

"Time and Chance," Tale of a Credo

Artist-Writer Builds Self Philosophy 'for to Admire'

By BAUKHAGE
News Analyst and Commentator.

WASHINGTON.—Every once in a while, I devote this column to a book. Not a review, but just my feelings about the book and its author.

I couldn't help writing about "Time and Chance" by artist Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge. Not merely because the book interested me, or because it is a most attractive piece of autobiography, or because the drawings are a book in themselves, or because other reviewers liked it—but because I happened to share some of the experiences it describes and because I lived, as he (and you) did, through the times and chances which Baldridge interprets in terms of his own.

Also I want to write a review because of what these experiences, the fruits of the varied environments which the artist-author describes, did to form a career, a character, a philosophy, which is "for to see and to admire."

In Roy's own words, it is the story, partly done in pictures, of "how a well-meaning, but provincial farm boy got an international point of view." He summarizes his own thoughts on this attractive 400-page volume in a note to me, this way:

"Grandfather (was a) share-cropper and vet. At seven (Roy) was driving a horse on mother's wagon through Arkansas, selling cooking pots.

"Worked way through college with Baukhage."

(Roy did the working, I subsidized, loafed considerably.)

"Peace conference (Paris, 1919) with Baukhage, and sold on Wilson's idealism. Still sold on idealism, the term now altered with the times.

"Worked enough to save money enough to see Far East, Near East, Africa, India." (And how he worked!)

Then he concludes:

"All men the same, discounting the apparent differences caused by varying backgrounds caused by 'time and chance.'"

To reach that conclusion, Roy made an Odyssey beginning with the "cooking pots" into domains of which Homer never dreamed. He had an artist's eye trained from the age of 12 when he was tolerated in a Chicago art school with young artists who were later to achieve national reputations. Such men as John T. McCutcheon, cartoonist; Webster, creator of the "Timid Soul," and many others. Goudy, the great type designer, who died last year, was Roy's teacher, along with the school's director, Frank Holme, who became a second father to the wide-eyed child. At that school, Roy learned his most important lesson—self criticism.

His mother re-married, and Roy became bellhop and baggage-smasher in his stepfather's small-town commercial hotel; finally he went to college on a scholarship which, when he arrived, he found wasn't there. Utterly alone, without the social prestige of a college fraternity, he achieved campus success; became what was considered a "prominent student."

He grew to realize the emptiness of "college honors" but, unlike Vincent Sheean who was to follow him, Roy learned to admire the university which he had "collegiate" exploited. At our 20th reunion, he interpreted the word "university" in its obsolete but new meaning: "the whole . . . all things . . . the universe . . . a body of persons . . . the body of the people."

I shared those campus years with Roy, but I missed most of their significance and experience, for I was carefully sheltered (after a few freshman heartbreaks) behind the protective coloring of Greek letters. But I managed to know Roy and learn a little from his experiences. He is a man who inspires high loyalties.

There was a post-college period when we lost each other. He was commercial-artist and living in the University of Chicago settlement, where he taught art to little toughs from the stockyard district, developed a social conscience, became a national guard cavalryman (because he dreamed of "going west" and being another Frederick Remington), got his first pep into the world of culture and fell in love with a charming and "modern" mentor out of a world until then strange to him.

One day shortly after World War I broke out, I received a long distance telephone call. It was Roy, he was going overseas. Wouldn't I join him? I had just completed a tour of European "wandering much more conventional than Roy's was to be. I also had a job. So I, the congenial bourgeoisie, rejected the idea.

Later I learned that he then had two incentives I lacked: A

broken heart and a sketchbook, as spurs. Unbelievably, without credentials, he wormed his way through beleaguered Belgium to the German front, where he learned to hate war. He came back to fight out a career in New York.

I'm not going to write any more of Roy's story for it is his story told far better than I could hope to recount it. I can only say that when World War I came to America he had his part in it, a fraction of which I again was lucky enough to share with him. He was a cartoonist on the Stars and Stripes, after experiences on every front with the French. I joined him in Paris after the armistice. Walking down Rue de la Paix one day with Roy I was mulling reminiscences of riding beside my battery of 155s. Suddenly he grabbed me by the arm. "Buck," he said, "that's poetry. Let's write a book. I'll illustrate it."

Of course, it wasn't poetry but it was verse the G.I.s of our day understood and the illustrations were art, if art is life — and death — as Roy had seen it.

We came back and went our separate ways. He now had a partner, Caroline Singer, a perfect complement. She was a California newspaper woman. They built a home, leaving it periodically to travel the Seven Seas — China, Japan, Europe, again, India, Africa, criss-crossing out their books in perfect collaboration.

But Roy's book is his own story, a perfect American saga. As American as the wind that blows the Midwest corn fields; as foreign as the sounds and smells of Peking, Yokohama, the click of sabots in a tiny French village, varied as its ribbon-breasted diplomats, kings, Senegambian belles and Teheran beauties. But it's more than that. It's the story of the making of a human philosophy old as the Mongolian mountains which are a part of its background, new as today.

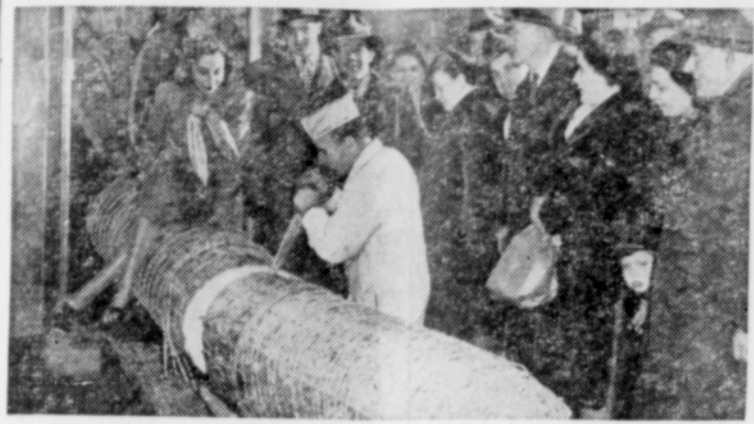
"Left and right," writes Baldridge, "are not two evils, they are the same evil; and safety without the solidarity of class-conscious groups, screaming slogans, or party orders to lean upon, liberals must be staunch enough to walk a lonely road."

I know that Roy would like to have me conclude this review — if you want to call it that — with the following quotation which gave him his title, the biblical quotation:

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

I would not dare to doubt the words of the Preacher (Ecclesiastes IX:11) — but I know that here was a man who grasped time by the forelock, was able to hog-tie and saddle it, and one who took his chances if not without fear, at least without faltering.

When Tovarich gets the idea his rubles are going to be worthless, he acts just like a wage-slave in a benighted capitalistic country.



GIFT FOR CHEESE LOVERS . . . Curious shoppers watch Tony Scuttilo cut in half the huge 1,500-pound Wisconsin-made provolone cheese which went on sale as a special holiday item in a Greenwich Village market in New York. Helen Rippa is the impatient shopper seated on the cheese.

NEWS REVIEW Wallace Enters Race; Romanian King Leaves

Henry Wallace was deluding no one, not even himself, about his chances of being elected President of the United States in 1948 on a third party ticket when, with zealous idealism, he announced that he would be an independent candidate.

His entry into the contest, as he announced on a nation-wide broadcast from Chicago, was based upon his revulsion against "the bi-partisan reactionary war policy which is dividing the world into two armed camps."

Both Republicans and Democrats, he indicated, can be filed in the same political pigeon-hole because both stand for the bi-partisan policies which are leading the nation to war and depression.

"That menace can be met and overcome only by a new political alignment in America which requires a new political party," averred the former vice president.

Whether or not it could be met by a third party — a "peace party" — founded on the

assumption that the U. S. must adopt a softer, more co-operative attitude toward Russia and at the same time reject universal military training and preparedness in general was a question that probably even

history would not answer.

Domestic political significance of Wallace's emergence as a third party candidate may be summed up briefly: Republicans like it, Democrats don't.

If Wallace can get on the ballots in one or more of the pivotal states — New York, Ohio, California, Pennsylvania or Illinois — he may be able to split off enough of the Democratic vote to swing the election to the Republican nominee, and if he makes his inherent devotion to Rooseveltian ideals stick, he may be able to corral a considerable section of those on the left side.

Always the eminent liberal, Wallace is angling for all or a portion of the left-wing Democratic vote.

One thing was certain. Wallace would have the hearty, although somewhat onerous, support of the Communists, no matter how much he might avow his own anti-Communist principles. He would have to go through the campaign with the Reds and fellow-travelers hanging to his coat-tails.

REPUBLIC: Michael Quits

Communist-controlled eastern Europe cast off its last tie with a happier past when King Michael I of Romania made public his abdication from the throne.

His announcement had not yet fully registered on Romania's bewildered populace when the Communist government promptly proclaimed the nation a "popular democratic republic."

Thus, with the 26-year-old monarch's abdication, ended a dynasty established in 1866, the last monarchy in the Soviet sphere of influence in eastern Europe and the last throne held by the House of Hohenzollern.

Michael, as some romanticists would have had it, might have renounced his throne purely for the love of Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma and Denmark, but the Communist establishment of a "republic" and immediate reorganization of the government came too swiftly, too efficiently to lend much credence to that theory.

London Braces

England is full of suspense but it isn't the kind that keeps a man's trousers up.

British braces (suspenders), made under a government order limiting the elastic to three inches at the back, have been the cause of a number of London breeches falling down and finally drove Historian Arthur Bryant to reporting his plight in a letter to the London Times.

In the past year, he said, he bought four pairs of braces. "After each occasion," lamented Bryant, "the braces have broken irretrievably within three months."

The Times, in a helpful mood, deplored the situation in an editorial.

"The Four Freedoms are a hollow mockery if our braces are going to be bursting all the time. No nation can be expected to hold up its head if it also is required to hold up its trousers."

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As the king himself pointed out in his abdication proclamation, he was resigning the throne because a monarchy no longer coincided with the "great political, economic and social changes" in Romania.

Nor was it logical for the Communists, grim advocates of their "international dictatorship of the proletariat," to be countenancing and cooperating with a hereditary monarchy. And Michael had acted as a sort of brake on some Communist actions in Romania.

NEW HIGH: Farm Prices

U. S. farmers continued to set new records in price levels, both for the produce they sell and the goods they in turn buy.

It was reported by the department of agriculture that the general level of farm prices rose 5 per cent between mid-November and mid-December to a record high of 301 per cent of the 1909-14 average.

Previous all-time high was 289 per cent, set last October.

At the same time, prices paid by farmers for items for living and farm production also reached a new record. On December 15 the index of prices paid was 245 per cent above the 1909-14 average.

The farm price level in mid-December, the department said, was 14 per cent higher than January, 1947, and the index of prices paid 16 per cent higher.

Between mid-November and mid-December, average prices for virtually every group of farm commodities except fruit showed measurable increases.



Good Soil Increases Farm Crop Yields

Tests Reveal Value Of Proper Nutrients

High crop yields per acre on the farm, like mass production in industry, are the secret of financial success, according to Emil Truog, professor of soils at University of Wisconsin.

"It costs no more for seed and tillage — usually the main expenses in crop production — to grow a \$50 crop than a \$25 crop," he declares.

Wisconsin tests show that additional crop yields resulting from heavy fertilization cost only \$2 to \$3 per ton for alfalfa and 10 to 15 cents per bushel for corn and oats.

"The extra cost of a larger yield per acre lies simply in the



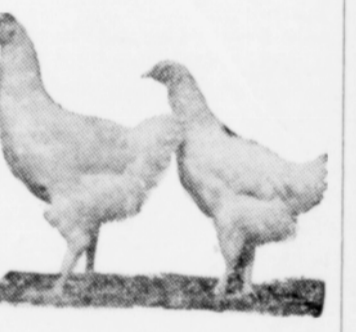
Proper fertilization has paid on thousands of farms, whether applied to corn, wheat, oats, soybeans, cotton or any other crop.

additional fertility removed from the soil. But even this is partly compensated for in the case of legumes by the greater amounts of nitrogen the bigger crop supplies to the soil.

"High acre yields are also the secret of success in erosion control and soil conservation. When yields on less erodible land are doubled or trebled through adequate liming and heavy fertilization, a bigger acreage of more erodible lands can be returned to forests and permanent grass. That means more and better food for all."

Herds and Flocks

Damp litter in laying houses frequently results in colds and other diseases. Dampness around water containers can be eliminated in pens with running water by putting a drain pipe through the floor and setting the watering pan on a frame over the drain pipe.



Dry litter pays off.

Feed is wasted when animals die. A pullet that dies in December represents a loss of 40 pounds of feed. The loss of a newborn pig represents a loss of 140 pounds of feed.

To avoid excessive loss of butterfat in skim milk in winter, run enough hot water through the separator bowl so it will come out the cream and skim milk spouts. Do this as soon as separator is up to normal speed.

Moldy or inferior corn is less likely to cause trouble when fed to cattle than when fed to horses and mules.

Mechanized Hog Farm Makes Pig Raising Easy

A fully modernized and mechanized hog farm can be so rigged that one man can handle 100 sows and bring to market each year 1,500 to 2,000 hogs—a half-million pounds of pork on the hoof, according to Dr. Waldo Semon of the B. F. Goodrich company.

This is possible by mechanized means of conveyor belts, chutes and other devices. Tests show, he said, that rubber-tired tractors and other farm vehicles require only 40 to 50 per cent as much pulling power on plowed ground or sod as do steel wheels, and can plow a field in 25 per cent less time and with 25 per cent less fuel consumption.

Deep Litter Will Help Keep Laying House Dry

Deep litter will help keep well-insulated and well-ventilated laying houses dry this winter, says Iowa State college. Not only will there be more eggs to put in the crate, but also the house need not be cleaned as frequently if the litter and droppings are kept dry. A deep litter keeps the floor dry because it develops heat as it slowly decomposes in the laying house, insuring better deck health.

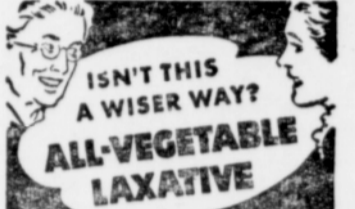


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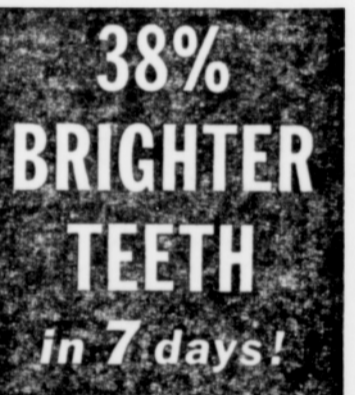


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PUSHBUTTON BILL-OF-FARE Meatball Due To Be Electrified

The pushbutton may never replace the meatball, but with the rapid ascendancy of electric vending machines it is promising to exert a profound influence on the destiny of that spherical aggregation of ground beef, as well as on many another item in the American diet.

Even now plans have been drawn and preparations are being made by C-Eight laboratories in Newark, N. J., to open a retail store in Los Angeles where customers will be able to make a variety of purchases — from food and beverages to dry goods — simply by stepping up to an electrical vending machine, inserting the prescribed amount of money in the slot and pushing a few buttons.

This unique establishment, scheduled to open its doors in April, will be operated in Los Angeles on an experimental basis. If customers indicate that they are pleased with this brave new twist in merchandising, similar electric vending machine stores can be expected to spring up in other parts of the country.

Presupposing that such a trend is established, persons living in small or rural communities can look forward to seeing these robot sales clerks in their local stores around 1950.

The experimental store in Los Angeles will feature machines quivering with electrical impulses and ready to dispense at a touch such varied merchandise as bottled coffee, mouthwash, peanuts, fruit juices, bread, canned goods, eggs, blouses, stockings, neckties and other ready-to-wear goods.

Still in the developmental stage are other pushbutton marvels which will accommodate deep-frozen foods or, to go to the other extreme, complete, cooked meals that will erupt from the vending machine piping hot and ready to serve instantly or in an hour or half-hour as you wish.

The deep-freeze and cooked foods machines, however, are still too expensive and complex for widespread use; so housewives can't look forward to being emancipated from standing over a hot stove all day for at least some time.

What happens to the sales clerk if electrical vending machines sweep the country on a mass scale? That is a question for which no one has come up with an answer so far. As a matter of fact, no one has started worrying about it yet.

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