

SAYS THERE IS NO CLOSED WAY TO THE PREMIERSHIP OF THE PROVINCES OF THE DOMINION

During the recent conference of Provincial Premiers at Ottawa the Montreal Star published the following from the Ottawa correspondent:

What are the qualities which make a Provincial Premier.

To judge from the nine Prime Ministers assembled here for the Dominion-Provincial Conference, the formula is not invariable. Middle age and comparative youth alike are to be found discharging the functions of chief provincial executive. Professional life, business training, and plain experience down on the farm are all revealed as possible avenues of approach to the position. Wealth is not a requisite, but neither is it a barrier. So varied, indeed are qualifications and backgrounds of the present holders of the office in the different provinces that there would seem to be no valid reason why any individual of ambition should not aspire to enter into the train of succession.

Quebec's own Premier, Hon. L. A. Taschereau, approached his position through the legal profession. He comes from patrician stock, being the son of Hon. Jean Thomas Taschereau, a judge of the Supreme Court, and is reputed to have considerable wealth. Public life for him was largely a matter of family tradition. Almost since the Province of Quebec existed there has been a Taschereau holding some high post of public service.

Hon. George S. Henry, Premier of Ontario, is a plainer figure. He is the outstanding business man amongst the Provincial Premiers. Educated at the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph he has never become so engrossed in business as to neglect to till the family acres on the outskirts of Toronto. Even today at harvest time he is to be found in his fields—or was until his recent appointment as Premier. It was he who organized the Farmer's Dairy, one of the most successful organizations of its kind in the country, while he is also head of a large Toronto mortgage concern, and director of an insurance company. His parents are reported to have left him \$100,000, and the present status of the legacy is placed variously at from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000.

Col. Hon. Gordon S. Harrington, in the Maritime Provinces the legal profession has the distinction of having supplied two out of three Prime Ministers. Hon. Gordon Harrington, Premier of Nova Scotia, is not only a lawyer but also the son of a lawyer. His qualifications, however, are no less personal than professional. He is by nature fitted to be a popular figure. An excellent war record contributed to his

NOTED EXPLORER DEBUNKS SOME NOTIONS CONCERNING LIFE IN THE AMAZON REGION

Los Angeles, California, April 22—In an Amazonian jungle never before visited by white men, Dr. William Montgomery McGovern, of the University of London, found the remnant of a pygmy race which he believes, somehow reached South America long before the real Indians wandered out of Asia into Alaska over Bering Strait. Being a scientific explorer, the tropics did not turn his head; instead of romancing, as Sir Walter Raleigh did, he noted naked facts, and the facts debunk the tales most tropical travelers tell—about white Indians, cannibals, El Dorados and so on.

Up the Amazon, Rio Negro and Papuri for more than 2,000 miles, McGovern journeyed, says the Los Angeles Times first in an old-fashioned river boat and then in dugouts obtained from various tribes, hearing accounts of a dark, dirty, despised, dwarfish people called Pogsas. This people, he was told by a wise old chief, had no settled abodes, wandered in small bands through the wilds, had no dugouts, and took to their heels at sight of even a jungle Indian.

Accompanied by five friendly Desano tribesmen, McGovern undertook a surprise visit to a band of Pogsas. Unless surprised, they would run away. After filling for

TEN MILLION AMERICANS ARE ANGLERS

(Philadelphia Bulletin)
A True Fish Story

With thousands of disciples of Isaac Walton whipping every sizeable stream during these opening days of the trout season, the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries rises to remark upon the extent and value of the fishing business, citing figures astonishing to even the most regular patrons of sea food markets.

Fish, it appears ranks third in the consumption of "meats" in the United States, no less than 7,500,000,000 pounds of edible flesh reaching the American stomach during the course of a year. Reduced to a per capita basis, this gives something over a pound a week for every man, woman and child in the continental area. Improved methods of preservation, principally in a quick freezing process which preserves the flavor formerly lost, is given credit for this showing, by making it possible to serve "fresh" fish to communities far removed from the habitat of the finny tribe.

But the fishing industry does not confine its attention to food supply. It supplies products worth \$25,000,000 annually to the arts and in various ways to industries of the country, appearing as oil for paints and water-proofing materials, agricultural fertilizer, poultry foods and manifold other forms, converting waste products into valuable articles of commerce.

The Bureau also calls attention to the importance of fishing as a sport, estimating that more than ten million Americans of both sexes and all ages derive healthy recreation from the use of rod and reel. What these millions spend for equipment and bait, both natural and artificial, is not stated, but a total of ten dollars a head would not be excessive.

All in all, the poor fish are apparently responsible for another billion-dollar industry.

It isn't the fact that a woman is beautiful that pleases her most, rather it is the voluntary, or otherwise, assurance on her pulchritude.

or feathered bodies, no kinds of canoes, nothing not even beads but they did have fire, music, and laughter. Walling music was played on a flute-like bone. What they had to laugh about would hardly seem funny to white people.

The Pogsas proved the "promiscuity theory" of many anthropologists wrong, for monogamy prevailed. Young men do their mate hunting outside the group to which they belong, but dare not aspire to an Indian bride, for the Indians look on Pogsas as completely animal.

Like Primitive Skulls

Unlike Indians with their Mongolian heads, the Pogsas have thin, tapering faces and markedly long heads, like the primitive skulls dug up in Patagonia, leading support to the theory that they belong to a pre-Indian race.

"Despite the proud, stupid Indian's opinion to the contrary, the Pogsas belong to the human species," Dr. McGovern asserts. "This relationship is proved every time a Pogsas woman gives birth of a half-Indian papoose, for only members of the same species can interbreed. Belonging to the human species, Pogsas originated in the common cradle of the races, then came into this lotus land where evolution stands still. Like the pouched mammals of Australia, they remain as they were when they came."

The Indians, according to Dr. McGovern, moved southward from North America over the Panama land-bridge in two migratory waves; one wave, moving along the west coast, created the Inca culture, the other, moving around the east coast, spread westward along the rivers to the foothills of the Andes. Both migrations, he contends, encountered a more primitive pygmy-like people. These pygmies they wiped out save the remnants that still persist as Pogsas. In time the wiping-out process will be complete because the Indians are still using poisoned arrows on the little wild men of the woods.

MOVIE CENTRES WITHOUT GLAMOR ARE NO MAGNETS

Berlin, April 22—Germany has no Hollywood, at least not in the American sense.

There is no city concentrated to the screen, no movie Mecca luring throngs, no Hollywood Boulevards, paved with shattered dreams of film fortune forgotten amid towering evidence of film dreams fantastically come true.

Players No Idols

Germans do not travel from all parts of their country to tread on the sacred ground on which their film stars walk. Nor do German youngsters flock to the studios dreaming of an overnight lift to film fame.

Nevertheless, pictures are made in stage Germany, and thousands of experienced stage players are glad to act in them. These players are naturally more numerous in Berlin, and the studios with few exceptions, cluster in and around Berlin.

Some pictures are made in Tempelhof, near the famous airport; some are filmed in Grunewald, a few in Staaken (also an airport), but probably most of them in Neubabelsberg.

So far those who insist on seeing a "German Hollywood" the lace to go is Neubabelsberg.

Started in 1911

Pictures were produced there as early as 1911, and Neubabelsberg, by the way, got its name before the talkie era made the "babel" part look international. The one-time summer residence of Emperor William I, Schloss Babelsberg, is near by, so Neubabelsberg is a natural name for the town.

Here the Ufa company, owned by the Nationalist leader, Herr Hugenberg, has its principal studios, and the town near the Potsdam of the Hohenzollerns, might be made up in striking likeness of Hollywood.

There are beautiful trees there, and a big, shady beer garden just across from the studios, where more than 2,000 tourists could clink steins with the stars—if the tourists came and the stars stayed.

No Tourist Magnet

But tourists do not flock to Neubabelsberg, and when the players finish their work they walk right past the beer garden and go by train or motor to Berlin. Their homes are here and there and anywhere about the city.

Inside a German film studio, however, one can almost imagine Hollywood is close at hand. The exterior of the big sound stage may look foreign, but inside it looks like Hollywood, sound like Hollywood and smells like Hollywood.

Sometimes even the players are people one has seen before on some Hollywood lot.

German picture companies are known to fans by such abbreviated names as Ufa, Efa, Aafa, Terra, and Tobis. Some are contractions of longer corporate titles, but reeling off the "big names" of the industry at a banquet sounds like a college yell.

SOVIET TRACTOR PLANT FAILURE

Moscow, April 23—The Newspaper Pravda in a severe editorial criticism published today, says that the Soviet tractor plant at Stalingrad, one of the largest in the world, has "practically broken down" and has produced less than 3000 tractors during the last year instead of the 50,000 which is supposed to be its annual capacity. The plant was built by Americans and the machinery is all American.



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