

# THE WARSAW WEEKLY

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FRIDAY

JULY 26

1935

## FJORD EXCURSION

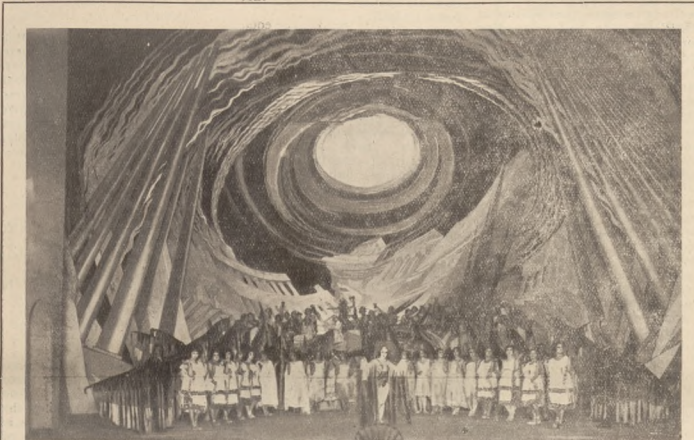
Bergen, Norway,

The passage from Gdynia to Copenhagen was rough but (for the healthy) uneventful, — only screaming wind and spray drenching the decks. Copenhagen itself is a clean, pleasant town lying in low squatish buildings on numberless pillows of greenery. As you pass through, neatness and care, and eminent respectability seem to characterize everything. The shops are rich, but though beautifully and gaily lighted at night, give an impression of provincialism in their heavily overloaded window displays. No police, no receptacles for rubbish are there anywhere, but there is no disorder in traffic nor are there any papers or burnt out matches in the streets. Neither are there any Danes. The country seems to be populated by bicycles standing in racks along the buildings.

At night about ten o'clock the life of Copenhagen concentrates in Tivoli, a sort of Luna Park on a very high level. Lights, lights, lights, in all combinations, coloured fountains and cascades, spotlights piercing the sky, ships, palaces, bogey-men in illumination, wheels spinning, bands playing, everything can be had for the small entrance fee. Copenhagen at play is cheerful and childlike. I was sorry the stay was too short to see it as it deserves to be seen.

On Sunday we entered our first fjord, Hardanger. A brisk wind was sweeping down its some 60 miles of length, gulls were squawking up above, and huge rough hewn mountains in endless ranges lay before us; powder blue in the distance, purplish when they lay nearer, and dark green as we came within a stone's throw of them, they towered up like bristly bearded giants over the smooth velvety leas here and there among them, neat and inviting with their white houses and red barns beckoning from the very shore. Further on new mountains with their feet in the water, tumbling ravines, jagged cliffs, sheer walls, precariously perched trees, all nature in a wild glorious rough and tumble; and on the other side clouds spread huge black blankets of shadow on the mountains, olive-green and brown in the changing sun.

We approach a tremendous cradle hung high in the clouds on two deep violet rock ridges; it is covered with a fuzzy light green blanket of grass, and out of it drops one tremendous white jagged line like a frozen flash of lightning; it must be half a mile long — it is a cascade hurtling down the precipice from its source in the clouds.



WINCENY DRABIK

WALPURGIS NIGHT (Faust Ch. Gounod)



WINCENY DRABIK

LEGION OF WYSPIANSKI (last scene)

TEATR WIELKI, WARSAW, 1930 (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 3)

The scene ever changes. Near at hand we pass little gray coves nosing their way inland, their water gleaming like chased silver and blue crystal in the sheets touched by the sun. A little motor launch trailing a row boat in the middle of such a sun-splashed cove seems to be floating just above the water.

At last we reach Eidfjord, a quiet modest little town at the end of one arm of Hardanger fjord, and we land in boat loads from the ship. It is a pleasure to watch how swiftly and efficiently the Polish sailors let down the motor launches and get the passengers in. No noise,

no fuss, no waste motion — one, two, three and we are on shore.

Into an automobile we jump and up we go the twenty kilometres to Fossil. The road waves and writhes around the bases of black, ominously smooth precipices from a half to a full kilometre or more in height so that the car seems like a flea clinging to a bare marble wall — now we go speeding along a white foaming torrent set with salmon traps, now scudding across a bridge, spluttering through tunnels in the cliff-side, now we cut back on the face of a wall in a breath taking hair-pin climbing up, up into the yellow sunshine. We pass cables

half a mile in length, taut from the sheer edge of the cliff across the ravine to the anchor at the edge of the road used to transport hay and wood easier and quicker from the ridge tops to the barus. After an hour of glorious scenery like this we see a curious mist rising out of the ravine ahead, then we hear a roar. Voringfors! a white column of fury plunging 123 metres into the gorge below. We fill our eyes with its wild grandeur, and delight in the mild air at the top, smelling delicately of mist and forest, and then down again to the little town at Dydford.

(Continued on page 6, col. 3)

## SOUTH AFRICAN LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent)  
 Johannesburg, July 12th, 1935.

The July Handicap race in Durban, the Mecca of all South Africans who can get away from their homes in Johannesburg and other parts of the interior to this delightful winter resort on the east coast, which was run on Saturday, gave further evidence of the prosperous times now being enjoyed in commercial and business circles in South Africa. All records for attendance at a South African race meeting were broken at this Saturday's race. On Thursday and Friday of last week, motor cars were arriving in Durban from the Transvaal, Free State, and the Cape Provinces at the rate of two a minute. The railway brought trainload after trainload of holiday visitors from all parts of the country, and there were also special aeroplane services from Johannesburg and other towns to Durban, in addition to the daily regular service.

That the July Handicap race has certainly caught the public imagination was shown by the extraordinary flood of wagers, organised by clubs, societies, etc. throughout the country. It was calculated that over £250,000 changed hands in bets. Close upon 50,000 spectators thronged the course. All hotels and boarding houses in Durban were booked up, and many private house owners were appealed to for an odd corner for some visitor to spend the night.

Everyone is envying Mr. A. Rowe, the owner of the horse "Eccentric," that won the race. His winnings, he says, have been considerable.

### Huge Winery Ablaze!

Thousands of gallons of wine, liqueurs, and brandies were destroyed by fire on Thursday night at the Wellington winery, near Capetown. The blaze was seen for miles. Huge flames shot 20 feet above the burning building, of which the bare stone walls are practically all that is left. The wife of the proprietor of the winery, who was with her children in a house 50 yards from the blazing building, collapsed with shock. The local fire brigade was called, but owing to lack of water pressure could do practically nothing.

### Transvaal Gold Output

The June production of gold is officially declared to have been 889,026 ounces, which is a decrease of 27,009 ounces compared with the longer working month of May. The basis of valuation was also one shilling

(Continued on page 2, col. 3)

# LONDON LETTER

By

Macdonald

That London is halted between international and national policies is shown by a series of recent publications which have been much discussed, though not in connection with one another. The first was the important "Sterling Bloc Supplement" issued in two parts by the *Daily Telegraph*; a well edited and profusely illustrated survey of the Sterling Bloc countries, with striking articles by economists on the future of sterling. Here, Professor Gustav Cassel expresses a renunciation of the gold standard with a summary statement that, "paradoxical as it may seem, people trust sterling because it is not on a gold basis." On the other hand, Professor Lionel Robbins regards the sterling area, whatever may have been its advantages in the past few years, as an essentially transitory arrangement: "either it will disintegrate in a general change of fluctuating exchanges or it will be merged in a large area of international stabilization." The key to this debate is perhaps given by Professor T. E. Gregory, who, after pointing out that a country in the industrial and financial position of Great Britain is capable of forcing a large part of the world to adapt local policy to hers whether that policy is right or wrong, goes on to describe a valuable by-product of the movement away from gold and towards sterling. He points out that "exchange stability could everywhere be attained by the simple expedient of generalising the Sterling Club; that is, if every country were willing to join the Sterling Group, and give great hindrance to the restoration of international trade would be swept away."

## Recent Attack

If the recent attack on the franc was a sign of this sympathetic attempt to "generalise the Sterling Club," it appears that membership has one large drawback for other countries. "We must not ignore the fact," writes Professor Gregory, "that it is difficult to conceive of the United States or France being willing to subordinate their domestic currency policy to the view either of the British Treasury or of the Bank of England, and this is what is implied by formal adherence to the Sterling Group." The attempt, therefore, is to get central banking in full swing, despite the objections that might be raised by individual governments; but the attempt is a perilous one, for the sterling area has no definite basis of credit, and a very large proportion of the world's monetary gold is in the vaults either of France or of America. Hence the attempt to "generalise the Sterling Club" is accompanied (as an insurance) by a feverish extraction of gold in Russia, South Africa, Western Australia, and other regions. Another hint of consolidated central banking comes from the report of the Geneva sub-committee on economic and financial measures against offending States, in which measures of financial pressure, such as the refusal of short-term credit operations, are discussed.

The crux of the matter is, however, whether the governments of old-established nations will submit to this financial dictation from one centre. Great Britain herself may put nationality first, to judge by a growing opinion, and it is clear that the Dominions, like Canada, are not anxious for the general flattening-out of internationalism.

The initiators of the campaign to "generalise the Sterling Club" are up against a stiff struggle

with time, for every unsuccessful month sees the odds against them increase and their resources diminish. Financiers accustomed to selling time are now being forced, against their will, to buy it.

## New Deal

The proposals for Mr. Lloyd George's New Deal, published at last, show graphically the halting-place between international and national policies. He sees no early prospect of a large expansion of the export trade of Great Britain's already established staple industries to the markets of highly-developed countries. On the other hand—the international aspect never overlooked—he finds immense possibilities in the Empire, in undeveloped or partly developed countries like India or the Colonies, and, above all, unlimited room for the expansion of international trade in the vast territory of Russia and China. "But," he says, "so long as the policy of other countries is wedded to ideas of economic nationalism, the chief field for industrial expansion must be within our door and within the vast confines of the Empire. In both directions there is obviously immense scope." The ex-Premier's projects for national economic revival are certainly ambitious, and depending upon the principle that the community should be in control of its own monetary system; consequently he wishes to change the constitution of the Bank of England, which is at present a close corporation. The scheme provides as well for a Prosperity Loan of £250,000,000 at three per cent. administered under the Cabinet and a National Development Board, upon an imposing list of reconstructive activities, the assumption being that the saving of unemployed pay and the widening of the economic circle would compensate for the loan. There is no doubt whatever that most of the works he mentions are very much needed, and the methods he proposes will be heard of again, but the outstanding interest of his New Deal is that it presents in itself the contradiction between the international policy and the national policy. China is dangled in front of the internationalist's nose, a vigorous revival of British agriculture (so as to absorb 500,000 of the unemployed) is bait for the nationalist, and on top of that the Bank of England (which has been dreaming dreams of sterling domination) is expected to become a Crystal Palace open to public inspection.

## Second Document

A second document which goes far to vindicate Mr. Lloyd George as regards national policy is the report of Mr. P. M. Stewart, the Commissioner for the Special Areas of England and Wales. The Commissioner, who has admitted the grant of £2,000,000 for the relief of hard hit industrial areas, does not minimize at all the immensity of the problem, and he notices an unwillingness of industrialists to resume active production in the black spots. So he proposes remedies which are unconventional under the present system, such as raising the school-leaving age, the provision of substantial retirement pensions, at 65, a shorter working week in particular cases, and a compulsory full week's holiday with pay. In addition to schemes which he has already undertaken, such as works of public utility and land settlement, he proposes a general principle of strengthened local development councils receiving financial help from the

# AFRICAN LETTER

(Continued from page 1 col. 5)

per ounce lower, being at 141.—The value of the June output was £287,633, which is a decrease of £236,216 on the value of May. The figures of native labour continue to expand. Witwatersrand gold mines in June employed 267,209 natives, compared with 264,067 in May.

## Companies Seeking for Names.

So many new limited liability companies have been formed of late, that new ones have very great difficulty in finding names for themselves that have not previously been used and that meet with the approval of the authorities. "Tiny Tots, Limited," and "Maid of the Mountains, Limited," are titles of companies which have been registered in the Union of South Africa since the new Companies Act came into force in 1927.

Finding titles for general companies for which there have been a surprising large number of registration applications—is proving a difficult task, and mining company promoters are also hard pushed for suitable and fresh names. In some cases solicitors have adopted the expedient of sending in long lists of names, only to find that they do not comply with the provisions of the law demanding originality and applicability.

Another sign of the commercial boom in South Africa!

## General Smuts and South African Youth.

In opening a bazaar at Luckhoff, in the Orange Free State Province, the Minister of Justice, General Smuts, referring to the lead he and the Prime Minister, General Hertzog, had given to the South African Nation, said he would be deeply disappointed in the youth of South Africa if they failed to follow this lead and stood aloof from the task of building up this country. He was told that many of their school teachers and ministers of religion were against their United Party. But they knew that the people as a whole were with them. The United Party had the great task of national reconstruction before them. It has been brought home to them that unless they as a people calmed down and got to work they would find themselves a people of new workers and indigent Europeans. General Hertzog and he had both sacrificed and given a lead, and they looked to the future to yield benefits and blessings that they had only known in dreams. He hoped that the people would follow.

## Congress of the South African Association for the Advancement of Science.

A great deal of the South African Press has been devoted to reports of lectures by South African scientists at the congress of the South African Association for the Advancement of Science, that has just been held at Paarl, one of the most beautiful towns in South Africa, situated in the western province of the Cape. For one morning last week awakened from its usual rustic slumber and assumed an unaccustomed animation. From an early hour cars entered the town, following each other in the bright winter

government so that they may lead in creating a local market for local production—the establishment, in other words, of a local voluntary preference for the products of the locality in order to encourage the foundation of local industries. In many ways Mr. Stewart's document is the most convincing of them all, but it is a far cry from his report to the *Daily Telegraph* "Sterling Bloc Supplement."

# NEWS IN BRIEF

The date for the first drawing on the Investment Loan has been set for September 2. On this date 1440 prizes will be drawn.

The Municipal Council has authorized the purchase of two eight-seater omnibuses, and they will be placed at the disposal of parties touring Poland.

Field mass was said on Marshal Pilsudski Place at ten in the morning on Saturday, and was heard by participants in the second excursion of Polish Scouts living abroad.

The Election Bill and regulations surrounding it will be issued in book-form with suitable comments by the writers of the Bill.

The Polish Medical Association has proposed that the Treasury issue special tax books for doctors. The reason is that the Income Tax Department refuses to grant that doctor's incomes were lower in 1934 than in 1933, and assesses taxes accordingly. By this plan, doctors would be able to prove their true income.

An agreement between the Tobacco Monopoly and Soviet tobacco growers has been signed, and calls for the purchase of nearly 800 tons of tobacco for £1,300,000.

Captain Barzyń and Lieutenant Wysocki established a new record for altitude in a free balloon with an open gondola when they ascended 10,002 metres. The ascent took four hours. It is not thought that this record will be recognized by the International Aeronautical Federation, as several instruments failed to function.

On July 19, four hundred Polish workmen left Lyons for Poland. Most of these workers had been employed in the silk mills.

sunshine. The visiting professors and scientists were officially welcomed by the mayor, and during their stay visited numerous places of interest, including the largest wine cellars in the world. Addresses on almost every scientific subject under the sun were delivered by learned lecturers. In his presidential address, delivered by Professor M. M. Rinald, of the University College of the Orange Free State, the president made a plea for the initiation of a national research policy in South Africa to deal with mining, industrial and agricultural problems.

He urged that the closest cooperation should be built up between industry and the scientific departments of the universities, where a large body of scientific workers existed, whose research abilities and training, should be more fully utilised towards the solution of the country's industrial problems.

Percy Cowen

The number of registered unemployed decreased to 333,000 during the last week. This is 14,559 less than the last release.

Romain Rolland, famous French author and music critic, visited Warsaw for several days while returning from Moscow.

The telephone numbers of the Fire Department are to be changed from August 1. Instead of 603-49, call 11-30-20.

Statistics gathered from 42 summer reports indicate that over 250,000 persons have visited them for more than eight days to July 15. Counting the average cost of room and board at eight zlotys daily, nearly 50,000,000 zlotys have been spent at these resorts.

Yesterday was the last day of registration of voters for Senators.

Different girls like different colour combinations and usually manage to appear in them, even if the mode of the moment may swing to another colour. This is especially true in Hollywood, where individuality is thought far more essential than following the leader in fashion. Our cinema stars set the styles rather than follow them.

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# THE THEATRE OF WINCENTY DRABIK

By Jerzy Macierakowski

With July 1, 1935 there passed the second anniversary of the death of Wincenty Drabik, the most celebrated of Polish stage designers and decorators.



WINCENTY DRABIK and his wife ALINA HALSKA, a popular artist of *Teatr Polski* in Warsaw.

In the perspective of these two years we have begun to understand, to feel more and more painfully the irretrievable loss that Polish art, and especially the Polish theatre has suffered in the passing of this artist; future historians and research workers on the Polish stage will undoubtedly term the period from 1913-1933 as the period of Drabik and Frycz. The talent, world-wide in its scale, of these two painters exerted a tremendous effect on the development of the Polish Theatre, and still has an indirect influence on its methods of inszenization and directing.

Drabik especially, who passionately loved his art, and who besides being a painter of genius, had truly exceptional gifts as a director and stage-designer, very often decided on the repertory to be played and on the value of the performances of which he himself was co-creator.

This splendid artist, by virtue of his unerring flair for "good-theater" always was able to impress on the director as well as on the players his full conception of a whole given play, its decoration, inszenization, and execution, so as to give to it the character and the style that in his opinion best suited it. This is why performances on which Drabik worked always contained elements of the highest perfection; the decorations, the costumes, the directing, and the playing of the artists always harmonized into a thing of beauty, flowing, as they did, from a common source — the full magnificent imaginative conception of Drabik.

It is not to be wondered at that Drabik, in addition to scenery prepared for the various stages, painted great numbers of sets and sketches for plays still waiting for inclusion in the repertories of theatres in which he worked. Judging by these, we cannot help admiring his tremendous energy and scaring imagination as an artist, and we cannot but feel that there was a man who loved the theatre with all his heart and soul and understood its lofty human significance.

The theatre, to Drabik, was a temple of poetry, of thought, of inspiration which should be approached in a spirit of respect and love, a temple of art true and pure, not seeking applause from the shallow emotions and trivial demands of the public, but itself seeking to edify the public, ennoble it, educate it, and lift it to the height on which it itself stands. The theatre in Drabik's understanding should

serve the great poetry of all the world, but native poetry above all, (for he demanded that his theatre be Polish in thought, spirit, and realization (and contribute to the ends of human kind). There must prevail in the theatre new art, great and progressive, and every play produced must be modestly adapted to the epoch it portrays. Drabik was never a fanatical adherent to the tradition of producing any given play, and when he thought he could strengthen the impression by marshalling new stage technique to the cause, he never held rigidly to the first version, even though originally produced under the author's eye and admitted to be "in agreement with his intentions."

Even in the inszenization of the works of Stanislaw Wyspianski, (who was for Drabik the very personification of the highest art and of its true understanding) he considered certain changes necessary, confident that Wyspianski himself, were he alive, would move with the times and make changes, too; for it was this very Wyspianski, the great dramatist of tremendous original genius and the great painter and enthusiast of the Polish Cracovian style, who was Drabik's master and teacher.

Surely the teacher could not but have noticed in his pupil that burning love for Poland and her art; certainly he must have recognized in him one of the most uncommon of geniuses and poured into him the basic elements of his highest ideals and convictions to fan into a white heat his love for Poland, for Krakow, and for the theatre. This enthusiasm and love for Polish peasant art, this love for Krakow and the Cracovian costume—these are the elements at the bottom of Drabik's genius. We meet the Cracovian motif only in the inszenization of Polish plays; in Drabik's decorations and costumes even for Shakespeare's masterpieces we can find this motif interwoven, but so subtly, so artistically that it becomes an organic inseparable part of the play. What glories there may we not expect when Drabik has room for the full sweep of his imagination, and a



WINCENTY DRABIK, Cracovian country-woman (huckstress), (design of costume).

theme on which to unload the full charge of his love and artistry? It is then that we have those incomparable performances, glowing and pulsing with life, rhythm, and colour — *Szopka Staropolska*, or *Pan Twardowski*, produced with what untold sentiment and feeling!

Trivial plays, on the other hand, plays without fantasy or imaginative flights, were wholly foreign to him. In such, he felt cramped, and though he made beautiful decorations for them, he could not put his spirit into the work. This inspired poet of the theatre was therefore hindered from fully expressing himself, and checked by the will of the managements of the various theatres, his splendid visions were stifled within him. Sometimes however, he succeeded in carrying his point of producing some great drama of Wyspianski, Słowacki, or Shakespeare, succeeded in inspiring the management to undertake steps highly significant to our culture and art; then he was beside himself for joy, he turned out matchless compositions for the stage, explained his vivid conceptions of how the action should move and develop, how tableaux should melt one into another, and completely absorbed in and devoted to his work, he never noticed that many times the laurels owing to himself went to another. But this never concerned him, he did not think at such times of himself or of possible honours he might obtain. In his great struggle for a true, and great theatre, for "Drabik's Theatre," his concern was that the great thought, the great poetry be-



WINCENTY DRABIK, SALOME'S SILVER DREAM of Słowacki (design of stage picture for Narodowy Theatre, Warsaw, 1925).

coming flesh on the stage, should prevail.

And so Goethe's *Faust*, Wyspianski's *Akropolis*, and the works of Słowacki, Krasiński, and others interested Drabik especially. He studied them deeply, regarding their presentation as a necessity for a true theatre. In his projects and sketches for these masterpieces, he left his testament for the Polish theatre. This testament should be executed by the present managements; it should be their highest ambition and ideal, and all the cultured public should see to it that it is respected and fulfilled.

The genius of Drabik must influence the development of our art, and we must ourselves rise to be worthy of so great a legacy, not only of painting but of idea as well. Every theatre should strive to become "The Theatre of Wincenty Drabik," and its page in the history of our art be permanent as the work and thought of Drabik himself. For his place in the history of the Polish theatre will be a unique one indeed. We have our very excellent and talented painters now, but there is none among them able to envisage so clearly and unerringly the whole stage with its set, its action, and rhythm as Drabik could, and at the same time to impress his conception on those around him with such irresistible force. This latter quality perhaps sometimes gave rise among directors to a sort of aloofness toward him, an aloofness deriving from the fact

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# PRESS REVIEW

## Past and Present.

In the *Gazeta Polska* Ignacy Matuszewski compares Poland's immediate past under the leadership of Pilsudski with the present which he says is "a transition period because after living in an atmosphere of a "Great Man" we must now substitute for him organization, Colonel Stawek has justly called attention to the moment when the transition from one form of government to the other took place, the moment when the government gave in its resignation after the funeral ceremonies. At that moment the government of the Republic showed the community that the place that had been occupied by a factor deciding for everything in the State by reason of its greatness was at present occupied by organization, organization controlled by the law, the law as the chief regulator and within the limits of the law the person whom the law designates.

"The new constitution assures to the country both the existence and the possibility of action by the government." In this the writer sees the difference between the old Poland in which owing to the fatal "liberum veto" no government could possibly act and the new Poland which, thanks to the new constitution, has a strong government capable of action and decision. The control of the government as well on the part of the President as on that of the Sejm and the Senate remains control not government. The future is in contrast with the past.

Further the author writes that the Premier, Colonel Stawek, has rightly explained the sense of the electoral system as a trial of a new political organization of the community, having shown the dangers of the former system which consisted in the co-exist-

ence of groups struggling for authority (or for participation in it). The idea of the new system of elections is to avoid party apparatus and to organize representation of the interests and needs of the community. "The wider the understanding of Premier Stawek's meaning, the less the bureaucratic apparatus mixes itself in the elections the quicker that the members of the government and other groups understand the necessity of giving up party spirit, the greater the chances of success for the new experiment." This is the conclusion to which the writer comes.

## Among the People's Party

The "Warszawski Dziennik Narodowy" an opposition organ comments on the resolutions passed during the people's festival which this year, on account of the national mourning, was held later than usual, instead of at Whit-sunide on the 19th and 20th of June and in some places on the 8th of July.

"These resolutions attack the government, announce the intention of boycotting the elections to the Sejm and Senate and formulate the economic and political demands of the small farmers. The economic demands are very radical: expropriation, without compensation, of large properties takes the first place in the demands of the 'people's party'."

## Reminiscences of the Fourth Sejm.

The press contains varied estimates of the activities of the fourth Sejm which a few days ago disappeared from the political arena.

The "Słowo" of Wilno has words of praise for the majority belonging to the group of co-operation with the government. It writes:—"This was the first parliament in Poland which took up its stand on the platform of co-operation instead of unsystematic struggles, on an idea of effort instead of unfruitful action of everlasting antagonism, friction, mutual conflict. There was work enough in these 5 years. The Sejm and Senate elected in 1930 had inherited the great problem of reconstructing the constitution. But just when it assembled for the first time in the late autumn of 1930 there came from the other side of the Atlantic, from the country of the dollar, the first time to Europe the word which henceforth was not to cease falling from the mouths of millions of people, the word crisis. And this gloomy cloud of economic crisis was to appear also on the horizon of Poland.

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# DEATH IS A TORY

By Keats Patrick

(Copyright by The Warsaw Weekly for Poland, and by The Bobbs-Merrill Company elsewhere.)

(Homer Huddleston and Tom Collins, summoned by telephone, reach Marshall Rich's place, to find him with a gun in his hand, confessing to the murder of his wife and Felix Starbuck. When the police arrive they discover another near the bodies. Sally Shafton, newspaper correspondent, tries to find clues to prove her theory that Rich did not commit the murder.)

"Let me suggest something," Lightfoot said. "You ought to get legal possession of the lily tub as your exhibit A, and fish the bullets out."

"Brilliant, brilliant," crowed Sally. "We must at any cost have those bullets, and have them identified as having been shot from Marsh's pistol. Get an expert to do that."

"Shall I start in right off?" Ender asked. "Or can I help you by sticking around—not that I've been much help, because I don't quite see what you're driving at."

"You'll know, as soon as I am sure I have something you can use," Sally promised. "You had best get those pictures" and the bullets.

"Oh, Tom! Homer, please," Sally cried. I want you to drive me places."

"Really? But hang it all, Sally, I hate to go around shrouded in mystery," Homer said. "Let us in on this snooting."

"Don't be silly," was her answer. "You know what I'm after. You have as much to go on as I have, and you know it. It's my hunch that Marshall Rich didn't murder his wife and her lover. Psychologically I think even his confession can be made to help prove that. Now I'm looking for evidence that he didn't do the shooting."

"That's all. You can help me locate that evidence if you want to. My plan is to trace Marshall's steps backward from the house to wherever he was. I'd dearly love to find someone who saw him before he reached home that night. Let's drive around a bit."

"Okay," said Homer. "But Tom's driving, this trip."

"At your service, madame," said that distinguished embellishment of the press galleries.

The four walked over to Tom's car, with a farewell wave to the sheriff. Tom started the car, continued west past the Rich property, turned left at the corner, right at the next.

Gilligan, beside Sally, took the cigarette she offered him, lighted hers for her. Sally looked up at him over her smoke as he held the match.

"I'll tell you what I think I proved at the fish pool if you'll keep it quiet," she said, exhaling. "You'll understand, but I'm afraid Tom and Homer will just laugh."

"No, I'd rather not know," Gill answered, pleasantly aware of Sally's shoulder. "Show me the finished picture. I might laugh, too."

"You wouldn't," Sally said with a smile. "I wish I could count on you, though. You're so aloof."

"But you might tell me how you hypnotized the sheriff," Gill said.

"Hinting at publicity and acquainting him with the Israel case," Sally chuckled.

"Stop at the service station here on the corner, won't you, Tom, please?" she asked, raising her voice. "We might ask some questions here in the neighborhood."

"Someone may remember hearing shots, on second thought you know," she added to Gill.

Tom pulled up at the curb, near the road's intersection with the highway. An attendant hurried from the garage.

"Can I help you? Just pull in a little farther for gas," he said, producing a cloth with which he prepared to attack the windshield.

"It isn't gas we want, it's information," Sally said, leaning across Gill to address the man. She pushed past Lightfoot and stepped out of the car.

"We are doing a little private investigation on the tragedy that happened in this neighborhood," she said to the attendant. "You know, the Rich affair. I am wondering if you or anyone you know heard shots that night."

"You ought to talk with my boss, I guess. He sees Rich the night of the shooting."

A tubby chap with a bristle of red hair around his greasy cap and a scarcely shorter bristle of the same hue on his cheeks emerged from under an old Buick.

"The night of? Brother, I well-nigh saw him the minute of it. He must of gone straight from here and killed them two."

"Yes, sir, I saw Mr. Rich just before he done it. He wasn't in the habit of droppin' by much. Sort of a quiet fellow, mindin' his own business, always actin' like he had somethin' on his mind. He'd drive in once in a while for gas, and just sit. Larry, there, or me, we'd wipe off his glass, fill the radiator, and say, 'How many?' and then he'd sort of come to, and say, 'Oh, yes, five gallons, like he'd just remembered where he was.'

"Then 'other night, Wednesday it was, he drove up and got out of his car. It was pretty late, and I was here all alone."

"I says good evenin' to him, and he gives me the time o' day, real cordial like, and I says 'How many?' and he says he wants five gallons, and he walks up and down and lights a cigarette. So, seein' him a little

more awake—beggin' your pardon, but that's what it seemed like. I know he was a scientist and always studiyin'—anyhow, seein' him livelier than usual, I talks to him."

Lightfoot interrupted. "Can you remember what you talked about?" he asked. "Even if it seems unimportant."

"Why, yes, I can. I said it was good to have some fair weather for a change, because you remember how rainy it's been, and that's no good for the garage business. I told him that and said I guess it was different with him because rain was good for the farm business, like he was in, sort of. So he says, no the rain was bad for him on account of he was tryin' to grow things without rain."

"That's what kept him out so late, he said. The rainy weather had spoiled his experiments and he'd been down on the experimental farm, over past the cemetery, you know. And I distinctly remember him sayin' it rained hell with his home life. Yes, sir, he said that. Said right out in so many words."

"Can you remember what he said?" Sally asked. "Well, he said he didn't know what his wife was doin' for company, poor girl. She didn't have many friends here yet, and his hours was so uncertain, and he needed the car to go around in, and they couldn't afford two cars. It was lonesome for the wife, he said, and he had half a mind to go back to teachin', only at the university where he'd been the teachers got paid in tax warrants, and here he was paid in bran-new real money."

"So I said to him, 'Why don't you let me run you up to the house and take the car back an' give it a good washin'.' I says, 'The nigger that comes on here at night washes cars while he's watchin'.' 'Look at all the mud,' I says, and he says to me, 'Let that mud alone,' he says. 'I like dirt. I make my livin' out of it.'

"That was the only sign that night of his bein' the professor-type, you know, queer ideas not like other people. I hope one of you is professors, but I plain folks like me, while I respect 'em and all, and I know we couldn't get along without 'em, they are a funny lot, by and large. And Mr. Rich, with them big starey eyes of his'n, was amongst the funniest."

"Well, to get along. While I'm checkin' the oil he says he's goin' over to Berger's for some cigarettes. So he goes, and stays until quite a spell after I'm finished with his car, and then he comes and gets in and says good night and drives off."

"Where is Berger's?" Gill asked.

"Second store down. First is the Sanitary Grocery, right next door. Then Berger's confectionery and then the hardware store."

"We might stroll over there and see what the Berbers have to say," Tom suggested. "It's getting on toward dinner-time."

"Just a moment, please," Sally said. "I want to ask this gentleman some questions. What time was it that Mr. Rich drove up?"

"Well, now, I know that it was when gettin' ready to close. I was just about to lock the pumps. That would of made it eight thirty, maybe a couple of minutes one way or another. And while he was talkin' about workin' so late Mr. Rich, he looked at his watch and said: 'Wow,' he says. 'Nearly a quarter of nine.' That was just before he went to the Berbers."

"This is luck," Sally whispered exultantly to Gill. "I know I'm really getting somewhere."

"Yeah?" Tom leaned past Gill to say. "You establish the fact Marsh fell sorry for his wife being left alone, all of a sudden. And that he liked mud on his car, and that he got here half after eight and left a little before nine. I sure think that's swell. It'll knock the jury off its feet."

Homer stuck his head into the huddle. "How's that?" he asked. "It gives me the gripes to admit it, but none of that makes sense to me."

"Nor to me, either," Tom said. "Except the time, maybe. But—" Pete grew uneasy, and jumped briskly off his oil can.

"Well, folks, if I can't help you any more I got to get back to work," he said. "And look-a-here, I been thinkin' about that testifyin', and I swear, I don't see how I can help. Besides, if I'm witness for the defenders, and Mr. Rich gets convicted, it puts me in a bad light and it will hurt my business."

"Oh, dear," Sally said. "You don't mean that."

Pete dived back into the bowels of the Buick, and the four stood irresolutely.

"Go on, vamp him," Tom urged Sally. "He started to eat out of your hand. You can make him jump through hoops, like you did the sheriff."

Sally smothered a laugh. "You boys run on to Berger's, and pump the proprietor," she whispered. "Leave Pete to me, alone."

"Strategy!" said Gilligan. The three men trooped to the candy and tobacco store, which was a junky little place.

Berger a humble, brow-beaten, anxious little Jew, scuttled into the shop from behind a spotted green curtain at the clang of the doorbell, and hovered between tobacco case and soda fountain.

"Yes, anything I can do for you, please? Cigarettes, maybe? Chesterfield, Luckies, Camels, Old—"

"Give me a couple of two-for-a-quarter cigars," Gill said to Berger. "And an orange phosphate. And give these gentlemen what they want."

"Yes, sir," Berger dealt out his wares with doleful eagerness. He mixed the drinks joylessly, watched his customers sip them as if convinced he would never receive payment.

"Had some excitement in the neighborhood, haven't you?" Gilligan asked over his bubbling, yellow glass. Berger lifted his shoulders.

"Did you know the Riches?" "Sure, I know them. They come in here, maybe once, twice a week. Cigarettes, or a bottle ginger ale when the chain store is shut."

"I hear Rich was in here the night of the shooting," he said. "Coincidence, what?"

"You ain't from the police?" "No, not at all. No connection with the police, or with the lawyers, or any other official phase of the whole sorry business."

"I tell you," he said. "I don't know a thing, mind you. I never say six words at a time with Mrs. Rich or him, you understand. They come here, together sometimes, other times alone, maybe once, maybe twice, a week. Quiet people. Only once I have trouble, when Mr. Rich turns his car around in a circle at the Memorial Bridge in front of the cemetery and hits my truck. I'm coming from Washington with a load from the jobber, and he smacks my fender. But pretty soon he pays me. He says I should say nothing because it worries his wife."

"Wednesday night he comes in here, like usual. 'Give me package cigarettes,' he says, I give. I change a dollar. He looks by my clock up there and says it's slow. So it is. I tell him yes, and fix it. Then he says, 'Am I from Russia?' I tell him no, from Austria. And he says, too bad, he would like to talk with somebody about the new Russian farm ways. So he goes out. That's all."

"That's very interesting," Gill said. "What about Mrs. Rich? What kind of a lady was she?"

"One Berger shouldn't wear up." "I don't look so close by ladies. Why should I? I got a wife, and am La Douglas Fairbanks? She comes, she goes. Nice-looking, nice clothes, pleasant. Sure, I got twenty steady customers like her."

"What the hell has happened to Sally?" Tom asked. "We have to shove along."

"Let's go," Gill said, giving Berger a half-dollar which the storekeeper examined instinctively before depositing it lugubriously in the cash register. The three men rose and went to the door.

"What's right is right," Berger said, as if speaking to himself. "And what's not right is wrong. I should butt in on somebody's business?"

"What do you mean?" Gill asked, turning back, and fixing the man with those Indian-head eyes.

"This fellow, he shoots his wife because she is with another fellow. When he hits my truck, he is with another woman. I don't see her so good. But it comes to me, maybe he wants I shouldn't tell his wife about the smash because he don't want her to worry about another woman?"

Gill sat himself down again on one of the soda fountain stools.

"Go on," he said. "Tell us more. When was this smash? What did the woman look like? Would you recognize her if you saw her again?"

"I don't see her good at all, like I told you," Berger complained. "Besides, all I got eyes for is my smashed fender. Rich, he starts to drive away. So I holler, so he stops and comes back and says he will make good, like he does."

"If you didn't see the woman well," Gill asked, "how did you know it wasn't Mrs. Rich?"

"Because he says, when he comes to pay me that night, 'Don't tell my wife,' he says. 'You know how it is. She thinks I am a no-good driver. She would worry all the time I am out late.'"

"And you couldn't remember the other woman, not even for five dollars?" Gill asked.

"Mister! You shame me. No, I don't." "Aw nuts! Tom growled. "Let's go. It's getting late, and if I have to make explanations to Mildred and make Sally my excuse I'll catch hell."

Tom and Gill were back before Mildred and Ka, who arrived ultimately without any new cook.

"Good," said Gill. "Now I can take you all out to dinner. Let's go out to Olney Farm or Mrs. K.'s."

They had dinner or a wide piazza overlooking the rolling Maryland hills, where Tom and Gill enjoyed themselves pointing out celebrities among the guests to the womenfolk. Ka noticed that Gill was being pointed out as a celebrity in turn, and felt a little thrill of self-satisfaction at being at table with the big, husky, handsome congressman.

"But what we really want to know," Ka said over the coffee, "is what you did this afternoon? Any more developments in the celebrated Rich case?"

"The biggest development"—Tom grinned—"is the awful crush Sally is getting on Gill."

"Don't talk blather," Lightfoot said, without his usual good humor.

"Well, why not?" Ka laughed. "I think Gill is a pretty good catch, myself. And Sally is certainly a talented and ambitious girl who knows everybody and has been everywhere."

"Tom is kidding," Gill explained. "Truth is, Sally has indexed me as a disappointed old suitor of Cactus's, and thinks I may be after Marshall Rich's blood not because he may have murdered his wife, but for revenge. So she has her eye on me, I reckon, to see I don't upset her apple cart."

"Didn't mean to start a family row," Tom apologized, "Sally's just been hanging on Gill's arm and piloting him into the back seat of the car beside her. Asked him if he was her friend or her enemy, as a matter of fact."

"I told her I was neutral," Gill explained quickly. "Can anyone be a neutral toward Sally?" Ka asked. "She is such a vital person. I think she has great charm, even if she is heelspore older than she looks."

"Meow," said Tom, and Ka flushed.

(To be continued)

# ITALY AND ABYSSINIA

By Sir Charles Gwynn K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

(Continued from last week)

Italy's problem must be to co-ordinate engineering with military effort. To maintain striking force, of say one or two Divisions, adequate in numbers and equipment to overcome resistance, roads suitable for motor transport are essential. Roads in that sense do not exist in Abyssinia; they are mule tracks, and in many places bad ones at that. The Plateau rises to a height of some 6,000 feet in the west and south. Everywhere it is bounded by a formidable escarp dropping to the surrounding plains when the level is some 1500 feet. Practically the only valley line which gives a graded access to the plateau is that of the Howash River, which is French territory, which the railway from Jibuti to Addis Abbaba follows.

In Eritrea Italy has a footing on the main Plateau, much of which is undulating and not difficult but at frequent intervals streams and rivers cut deep narrow necessitating elaborate bridging on road making operations. During the rainy season, which lasts from April till the middle of September, military operations are practically impossible and good roads and bridges would be an essential to maintain an invader's advanced troops. Owing to the height of the land, even in the dry season the nights are very cold and shelter, non-existent in the country, must be supplied if the health of the troops is not to suffer.

From her Somali coast colony, Italy could advance to the almost detached Harrar Plateau, probably with less difficulty and meeting less resistance, but still heavy engineering operations would certainly be necessary.

## Some Doubt

We are still in some doubt as to what Italy's military objectives would be if Abyssinia stubbornly resisted her demands. Considerable rectification of her frontiers by force, especially in the case of her Somali Colony would be difficult. It might even be possible for her to annex the Harrar province and to extend her Eritrean Colony in the course of one dry season. If, however, she attempted operations with Addis Abbaba as an objective to be followed by establishing complete control over the country it would be an undertaking of the first magnitude, extending over an indefinite period and ruinously expensive.

Italy would seem to be faced with a dilemma. If she were content with limited acquisition of territory, she would obtain little of value and she would find it more than ever difficult to obtain commercial concessions of any value for the Abyssinian is a master in devising obstacles which make concessions val-

less. Can she, however, possibly afford the major undertaking, and would the Italian people stand a prolonged strain?

How are the interests of other European powers involved? If Italy acquired a dominating position in Abyssinia, that of France would not be much affected. It might, in fact, improve the commercial value of the Jibuti Port and railway, as being the easiest means of trade access. And France has abandoned the more far-reaching ambitions which led to the original construction of the railway. Nor do I think that British and Egyptian interests would suffer. Mussolini himself cannot prevent rain falling in Abyssinia, or the resulting flood water reaching Egypt. Abyssinia cannot divert the flood which runs through deep infertile gorges nor does she require it. She has no areas needing irrigation in the Blue Nile Basin. Lake Tsana forms a natural reservoir of value to the Sudan, if regulated to improve the perennial irrigation of the Sudan, but Abyssinia stands merely in the position of a water company which can sell water at a price. Italy would not be likely to ask a higher price. Only the suspicions that road making in connection with the construction of the Barrage would provide an easy line of advance from the Sudan into Abyssinia has stood in the way of the project. Italy would be unlikely to raise similar objections.

## Competent Neighbour

In other respects both Britain and France would have a neighbour competent to put down frontier raids, slave or cattle lifting.

One has a natural feeling of sympathy with a nation threatened with loss of its independence, and of course the, perhaps unfortunate, Abyssinian membership of the League of Nations complicates immensely the problems which would be raised by aggressive action on the part of Italy. We cannot, however, shut our eyes to the fact that for the last thirty years or more Abyssinia has been an uncomfortable neighbour and in spite of the efforts of the present Emperor, has made little progress in fitting herself into a modern world, and partly through the fault of the European Powers themselves she has pinned her faith to playing off one against another.

The present trouble has arisen because (1) Abyssinia has proved herself a difficult neighbour and has been unwilling to arrange definite frontiers because she was anxious to retain a sort of exercise ground for raiding parties. (2) When under pressure the Abyssinian gives concessions he is a master of raising obstacles in the way of their exploita-

# TWO GREAT TENNIS PLAYERS

Fred Perry and Gottfried von Cramm

By Helen Wills Moody

Judging by recent matches, it appears that Fred Perry and Gottfried von Cramm are at the top of the tennis world. And why? Why is it they are better than the others when all the players are trying just as hard as they can to play well?

One thing that strikes the on-looker when seeing Perry and von Cramm upon the court is the fact that they are both well-proportioned symmetrical in line, and graceful in carriage. There is a certain relation between length of arm, length of leg, and so on, which, when combined with the unusual powers of co-ordination which is theirs, enables them to move gracefully, easily and very rapidly.

## Ability to Co-ordinate

With the ability to co-ordinate well is combined a keen sense of anticipation as well as powers of concentration for match play. There is strength for moving quickly and strength for enduring. And as well that mysterious something which makes some players champions with the same amount of practice that makes others reach only the second round. There is not really a very satisfactory answer to the question: "Why is a tennis player good?"

However, when there are two players who are on the top, it is always interesting to compare.

Perry, who looks less English than von Cramm does German, might well be an Italian because of his absolutely black eyes and hair, and dark complexion. In action, he is not typically English either, being more dynamic, nervous and more inclined to burst out with sudden gesture or remark. He is certainly a stylist, but does not produce his strokes

and in both these respects he is particularly raising difficulties with Italy, as a result of the hostility aroused by Adoua.

Putting ethical questions aside, is Abyssinia worth the stupendous effort that Italy apparently contemplates? It is a fertile country with a good climate, but the presence of a considerable native population would make its colonisation somewhat difficult. Moreover, the expense of placing agricultural products on world markets would be great. Does Abyssinia possess mineral wealth or oil fields? Possibly, but it is far from proved. Gold there is, but after 35 years' fairly intensive search, I do not think that a single field has been located which would repay expenses of development, though one platinum mine near the Sudan frontier is working.

Perhaps the efforts of peace makers have had an irritating rather than a soothing effect, and the League of Nations has held out false hopes. I wonder if they stood aside would the disputants realise that there was little to be gained and much to be lost by pursuing their quarrel.

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in the casual and deliberately graceful manner of most English players. Yet his game is full of grace, but rather of that grace which belongs to a steel wire at high tension. It will give under pressure, but snap back into place immediately after. This quality is directly related to strength—Perry's strength of endurance and fitness are undoubtedly the best on the courts to-day.

## Good Looks

Von Cramm, twenty-six, but looking younger, with his blond hair and fair complexion would win the prize for good looks upon the Centre Court at Wimbledon, were there such a competition. But results are gauged by the play and not by looks. However, von Cramm does not lose by this either. He wins on the court as well as off.

When contrasted with those of Perry, it can be seen that von Cramm takes his strokes in a more leisurely manner. The ball is hit at the top of its bound, rather than on the rise. All von Cramm's strokes are delightful to watch as they are so smoothly done, and have such good length. Deep-driving is essentially the mainstay of his game. He can volley splendidly at the net, but one would never think of him as an attacking net player, as was Borotra or Cochet. Perry does force the net more than von Cramm and it may be here that the Englishman has the advantage.

Both players are exceedingly steady in an exchange of ground shots. Both are willing to wait for an opportune moment in which to try a winning stroke, but the Englishman is less patient than von Cramm.

Both players are alike in that they do tennis the year around and give it their full attention. Although playing in a great number of tournaments, they have been able to keep up their keenness for the game. Unlike them is Jack Crawford of Australia, who, because of too much match play, has not been able this season to do his game justice.

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# FASHION NOTES

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Fashion notes from Hollywood include:

The halo hat, which recently was worn by Eleonor Powell and which is really a circle of material held on the head by a series of braided bands.

The India print evening frock, used by Katharine Hepburn these warm evenings, and cut to suggest an East Indian costume.

The wide patent or suede leather belt that is being worn by many of our slender beauties either on their tailored pajamas or evening dresses, as the case may be.

And Adrian's very latest evening bag of metal cloth, which is eighteen inches long and five or six inches deep. There's room inside to carry everything from your make-up to the mortgage on the old homestead, and the outside is decorated by a diamond and emerald clasp, designed in proportion to the rest of the bag. Grandfather's carpet-bag has nothing on grand-daughter's evening bag these days!

Joan Crawford, for instance, wears blue and white in varying hues much of the time. Sky blue is her favorite for evening, and a ringing marine blue for sports clothes. No matter what others prefer, Joan sticks largely to this colour for her own wardrobe.

Blonde Kay Johnson likes ice-blue. It matches her eyes, sets off her camellia white skin, and enhances her ash blonde hair.

Helen Mack favours dusty pink to add a charm to her dark brown hair and eyes. Irene Dunne nearly always wears black for semi-formal wear, and includes many black frocks among her street clothes.

Ann Harding loves beige and a certain shade of pale green, both for sports and formal use. Billie Burke's red curls are smartly contrasted by the dove grey that she likes for street wear. And Ginger Rogers finds it hard to decide between emerald green and bright yellow when it comes to frocks.

Jeanette MacDonald and Madge Evans, who nearly always dress in shades of grey when you see them at luncheon or shopping, Marlene Dietrich's present street wardrobe has a number of suits in blues that vary from navy to slate.

Katharine Hepburn is one of the few to use brown and white for summer. She likes this combination both for town wear and at the beach, where she uses a Tahitian cotton print in coppery brown splashed with huge white flowers.

A new floral note struck by the Baroness Edward de Rothschild is a 'toque' of blue cornflowers—worn with a black faille coat from Vionnet, trimmed with narrow bands of astrakhan and having huge leg-of-mutton sleeves.

Quilted balloon sleeves of the Francois I period are a feature of Lanvin's new evening jackets.

Joan Parker has gone Hollywood one better, when it comes to a yachting frock. She has taken the usual sailor collar and turned it to the front of her dress rather than down the back.

Her reason is evident. The back is cut waist-deep in order to get the smooth sunburn that is expected during the summer months.

It's an idea for those who haven't time to spend long hours in bathing suits basking in the sun, at the beach. Such a frock makes every trip into your garden count for sunbath.

# Warsaw Stock Exchange Quotations

|  | 1933                   |       | 1934  |       | 1935  |                 |
|--|------------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-----------------|
|  | High                   | Low   | High  | Low   | Last  | June 26 July 10 |
| <b>BONDS</b>   | (in percentage of par) |       |       |       |       |                 |
| Stabilization 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1927                                   | 61.75                  | 47.25 | 79.75 | 54.50 | 68.25 | 67.38 67.13     |
| Conversion 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1924                                      | 58.50                  | 41.00 | 68.50 | 52.50 | 65.00 | 66.80 67.50     |
| 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dollar Loan, 1920                                      | 63.00                  | 46.00 | 78.00 | 58.00 | 73.50 | 81.00 83.00     |
| 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dollar Mortgage Bonds (Warsaw Land Credit Association) | 52.00                  | 34.75 | 51.00 | 31.00 | 48.50 | 49.00 49.50     |
| 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Mortgage Bonds (Warsaw Credit Ass'n)                   | 52.25                  | 36.00 | 64.25 | 50.63 | 58.00 | 58.25 60.00     |
| <b>SHARES</b>  | (in zlotys per share)  |       |       |       |       |                 |
| Bank of Poland   | 88.50                  | 70.25 | 97.00 | 77.00 | 95.25 | 93.00 90.25     |
| Haberbusch & Schiele   | 50.50                  | 37.00 | 40.00 | 34.00 | 38.00 | — —             |
| Lilpop, Rau & Loewenstein  | 13.00                  | 9.13  | 12.65 | 9.15  | 10.10 | — —             |
| Starachowice   | 11.30                  | 7.25  | 14.25 | 9.80  | 10.30 | 35.10 34.50     |
| Warsaw Coal Company  | 13.24                  | 13.25 | 15.50 | 9.00  | 15.00 | 11.75 —         |

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| 69 |    |    |    |    | 70 |    |    |    |    |    |    | 71 |

HORIZONTAL

- 1—Carol'd
- 5—The noise of a liquid hitting a solid body
- 10—minstrel-poet
- 14—Inland son of Russian Turkestan
- 15—Mountain range in Utah
- 16—Medley
- 18—Exchange premium
- 18—The last king of Troy
- 19—Time for lunch
- 20—Raies
- 22—A young sow
- 23—Temporary shelters
- 24—A gambler
- 26—Authoritative decree
- 28—Liquid measure (abbr.)
- 30—Devoless
- 31—Falgne
- 32—Compass direction
- 34—Woodland detelles
- 36—An empty tomb
- 38—Tat
- 39—Vehicle
- 40—Minute
- 41—A cleft
- 45—Seal
- 48—A pronoun
- 49—Gaelic
- 50—To scow away
- 51—Scientific degree
- 52—Fast
- 53—Asiatic carnivore
- 54—A caster
- 57—Part of the head
- 59—A deess
- 62—A bean
- 63—Earthen jars
- 65—Persia
- 66—Periods of time
- 67—Wing board
- 68—Anglo-Indian weight
- 69—Walk in water
- 70—Textile material
- 71—Pert youngster

VERTICAL

- 1—European coal basin
- 2—Drive
- 3—Water nymph
- 4—Exit
- 5—Sip
- 6—Linemen
- 7—The indigo plant
- 8—Acts of Congress
- 9—A bad actor
- 10—Bitter tonic herb
- 11—Unaccompanied
- 12—Great disturbance
- 13—Puis on
- 21—Mark of injury
- 23—Tropical food plant
- 25—Printers' measure (pl.)
- 27—Relations
- 28—Exclamation of impatience
- 29—Dark gray
- 32—Race
- 33—Sharpens
- 35—Small mound
- 36—Hint
- 37—The beard of wheat
- 39—Decorative shoulder strap
- 42—Free
- 43—Allowance for waste
- 44—Employ
- 45—Wild sheep of Northern India
- 46—Electrified particles
- 47—Long-legged shore birds
- 50—Leaped
- 52—Fretted
- 54—Brother of Moses
- 55—Scratch
- 56—A gulf in the Baltic Sea
- 58—Wing shaped
- 60—One of the Sunda Isles
- 61—Briak energy
- 63—Goddess of the harvest
- 64—Piece out

PRESS REVIEW

(Continued from page 3 col. 5)

And then it was seen how invaluable, what a salvation it was that Poland had both a strong government and a parliament capable of positive, real co-operation. And if now after 5 years we have a balanced budget, stabilized currency, and a state and community able to withstand the heavy trials of the era of crisis—we may say boldly; this is the result of co-operation."

The *Przeegląd Katolicki* (Catholic Review) finds that at the present time more than at any other it would be possible to realize the postulate of national unity in Poland but under certain conditions, viz: "that some person having great authority both personally and officially should be interested in this question and sincerely believe in the possibility of its solutions." Such a person would have to regard this matter not from a positive point of view but from an idealistic-patriotic one. "He must understand that the real strength of a state depends not only on its outer prestige and on that of its government but also on the greatest possible unity of its action with the aims of the majority of the enlightened community of which it should be the expression."

"The aims of the community must have the possibility of free expression without any pressure on the part of governing factors and must be listened to without any preconceived prejudices." "The moral factor must be the foundation of all actions both on the part of the government and of the community; it should be led by truth without twisting of the law and should be guided by the principles of unimpeachable justice—these are the conditions which must be binding on both sides if we desire that the action of reconciliation should give the desired results."

Fjord Excursion

(Continued from page 1 col. 4)

Dinner, and then we lounge around till sailing time. At 10 p. m. the sun sets and it gets dusky. A mist drops down from the sky, blurring the mountain tops and giving the landscape a lovely aspect. A late gull wanders past squawking quietly. It's bedtime for them. The fjord is like a mill-pond, smooth and liddly glossy. Three Norwegian lassies call to us from the shore. Ulvik. Other passengers are to come on board, who went from Eidfjord to Ulvik by automobiles; searchlights play on the water to help in the boarding—native row boats swarm around the ship, their passengers laughing and trying to converse with us, but the common language we find is only laughter. All passengers on board, the rumbles up on the capstans, and we glide smoothly on to old Hansatic Bergen—the herring city.

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Wanted: four of five room apartment with all modern conveniences such as bath, lift, centre or near centre of city. Rent must be reasonable. Reply M. P. Warsaw Weekly.

Cinema Programme

First-Run Houses

| Address and Performances                                    | Films Currently Showing  | Comment                                   |
|---|--|---|
| <b>Atlantyc</b><br>Chmielna 33<br>Perf. 6. 8. 10.           | <b>100-Masque Man</b><br>American Production<br>Second Week  |   |
| <b>Apollo</b><br>Marszałkowska 106<br>Perf. 4. 6. 8. 10.    | <b>Lives of a Bengal Lancer</b><br>Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone<br>Paramount Picture<br>Fifteenth Week | From the book by Francis Years-Brown Good |
| <b>Capitol</b><br>Marszałkowska 125<br>Perf. 4. 6. 8. 10.   | <b>Murder in Trinidad</b><br>American Production<br>Second Week                                      |   |
| <b>Casino</b><br>Nowy Świat 50<br>Perf. 4. 6. 8. 10.        | <b>Unfinished Symphony</b><br>Hans Jarry, Marta Eggerth<br>Austrian Production<br>Fifteenth Week     | Musical Good                              |
| <b>Europa</b><br>Nowy Świat 63<br>Perf. 6. 8. 10.           | <b>Girl From Prater</b><br>Félics Bressai, Rozsi Barsonyi<br>Austrian production<br>Second Week      | Musical Comedy                            |
| <b>Filharmonja</b><br>Jasna 5<br>Perf. 6. 8. 10.            | <b>Sold Voice</b><br>Joseph Schmidt<br>Austrian production<br>First Week                             | Musical                                   |
| <b>Majestic</b><br>Nowy Świat 43<br>Perf. 6. 8. 10.         | <b>Night of Carnival</b><br>French Production<br>Second Week   |   |
| <b>Pan</b><br>Nowy Świat 40<br>Perf. 4. 6. 8. 10.           | <b>White Parade</b><br>Loretta Young, John Boles<br>American production<br>First Week                |   |
| <b>Rialto</b><br>Jasna 3<br>Perf. 6. 8. 10.                 | <b>All for Victory</b><br>James Cagney<br>American Production<br>Second Week                         | Comedy                                    |
| <b>Styowy</b><br>Marszałkowska 112<br>Perf. 4. 6. 8. 10.    | <b>Julika</b><br>Gitta Alpar, Gustaw Fröhlich,<br>Austrian Production<br>Third Week                  | Musical Humorous                          |
| <b>Światowid</b><br>Marszałkowska 111<br>Perf. 4. 6. 8. 10. | <b>Private Worlds</b><br>Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer<br>American Production<br>Second Week      | Dramatic Good                             |

HINTS ON ENGLISH

We continue the list of words related through sound or meaning.

- incredible — unbelievable
- incredulous — unbelieving
- indite — dictate for writing down
- indict — charge with crime
- ingenuous — frank, open
- ingenious — clever in invention
- judicial — belonging to a judge
- judicious — wise
- lead — a metal, to show the way
- lead — past tense of "to lead"
- leak — an escape of fluid or gas
- leek — vegetable
- lesson — instruction
- lessen — to make less
- license — official permission
- lightning — electricity
- lightening — making less
- lose — to be deprived of
- loose — not fastened
- loth — unwilling
- loathe — detest
- magnet — steel with power of attracting iron
- magnate — man of power
- mendicacy — beggary

Answer to last week's puzzle

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S | H | A | M | S | P | R | A | M | P |   |   |   |
| C | O | P | I | E | S | D | A | I | R | I | E | S |
| A | R | C | A | D | I | A | S | W | A | R | O | O |
| V | A | I | S | H | I | E | S | S | T |   |   |   |
| C | O | N | T | E | R | S |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| T | I | N | G | O | R | T | O | B | E | S | S |   |
| A | D | O | R | S | T | O | W | E | L | L | S |   |
| S | T | A | B | L | E | S | T | A | B | L | E | S |
| S | T | E | S | T | E | R | L | A | N | C | E | S |
| S | T | E | S | T | E | R | A | N | D | E | S |   |
| A | V | E | R | S | E |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| A | R | O | R | E | S | T | R | A | C | E |   |   |
| M | U | T | T | E | R | S |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| A | T | A | S | S |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |

mendacity — untruthfulness  
moan — cry  
mown — past participle of "to mow"  
mourning — lamenting  
oar — instrument for rowing  
o'er — over  
ore — substance from which minerals are extracted.

Below is the English translation of last week's Polish passage

"No," answered one of them, "we live on the opposite bank in the Reservation. We are Indians, you know the kind, who on Sundays wear feather head-dresses and dance." Such was our first meeting with the former lords of the land. As there were to be no large Polish settlements on our way, we decided to increase the pace of our sailing, making as few stops as possible. Unfortunately, ill-luck pursued us. At noon while we were trying to moor, we failed to notice a long iron rod built into the pier: the strong current whirling in that place heaved up our bows and the iron rammed a hole in its right above water line. It took us a lot of time to caulk the hole and cover it with a piece of sheet iron.

Below is next week's Polish passage for translation.

Wiatr wzmaga się silnie, wlepią wprost w twarz. Pomimo to opuszczamy spokojny zakątek w porcie i wjeżdżamy z rzeki na następne jezioro. Jezioro Huron jest większe od jeziora Erie, mamy około 400 kilometrów drogi do przybrzeża jego wodami. Jedźmy pod samym motorem, lecz wiatr i fala są takimi silne, że mimo naszych wysiłków nie posuwamy się wcale; północny musiny dą do wygranej i wracamy do portu na rzecz. O świcie wiatr zmieni kierunek, możemy więc wyjść nanow w drogę. Tym razem daje nam się lepiej i o mierzuju stojemy w Harbor Beach, gdyż mamy ochotę nareszcie wypaść się trochę.

CULBERTSON ON CONTRACT

BY ELY CULBERTSON

World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst

CAREFUL DEFENSE

On the hand below a slam contract was defeated by a brilliant shift into one of the declarer's suits at Trick 2 by the North player.

West, Dealer  
Both sides vulnerable

|   |              |  |  |
|---|--------------|--|--|
| ♠ | 7 3          |  |  |
| ♥ | J            |  |  |
| ♦ | 10 9 7 4     |  |  |
| ♣ | A 10 7 6 5 4 |  |  |

|   |           |  |            |
|---|-----------|--|------------|
| ♠ | A K Q 8 4 |  | 10 9 6     |
| ♥ | A Q       |  | 10 9 7 5 3 |
| ♦ | A K Q J 5 |  | 6 2        |
| ♣ | 8         |  | K Q 3      |

|   |           |  |  |
|---|-----------|--|--|
| ♠ | J 5 2     |  |  |
| ♥ | K 8 6 4 2 |  |  |
| ♦ | 8 3       |  |  |
| ♣ | J 9 2     |  |  |

The bidding: (Figures after bid refer to numbered explanatory paragraphs.)  
West North East South  
2 ♣ Pass 2 NT Pass  
3 ♦ Pass 3 NT Pass  
4 ♦ Pass 4 ♣ Pass  
5 ♣ Pass 6 ♣ Pass  
Pass Pass

The Play  
With North's holding there is no better lead against the slam contract than the club Ace. This lead only would defeat the contract despite perfect play by the declarer.  
When the club Ace held, North was faced with a problem. His partner had

discarded the deuce on this trick, leaving only the Jack and nine outstanding. North figured his partner's deuce was not a singleton as it was hardly possible for declarer to do so much bidding, holding three clubs to the Jack. North accordingly had to look for another lead. With nothing but worthless small cards in spades and only ten high in diamonds, the setting trick had to come in hearts but to shift to that suit immediately might give declarer a free finesse.

North only hoped West could not get a dummy. That situation would develop if South had only three trumps to the Jack. The trump shift was deemed to allow for this possibility namely a spade lead with the ten-nine in dummy would create an entry. North led a diamond right into declarer's rebid suit as the safest possible lead. Declarer was marked with five in that suit probably as good as the Ace-King, and therefore any honor in the South hand would drop anyway and the lead would not sacrifice a trick.

Declarer won in his own hand and drew two rounds of trumps. He then played out another diamond hoping to enter dummy by ruffing the third one and obtaining a heart discard. South, however, with only two diamonds and three spades to the Jack, was able to overruff the third diamond lead, and the contract was defeated by North's very sound shift.

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