

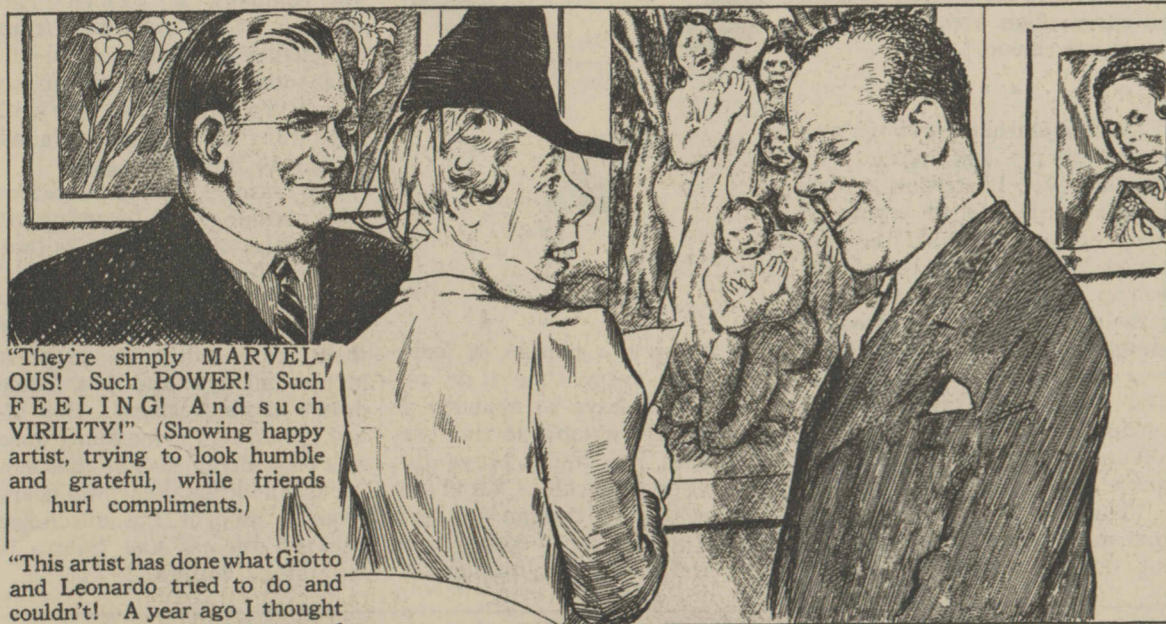
ONE-MAN SHOW

By W. E. Hill

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The opening day, by invitation only. Every one the artist ever knew gets asked, and it's just like old home week.

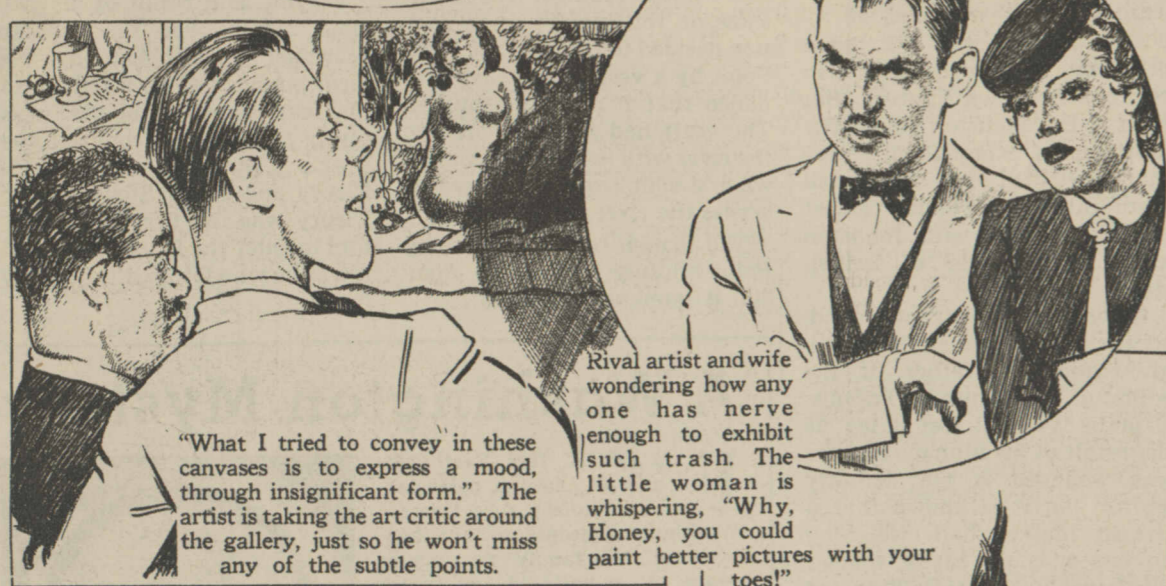


"They're simply MARVELOUS! Such POWER! Such FEELING! And such VIRILITY!" (Showing happy artist, trying to look humble and grateful, while friends hurl compliments.)

"This artist has done what Giotto and Leonardo tried to do and couldn't! A year ago I thought he was perfect, but he's improved a hundred per cent. since then!" (Mr. Buttress, of the Buttress Gallery, favors a prospective buyer with a neat sales talk.)

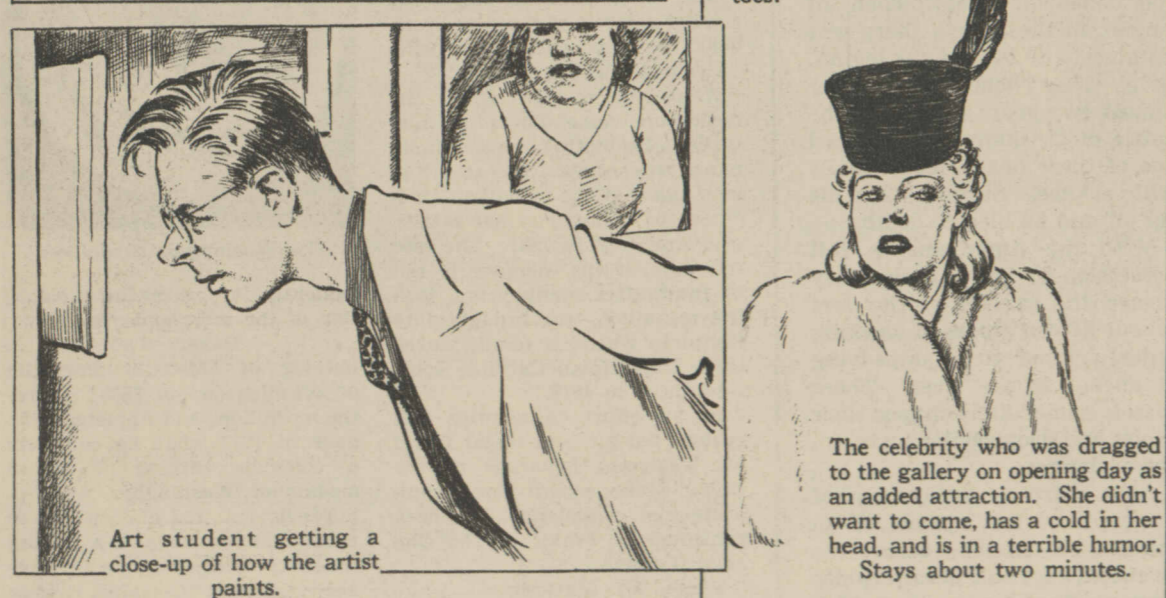


"Why doesn't he paint PRETTY subjects?" The old-fashioned girl wants modern art explained. Gallery attendants hide when they see her coming.



"What I tried to convey in these canvases is to express a mood, through insignificant form." The artist is taking the art critic around the gallery, just so he won't miss any of the subtle points.

Rival artist and wife wondering how any one has nerve enough to exhibit such trash. The little woman is whispering, "Why, Honey, you could paint better pictures with your toes!"



Art student getting a close-up of how the artist paints.

The celebrity who was dragged to the gallery on opening day as an added attraction. She didn't want to come, has a cold in her head, and is in a terrible humor. Stays about two minutes.

War in the Air!

(Continued from page one.)

To open a 'chute in the midst of this wild mêlée would be fatal. There will be collisions. Diving fighters will ram some of the big battleships.

It will be a formation battle, just as fleet actions on the oceans today are fleet battles. The cripples will be left behind to be destroyed by the little fighters—torpedo boats of the air.

And inevitably, if the invaders are determined, they will reach their objective. Loads of 6,000 to 8,000 pounds of bombs will fall into the target—a city, industrial plant, or military concentration point.

The losses on both sides in men and airplanes will be appalling. So will the damage on the ground, for the bombers will be using sights that enable them to direct their explosives with the utmost accuracy, and they will be dropping new types of radio-controlled aerial torpedoes filled with explosive more destructive than any yet known.

Although prophecy is dangerous usually, it is probable that the battle of Jutland in 1916, with the great ocean fleets of imperial Germany and of Britain pounding each other with ten and twelve inch guns in the North sea, may have been the last great conflict between ocean-going vessels. The Jutlands of the future probably will be fought above 20,000 feet.

No one can tell quite what a modern war between two great countries with evenly matched military forces may be like—definitely it will be different from the trench fighting and stabilized war of 1914-18.

But aircraft will play a major even if not alone the deciding rôle. Airplanes will skip over deadlocks on the ground and over barricades at sea to strike at targets deep within the defended areas of both sides.

Military commanders concede that it will be impossible to halt this raiding if the raiders are willing to pay the cost in money and men. And the destruction of factories, forts, rail junctions, bridges, and water, power, and sanitation works will be enormous.

Perfection of modern bomb sights has brought the art of aerial bombing to the point where stationary targets can be destroyed with the utmost precision and certainty. The world, according to United States army experts, never has seen accurate aerial bombing because none of the nations where first-class bombing sights and technique have been developed has yet been involved in war.

The planes of the future will be enormous by present standards, will be armored, will carry heavy guns and large crews.

Instances that may be cited here are the army air corps' Boeing B-17 flying fortress planes and the Boeing B-15, that is considered a super flying fortress. It also is known that the Douglas company now is building a super super air battleship large enough to dwarf all previous planes, with greater speed, greater range (said to be 6,000 miles), and far greater bomb and armament carrying capacity.



(Acme photo.) American pursuit planes in formation flight.

We might also consider the navy's two flying battleships—the Sikorsky four-motored patrol bomber of 60,000 pounds and the Consolidated patrol bomber with four motors. Both these ships now are in service tests that will determine whether airplanes of this size and larger can take over the duties of light cruisers and destroyers for the Atlantic and Pacific fleets.

It all sounds like a bit of Jules Verne, but the army now definitely is considering the building of big airplanes that will combine two duties. They will be heavy bombers and also will be combat machines. Their speed will be less than that of the 400-500-mile-an-hour single-seat fighters of the near future, but they will be so heavily armed that this handicap will be overcome.

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The air corps of the United States already has adopted the 37-millimeter quick-firing cannon—its shells explode on contact and weigh approximately one pound each—as a standard weapon for both big bombers and its latest fighters. The bombers seem to offer better gun platforms than the fighters, and definitely a big machine like the B-17 can carry more guns, firing through more angles, than can a small, wasplike speedster carrying one man who must fly as well as fire the cannon.

The bombers, moreover, outrange the smaller planes by a ratio of four to one. Their armament is sufficient to defend them from all except the most overwhelming defensive force.

There is only one drawback to the large planes. They cannot be as maneuverable as smaller machines. Of necessity they will fly straight and level even when attacked. Their defense will be on outshooting attackers.

In order to combine great fire power with maneuverability and even more speed than the bombers can generate, the air corps engineers have developed the multi-engined, multi-crew fighter. First of this type is the Bell Airacuda. It carries a crew of five—two pilots, a gunner-radio operator who fires a .50-caliber machine gun to protect its tail, and two cannon loaders who serve a pair of 37-millimeter cannon in the wings.

These two types of planes, according to army engineers, undoubtedly will comprise the bulk of future air fleets—fleets that will present a direct analogy with today's ocean fleets.

The big bombers and combat machines will be the dreadnaughts of the skies. They will be comparatively slow—with speeds of between 280 and 330 miles an hour—but they will carry guns of one and two inch calibers. These guns will be so disposed that the big planes can fire broadsides much like the ocean-going battleships of today.

In battle they undoubtedly will maneuver against each other in much the same ponderous fashion that fleets of sea battleships have maneuvered in the past.

The larger planes in each fleet will be accompanied by the smaller Airacuda types of multi-engined ships with smaller crews and moderately heavy cannon. These smaller planes will be dived, rolled, and turned as violently as today's single-seaters.

And the Airacudas will form a screen around the bigger battleships much as do fleet scouting forces of light and heavy cruisers, destroyers, and submarines around ocean fleets in battle array.

Suppose that such a fleet should assault an enemy citadel in the form of a huge industrial town, a railroad, or a known ammunition dump.

Assuming that there would be no general fleet action—that the attacking force was not intercepted by the enemy's main fleet—the attackers would be met by a screen of the short-range high-speed fighters that are strictly defensive ships. These planes with their 450 to 500 miles an hour speeds would climb up to meet the invaders in enormous numbers.

Outraged and with definitely less fire power than the attackers, they would be forced to depend on speed to get close enough to strike and then dive away. Furthermore, they would not be able to press home any advantages because at their speeds they would have sufficient fuel for less than two hours' flying.

But in an action between two matched fleets, even though this action would be three-dimensional instead of two-dimensional, the victory would go to the side with the best marksmen and the largest cannon. Speeds would balance out.

Even the battles of World war days—particularly from 1916 on—told this story. The great acres were the extraordinary marksmen—often they would be very ordinary or even in some instances poor pilots.

Some air experts hold that

one side or the other of the antagonists must establish definite air superiority immediately. Instead of making bombing raids on what might be called military objectives, or instead of attempting to terrify civilian populations by indiscriminate bombing of cities, the battles will be between the air fleets to determine which side has command of the sky.

Then, with command established one way or the other, it will be easy and safe to send over bombing raids at any desired objective. Until command of the air is established, these students of war hold, cost will become a prohibitive factor.

This argument seems to be well founded. The British, with a force of 70,000, including 3,500 pilots, in the Royal air force today, believe that in case of war they will lose their entire force once a month.

The only way that this stupendous loss of men and money can be stopped, they believe, is for them to seize and hold command of the air immediately after they become involved in a war.

German tactics consider a similar immediate seizure of air superiority. The Germans believe that even though they are able to maintain a war production of 1,000 airplanes a month, they may find their air forces almost entirely depleted if war should last for six intensive months.

Because they expect these losses, their plans are built around the "lightning war." This, of course, was the German plan in 1914. Somehow it failed to work out. That lesson was not lost on the Germans.

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These remarks should be considered as not applying entirely to the United States. Surrounded by oceans—one of them 2,500 miles wide and the other nearly 8,000 miles wide—the war problems of the American nations are entirely different from those of European countries.

In general the fleet actions and raids predicted here will take place in Europe or Asia. There will be no raids on the United States—unless they originate in some South American country or on some base close to the American shore—for the next ten years.

After that time the development of air power may well be such as to make possible raids on any point in the world from any other point. The warfare of which we speak will come—if it comes at all—before 1950.

(Continued from page three.)

Karl told me the Fuehrer was always the same; intense, energetic, and inspiring.

"He loves Germany above everything else," my husband continued. "His personal life is nothing to him. He and he alone is responsible for what my country has become. You remember what he said in his book, 'Mein Kampf'—that the world is not for craven-hearted races. He knew that our defeat in 1918 was the result of moral poisoning, a weakening of the will to self-preservation. He knew that to do away with that he would have to wipe out all discordant elements. His whole life has been devoted to our country. Germany is as he remade her."

Later we heard Hitler speak from the balcony of the Rathaus, still to the roar of the crowd, which remained under his hypnotic influence. He began his address with calm, deliberate words. But when he reached the point where he told of "Oesterreich" and the swift conquest, his voice rose. He went on to discuss the glory of Germany, strong again and battling the hatred of the world, and his tones went higher and higher. He seemed almost to shriek.

I Married a Nazi!

Abruptly he ceased. He had run the gamut of a Nazi speech. He had appealed first to reason; then he had, like a backwoods evangelist, stirred primitive emotions to capture the crowd wholly.

He bowed and left the balcony. His purpose had been accomplished.

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The night before I boarded the ship for America Karl and I sat down for a final talk about our problems and our plans. I shall always remember him as he was then. His dignity, his charm, his kindness had never seemed more marked. He had never looked more handsome. The light from the old-fashioned ceiling lamp shone on his fair hair and keen, intelligent face, still tanned from the mountain sun.

I was thinking how much I loved him and how hard it would be to leave him for a whole month. His voice, sharp and commanding, broke my reverie. "We shall speak plainly," he said. "You will, I know, grant me

full liberty of speech, and I will give you the same right."

I replied that, of course, this was proper. Although I had an uneasy feeling that something unpleasant was coming, I still hoped that this final evening would be a lovely one.

"Do you know why you are going to America ahead of me?" he demanded.

Flustered by his manner as much as by the words, I said I thought I did. Each of us was to visit his own relatives, and I was to look for business opportunities for him.

"There is something much more important than that," he asserted. "You must go over and get what belongs to you from your family. They shall not cheat you out of the money and the other things due you when you marry. I brought a certain sum to this marriage, and I expect your family to match that. Isn't that fair?"

What followed is only vaguely remembered. But no amount of pleading on my part, nor my overoptimistic promises to find

him a job that would support us in independence and comfort, would sway him from his main point. He was determined there should be a dowry. As a German, he said, he would not dare to confess to his relatives and friends that he had married a girl with none.

We must, I think, have talked of other things—of Haiti, and of the dear Reinke family, and the good times we had had in the mountains. We spoke, I know, of our mutual trust and affection. But I was too flustered by his monetary demands to pay much attention.

"Let me get to America and think this out," kept coursing through my puzzled brain. "In America—surely there will be some way out."

But what way? Karl was adamant on the dowry. That was something we had never discussed. I had never suspected that he looked to my family for a money payment. And certainly my father would never understand that he was supposed to furnish a dot. At last German and American ideas were to clash, sharply and unmistakably.

Next Sunday—The Path Divides.