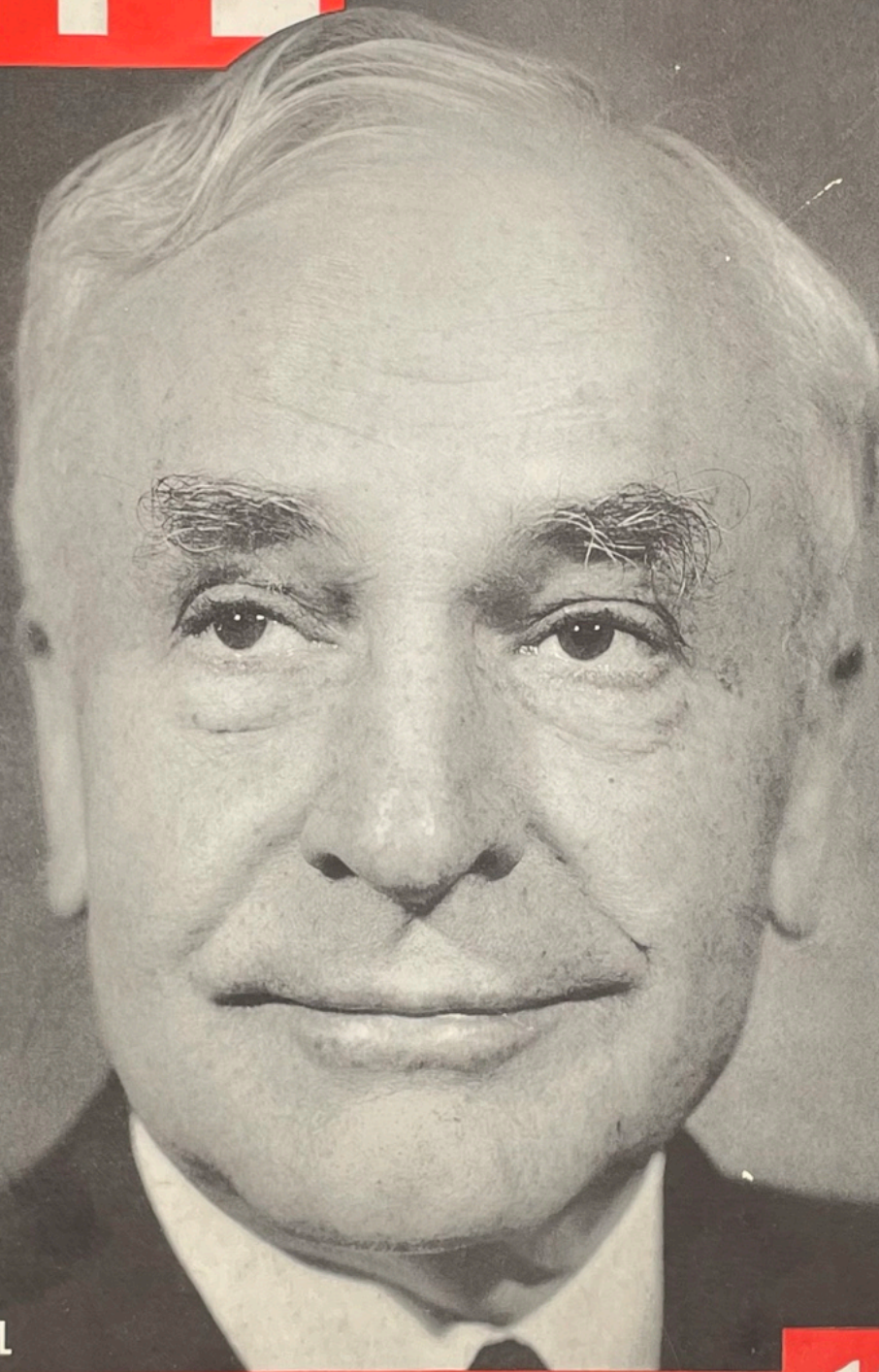


LIFE



CORDELL HULL

OCTOBER 2, 1939 **10** CENTS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LIFE

Vol. 7, No. 14

October 2, 1939

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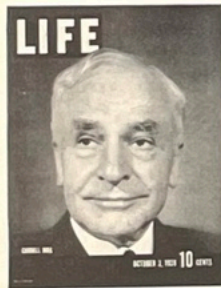
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LIFE'S COVER. As American Secretary of State in a war world, the grave ex-judge from Tennessee on the cover is probably the second busiest and most important man in America today. The steadfast simplicity and honesty of this lifelong champion of international honor and good will have won him the solid respect not only of his one-time colleagues in the Senate but also of the whole American people. Secretary Hull's support is one of President Roosevelt's best assets in his fight to obtain revision of the Neutrality Act, for news of which see page 11.

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DON'T YOU EVER RUN OUT OF PEP?

1. YOU'VE GOT AS MUCH SPARK AT MIDNIGHT AS MOST GIRLS HAVE AT NOON! TELL ME, HOW DO YOU DO IT?

OH, I GET MY VITAMINS, YOU KNOW. AND SPEAKING OF VITAMINS, I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING YOU'D LIKE

2. IT'S A PERFECTLY GRAND BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S EXTRA RICH IN TWO OF THE IMPORTANT VITAMINS, B₁ AND D. WHY DON'T YOU TRY SOME FOR BREAKFAST?

3. BREAKFAST NEXT MORNING I'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT THOSE VITAMINS, MOTHER—BUT I DIDN'T KNOW PEP TASTED SO GOOD! IT'S THE CRISPEST AND FINEST FLAVORED CEREAL WE'VE EVER HAD!

Kellogg's PEP
VITAMIN ENRICHED
34% BAKED FLAKES
FLOURED WHEAT MEAL, SALT

IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT COOL CRISP KELLOGG'S PEP. IT'S A MARVELOUS TASTING CEREAL—CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B₁ AND D. GET PEP AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!



Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

*Pep contains vitamins B₁ and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B₁, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.

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THE HUDSON ENDS AT NEW YORK WHERE IT IS LOCALLY KNOWN AS THE NORTH RIVER. ACROSS FROM MANHATTAN'S FRINGE OF PIERS FOR OCEAN LINERS IS NEW JERSEY

THE HUDSON RIVER

Autumn peace broods over America's Rhine

Photographs for LIFE by Margaret Bourke-White

In these weeks, the sun and the season fill the Hudson River Valley with a soft gold light. The mist comes up slowly in the morning from the Valley floor, drenching the leaves that are yellowing fast this year after a dry summer. Down from the frost-touched Adirondacks, over the Catskills and the Taconics, the brightening band of fall foliage pushes toward the great city where the river ends. From the harbor of New York, the ocean freighters steam up the Hudson toward Albany. Safe in a world at war, they move slowly through a lovely land overhung with the brooding peace of autumn. The farms at Ft. Edward have been cut of their last hay. The apple growers at Roundout Creek are picking their reddened fruit. The vintners around Highland are crushing their sweet white grapes.

From its source under Mt. Marcy to its mouth at Manhattan Island, the Hudson River is 300 miles long. Along its lower half, between Albany and New York, its Valley carries more traffic—in boats and barges on the water, in trains, trucks, buses, auto-

mobiles alongside it—than any comparable stretch of water in the country.

But the Hudson has an importance over and above this usefulness. The Hudson is a very beautiful river. Those who know it well think that no river in the world is as lovely. Its admirers have given it the name of the American Rhine. If anything, the com-



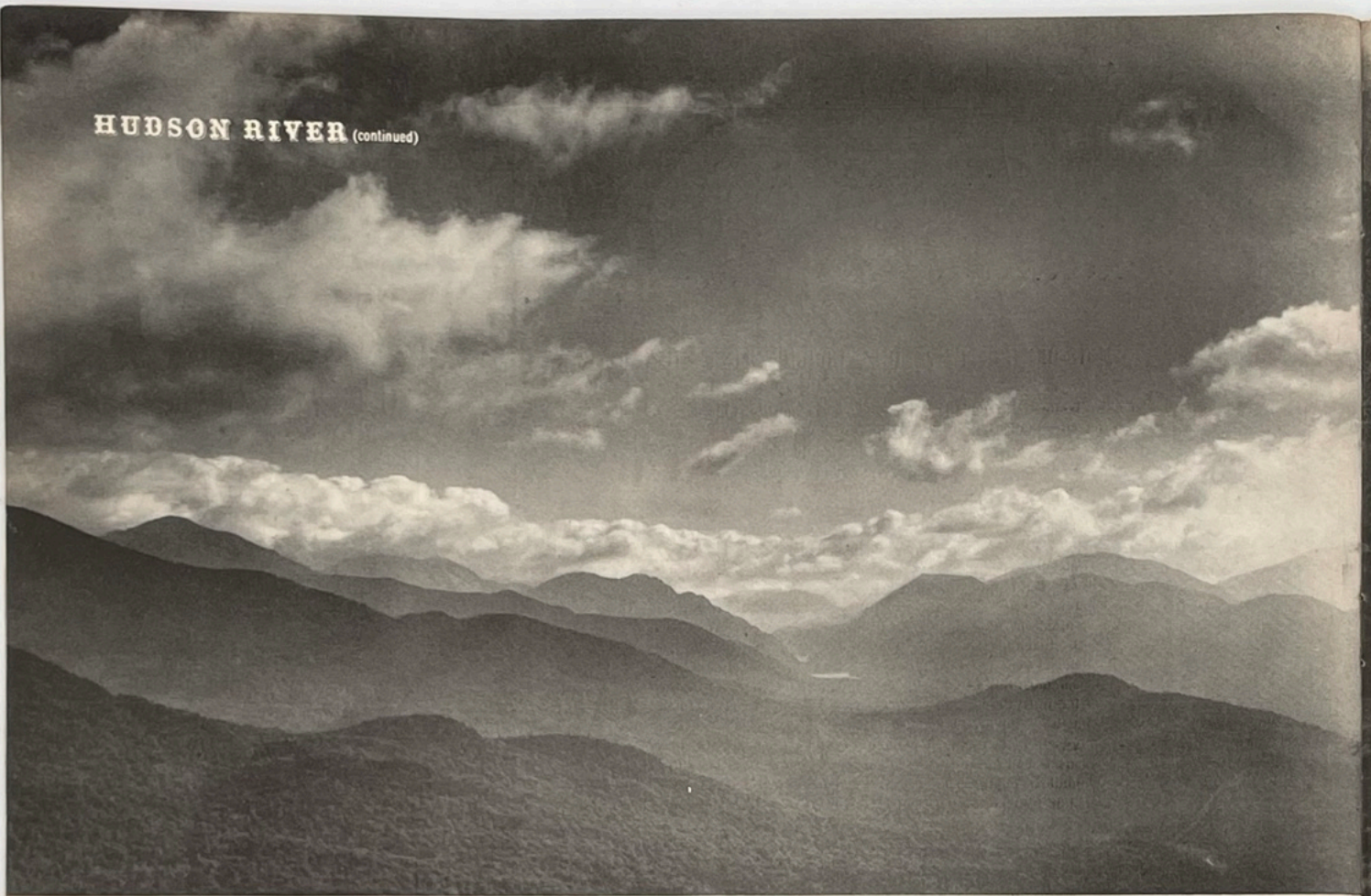
THE HUDSON REALLY RISES 20 MILES ABOVE HERE

parison flatters the German river. Americans now know the Hudson for an American river. One of the best-selling American books today is *The Hudson* (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50), whose author, Carl Carmer, helped greatly in the preparation of this article.

Across the river have rolled the thunders and the whispers of history. Henry Hudson followed its tide-salted waters up 140 miles before turning back, realizing that it was not a passage to the Pacific. The Dutch patroons and the English settled on its banks in vast manors, founding future fortunes on their land. The British tried to conquer the Hudson during the Revolution but Benedict Arnold's plot to yield West Point was foiled and so were the British.

The Valley has been peaceful ever since. Many great manorial estates have been broken up but the descendants of the Dutch, English, German, French farmers still live there. The Dutch have left their mark most deeply, filling the Valley with their still-remembered superstitions of little men who bowl in the mountains and of ghost ships that haunt the river.

HUDSON RIVER (continued)



↑ The river rises deep in the stormy Adirondacks. Tumbling from Lake Tear-of-the-Clouds through Feldspar Creek, swelling with pourings of a dozen brooks, it joins waters plunging over the Falls of the Hanging Spear, runs into Opalescent River, into the Hudson channel.

↓ The middle river moves through a broad valley, past busy river towns and farms and big estates. Here, looking upstream across the Bolognesi vineyard with its Old World look, is Poughkeepsie and its two bridges. Just around the upstream bend is Hyde Park.





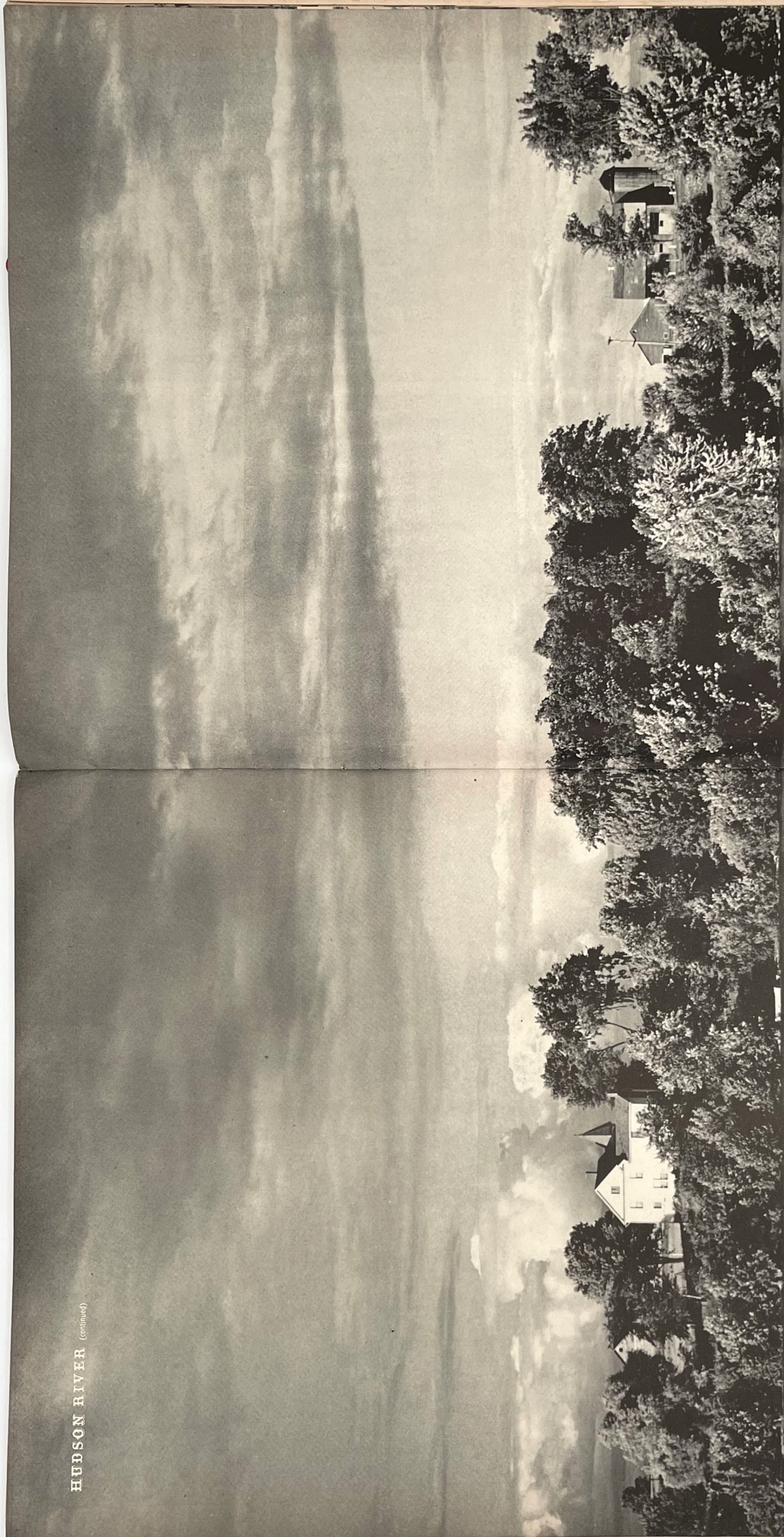
↑ The upper river winds quickly south through a farm-fringed channel. This is the Hudson watershed. Down these spruce-covered slopes, the waters of hundreds of lakes flow into the Hudson. On the far side of the distant hills, the water spills north to the St. Lawrence.

↓ The river ends in the busiest harbor in the hemisphere. Here, seen from a Canadian Colonial Airways' plane, it sweeps around the last bend at Manhattan and empties into the waters of Upper New York Bay past Ellis Island (*lower center*) and Statue of Liberty.



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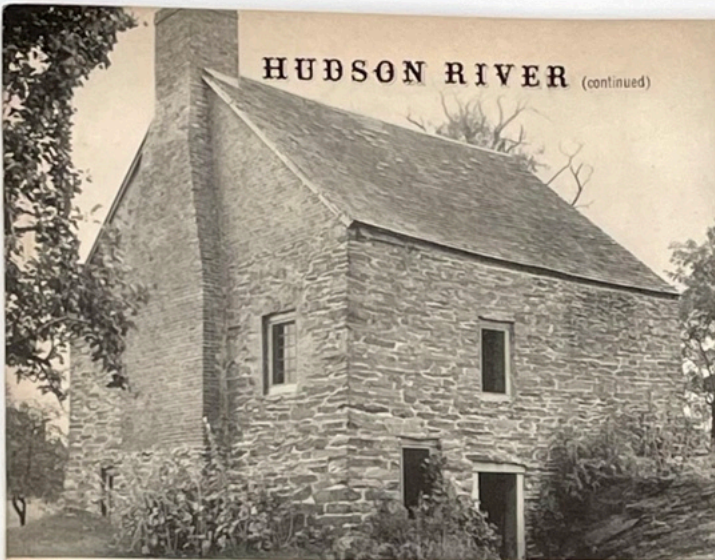
HUDSON RIVER (continued)



Near Ft. Edward: the river flows sweetly through a pleasant land

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 61

HUDSON RIVER (continued)



The history of the Hudson is told in its houses. Earliest Dutch farmers built plain, small-windowed homes of rough field stone like this one near Poughkeepsie, now a tea room.



Clermont was built by the Livingstons, a great Hudson manorial family, north of Poughkeepsie. Robert Fulton, who married a Livingston, named his first steamboat *Clermont* after the house.



Octagonal house was popularized in the 1850's by a Hudson River man, Orson Fowler, who made a fortune out of phrenology. This eight-sided edifice is Red Hook's library.



Eight-sided houses, whose rooms were pie-shaped, became an architectural rage. Fowler's own five-story octagonal no longer stands but the Valley is full of imitations. This is at Stockport.



Van Buren's house at Kinderhook was bought by that President as a shrine to himself. But no one visited it.



The Bradley Opera House in Ft. Edward used to be a good one-night stand. But drama in the valley has ebbed. Bradley's now shows movies.



The bank at Northumberland, to the north of Albany in the melon-growing section, is now a local residence.



Schuyler House near Schuylerville was the country estate of the Revolutionary general, Philip Schuyler, who built it in imitation of porticoed houses of rich planters in Virginia and Maryland.



Whalers came to the river from Nantucket in the 1780's to be safe from British raids. Hudson, where this Nantucket-style house stands, was country's whaling center in the 1820's.



"Hudson River Bracketed" was the Valley's major contribution to architecture. Brackets were used everywhere—under roof eaves, over doorways, as in this hexagonal house at Barrytown.



The **"rustic-pointed"** style was designed by Andrew Jackson Downing, sponsor of Hudson River Bracketed, who built this house for Matthew Vassar, founder of the college.



The influence of the Rhine inspired this attempt to be Gothic. The deep wish of Valley people was to have their river resemble the Rhine. This house at Watervliet is supposed to look like a medieval German castle.



Imitation ruins were built on Cruger's Island by John C. Cruger who thought that ruins were needed to give the river an age-old romantic atmosphere.



The Pondshiners are witch people who live south of Hudson in the Taghanic hills. Above is Manny Hotaling, who lives among the Pondshiners and says he knows how to chase away witches. One of the ways is to spray the air with his insecticide gun. Below is the skipper of the river's own *Queen Mary*, the little ferryboat which plies between Catskill and Greendale.



It remembers the lore of lumber days and witches

Above Albany, the Hudson is mostly a tumbling, winding stream. But from Albany to New York, it is a broad, expansive river. Along the lower half, the big-sailed Hudson sloops used to sail. At their river landings, the towns grew up and prospered. When the steamboats came, the river was studded with veritable floating palaces. It was great Valley sport to watch the side-wheelers race, churning over the water with their safety valves tied down and sparks from the fat pine kindling blowing out of their tall stacks.

Back of the river towns still live strange worn-out breeds of people—"Jackson Whites," "Pondshiners," "Bushwhackers," "Van Guilders." These are witch people, whom Carl Carmer describes in *The Hudson*. They come home at night and see their empty rocking chairs rocking back and forth as if haunts were sitting in them. They see witches' "star tracks" on their kitchen floors when they wake up in the morning. They tell of Charlie Bill who boasted that no witch could harm him. But a witch heard him and cast her spell so that poor Charlie Bill followed the old witch wherever she went.

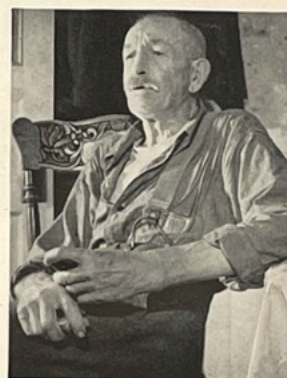
Above Albany, the air is healthier and the men tell bragging tales of the vanished Adirondack lumber days. "Yankee John" Balusha (below) sings the song of mean Bill Mitchell:

*One morn before daylight Jim Lou he got mad,
Knocked hell out of Mitchell and the boys was all glad.
His wife she stood there and the truth I will tell,
She was tickled to death to see Mitchell catch hell.*

And Jack Loveland tells of toughs like Les Bullard "who couldn't sleep unless his feet was downstream with the river and would put up an awful scrap if anybody moved his bunk sideways of the current."



Captain Moses Collyer sailed on *Mary Powell*, loveliest and fastest Hudson steamboat.



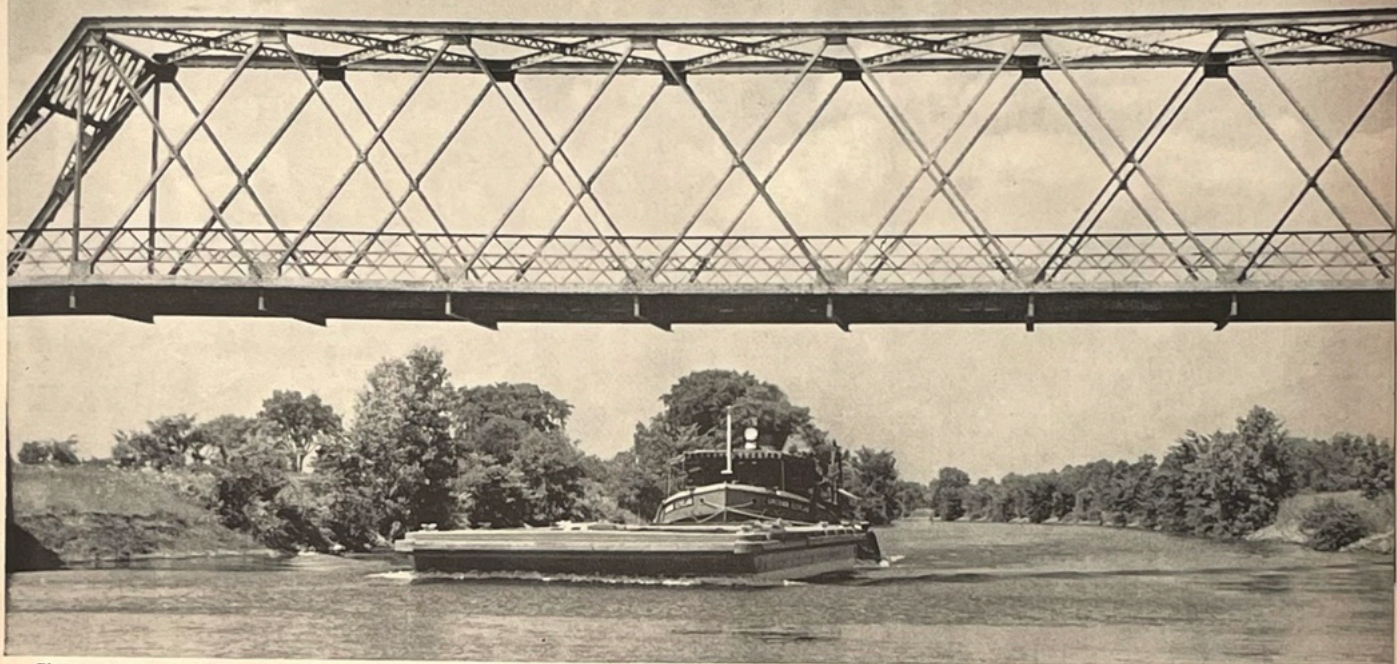
"Yankee John" Balusha of Minerva, far up the river, is a singer of old Valley songs.



Noah LeCasse was guiding Theodore Roosevelt when news of McKinley's death came.



Jack Loveland of Minerva is a teller of tall stories about the bygone lumbering days.



The peaceful river presents a pastoral scene with its waters rippling between sun-warmed banks. But along with beauty is business. More than \$300,000,000 worth of material is carried over the river each year, much of it on barges which move in long strings, laden with crushed stone, bricks, cement and lumber. Above is a State maintenance tug and barge.

The stormy river churns up as clouds gather over the hills and the thunder rocks back and forth across the Valley. Below, under a dark sky which has sent passengers to the lower decks, a big Hudson River Day Liner pulls into the dock at Poughkeepsie. Day liners carry 5,700,000 passengers a year, almost all of them on summer picnic trips from the big city.

