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It Seems to Me

By
Heywood Broun

THE phrase which has been used constantly to plague the administration of President Roosevelt originally was devised by a bright young newspaper man who is an ardent supporter of the new deal. I think it was James Kieran of the New York times, who originally spoke of "the brains trust."

Later it was found to be simpler to use the singular form, and now when anybody wants to indicate great scorn or contempt for some governmental policy he merely curls his lip and says, "Oh, that brain trust!"

And having said as much the critic feels that he has scored a telling point and that he need not go on to elaborate his argument.

But let us pause a moment. Just why should it be considered a reproach to appoint intelligent men to advisory and administrative posts in Washington? I am aware of the fact that there have been Presidents who undertook to allow no man in the cabinet if it could be proved that he knew any words of more than four letters or had progressed beyond the sixth grade in grammar school. But this has not been the invariable rule. Even President Harding permitted in his presence some few counselors who could both read and write.

To be sure, "the brain trust" is not used quite as a complaint against intelligence. It has more or less narrowed down to constitute a fling against such persons in authority as ever taught in college. When Woodrow Wilson first loomed into national prominence there was much pseudo-merry talk about "the professor in politics." I had hoped that his career had laid forever those never very funny wheezes. You may be for Wilson or bitterly against him, but never have I heard it said by any one that he ranked among the lesser men who have occupied the White House.

They Forget Rapidly

PARAGRAPHERS and editorial writers forget rapidly, and once again the dusty japes from Cain's warehouse are being hauled out to make a puppet parade against the Roosevelt policies. We are asked to crack our ribs with laughter at the idea of any college economist attempting to tell enlightened patent medicine proprietors the way they ought to run their advertising.

My chief complaint against the cackle about "the brain trust" is that it so thoroughly is insincere. I might point out that one of the largest and most successful of New York advertising agencies for several years has employed remuneratively one of the most theoretical of collegiate psychologists as its consultant. John B. Watson is at least as visionary as Rexford G. Tugwell, and yet very solid business men have listened attentively and apparently with profit to his suggestions.

It has been the proud boast of politicians, Rotarians and spokesmen for various Chambers of Commerce that the attendance in American colleges and universities has been on the increase. But if every professor is per se a crack-brained incompetent why should there be such pride in the number of girls and boys who sit at their feet for instruction? I am far from maintaining that the mere fact of being a faculty member endows any one with the gift of tongues and wisdom not to be questioned. I know better than that. I was once a member of the faculty of Columbia University myself. I'm the man who finished a course of twenty lectures in the first three sessions. I'm the man who lost all the examination papers and marked everybody B minus. In fact, I'm the absent-minded professor who kissed the 45 train goodby and caught his wife. There are not many of us.

Professor Warren and Kid Kummerer

THE tory press and the other tory spokesmen have played both ends against the middle. Whenever a man with former university affiliations has suggested any sort of legislation which seemed to threaten any part of the profits of any private enterprise there has been an immediate cry that here was an impractical professor meddling into matters which he could not possibly understand. And then, to demolish him utterly, some one has been found to write a piece blasting to the sky the validity of his theories. And in almost every case the job of pointing out the folly of "the brain trust" has been turned over to some other professor.

I am not suggesting any special sort of sanctity for the views and opinions of collegiate economists. I merely am asserting that professors should be judged on their merits, just as the public is ready to do in the case of columnists, railroad magnates, nose and throat doctors and mining engineers.

I doubt gravely that all wisdom resides in the House of Morgan and within the confines of Wall Street. I think that a man quite possibly might make a million dollars—two million, if you like—in a lucky flier on the long or the short side of steel and still come out of his experience rather less than another John Stuart Mill.

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Fishbein on Health

AS a mother, you might be confused over the varying ideas that have been expressed for feeding infants. Of course, the safest plan is to consult a pediatrician and have confidence in his judgment.

But lately there has been a definite trend toward the feeding of strained vegetables and cereals, and so it might be proper to consider the best method for giving such food to your baby.

The most perplexing problem is the determination of the age at which such feeding should begin, and also the nature of the material to be fed.

One Boston specialist, who is conservative, says that children should be fed solid materials at the age of nine months, and a full diet at the age of 1½ to 2 years. Other less conservative specialists say that the full diet may be given at from 5 to 8 months.

In urging this they emphasize the fact that the solid foods, in the form of strained vegetables, egg yolk, fruits and cereals contain vitamins; that they are easily handled by the infant's intestinal tract; that they contain iron, which is necessary, and that they are valuable in teaching children to eat early in life.

RECENTLY, 231 babies of different ages were fed with strained cereals, vegetables, egg yolk and strained fruits. One new food was started each day, beginning with one teaspoonful and gradually increasing the amount.

The child was permitted to take as much as it wanted, but never forced to eat. If it refused to take the solid foods, it was given orange juice and water until the next feeding time, and sooner or later the hunger of the child caused it to eat.

Observations were made to learn the effect of these foods on the nutrition and development of the child, their effect on its bowel action, and on its habits of eating.

The first time the children were given strained vegetables, much of the material seemed to pass through the bowels without much digestion and, as a result, the bowel action was colored according to the nature of the food taken.

Carrots, beets, tomatoes and string beans were found to be well digested the second time they were eaten, but spinach required four or five attempts before it was digested to any appreciable degree.

PROGRESS TAKES TO THE SKIES

Eight Years Make a Difference, Novice Flier Discovers



Upper Left—This is the tri-motored Ford plane of the American Airways which carried Helen Ranney on her flight from Indianapolis to Washington.

Ada Huckabee, Lower Left—This is an interior view of the cabin of one of the Condor planes.

BY HELEN RANNEY
Times Special Writer

"SHALL we fly east for New

Year's? It will save us time, as long as we're going, and American Airways has a new line from Chicago to Washington."

The question didn't stir me to any terrific enthusiasm. I remember all too clearly my one adventure in the air—a trip across the English channel in 1926. I've never cared to repeat it.

But this time finally I was persuaded. I had seen the new planes, solid, safe-looking affairs of metal far different from the rickshackle, inflammable thing I had risked my neck in over the channel.

And, too, I had heard a great deal about the precautions that are taken now of the radio systems through which the pilots are constantly in touch with the ground, and know exactly what kind of flying conditions are ahead of them.

So on the Friday before New Year's we waited at Indianapolis Municipal airport for our plane. I felt a bit unhappy about it all, but I'd said I'd go, and go I would.

When the plane landed—a huge Ford tri-motor—I was a bit impressed by the careful overhauling it was given before we were allowed to take our seats. We got in. Instead of the uncomfortable wicker chairs that I remembered, there were adjustable leather seats.

"*

WE were told to fasten our safety belts for the take-off. That, too, was new to me—my old channel plane had no such device. Out to the end of the landing field we rolled, each of the three 425-horse power Pratt and Whitney motors getting careful warming up. Then we started.

I clutched the arm of my chair as if I were preparing for my dentist's drill, but before I had a chance to be really scared, we were headed east, and Indianapolis lay before us.

"*

Kingfish Strikes Snag

Nobody Knows What the President Told the Senator from Louisiana; Huey Silent.

By United Press

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Smoking a big black cigar and swinging an ornate walking stick, Senator Huey P. Long, Louisiana Kingfish, strolled nonchalantly into the White House today for a fifteen minute visit with President Roosevelt.

Unlike former visits, however, the Kingfish declined to say a word to newspapermen. Instead, he reached into an inside overcoat pocket and produced a sheaf of statements which he delivered to all who would take a copy. The statement read:

"If you want to know 'How does it happen' that I am here at the White House, then all I know is what I hear, and somebody told me that Baruch and Morgan and his partners and Woodin and Eugene Meyer and Raskob have gone from this house and wouldn't be back soon. If that's so, then maybe there is room for them to take in a boarder like me."

"Well," he was asked, "are you going to find room and board here?" The fiery Kingfish instead of replying merely glumly looked ahead. He did not even grin for a battery of photographers.

FRIENDS of the administration reported that Long "has been trying to see the President

ever since he returned to Washington."

Long used only twelve minutes of his allotted time.

Asked what he had taken up with the President, he was non-committal and pointed to the prepared statement.

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ested in what the weather reports would say.

Between Cincinnati and Washington there are thirteen weather stations and three radio stations, with whom the pilots are constantly in touch; since no plane is allowed to fly over the mountains unless flying conditions warrant it. At Charleston, however, all was well.

We really saw our pilots there for the first time, since neither of them even leave the control room while the plane is in the air.

We said we had a connection to make in Washington; the hostess said she didn't think we could do it; but the pilot said yes, of course we will make it.

We really saw mountains now, big ones, covered with snow. We climbed fast and high; our previous altitude of 5,000 feet was passed soon, and our speed went down to a "mere" ninety miles an hour as we reached first seven, then eight, and finally 9,000 feet above sea level.

At first thought it looked rather terrifying, but I remembered that the higher the safer, as far as flying is concerned. It was rather awe-inspiring to float over mile after mile of mountains, no signs of life below, and to know that the two men up front were seated at the controls constantly alert, watching the gauges and listening through their ear phones.

WE flew over the famous Blue Ridge. Perhaps it was only our imagination, but it really did seem blue. After half an hour or so, we came down a bit to 7,000 feet, and the speed went up; we tore on to Washington at between 130 and 150 miles an hour.

I suddenly realized that outdoors, at that elevation, the cold must be intense. Inside we were warm and comfortable, each of us with our own radiator, which we had adjusted to suit ourselves. I looked at my watch.

Our connection was safe, because there, far below and far ahead, rose the Washington monument.

We were in Washington, less than five hours from the time we had left Indianapolis!

It didn't seem possible. We alighted not dirty and tired, nor deaf and sick as I had been seven years ago in England, but rested and fresh.

It was an amazing experience for me, though it is a very usual one to thousands of Americans now. I'm hoping that it will come more and more usual to me, too.

You see, I've forgotten all about the English channel now.

Mae West Vogue Will Last Year, Says Harlan

Movie Star Is Driven to Bed by Rain; Started His Stage

Career at Age of 7.

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN
Times Dramatic Critic

Kenneth Harlan, movie star and at present sharing headline honors with Effie Shannon in "The Pursuit of Happiness" at English's, was driven to bed yesterday afternoon by the rainy weather.

It was in bed that I found Mr. Harlan when I called at the Lincoln because he had nothing to do.

This in-bed interview was rather appropriate because the big comedy scene of "The Pursuit of Happiness" is the "bundling" scene and a bed in need.

Between puffs of smoke, he at his cigarette and me doing very well with a cigar, we discussed about everything from nudism to how long the Mae West vogue will last. He thinks the Mae West vogue will last "a year."

Here Many Times

"I asked him if he thought the movies had ruined the legitimate stage and he said, "We all know the answer to that."

Mr. Harlan has been in Indianan several times. The last, prior to this visit, he was in vaudeville.

At the age of 7, Mr. Harlan was identified with Julia Arthur in "More Than Queen." He next was identified with the Castle Square stock company and others for four years.

"All out at Cincinnati."

It isn't safe for passengers to remain in the plane while it is being refueled, or at least it may

be safe but the airline takes no chances. Again the plane was inspected carefully. We picked up another passenger.

Our pilot and co-pilot left us there, and a new pilot and co-pilot came aboard to take us to Washington.

I felt quite blase now about the take-off. There was none of my fright of the hour before. As we climbed slowly up to five thousand feet altitude necessary to clear the first of the mountains, our hostess appeared with lunch, a tray for each person.

There were sandwiches, pickles, coffee, fruit, cookies and candy, and every one seemed to be hungry.

We were climbing rapidly now to get out of what a layman might call "a bumpy stretch of air," and it was rather like playing a game to see whether the sandwich hit your mouth or your nose. In a few minutes, however, the bumping stopped and we finished our lunch in comfort, smoked our cigarettes and then began to look for Charleston. We were flying over hilly, lonely country, but I knew that the real mountains didn't start until we passed Charleston, and we were all inter-

ested in what the weather reports would say.

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