

A Bookman's Notebook

Week-end Inventory of Grist In the Literary Mills

By JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

This morning at 10 o'clock the revived order of E Clampus Vitus is dedicating a plaque in the new East Bay Terminal building. The rectangle of bronze is being put in place to honor the man who first "ordered" the Bay Bridge built—Norton I, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico.



EMPEROR NORTON

A good deal has been written about Emperor Norton, one way and another. Albert Dressler did a booklet about him some years ago, and within the month the Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, brought out Allen Stanley Lane's full-length book, "Emperor Norton: Mad Monarch of America." Now David Ryder tells the story of the unfortunate man whose corner in rice broke him, who went quietly mad in his own way and who was lucky enough to live in an age tolerant enough to honor his "scrip," listen to his many "Proclamations," and never grow irritated with him. Mr. Ryder calls his brief study "San Francisco's Emperor Norton I," and though it does not add a great deal to what is known about Joshua Norton, it is a very readable essay on that curious character.

One point Mr. Ryder makes is perhaps not very widely known even to those who are familiar with Norton's life. That is his dislike of the term "Frisco" for San Francisco. Indeed, Norton became so angry at the use of that word that he issued a proclamation about it worded as follows: "Whoever after due and proper warning shall be heard to utter the abominable word 'Frisco,' which has no linguistic or other warrant, shall be deemed guilty of a High Misdemeanor, and shall pay into the Imperial Treasury as penalty the sum of twenty-five dollars."

As Mr. Ryder points out, there is no record of whether the Imperial Treasury benefited to any extent from fines assessed on this ground. But there is no doubt of the justice of the Emperor's complaint. "Frisco" is an abominable word.

As for the bay bridge, that was something he never tired of discussing. For some time, in the latter years of his reign, he issued proclamations proposing such a bridge, but when he saw that this would get him nowhere he issued an "order" commanding that the bridge "be built without delay." More, he accompanied the order with a sketch, drawn by himself. Strangely enough, the terminal of the bridge he ordered was not more than a block or two from the actual site of the terminal today.

It is for this reason that the order of E Clampus Vitus Redivivus honors Emperor Norton's memory today in enduring bronze. And if the memorial stirs your interest you can not do better than get hold of David Ryder's little book and meet the Emperor for yourself. If the brief study of the odd fellow holds your interest, you may want to go further.

In that case, Mr. Lane's book is just the ticket. Between the Lines BOOK-AND-AUTHOR GOS-SIP: The new issue (March) of "Omnibook," which should be on the news stands as this appears, will contain a condensation of one of the interesting non-fiction books of the season—the book, "We Saw It Happen," by 13 correspondents of the New York Times in various fields. Besides this, "Omnibook" carries abridgements of A. E. W. Mason's romance, "Königsmark," the Pulitzer prize biography of Andrew Jackson by Marquis James, Edward Streeter's humorous treatise on commuting, "Daily Except Sunday," with pictures by Gluyas Williams, and "Dynasty of Death," Taylor Caldwell's novel about a munitions mogul which has been a best-seller for several months. . . . Altogether a pretty big money's worth, I should say.

Phyllis Bottoms, whose "Private Worlds," "The Mortal Storm" and "Danger Signal" fiction readers will know, is in San Francisco with her husband, Captain Forbes-Dennis. She is just completing a biography of the famous Viennese psychiatrist, Alfred Adler, which will appear probably next autumn. . . . One of the interesting newer items relating to early-day California is "A Prospectus to Form a Society for Emigration to California," by Carl Meyer and translated from the German by Ruth Frey Aze. Its author, who also wrote "Bound for Sacramento" (which Mrs. Aze also translated), got out the German edition of this very rare pamphlet in 1852 with the purpose of urging his fellow Swis to migrate to the new land of opportunity with him as their leader.

PASSING SHOW

CCC SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1939 15

THIS HOAX WAS HARMLESS

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Yesterday I told you of an abominably cruel hoax perpetrated on a blind person who craved to own a Seeing Eye dog. Today let me take some of the bad flavor out of the story by telling you of a harmless hoax I played on guests who came to see the old-time Sunnybank colles. In one pocket of my shooting coat I used to carry a handful of animal crackers, as tidbits for my dogs.

Into another I used to stuff a few waffles left over from our Sunday breakfast. Most of our dogs loved both kinds of dainties. Champion Sunnybank Explorer reveled in bits of waffle, but he loathed animal crackers. I would call him to me in the presence of guests (first hiding a bit of waffle in one hand and an animal cracker in the other) and say: "Eat from my right hand." Always he would do so. Then, reversing the process, I would say: "Eat from my left." Smelling the

waffle I had just palmed in my left hand, he would devour it, ignoring the animal cracker in my right. Guests were astonished at this seeming cleverness, which was no cleverness at all. It was on the same principle which makes novices marvel at the supposed intelligence of many a "wonder dog" on the stage.

Grin, Bear It

By LICHTY



"I think we'll do better on this cruise—it's the same one where Agnes got her husband!"

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Oratorical Snuffer Put On Dies Committee

By DREW PEARSON and ROBERT S. ALLEN

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25—It is not supposed to be known yet, but the revamped Dies Committee recently held a secret session at which a highly important decision was made.

This was that no member of the committee should make speeches while the committee is proceeding with its investigation. This decision, of course, was aimed directly at Martin Dies himself, who made all sorts of speeches during the investigation last summer. Dies has agreed to the new silencer. However, some members of the committee have their fingers crossed as to whether he will really live up to it.

Rubber Lobby

It is significant that some of the youngsters who suddenly rose to fame during the early days of the New Deal are now back in Washington lobbying against the Administration which boosted them up the ladder. Latest of these is Blackwell Smith, of NRA fame.

At the age of 30, Blackwell Smith was general counsel of the NRA and considered one of the brightest young men in Washington. He was so good—or else so lucky—that eventually he was made a member of the NRA Board and one of the rulers of the Blue Eagle.

"Blacky" was considered one of the boy wonders of the country. Now, however, Blackwell Smith has turned to lobbying, is the chief whip puller for the rubber interests now being prosecuted for violation of the anti-trust laws. Simultaneously they have been under scrutiny by the Monopoly Committee.

Before either of these got under way, Smith came to Washington and invited Willis Ballinger, forthright economist of the Monopoly Investigating Committee, to lunch.

"When your committee puts on its study of rubber," the young rubber lobbyist suggested, "it would be a good idea to have the representatives of the industry come in advance and go over the facts with you. Then we can suggest some of the questions that you ought to ask during the hearings."

Ballinger hit the ceiling at this, refused absolutely to give away, in advance, the ammunition which the Monopoly Committee was proposing to fire at the rubber industry. Whereupon Mr. Blackwell Smith observed:

"You might as well co-operate. Because if you don't, we'll get some other member of the committee to ask our questions."

Note—Several members of the Monopoly Committee are irked with the Justice Department for beginning prosecution of the rubber tire companies just as public hearings by the committee were about to open. They made it plain the rubber companies now can refuse to testify on monopoly on the grounds that they may incriminate themselves. And by postponing its attack a few weeks, the Justice Department could have used all the material disclosed by the committee.

Under the Dome

Relatives of an American official in Rome write home that there is considerable Italian resentment against Mussolini and fear that he will plunge the country into war. There have also been mutinies in the Italian army. The letter came in the diplomatic pouch, therefore was uncensored. . . . Able Ed Foley, assistant general counsel of the Treasury, is a good bet to succeed the late Herman Oliphant as general counsel. . . . Another man likely to step up to his boss' shoes is Matt Maguire, fast working assistant to Joe Keenan, assistant to the Attorney



Finally the Senator Arrived

General. This is one of the key spots in the Justice Department.

Innocence Abroad

Vivacious Senator Bob Reynolds of North Carolina cut quite a swath during his recent visit to Europe, and State Department officials are still talking about his "study of European conditions."

Before he arrived in Budapest, capital of Hungary, Senator Reynolds wrote the American Legation that he wanted a report on political conditions prepared for him in advance. He did not state his time of arrival, but another American Legation wired Budapest that he was arriving at 8 a. m. and to be ready.

So the American Legation was ready. Its personnel had burned the midnight oil in order to prepare the report for the North Carolina Senator, and one of the diplomatic secretaries, William W. Schott, rushed to the station before breakfast, the report under his arm.

But Senator Reynolds did not arrive. Mr. Schott combed the various hotels. Still no Senator. Finally he found that Reynolds had registered at the Gellert Hotel on the Buda side of the Danube river, and Schott went there immediately to deliver the report.

Senator Reynolds, however, was not there. So Schott sat down and waited. He felt sure that the Senator would wait the report which the Legation had so diligently prepared, so he broke a luncheon engagement and camped in the hotel lobby.

Finally the Senator arrived. On one arm was a blade, on the other a brunette, and obviously he was not interested in the political problems of Hungary—at least at the moment.

"Oh, Senator Reynolds," greeted Mr. Schott, "I've been looking for you all over Budapest. We are so glad you are here."

"Yeah," quoth the Senator.

"The Legation is entirely at your disposal," continued Schott. "Just let us know if there is anything we can do for you."

"But what about the report you wanted? I've brought it to you."

"Forget it," said the new member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. (Copyright, 1939)

Smoke Rings

An Economist's Equation Can Enhance Your Obfuscation in Cogitating Data on Relief

By EARLE ENNIS

We made the mistake the other day of asking a Government economist to clarify the problem of relief. We explained, a bit truculently, that the harder we worked to get some ultimate relief for ourselves, the bigger bite was taken out of our wages to give to the fellow who doesn't do any work.

If, on the other hand, we let down on our daily toil, we can't pay our own bills. And if we double in time and sweat, we manage only to pay our bills and those of the guy who feeds the pigeons with Government crackers. We were getting pretty confused about the whole thing when this Government economist came along, so we just put our dilemma trustingly in his hands.

It was all very simple, the Government economist assured us. It had all been reduced to computing formulae which he would be very glad to explain. He did. And if we were confused before, we were dizzy when he finished. As far as we can remember it was something like this:

It cost the Government half-a-dollar to keep a third of a man three-fifths of a day on WPA. With this as a basis, all we had to do was to figure out what per cent of the daily wages of 6% working men must be given to every 2 1/2 men on relief to cover their minimum expenses over 5 1/2 days of 16 hours each.

All we could make out of this simple formula was that our one and one-fourth reliefer would be thrown entirely on his own resources for eight hours while he was asleep. The rest of the 24 hours we were to take care of him.

What got us in this simple setup was that we couldn't pick our one and one-fourth man. And another thing: We have always wanted to feed pigeons with crackers ourselves and now we know that we will never have time to do it.

There seems to be a spineless setup in our national policy somewhere. Ever since Mexico expropriated \$450,000,000 in American and British oil properties, it has been dickering with Germany, Italy and Japan for trade. Not having ready cash, the Fascist countries went in for horse trading. A \$17,000,000 deal with Germany swapped oil for newsprint, merchandise and trucks. A swap with Italy converts Mexican oil into Italian rayon.

While we sit in the parlor, eating bread and horey, the chickens in the henhouse are kidnapped one by one. Are we to understand that this is in line with our policy not to interfere in foreign affairs? Or are the six Republicans left in America to blame again?

All over town screw drivers are selling like hot cakes. It is surprising what souvenirs of an expedition you can collect if you have a handy little screw driver along. One man had screw drivers of different sizes fastened on a board. He was selling them up and down Mission street.

"Get your own souvenirs!" he was calling.

There is a spread in that form of epidemic known as "community singing." To community sing you need not have a voice. All you need is a will

Labor Scene

Waterfront Differences Easily Could Be Settled

By ARTHUR EGLESTON

The general feeling seems to be that differences over pay, hours and conditions in the present waterfront tieup could be ironed out without any more than the usual stubborn bargaining and maneuvering.

It would be an easy matter, perhaps for an arbitrator to decide whether the Encinal Terminal was or was not paying the proper amount of overtime, whether ships' clerks checking cargo were or were not being required to stand by too long without pay, whether journeymen ship clerks were or were not being unfairly run out of their jobs by unwarranted use of apprentices.

But right now it seems impossible for the ship clerks' union and the waterfront employers to sit down and pound the table over these concrete differences because something having to do with principle and the sanctity of contracts is at stake.

And the principle involved, sanctity of contracts, also stands in the way of any submission to an arbitrator. The claim that the sanctity of the contract had been violated was made by both the union and the employers. The only difference is that they are talking about different agreements, the existence of one being itself an issue.

Both union and employers admit the existence of a basic contract signed March 30, 1937. Certain conditions regarding payment of overtime, use of apprentices and other matters were agreed to in that contract. The union says it will send its members back to work at Encinal Terminal if the overtime pay, hours and conditions therein provided are observed pending a 60-day period of negotiation, and after that time, submission to arbitration of whatever remains unsettled. The sanctity of that contract is being violated by the Encinal Terminal, the ship clerks claim, and basic conditions provided for in that agreement should be observed until an arbitrator rules otherwise.

It is all very well to talk about the original basic agreement, employers contend, but it was changed, they maintain, and the conditions against which the union is now complaining were agreed to.

The circumstances under which the changes were allegedly made appear to be as follows: The Encinal Terminal management sent a letter to the joint labor relations committee (called the joint checker committee), listing the

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Actions You Regret

Ask Haskin: Stations in Belgian Congo

Where Elephants Are Trained

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The San Francisco Chronicle Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, director, Washington, D. C. Please enclose three (3) cents for reply.

Q. Is there a military post in the Belgian Congo where elephants are trained as beasts of burden? P. F. N.

A. The Belgian Embassy says: "The Belgian government maintains two stations in the Belgian Congo for domesticating and training elephants. The principal station is at Ganga Na Bodio. Both are in the Northeastern section of the colony. The training of elephants was first introduced in the Belgian Congo by order of H. M. King Leopold II, about 1899-1900. The present method of capturing the animals is to stampede a herd of elephants and to lasso and rope the one selected—preferably a young elephant 12 to 15 years of age and measuring at least 5 or 5 1/2 feet at the shoulder. The captive is then placed between two other trained elephants (called "monitors") and led back to camp. Many months are spent in "taming" the elephants, after which they are taught to bear burdens, to plow, to pull stumps, to pick up and carry timber, etc. According to the latest information available, the "monitors" and the student elephants (at the two

Stations in Belgian Congo

Where Elephants Are Trained

training stations) number something over 100.

Q. Who is the youngest president of a State university? A. D. H.

A. Dr. Herman B. Wells, 35 years old, president of the University of Indiana, has the distinction of being the youngest head of a State university in the United States.

Q. Is liquor sold all day Sunday in New York City? M. S. H.

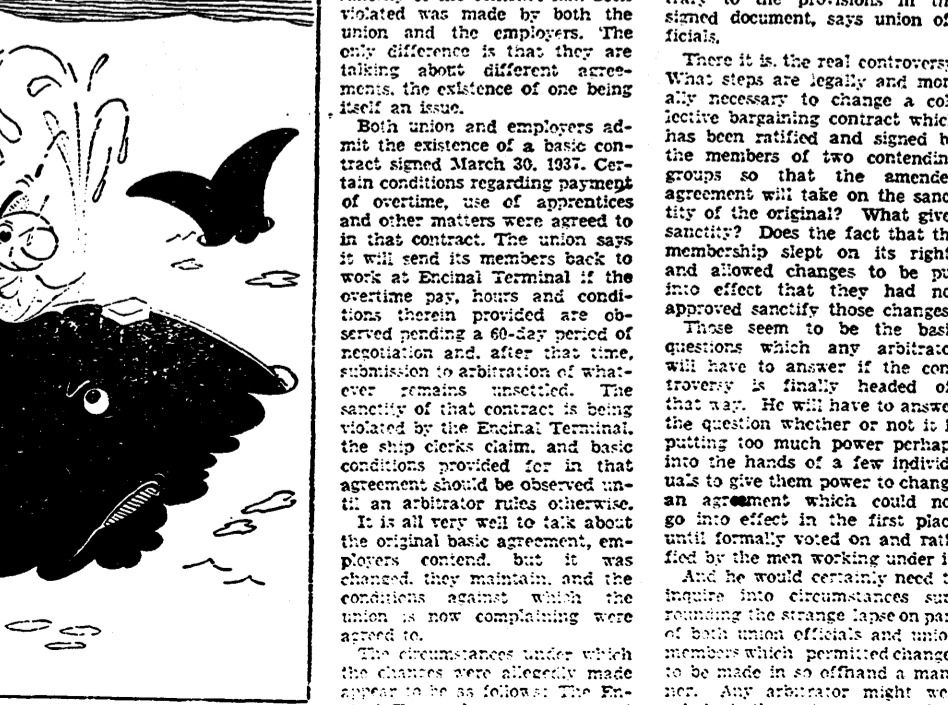
A. New York's liquor laws do not allow the serving of alcoholic beverages until 1 p. m. on Sundays.

Q. With what kind of gun was Jesse James shot in the motion picture? G. K.

A. The gun used in the film was the actual gun that was used

Animal Crackers

By WARREN GOODRICH



"I don't mind you taking a shower but keep the soap out of my eyes!"

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