A Military Expert Examines Our Armed Forces’ Morale: WHAT’S WRONG WITH THE REGULARS?
By Hanson W. Baldwin

WALT DISNEY
By Jack Alexander
The Amazing Story of Walt Disney

By JACK ALEXANDER

His fairy tales have taken a place beside the classics. The earnest mouse, the hot-tempered duck are a permanent part of American folklore. Here is the complete story of how Walt Disney rose from bankruptcy at 21 to become the world's most celebrated entertainer, with his simple formula: "I am a ham—and it's fun!"

PART ONE

FOR a strong-willed young man trying to exploit a new idea, or a new twist to an old idea, an early bankruptcy can be a stimulating experience. The disaster challenges him at a point which will always be crucial to his fortunes—the stark point at which his money runs out and his backers follow suit. So crushing a blow forces the entrepreneur to take another look at his dream and to decide whether he still believes in it in spite of what has befallen it.

The age at which Walter Elias Disney went bankrupt was precociously early. He was twenty-one. The year was 1923 and the scene of his purgation was Kansas City, Missouri. Ambitiously, Disney had incorporated a venture of his for making animated cartoons of familiar fairy tales. His studio was a garage which he rented from a householder who owned no automobile, a lack which was common in those underprivileged days. He was assisted during the corporation's brief life by several other young men who only lately had teether on the lowest rung of commercial art, as bad Disney himself. They were engaged in drawing literal sketches for the advertising pages of farm publications of such unexciting items as farm machinery, salt blocks for cattle and mash guaranteed to re-create the self-confidence of melancholy hens and send them into a fury of egg-laying. All hands, understandably, were eager for a more rounded life.

After the collapse of his corporation, Disney, a man of vast energies and impatience, needed only an hour or so for a reconsideration of his prospects. He found them heartening indeed. As he had never rated his own drawing talents very highly his judgment was not belied by any personal disillusionment and he was not at all disappointed with the products of his garage studio. They embodied a trick or two which he had learned by intensive reading at the public library and which he had added to the crude animating techniques then in vogue.

He rather liked his cartoons. So did a film-distributing agency in New York, which had made a good offer for a batch of them. Unluckily, the agency went broke before it got (Continued on Page 80)
The cartoonist assembles a caboose for his miniature railroad. Disney, who once worked on the Santa Fe Railroad, has an elaborate track in his back yard.

Walt’s workshop is a replica of a barn on his father’s Marceline, Mo., farm. Disney, the youngest of four boys, was born in Chicago in 1901.

Walt, Diane and Sharon. Disney’s most successful film, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, cost $1.500,000. So far, it has grossed $12,000,000.

Miles Connolly, Larry Landsburgh, Disney and Mexican moviemaker Roberto Galvaldon. Nearly half of Disney’s film-rental revenue comes from outside the U.S.

Walt, Roy and Walt Disney get together at a corner on the fifty-one-acre Disney studio.

Clarence Nash is world-renowned as the voice of Donald Duck. Walt Disney created Donald after he heard Nash’s imitation of an enraged duck. Donald developed into an even more fabulous money-earner than Mickey Mouse.
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THE AMAZING STORY
OF WALT DISNEY

(Continued from Page 21)

around to mailing its check. Disney was angered as he thought back over this tough break, but not dismayed. The way he saw it, his own bankruptcy was simply an echo of the explosion in New York, as perhaps it was. Anyway, he decided to strike without unnecessary delay for Hollywood. There, he imagined with the innocence of the young, innovations in the art of entertainment were welcomed with unhatched wallets.

In order to whistle up train fare Disney made some song-lyric cartoon for a movie-palace organist, a member of a now-defunct tribe. The organist, seated at his console, rose from the dark bowels of the orchestra pit by the grace of hydraulic pressure and, grandly spotlighted, tried to cozen the audience into chanting some current mistakes of Tin Pan Alley's. Disney invested what the organist paid him in an antiquated movie camera. Dressed neatly and well bartered—via a barter deal, one haircut for one funny drawing in the window—Disney invaded Kansas City's better residential districts, lugging his camera door-to-door. He filmed innumerable crawling infants and sold the developed strips to their proud parents.

Within a couple of months, flushed with failure, he was en route to California. He arrived on a hot August day. If there were any cheers from the peasantry, they were inaudible, and there were certainly no hopeful words for the newcomer as he trudged from studio to studio. By special inducement of his Kansas City creditors Disney had brought along one of his animated cartoons, which several studio vice-presidents designed to examine in projection rooms. All gave him the same advice: the more important film distributors operated from New York, and if Disney were really smart he would be catching the earliest eastbound train.

For obvious reasons Disney was in no position to follow the advice. He decided to stay in Hollywood and to freelance, an expression which often means a dreadful willingness to commit oneself to slow starvation. As things turned out, Disney did not starve during his early years in Hollywood, but this was because he was never much interested in eating, as his skinny six-foot frame fully attested.

From the start Disney had sensed—soundly, as was to be demonstrated ultimately—that any strong acceptance which the then-nerdy animated cartoons were to win would come only through continuous basic experimentation. He had an uncontrollable passion for this expensive activity and for many years the specter of a second bankruptcy pursued him. It never got quite close enough to make the tackle. Aided by inspired blocking on the part of Roy Disney, an older brother who took over as business manager and now is president, Walt developed into one of the most spectacular break-field runners in the history of small industry.

During the thirty years which have elapsed since Walt Disney's breath assault on Hollywood, many strange and wonderful things have come to pass. Largely through the multilingual suc...
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(Continued from Page 80)
Pan. Cinderella, released in 1950, is well up among the big money-makers, having grossed close to $8,500,000 to date, according to the Disney people. They think that Peter Pan will do even better.

"Here's one very nice thing about our business," an associate of Disney remarked recently during a discussion of Snow White. "Every few years or so there's what you might call a new generation of young ones who have never seen a Disney fantasy. So we can release and recall, release and recall, release and recall, indefinitely.

"A fantasy, if it's really convincing, can't become dated, for the simple reason that it represents a flight into a dimension that lies beyond the reach of time—you know, the way the space ships are supposed to get beyond the reach of the earth's gravitational field. In this new dimension, whatever it is, nothing corrodes or gets run down at the heel, or gets to look ridiculous, like, say, the celluloid collar or the bustle. Nobody gets any older." Nothing inspires Disney to action more than to be told that his latest proposed foray into unorthodoxy will fail. Disney, like the rest of Hollywood, was confronted at the close of World War II with the blocked-dollar fiscal programs of governments abroad. Large amounts of their rental income had piled up in foreign countries and were sequestered there. The regular Hollywood studies solved the problem by shooting films in the blocked-dollar areas, paying most of their production cost in sequestered dollars converted into local currency. If they couldn't take any dollars home, they could at least take income-producing assets in the form of the pictures they had made.

For a while it looked as if Disney was in no position to profit by such a stratagem. A live-action picture can be made almost anywhere, but the making of a Disney feature-length cartoon requires a complex manufacturing setup. No comparable setup existed abroad, and, for many good reasons, it would have been impossible to transplant the one he had.

Against much friendly advice, Disney, acting not only by reverting to Hollywood orthodoxy, but also by reverting to Hollywood orthodoxy, began making live-action pictures abroad. It was his view, and he holds to it still, that a good spinner of yarns can perform well in any storytelling medium. He argued, too, that, as the cartoon was the better server of fantasy, so live action better served the romantic adventure story. By this time Disney was well gone into his swashbuckling phase. He hied off to London, assembled a cast of British actors and British directors, plotted out a program of pictures, got the organization rolling and returned home. Since then he has kept close to the producing unit by telephone and cable, and has gone back a number of times to advise his vicars, and also to be close to the excitement.

Treasure Island, released in 1950, did well at the box office, and so did The Story of Robin Hood, which was released two years later. Disney's contribution to Coronation year is The Sword and the Rose, an adaptation of an old novel, When Knighthood Was in Flower. The setting is the flush reign of Henry VIII, whose daughter was to become the first Queen Elizabeth. The setting is a costumer Technicolor dream. Henry, a gay and hearty man, is known to have spent on his wardrobe a sum which, according to one scholar, was the equivalent in modern terms of about a quarter of a million dollars. The nobles of the court strained their purses trying to keep within hailing distance of the king, and the tailors of the Continent, whose styles Henry had popularized, got rich. For some months now the Disney-abroad outfit has been in Scotland filming a picture called Rob Roy, the Highland Rogue, a story of the most stubborn member of the highly stubborn Clan MacGregor, which is famous for refusing to be moved around. Only the title bears any resemblance to Sir Walter Scott's novel, Rob Roy. The rest is Disney.

It would be hard to prove conclusively, but there exists ground for believing that the flowering of Walt Disney's entertainment genius in American soil was one of the many delayed benefits of the Norman conquest, a feature-length event of the year 1066, with live action. The evidence lies in a genealogical essay written in longhand by Walt's father, Elias Disney, a few years before his death.

Elias Disney was a devout and dignified man, and, if his researches were as competent as his motives were honest, the family is descended of a Burgundian officer named de Disney. As a reward for his military services, de Disney received a large estate, lived and

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

SUNDAY AT HOME

By Max Richstone

No handy man could hold a candle to pop, when planning how he'll handle a dozen projects still unfinished. But while his vigor's undiminished, he first, of course, must read the papers. And cut 4 a few athletic caps.

With Junior, then he must relax. With Number One of several snacks; Must nap, too, in his easy chair. It's lucky for her bill of fare. He doesn't use the same technique. On office work throughout the week!

Dressed in uniform, as had the glamorous train-buscher job, but each gave him the privilege of wearing a uniform car bearing his name plate.

Walt squared the bank and started the business. He got up every morning at four o'clock, full of zest and energy, and delivered newspapers in some of the worst weather the Midwest can conjure.

After that kind of experience, grade school seemed dull and Walt never did learn to like it. It was confusing too. One of his teachers told him his drawings showed talent, and Walt began attending Saturday classes at the Kansas City Art Institute. Another teacher told him he had acting talent. This remark came after he had emitted the Gettysburg Address from memory. It helped to decide Walt's future calling.

Walt dropped out of the comedy team on discovering a new and exciting job—that of train builder. On week ends and during school vacation he hawked candy, apples and magazines on the Santa Fe trains running between Kansas City and Chicago. The bright...
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teen, got a free ride overseas as a Red Cross ambulance driver. The war ended about a week after he arrived, and for a year he drove various important people around France. Instead of returning to Chicago, he chose Kansas City, where he knew some other fledging artists. He stayed there just long enough to suffer the bankruptcy which blew him, in 1925, to Hollywood and into a partnership with brother Roy, who, providentially, had learned some accountancy as a bank employee. An uncle lent them $500. With this as their sole capital, the Disney brothers opened up shop in a barnlike room that had been added, for reasons no one remembered, to the back of a real-estate office. They lived in a furnished room and ate in cafeterias, one getting a meat order and the other a vegetable order. The orders were split fifty-fifty in the interests of a balanced diet.

Singlehanded and at grave risk to his health, Walt turned out two experimental shorts which combined a live-action girl with animated-cartoon animals and bore the general title of Alice in Cartoonland. A New York distributing agency—this time a solvent one—took on the samples and ordered twelve more on a percentage-of-profits basis. Disney hired a few animators and some girls to ink in the cell drawings and, keeping a supervisory eye on the Alice series, dreamed up an animal character named Oswald the Rabbit. Another solvent New York distributor liked Disney's new character and contracted for a series of Oswald shorts.

When the Oswald contract came up for renewal in the spring of 1927, Walt felt so optimistic that he took his wife along to New York to share in the fun. Until two years earlier, Mrs. Disney had been a Miss Lillian Bounds, a native of Lewiston, Idaho, and she had been working as an usher at a wage of fifteen Disney dollars a week.

Disney and the distributor, after an exchange of hearty greetings, got along poorly. The room temperature dropped abruptly when Walt opened the business discussion by asking that his share of the Oswald profits be increased. The distributor wanted to know why Disney said that he intended to use the extra money to conduct experiments that would improve the quality of the cartoon. The distributor said it would be stupid to spend money trying to improve a feature that the public already liked, and added that he himself would not be a party to any such wasteful nonsense.

Disney threatened to withdraw Oswald and take him somewhere else. At this point the distributor made a major contribution to Disney's neglected business education. Handing his visitor a copy of the existing contract, he directed attention to one of the clauses.

(Continued on Page 92)
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(Continued from Page 90)

"You will note," he said, "that you do not own Oswald. You sold him to us."

Disney left the interview in a state of shock. His little empire lay in ruins. Alice in Cartoonland had already run out its string. Oswald had been palmed legally, by the hard-bounded distributor who was soon to kill off the rabbit by trying to market an inferior imitation of it. Ten thousand miles away, Disney's staff, which now numbered twenty-five members, would shortly have nothing to do but sit on their hands.

Afrad that morale would drop disastrously, Walt telegraphed Roy that everything had turned out great and added that he was bringing home a big new idea for an animal-cartoon series. All he had to do now was to come up with the big new idea on the train ride home.

From the time of departure Walt made trial sketches of practically every animal he had ever heard of, trying them in various poses in the hope of discovering a glimmer of appeal in at least one. Neither he nor Mrs. Disney had detected any gliter by the time they reached Chicago and changed trains.

Walt resumed sketching as they worked westward out and Roy inquired. When he was ankle-deep in rejected drawings and getting mighty tired of it all, he began, for no explainable reason, to sketch mice. He found himself strangely amused as each new rodent figure took shape on his tablet. Suddenly, he shouted to his wife, who was watching, "I've got him! Mortimer Mouse!"

Mrs. Disney was amused by the drawings, but she insisted—and even tried to tell why—that Mortimer Mouse was a better name. Walt, who was enjoying a happy creative delirium, accepted the suggestion.

Mortimer Mouse was that to win fame, at home and abroad, beyond that achieved by any other member of the species, who mocked their memories as they will. Walt and Lillian Disney recall exactly where the event took place. However, it seems from memory that and in a hotel somewhere between Tolouca, Illinois, and La Junta, Colorado, on the right of way of the Santa Fe Railroad.

Walt got back to his studio where he got the staff into feverish production of a cartoon called Plane Crazy, starring Mickey as a daring young aviator, with Minnie in support. In his eagerness to get a foothold Disney was not above cashing in on the topical. Charles A. Lindbergh was still a student and in a class somewhere between Yolocua, Illinois, and La Junta, Colorado, on the right of way of the Santa Fe Railroad.

Walt went back to New York in October, 1927, and tried to peddle Plane Crazy and Gallopin' Gauche. There were no takers, and he quickly learned why. While he was still en route, Al Jolson's part-talkie, The Jazz Singer, had made its debut on Broadway and had triggered off what later became known as the Talkie Revolution. In a short time he had to halt production of his silent films, and both Plane Crazy and Gallopin' Gauche were silenced.

In his usual perky way, Disney saw amid the din of his new and spindly-legged empire a gambler's chance of re-building it by employing the very explosive which had leveled it sound. It would take some expensive new equipment to bring the thing off, and he was, as usual, nearly broke. But this time when he made the rounds of the distributing houses, in hand, he discovered one who was actually willing to trust him with a bank roll. Disney scooted back home with the new equipment and got to work on it on a cartoon called Steamboat Willie, in which Mickey played a romantic and adventurous river-boat captain. On the sound track, which also carried the voices of the squeaky voice of Mickey and a far more musical voice delivered by Disney himself, a task which he continued to perform for many years after.

On September 18, 1928, Steamboat Willie, the third Mickey to be made, but the first released, made its debut at the small, select Colony Theater in New York. It is said with such wild approval that it was moved to the Roxy Theater in order to accommodate the fans.

From the standpoint of technique Steamboat Willie was, in its way, as revolutionary as The Jazz Singer. Primitive though it was, it showed what could be done in the way of combining action and sound into an integrated unity, instead of using sound as a haphazard background for the action. Over the years, with continuous improvements, that integration has been the Disney hallmark.

The "debate" of Oswald the Rabbit, had adopted a policy of retaining ownership of their product instead of, so to speak, working for the other fellow. In Mickey Mouse they had a fabulous valuable property. But ownership had its pitfalls, too, and in the decade 1928–35 they skidded intermittently toward the edge of the financial cliff.

Early in the big depression they were saved by Mickey Mouse, in his role as a mascot for a manufacturing firm. A case was brought to recover damages for a merchandising trade-mark, licensed out to manufacturers. Much further on in the future they ran another financial crisis, and the工作室's salvation this time was to be a duck, an even more fabulous money-earner than the mouse.

Back in the early 1930's the duck was just beginning to take shape. He began, as a memory, in the mind of an actor, a motherless baby boygoat that had been raised in his boyhood. The actor, sitting out a job with other such jobless men in Westlake Park, Los Angeles, used his baby-boat imitation to tease the fully employed inhabitants of the area. With obvious take-off of the senior Douglas Fairbanks.

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Editors' Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Alexander. The second will appear next week.
The Amazing Story of Walt Disney

By JACK ALEXANDER

When Disney first heard Clarence Nash he cried, “That’s a duck!” Thus, 20 years ago, was choleric Donald added to American folklore, with Nash as the voice. For Disney, the versatile magician who makes movies with or without animals—and with or without human beings—is always only a child at heart.

CONCLUSION

OR upward of thirty years, Walt Disney, the greatest of the Hollywood magicians, has been a walking refutation of the dictum that the dispersion of one’s talents leads inevitably to failure. In an age grown mad with specialization, Disney has flung his talents about the entertainment field with wild prodigality. He is the motion-picture industry’s equivalent of Charlie Peterson, the incomparable trick billiardist, whose slogan is: “Show me a shot I can’t make.”

Into his first simple animated cartoons of animals, made in the silent days in black and white, Disney integrated sound and color as they came along. From six-minute shorts he went into six- and eight-minute Silly Symphonies, then on into classic fantasies of full feature length. Some of these fantasies were all cartoon, others combined live actors with cartoon characters. Then came standard feature-length movies made with human actors, in which animals appeared—non-cartoon and non-talking—only in supporting roles, as do cowboys’ horses in Westerns. From there he went into photographic animal pictures in which no human beings were visible at all. Among other ventures new in preparation are live-action films of the ways in which the inhabitants of the less-known parts of the globe live their daily lives, the animals again being subordinated. With Disney there is always something new.

In all of this fancy footwork there has been on Disney’s part no conscious defiance of the anti-dispersion dictum. It has represented merely the relentlessly questing spirit of one of the lustiest imaginations in the history of entertainment. Disney forgets the rules and lets his imagination run free. He is one of those rare adult nature with a capacity for awe and wonderment. The man has a certain quality of fresh responsiveness, a quality with which everyone is born, but which tends to rub off in adulthood from contact with an abrasive world.

Disney drives himself hard, and the only limitation upon how far his talents can proliferate is the amount of mental and physical strain the human physique can stand. Along with a built-in enthusiasm Disney has a built-in tenseness. Once, when warned that unless he spent less time at the studio and took up a relaxing sport, he would suffer a nervous breakdown, Disney in a rare moment of conformity bought a set of golf clubs and took lessons. He went at the game in a typical Disney way, getting to the links at dawn in order to finish in time to reach the studio at the regular hour. Not gifted athletically, Disney threw himself wholeheartedly into the game, with spectacularly bad results. His ineptness increased his tensions and his tensions increased his ineptness. Trying to kill the ball, he would top it a few yards and go into an eloquent rage. His anguished yelling while chipping in sand traps suggested the outcries of a park stroller being unluckily garotted by an apprentice mugger. He rarely completed more than nine holes and he always wound up quivering with frustration.

In England, Walt Disney watches the filming of The Sword and the Rose, a live-action Disney production. Walt believes that a good spinner of yarns can perform well in any storytelling medium.
A recent and more effective safety valve for Disney's personal steam has been a miniature railroad system. The trackage winds for a half mile around most of the yard of the Holmby Hills home, passing by the swimming pool, over trestles and through a concrete tunnel. The rolling stock is in one-size fits all scale and authentic to the last detail, and it is hauled by a replica of a nineteenth-century wood-burning locomotive. Disney loves to sit on the tender with hot ashes blowing in his face and drive a trainload of passengers—each boxcar seats one person—around the loop. At a party, his passengers may be guests in evening dress, and frequently he is host to a working or retired locomotive engineer who happens to be visiting in Los Angeles and calls him up. Diesel, that's a form of wrecks, as they give him an excuse to repair the damage in his workshop. About a year ago, partly in the hope of more and better wrecks, he imported another locomotive and a switch engine from England. The excitement of the railroad really relaxes him.

For all his big-eyed-piggledy branching out professionally Disney remains what he started as—a fascinated scholar of animal behavior (with "animal" understood in its widest sense). His everyday speech is peppered with animal references, sometimes out of context, such as: "Those burrolike asses I brought back from Saragossa last year..." Oil paints, he'd light each other to get petted. They're jealous of affection, just like dogs and squirrels. At Palm Springs the other day I watched a terrier chase a gopher. The gopher lay down on his back. He had been that way. That was a trick defensive posture. If the terrier had charged him, the gopher would have wrapped himself around the terrier's muzzle and bitten him in the nose, you see. That terrier was too smart for him. He could wait. As soon as the gopher got up and tried to run, the terrier snapped his neckbone in one bite the way a coyote kills a rattlesnake.

"The bear is the greatest of scratchers. He goes through a period of doing nothing but loaf, live, eat and scratch, mostly scratch. Most animals do the same thing, even the beaver, who is supposed to work all the time, but many other animals use the time being used to scrape themselves at home or in public without any embarrassment. We've lost something there. It's the penalty for the bathtub, I guess."

"You know why the animals dominate animated cartoons? It's because their reaction to any kind of stimulus is expressed physically. Often the entire body comes into play. Take a joyful dog, his wag, his torso wiggles, his ears flap. He may greet you by jumping on your lap or by making the circuit of the room, not missing a chair or a door. He keeps barking, and that's a form of physical expression, too; it stretches his big mouth.

"But how does a human being react to a stimulus? He's lost the sense of play he once had and he inhibits physical expression. He's the victim of a civilization whose ideal is the unbotherable, poker-faced man and the attractive, unruffled woman. Even the gestures get to be calculated. They call it posture. The spontaneity of the animals—you find it in small children, but it's gradually trained out of them."

"Then there's the matter of plastic masses, as our animators put it—mass of face, of torso, and so on. Animation needs these masses. They're things that can be exaggerated a little and whirled about in such a way as to contribute to the illusion of movement, you see, like a bloodhound's droopy ears and floppy gums, or the puffy cheeks and fat little torsos of chipmunks and squirrels. Look at Donald Duck. He's got a big mouth, a big belligerent eye, a twistable neck and a substantial backbone that's highly flexible. The Duck comes near being the animator's ideal subject. He's got plasticity plus."

"For contrast, think of the human being as the animator sees him. It takes the devotion of a whole boyhood to learn to wiggle an ear as much as three sixteenths of an inch, which isn't much. The typical twenty-five-year-old man of today is slim of face, torso and legs. No scope for animation. Too stiff, too limited. Middle-agers tend to develop body masses—jowls, bay windows, double chins—but you can't very well caricature a fat man. Nature has beaten the animator to the punch."

"In fantasies it's a little different. In Snow White we were able to draw the dwarfs as lumpy figures wearing lumpy clothes, and that gave us a good mass to toss around a little. Another fantasy, Peter Pan—in this one we did a switch that gave us some leeway. Instead of animals acting like people, we had Peter Pan and the Darling children flying high and scrambling around like birds and animals. We still lacked truly maneuverable masses, but the power of the story itself, plus the desire of the audience to believe in its basic fantasy—"I can fly! I can fly!"—made them forget the stiffness of movement. Tinker Bell we created maneuverable, and she sure maneuvered."

Disney is probably the best friend the animals have had since St. Francis of Assisi. In his animated cartoons he has glorified an elephant by having him float joyously through the air to music by Tchaikovsky, and he has made a world-wide hero of a mouse. His relations with the animal world were excellent as long as he stuck to cartoons, but a misunderstanding arose when he began to invade their privacy with the camera.

This resulted when he began work on his Nature series, which he calls True-Life Adventures. These are straight photographic reports in color on the intimate lives of various kinds of wildlife. Artistically and financially they have been great successes. The first four—Seal Island, Beaver Valley, Nature's Half Acre and Water Birds—won Academy Awards in their class. Another good one, The Olympian Elk, was not submitted to the award committee, as its year of release was the same as that of Water Birds, and only one entry may be made annually in any one category. For the current year the Disney studio will again have to make a difficult choice between Bear Country and Prowlers of the Everglades, the latter depicting the private life of the alligator.

In the True-Life Adventures no human beings are allowed to mar the animals' stripes of celluloid. But, if no animal, however gifted, can operate a camera, human photographers had to do the job. At first the animals resented this invasion of their privacy. The photographers, who worked mostly in pairs, found a way of getting around this block. They pitched their camps or parked their trailers near likely gathering spots, such as feeding and breeding grounds, set their cameras at various angles and waited with incredible patience for the animals to appear. When they did appear, there was no immediate recourse to the camera. The photographers, moving about quietly, held off shooting until the animals had grown accustomed to their presence. A waiting period for just one scene might take weeks. Sometimes it took months. Not infrequently the scene would be ruined by a stretch of dim outdoor lighting or by the sudden flight of the animals at the approach of a predator.

One pair of photographers, a husband-and-wife team, spent seven months on the marge of a pond catching the cycle of beaver life. Another husband-and-wife team followed herds of elk for two years through the rugged Olympic Mountains of Washington. As the terrain was too rough for pack horses, the photographers carried their camera equipment in backpacks. Food was dropped to them at intervals by helicopter.

The early True-Life came about thirty minutes. Disney was so (Continued on Page 99)
THE AMAZING STORY OF WALT DISNEY

(Continued from Page 27)

occupy the American desert country, which is the home of such disastrous and hard-bitten an assortment of reptiles, birds, insects and scorpions that nature has thrown together. Some of them spend the day in shady crevices to avoid the punishing sun and come out only after the desert has cooled off. That’s after sundown, which makes for poor photographic conditions. Others forage and fight, and the scorpions, ticks, scurriers and sometimes deadly sinisters or biters.

In the desert picture Disney displays with gusto a taboo against the presentation of forbidden forms of wildlife to the public. He brings the onlooker close to sun-baked forms of life as it is in nature—a Gila monster, centipedes, millipedes, vultures, tarantulas, snakes, bats and scorpions. But these horrors are presented in a manner that properly balances educational and occasional commentary, so friendly a light that preview audiences found themselves captivated. The deadly struggles the actors go through each day in order to survive.

One of the most dramatic sequences introduces us to this life-form, the Gila, an unctuous, legless, hairy, tube-like creature, the tiny female waspas.

She is the only desert citizen that is not afraid of the giant spider known as the tarantula. From her egg-laying cycle she stalks him and, instead of killing him, anesthetizes him with her stinger. After he has lost consciousness, she buries him in the sand. In time the hatched baby consumes the entire tarantula—which dies peacefully without ever waking up—and a new waspae joins the community.

A toad is seen swallowing a millipede. The scorpions do a courtship dance. It resembles a square dance and Disney has given it square-dance music. A couple of lumbering tortoises, in fighting for the last scrap of food, try to turn each other either— a helpful and usually fatal position—and the winner wanders through a circular moving maze, with walls.

All of these sequences and most of the others in the film were obtained in the usual patient enviro-dropping way. Some were shot under what are called controlled conditions. A striking one deals with the feverish struggle of a kangaroo rat to remove her young from a rodent-loving snake and hide them in a labyrinthine burrow. As the entire scene was shot from above, the sequences could have been filmed only through the use of a cross section of a burrow, visible through glass, and it was. The burrow in the desert soil with its mother rat had indicated her full acceptance of the burrow for her home by returning to it repeatedly from foraging expeditions. (Of course, she saved the babies. In the Disney version of the wildlife the struggle contends the contestant wins of the 1929’s. It is the animated version of the La Caja Lucida, the outdoors Chautauqua circuit of the United States and Canada. In winter time it played the Lyceum circuit in 90 cities and 250 school auditoriums.

As the quarter’s star, Nash doubled as a mandolin soloist and also gave out with water and animal calls.

This was a great thrilling life for a young man, with all its travel and applause. It ended bleakly during the winter of 1930 and 1931, the depression. In the movies and radio had drowned out much of the Chautauqua and Lyceum circuit. Nash and his wife were hard to get. The Alamo Quartet was disbanded and Clarence Nash began drifting westward.

When Nash took stock of his prospects, the same application of brain and muscles that had made him a successful entertainer, he reasoned, ought to make him a success in business or industry. He silently said what he thought was a permanent farewell to acting, and opened his attack on the industry by getting a job as a typewriter keeper in a Northern California lumber mill. Timekeeping, however, proved to be an inefelible bore and Nash quit it. In desperation, he returned to the Chautauqua circuit. It was more than he expected, with the pay match.

Nash now regretted his decision and the money in going back to the entertainment business. In the lumber mill he had left his wife named Margaret Seemann—and he missed her. He came home and they had a long talk, the upshot of which was that Miss Seemann proposed to marry him as soon as he got a secure foothold on a nontheatrical job. Nash put in a general mill—and got back his hated old job of timekeeper.

He was deeply in love, and that by itself was upsetting, and he was irascible over having been put back right where he had started. His boss—his name was Nash, and Nash quit. He didn’t know it all the time, but his irascibility, added to his baby-billy-goat call, almost completed the disaster that might have lifted him into that goal of every actor—a permanent job.

Though gloomy over the two fiascos as a timekeeper and unsuccessful either in love or in his future, Nash stubbornly resumed his attempts to transit the arts to trade by going to San Francisco. It was understood that as soon as he got settled, Miss Seemann would become Mrs. Nash. Nash caught on first as a deck hand in a fish store grocery. Here was real promise.

He was fired. A series of temporary jobs followed. Finally, he got one that impressed him as important because it was physically punishing. It involved shoving heavy equipment around the stock room the floor of a telegraph company and later on doing heavy lifting for a crew that was installing a branch agency in Chinatown. A small man and six feet five feet, he was in fair shape.

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The sense of brawny accomplishment which his daytime job gave him filled Nash with confidence in the future. He wrote to his brother in San Francisco and marry him. She did. A month later the telegraph company ran a seasonal hall and laid Nash off. The bride was the local grooms was buoyant. He had given his devoted best to business, and it had put him down. The grooms were now thoroughly aroused.

A booking agent for the Shankers, with whom Nash had become friendly, got him spot dates in the Bay area and set for himself a bullying small-town engagement when a lovely doe fawn bounded across the highway and disappeared in the underbrush. At Nash's urging, the doe was stopped and backed up to the spot where the doe had vanished. Underneath his front of confidence, Nash felt insecure. Call imitations have a way of deserting an imitator, and Nash was about to try out a call he hadn't tried in years. He was at the window of the car when the imitator stopped and watched the doe with the headlights glare. His imitator eyes were all in a bunch. Nash, a highly moral man, was at once delighted and shocked. Nash didn't need his imitator any more. His imitator was a failure. Nash ended his program with an encore bit he had used in his Chautauqua days. It was called 'Mary Had a Little Lamb'.