

ness of the artist's brother hovering in the background, indicating tragedy, painted at the time of the brother's execution in Russia by the Bolsheviks, make us aware of the artist's deep emotional feeling. "Awakening," a portrait study of adolescence, reveals his delicate understanding of emotions. One critic has said that Hoffmann "paints reminiscences of voyages of his soul." These philosophical studies that have found approval in gallery exhibits should find a place in permanent collections. One is justified however, in wondering if profound studies such as these are adaptable to the purposes of the home.

But there is another side to Hoffmann's paintings, a sweet expression of a kindly soul that loses itself in such works as "Magnolia Blooms;" a penetrating understanding of character that makes his portraits notable, and renders his work suitable for daily companionship.

Hoffmann is one of the contemporary artists I have the pleasure of knowing, and I spent many hours in his Lexington Avenue studio this summer.

At his elbow is always a tall glass of Russian tea. At his meals, which he usually takes on the roof terrace of his studio, I watched him handle the chop sticks which he invariably uses—a custom learned years ago from Japanese friends.

Some years ago before Hoffmann was as well-known as today, he made a bargain with a dentist. This young man wanted a portrait of his fiancée. "I will give you anything for it, Hoffman, but I have nothing. I will take care of the teeth of every member of your family free as long as I live." Hoffmann executed the portrait and the grateful dentist has never forgotten his agreement.

To Hoffmann, there is no world outside. He lives with the heavy curtains of his studio always drawn. He never accepts an invitation (though I have reason to know that he violates this official rule of his at will). He does however, entertain his friends in delightful studio parties. On one of these occasions a Russian composer of popular music, after concluding some really lovely songs, ended by a wild outburst of harmonies, and by plumping his two hundred pounds of weight square on the piano keyboard. Hoffmann still likes to tell about picking up the next day the bolts and screws that were scattered about the studio.

But to return to his art. There is a beautiful quality of color and light that sets Arnold Hoffmann's work apart from that of any other contemporary painter, and makes him unforgettable. And the sombre, the unfathomable side of his nature, gives to his work a peculiar depth, a sweetness that can transform the plainest room.

Why is it that more rooms are not transformed by similar works of contemporary art?

Leon Dabo, the art critic, says, "No painter will go on unless he has an audience. It may be small, one, two or three, but he has got to have that."

In an artist's life there must be someone who believes in him. This does not mean that an artist will not commence his art career alone—the creative impulse being stronger than the man—but it does mean that if we are to get the most from our artists we must let them feel the stimulus of our appreciation.

We have all thought that pictures are fine for those who can afford them, but

if the economist is right, and it is a return to village industry that will pull us out of our economic depth, now is the day to begin possessing art for ourselves. The artist needs us for the finest expression of his art, and we can "do our part" in the present crisis by helping the "little industry" of art, as well as the mills. And long after our washing machines and automobiles are worn out or obsolete, our paintings will continue to be valuable. Selecting a picture is, after all, an exciting game—more so than selecting a car—and one that is no longer limited to a Freer, a Clarke, a Morgan, whom we have envied so long for their expensive hobbies.

For Admiral Byrd

BY HOWARD VAN DYKE, '32

In The Norman Transcript

SHOULD Admiral Richard E. Byrd discover land beneath the ice at the south pole and claim it for the United States, a large part of the credit for the discovery will probably belong to William Gladstone Green, '25ex, former Norman resident.

Green is the president of the Seismograph Service corporation, with offices at Tulsa. Seven days before the founder of Little America was to sail the corporation bundled up a 300-pound package and sent it to Byrd.

That small package contained one of the most compact instruments of its kind ever built in six weeks time—a seismograph. It is much different from the ordinary 1,200 to 1,500-pound instrument used by oil companies all over the United States.

One of the main facts which the highly skilled workers of the Tulsa firm kept in mind at all times in constructing the equipment was that it would be manipulated by men with numb fingers.

Many other changes also were necessary to meet the handicaps of ice and snow and sub-zero weather.

In this age of service, the duties of the Tulsa firm do not end with the shipment of the seismograph. A high-powered short-wave radio transmitter is to be installed by the corporation for contact with the Byrd expedition any time it is needed.

Anticipating that difficulties might easily arise in the interpretation of the records made by the instrument, Green will be ready to transmit instructions for any necessary adjustments, to the expedition's main camp.

The seismograph is a complex set of instruments for registering the reflections of sound traveling downward through layers of rock. The waves are started by dynamite explosions.

Changes in rock layers, as the sound travels downward, set up a reflection, just as with a ray of light striking water, and this reflection is received back again on the surface.

The reflections are registered on a film in the seismograph. The depth of the point of reflection, or rock layer is represented on the film by the distance between markings caused by the explosion and those caused when the sound is returned to the surface of the earth.

If Byrd finds earth under the layer of ice but above the level of the sea, he can claim it for the United States. Sound traveling through the ice will not be reflected until it reaches rock. Should land be below sea level there would be no object in claiming it.

The set was constructed by Green's corporation with the idea of easy transportation in the Curtis Condor airplane being carried by the expedition.

Estimated cost of the instrument was \$7,000. Work was started shortly after the visit of Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, chief scientist of the expedition, to Tulsa nine weeks ago.

Green is the son of Mrs. Alene Green Stuart, 927 South Flood avenue. He is 29 years old, and attended the University where he was a charter member of Alpha Sigma Delta, radio fraternity.

Green lacked only a few hours of receiving a degree in engineering physics when the Mexican government, attracted by his unusual inventive ability, offered him a large salary to come to Mexico as a government radio expert.

During the four years that he spent in Mexico, Green built a large number of powerful radio stations in various parts of the country. In 1931 he went to Tulsa and established the company of which he is president. Last year the firm manufactured \$75,000 worth of equipment for oil companies and the business this year has more than doubled.

The Byrd expedition's ice-breaker ship will sail from Boston probably next Sunday, and a week later the *Jacob Rupert*, Byrd's flagship, will leave the same port for New York, according to a United Press dispatch today.

The flagship was renamed the *Jacob Rupert* in honor of the brewer, one of the principal sponsors of the explorer's second voyage to the south pole.