When I left Rome, for Florence, I was convinced that here are more art treasures in one city than in all of North America. How much more, I do not know. And Italy, with its great background of the fine and beautiful in art, is yet unable (as is true of most of the remainder of Europe) to set in motion human relationships that are orderly and harmonious and without the constant fear and preparation for human slaughter. What an easy thing, then, I think, is it to create beauty in stone, in marble, in gold and silver, in building and in city—yet how hard to create beauty in human relationships!

And winding its way through this beautiful city of Rome is the famed Tiber River, upon whose broom float various sized craft, along whose sides are builded humble cottage and magnificent palace.

The original Rome covered only a portion of the present city limits, and was protected by a high wall, much of which still stands in majestic ruin. Under Mussolini many of the ancient ruins have been excavated, and every day are being brought forth sculptural treasures, beloved by the historians and the archaeologists of every land. One cannot spend even a day sightseeing in Rome without being struck by this tremendous human fact, the peoples of centuries ago were eternally engaged in combat, one tribe or nation arrayed against another, each seeking to conquer so that its aristocracy could live in more temporal glory and power —not to overlook their desire for the lustful things of the flesh. One of the reasons why museums the world over contain statues with arms, legs, or heads broken off is attributed to this singular, yet quite practical, reason; when, for instance, the Christians were able to take over Rome, they would break up everything the pagans had builded, and the statues contained the element of lime, so necessary to the cementing of stones together for the new edifices; so they would break up the smallest of the statues and use the fragments for making lime with. When the pagans and the barbarians were victorious, they too, would destroy any use the sculpture of the vanquished enemy for the same purpose.

While one may rightfully marvel at the great works of these past centuries and in honest reverence consider ancient Rome as a glorious time for the expression of beauty in stone and marble, yet one cannot overlook the fact that today a great building like General Motors, in Detroit, the Empire building in New York, and many others in North America, are likewise tributes to a more practical building art—and our contemporary civilization is no little one in the transformation of stone and marble to the expression of beauty. If some calamity should partially destroy and cover American civilization, those to come in a thousand or two thousand years would undoubtedly marvel at our abilities—and even a second-hand motor car that might be dug up in the year 5,000 would find a hallowed resting place in some future museum.

But enough of Rome. I have taken many pictures of its offerings, and hope to show some of you them when I return. I'll conclude this rambling letter and m a few days send another from Venice, which will also include my trip to Florence, the home of the Medici families, perhaps the world's greatest patrons of the arts. Until then, so long.

South Pole Ship at Exposition

A NEW GENERATION'S EYES turn seaward as young America, seated by the prow of a modern submarine at the Great Lakes Exposition in Cleveland, gazes wistfully at the ancient whaling vessel which served as flagship for Admiral Byrd's two Antarctic expeditions.

Beyond the ships anchored in Lake Erie extends the great Midway of the Exposition with its scenes of ride and show attractions. The Exposition continues through September 6th.

Newest Destroyer for Uncle Sam

Powerful, swift, deadly Uncle Sam's newest destroyer, the U. S. S. Dunlap, is shown here as she was officially commissioned at the Brooklyn, N. Y., navy yard. The ship was christened by Mrs. Katherine Dunlap, widow of Brig.-Gen. Robert H. Dunlap, U. S. Marine Corps, for whom the destroyer was named.

The Record's Bad, but the British Are Back for 'Just One More' Cup Race

BY IRVING DIX

THE 39th chapter in that ceaseless serial of frustration, "America's Cup Races," will be written in the churned-up waters off Newport, R. I., beginning July 31.

T. O. M. Sopwith, taking up where lovable old Sir Thomas Lipton left off, has brought two yachts over here from England —Endeavour I and Endeavour II —in hopes of regaining the cheap, but prized little trophy which the sloop America brought back in her hold 86 years ago.

The American defender will be either Harold S. Vanderbilt's new Ranger, or Gerald B. Lambert's seven-year-old Yankee, or Chandler Hovey's Rainbow, which, sailed by Commodore Vanderbilt, successfully repelled the invaders three years ago.

Of course, an American victory is expected again, no matter which of the three yachts is selected by the New York Yacht club. It seems that the British just can't win this particular event.

* * *

THE Americans won the cup, first known as the Hundred-Guinea cup, then as the Queen's cup, on Aug. 22, 1851, as it was the official trophy of the Royal Yacht Squadron's annual regatta around the Isle of Wight.

Since then there have been 37 attempts by British sportsmen to regain this cup. All have been rather miserable failures. Out of the 47 races which have been staged, the British yachts have won only five—twice because the American yacht was damaged.

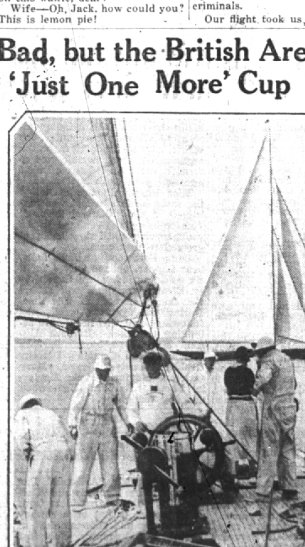
Old Sir Thomas Lipton had the most distressing series of defeats. Four times he poured money into a dream boat, sailed it over here, and then shipped it back home, badly beaten. He hurled his first challenge in 1899, another in 1901, came back in 1903, repeated again in 1920, and made his final bid in 1930.

His boats, all named Shamrock, lost nine straight races before Shamrock IV raced across the finish line ahead of the disabled Resolute on July 15, 1920.

* * *

THIS series saw Sir Thomas make his boldest bid. Shamrock IV won the first two races and it looked like he might realize his life-long ambition. But Resolute was repaired and swept to three straight victories.

Sopwith's Endeavour made quite a fight for it in the last races in 1934. The British sloop slipped over the finish line ahead in the first two races.



Trim streamliners of the sea are the yachts used in the cup race. Here members of the crew of the British challenger for the America's cup, Endeavour II, prepare to run in a trial spin, with Endeavour I, shown in the background, off Newport, R. I.

But Vanderbilt got some wind in his sails in the next four races and won them all.

Sopwith was most disgusted. Like the rest of the British yachtsmen before him, he muttered something about never having anything more to do with the America's Cup, and who would want the danged thing anyhow?

But he's back again. That's one thing about the British yachtsmen — they're not only consistent, but persistent losers.

BIRMINGHAM
TODAY-FRI.-SAT.
VIRGINIA BRUCE, KENT TAYLOR
'When Love Is Young'
PLUS
ROBERT YOUNG, ANN SOTHERN
'DANGEROUS NUMBER'
Sun.-Mon.-Tues.-Wed.
ERROL FLYNN
the MAUCH TWINS in Mark Twain's
'The Prince and the Pauper'
3-6-22-9-50
Shows Sun. at Mon.-Tue.-Wed. at 8:40 only
PLUS
EDW. EVERETT HORTON
'OH, DOCTOR'
GET IN EARLY

Jagersbo Kennels
"The Home of the Champion"
Michigan's Newest and Most Modern Kennels
3520 N. Adams Road
Dogs Boarded — Trained — Conditioned
Bathing — Trimming — Plucking
FOR SALE—Pointers - Setters - Spaniels
Phone Dham—246 Eric Bergishagen, Proprietor