

Among the Outstanding Books of the Week

Who sell these brands?



To find local dealers who sell these and other advertised brands just look in the classified telephone book under the brand name.

CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Scales.—(Cont'd)

TOLEDO SCALES

For industrial weighing and counting; precision testing devices; retail store scales; Toledo-Berley retail store shelving and island displays in steel. Expert factory-trained service mechanics.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

Toledo Scale Co. 1000 Walnut st. EVE rgrh-9288

Triner Allsteel Troemner H... Arch. MAR kel-527
WAL wal-656

TROEMNER SCALES
TOLEDO SCALES
BALANCES

South of the Sun. By Russell Owen. (New York: The John Day Company; \$2.50.)

Some of the rumors long whispered about the first Byrd expedition to Antarctica break into print in Russell Owen's long-delayed diary of his experiences, "South of the Sun."



Brabazon, New York

Russell Owen

Owen, an experienced reporter, went south as the expedition's official historian, and sent the syndicated—and also, as we now learn, carefully censored—radio dispatches from Little America. But when he returned, in 1929, his expected book did not appear. Instead, we had first, Commander Byrd's parade account of the expedition, with its careful allotment of a few words of well-chosen praise to each member of the party, and criticism of none, a report as carefully judicious as a diplomatic dispatch. Then came Laurence Gould's "Cold," in which the geologist told, for popular readers, of the efforts of the scientists. Now comes Russell Owen's human story. It, too, had its evidently diplomatic moments; the author himself speaks of "self-imposed restraint"; but the book sheds new light and has vivid pages. It wasn't all fun, heroism, and triumph in the Antarctic.

"Why, they look just like ordinary men," a woman watcher said when the boys were loading the *City of New York*.

"What does she expect, wings?" asked one of the dead-tired adventurers.

The ship was overloaded; the unpaid amateur sailors were pretty bad; the famous system was not quite so systematic as appeared in Mr. Owen's contemporary radio reports. Some of the men who could not find room to stretch out at night on board the ship were annoyed at another who had found room for his evening clothes and his harp. Snow-glasses were forgotten until they reached New Zealand; there were no wooden spoons for use on the trail, where metal spoons froze to the mouth. The trail-cookers didn't work; and the camp-stoves, in which soft coal was burned, had been built for hard coal. And the perfect commander appears in Mr. Owen's story, which is reported to have suffered a little censorship itself, as a nervous, jittery chief, who once dived into the water in hasty gallantry when what was needed was his supervision of the launching of a life-boat; his dive meant only that he, too, had to be rescued.

Every message sent across the ether was the subject of most careful consideration. When the Fairchild plane was grounded, out of gasoline, a few hundred miles from camp, Mr. Owen had difficulty in explaining it.

The meteorologists did not want it said that the shortage of gasoline was due to unexpected head winds; that would reflect on their forecasts. Owen first wrote that the trouble was due to a "gas leak." That angered the mechanic who had gone over the plane. Finally he made it "causes unknown," which was the truth.

It was dirty and lonely and also not lonely enough in Little America. The men were crowded together and got on each other's nerves. Mr. Owen calls men only by their titles, but his highest praise for steady nerves and calm efficiency goes to Bernt Balchen, the chief pilot, to Doctor Gould, the geologist, and to the expedition's sailmaker, a Norwegian jack-of-all-trades, who serenely carved ship's models in the polar night. Most of the adventurers, huddled in their dark, smoky cabins, lived at the lowest-common-denominator level of men in herds. Their language was loud and dirty. Sometimes it got on Owen's nerves.

Sometimes the boys mitigated the monotony by tunneling through the snow and tapping the fifty gallons of alcohol "for photographic purposes," or the medical supplies, and concocting effectively intoxicating, if tasteless, beverages. Sometimes the results came close to being murderous. There was a particularly large celebration upon the anniversary of the commander's flight over the North Pole.

But there was always in the background a consciousness that the expedition, camping so almost comfortably in the Antarctic night, was making history. Mr. Owen gives rapturous descriptions of the mighty ice-barrier, of the pressure ridges, of the dignified, fearless penguins, of the view of the lonely, snowy continent from the air.

And for all his annoyances his final verdict is in agreement with the doctor, who said that the more he got to know men, the better he liked them.

Worth Reading

Red Heifer. By F. D. Davison. (New York: Coward-McCann; \$2.) The biography of an Australian cow; a new addition to the all-too-short list of animal classics.

Fire on the Andes. By Carleton Beals. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$3.) The story of Peru, once the home of America's greatest civilization, a country due, in Mr. Beals's view, for another explosion.

The Curse of Bigness. By Louis D. Brandeis, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. (New York: The Viking Press; \$3.) Essays and addresses of a lifetime of consistent critical optimism.

Liquor Claims and National Wealth. By Adol. A. Berle, Jr., and Victoria J. Pederson. (New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.) An original, profound and statesmanlike study of the effect upon modern society of excessive concentration upon "liquid" forms of wealth, arguing that this makes for a fragile social structure.

All Around the Town. By Herbert Asbury. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50.) About fantastic characters who used to roam the sidewalks of New York.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

crummy; shindy.—"L. K. H.," Palmetto, Fla.—The present use of *crummy*, meaning "cheap," is a natural outcome of its original sense. The dictionary records that *crummy* means "full of crumbs or littered with crumbs." Hence, anything that is *crummy* shows an untidy or neglected appearance. The extension to "cheap," in the sense of "mean, poor, disreputable," is a logical step.

The old slang term *shindy*, meaning "a riotous conflict; a rumpus or a row," has been in use since 1821. *Shindig*, first recorded in 1892, is probably a modified form of *shindy*, and designates a party somewhat less riotous than a *shindy*.

ex-service man; veteran.—"H. C. H.," Omaha, Neb.—These terms are often loosely used interchangeably. An *ex-service man* is one who has formerly been a soldier or sailor; he may be young or old, and may have served a few months or have grown old in the service. Nothing in the term indicates age or length of service. Properly speaking, however, the term *veteran*, when applied to one who is or who was a soldier or sailor, denotes a man "long trained," or who "has grown old in service"; hence, it does not properly apply to a young man or to a man with a short record of service. It is from the Latin *veteranus*, meaning "old," or, when used in a military sense, "an old tried soldier."

plantation.—"E. T. T.," Honolulu, T. H.—The word *plantation* is derived from the Latin *plantatio*, meaning "a planting," and was early employed to designate the establishment of a church, the settling of people in a new location, the founding of a colony.

In the sense, "the settlement of persons in some locality; especially the planting of a colony; colonization," the word dates from 1586. With the meaning, "a settlement in a new or conquered country; a colony," the word dates from 1614. We have the term in this sense in the official name of the state, "Rhode Island and Providence Plantations." The meaning, "an estate or farm, especially in a tropical or subtropical country, on which cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, coffee, or other crops are cultivated," dates back at least to 1706, for it is defined in the sixth edition of Phillips' Dictionary, "a Spot of Ground in America for the planting of Tobacco, Sugar-canes, etc."

subtile, subtle.—"B. M.," Miami, Fla.—These words have been constantly used as interchangeable terms by good writers, but there seems to be a present tendency to distinguish them by making *subtile* an attribute of things, and *subtle* a characteristic of mind. *Subtle* is the later form of the word. It is used preferably when the derogatory sense of crafty is to be expressed.



The finest Pineapples

IN THE WORLD COME FROM HAWAII

The finest Pineapple Juice

COMES FROM DOLE-GROWN HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLES

Every one knows that Hawaii grows the finest pineapples obtainable. And DOLE-grown Hawaiian pineapples are the very pick of all Hawaiian pineapples. That's why they produce the most delicious juice you've ever tasted. DOLE vacuum-packing retains the rare flavor, and the important nutritive elements. Buy a dozen cans of DOLE pure, unsweetened Pineapple Juice from your grocer today, and write for new recipe book "Morning, Noon and Night," sent free. Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii. Sales Offices: 215 Market Street, San Francisco, California.



DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE