

It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROWN

I AM aware of the fact that too frequently the column is autobiographical. But this will have to be about myself. Only today I find that Brown is swatted in *Esquire* and in the *Daily Worker*. I have a right to reply. On the subject of Brown I remain the best informed authority.

Not long ago I compared myself, ineptly, to be sure, to a trooper of the light brigade. I merely meant that there seemed to be shot and shell coming from the right and from the left. I am oppressed with a sense of being crushed between Mr. Scylla and Mrs. Charybdis which makes me wrong whichever way I turn.

At this point the column will have to go anecdotal as well as autobiographical. About two years ago a fat columnist and three acquaintances sat in Barney Gallant's place on Washington Square. The fat columnist was on the pen, Jim and Carl and Lily called him a faker and a trimmer.

I defended myself as best I could and asserted that what I wrote, hot or cold, represented what I thought I thought. Naturally no man wants to go to the length of saying that never did he pull a punch. In this vale or trail mortality about the most which should be required of any contender is that he might be in there trying.

"That sounds very pretty," said Jim, sticking a stubby forefinger under my nose, "but I notice that you always manage to stay on a fat pay roll."

At this point the party broke up and two years elapsed.

'You Can't Do That'

I WAS mad at the paper which employed me. The issue involved did not concern any major point of political or economic belief. There was no crown of thorns handy and shaped to my head. Call it temper, if you like. Call it temperament. Call it Jack and Charlie. But just the same I was good and mad. My impulse was to go off in a high dudgeon into an even taller tower. It took me only six years to find out about Santa Claus and almost four times as long to discover that not every newspaper publisher is invariably perfect. I mean in agreeing with me.

And so I was going to sit in my tower, far from the maddening grind, and write that novel, and the book about Pontius Pilate, and the play built around St. Peter and Johnny Boyle. I was going to starve and slave and be completely my own master, Gauguin or Jeremiah or Elmer Rice or something like that.

I went down to see Carl, who is now a close friend and associate. When I came in, he was sitting at his typewriter. It was the same crowd which had run me ragged at Barney's. Just to make the pattern complete and far too perfect for fiction, Barney, himself, happened in two minutes later.

I spread my story. I told them that I was through with newspaper work for five years or forever. I was going off on my own to be beholden to no one. I was going to stand with the saints and the martyrs. And Jim struck that same forefinger under my nose and said, "You can't do that."

"Who says I can't?" I answered belligerently.

"You've got to get back on that job," Jim insisted. "If you don't fulfill your contract you're a faker and a trimmer and a traitor to the newspaper guild."

He Would Have Missed It

WELL, if I had gone to that ivory tower or to that attic or garret, I would have missed on the very same morning Ernest Hemingway's attack on me in *Esquire* and Mike Gold's swat at me in the *Daily Worker*. Perhaps it isn't quite fair to refer to Michael's comment as a swat. It is rather in the nature of a southpaw compliment.

Mr. Gold says that Brown's economic beliefs are about as close to reality as those of Upton Sinclair and Father Divine, but he does add, "maybe there is some hope for this ex-pat of Texas Guinan and Morris Hilquit." And that's some comfort.

Ernest Hemingway doesn't mention me but I suppose I have a right to bow and blush when anybody writes of "the good gray baggy-pants of the columns." I learn further that, "It is not enough to have a big heart, a pretty good head, a charm of personality, and a facility with the typewriter to know how the world is run and who is making the assists, the put-outs and the errors and who are merely the players and who the owners. Our favorite never will know because he started too late and because he can not think clearly with his head."

I then discover that Mr. Hemingway, who lives way off in Cuba, thinks I'm a Communist.

I don't figure now that I'm going to get to the top of my field. I'm going to be on the moon. It can't be done with a two weeks' vacation.

Bitter grapes grow along the walls of the mansions of the isolated. The towers are too tall and their dwellers can't keep up with the things which happen in the alleys and the side streets. Still sometimes one of the recluses writes a lovely book like "A Farewell to Arms."

I couldn't do that. It isn't that it's too late. I never had it in me. My possessions are a job, a pretty good head, an obligation and a hair shirt.

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Today's Science

BY DAVID DIETZ

BLINKING stars are the lighthouses which guide astronomers upon their journeys through the depths of the universe. Stars whose brightness changes in regular cycles—known technically as variable stars—have made possible the major contributions to our present-day understanding of the galaxy.

How variable stars have enabled astronomers to ascertain such things as the diameters and masses of stars as well as their distances from the solar system was explained in a recent address by Dr. T. S. Jacobson, professor of astronomy at the University of Washington.

Variable stars, Dr. Jacobson points out, may be divided into two classes, long-period variables which repeat their light changes somewhat irregularly in cycles from fifty to six hundred days, and short-period variables which fluctuate with remarkable precision in cycles of less than fifty days.

These short-period variables must in their turn be divided into two classes, each one of which has its own particular message for astronomers. They are the eclipsing binaries and the Cepheid variables.

As its name indicates, the eclipsing binary is a really a double star. Actually neither star varies in light intensity. The change in light occurs when the dimmer of the two components gets in front of the brighter one, eclipsing its light.

EVEN the telescope fails to reveal the eclipsing binary as a double star. The spectroscopic, however, gives away the secret, for the binary's spectrum is a double one, containing the lines of both stars.

The spectroscopic reveals the temperature and chemical composition of the component stars, and their motion in the line of sight. For this reason, eclipsing binaries are the astronomers' best source for data on stellar masses and densities.

The star concerning which astronomers know more than any other star in the heavens is an eclipsing binary, the bright star Capella. This star has not only been studied with the spectroscopic but with the Michelson interferometer at Mt. Wilson. Sir Arthur Eddington made use of this star in working out his theory of the internal constitution of stars.

The Cepheid variables are true variable stars, individual stars which grow brighter and then dimmer.

THE Cepheid variables get their names from the fact that the typical ones first studied were in the constellation of Cepheus. It was the study of stars of this type in the Magellanic Cloud which led to the discovery of the most important fact about them. This was the so-called period-luminosity curve formulated by Dr. Harlow Shapley, the director of the Harvard Observatory.

This discovery was that there was an unfailing relationship between length of the period of variation and the absolute or real brightness of the star. The Cepheids of longest period are, on the average, fifty times as bright as those of shortest period, and 20,000 times brighter than our own sun.

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Second Section

THE NEW DEAL AND THE JONESES

PWA Money Is Well Spent, Young John Informs His Father

The mysteries which shroud the New Deal for the average man and woman are cleared a little further in this article, fourth of the series in which the Joneses, typical American family, take the whole matter over in the simple language that everyone can understand. They get a new insight into every phase of the recovery program as they discuss it at the supper table and in the living room.

BY WILLIS THORNTON
CHAPTER FOUR

"I SEE they're going to dedicate the new postoffice next week," commented Pa Jones, running down the headlines in the evening paper. "You know, all through this last year I believe that was about the only building job in town."

"I don't know what bricklayers and the other building trades workmen would have done in this town if it hadn't been for that."

"We needed a new postoffice, anyway," chimed in John Jr. "That old relic we had dated back to the Civil war, and it looked it. And over at McKinley that new waterworks is certainly going to be a help."

"That's one thing about the PWA—you get something, at least, for your money."

"Are those both public works administration jobs?" asked Pa.

"Yes, sir," responded John Jr., "part of the public works program that's now right at its height, with more than 500,000 working directly on its jobs. Secretary Ickes takes there are two or more people at work supplying materials for these jobs for every man directly working on them, and that pretty near 2,000,000 men are working because of PWA."

"So you can quibble all you want to about the absolute necessity of some of the jobs—I'd hate to think where we'd be right now without 'em."

"The public works administration is the practical working out of the idea that when private capital is not spending and building, then is the time for the government to do it. This keeps people able to buy things when they otherwise couldn't, and helps keep all industry going as a result."

"The PWA program began soon after the Roosevelt inauguration," added young John, "and the secretary of interior was placed in charge. It was very slow in moving off, because of Ickes' care in giving out money from the \$3,300,000,000 fund that was placed at his disposal."

Naturally, the pouring out of any such huge fund into public works was bound to bring a swarm of dizzy ideas, such as to dredge Goose creek for ocean vessels—in short—pork."

"Somebody really suggested building a 1,000-bed maternity hospital in a crossroads town, and somebody else the rearing of a circular tower in the Nebraska prairies so autos could climb to the top and their occupants admire the scenery."

"Out of all these brainstorms, Ickes had the awful job of sifting the same ones. So the start of the program was much delayed, and reaches its peak now only after two years, pouring out near-

ly \$40,000,000 a week from taxpayer to workman."

THE PWA now has decided on the spending of \$3,700,000,000. And here is an idea of where some of the money went: For 1,170 street and highway jobs, about \$540,000,000. For utilities, such as sewer and water systems, about \$300,000,000. For 3,580 buildings (schools, hospitals, municipal and federal buildings), \$362,000,000. For some 200 reclamation and flood control projects, \$250,000,000. For navigation aids (dams, canals, seawalls, light-houses), some \$170,000,000.

The navy got \$238,000,000 for new ships, and the coast guard about \$24,000,000.

The CWA was operated last winter with PWA money at a cost of \$400,000,000, and the CCC has taken so far about \$470,000,000, including some money spent to buy waste land.

The housing division was given \$127,564,000 for slum clearance and low-cost housing. Odd tens of millions went into such things as viaducts, wharves, swimming pools and other recreational equipment, airports and landing fields, plant disease campaigns.

More than half the schools being built today are being financed through the PWA. The fund is about exhausted.



"Secretary Ickes thinks that pretty near 2,000,000 men are working because of PWA."

I ADMIT it's better to spend all that money and have something to show for it in the form of dams and channels and lighthouses and roads and sewers—and even battleships—than it is just to pass it out for nothing at all," meditated Pa Jones.

"But, gosh! Pretty near four billion dollars is a lot of money to blow inside of two years' time. You can't keep that up forever. You can't even keep it up for more than a few more years!"

"It hadn't ought to be necessary," retorted John Jr. "You've got to assume that sooner or later private industries are going to open up jobs for most of these men. You've got to assume that houses and buildings are going to

need rebuilding and that their owners will replace them by themselves."

"You've got to assume that states will get on their feet and start carrying their own weight."

"No plan will succeed permanently if that doesn't happen. Besides, some of that money's coming back into the treasury."

"How's that?" Pa Jones queried. "It's spent, isn't it?"

"Certainly. And the money for battleships, and federal postoffices, and the CWA and CCC is just spent. But a lot of the rest was loaned."

"Usually PWA said to a city: 'We'll give you so much outright and loan you so much at 4 per cent if your plan looks sound."

LABOR SITUATION IS PEACEFUL IN INDIANA

Board Director Visits Local Relations Office.

There is no major labor trouble imminent in the district comprised of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. H. L. McCarthy, national labor relations board director for that area, said today.

Mr. McCarthy, who is visiting the local board, is a paradox in appearance, with an unruly shock of black hair and a mild, soft-spoken manner. He aided in the settlement of labor difficulties in the violent labor outbreaks in the model community of Kohler, Wis.

The function of the labor boards is to preserve industrial peace, Mr. McCarthy said. He declared that both labor and industry are learning to bring their problems to the boards set up by the federal government.

SHIP COLLISION PROBED

U. S. Inquiry Opens; 16 Rescued, 4 Killed in Crash.

By United Press

PORT HURON, Mich., Nov. 22.—Collision of the freight steamers W. C. Franz and Edward Loomis, resulting in four deaths and the sinking of the Franz, was investigated today by the federal steamboat inspection service.

The Loomis docked here last night with the sixteen members of the Franz crew which it rescued after the collision yesterday morning.

By United Press

SOUTHAMPTON, Nov. 22.—Princess Barbara Hutton Mdivani, heiress to the Woolworth millions, took leave of her husband, Prince Alexis, today and sailed for the United States aboard the S. S. Europa.

The prince and princess arrived from London by automobile a few minutes before sailing time. They explained they had missed the boat train. Princess Barbara did not disclose the reason for the separation. She bade her husband a hasty farewell on the dock.

TRIO GETS 10 YEARS FOR 'HUNGER' THEFT

Oaktown Youths Are Convicted of Stealing Load of Corn.

By United Press

WASHINGTON, Ind., Nov. 22.—Three young Oaktown men, who were hungry for their corn, were under sentence of three to ten years each today on charges of stealing a load of corn.

The prisoners, Clarence King, Glen Feltner and Carl Stepro, said they planned to sell the corn so they could buy provisions for the winter. They were captured as they left the farm of their victim east of here.

SCIENCE TEACHERS TO HEAR PARK DIRECTOR

Central Association to Hear U. S. Official Nov. 30.

Dr. Harold C. Bryant, Washington, department of interior national park service assistant director, will be the principal speaker at the meeting of the Central Association of Science and Mathematics Teachers, Friday, Nov. 30, at the Lincoln.

Conservation of plant and animal life will be discussed by Dr. Bryant at the morning session in an address on "The Conservation Policy of the National Park Service."

In the afternoon he will describe the objective means and methods of the naturalist program in the parks.

I COVER THE WORLD

By William Philip Simms

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—All hope of early disarmament, either on land, sea or in the air, has been abandoned by practically all high officials here until some of the present major war clouds are swept from the horizon.

Many are inclined to agree with Soviet Russia's foreign ministers, Maxim Litvinoff. When Hugh Wilson, United States minister to Switzerland, laid the American arms control plan before the league's disarmament body yesterday, the Russian turned it down. He proposed instead that the disarmament conference be scrapped and a permanent peace conference begun to function.

It is pointed out here that the thing which saved the Washington naval limitation conference of 1921 was the Pacific and Far Eastern conference which, in effect, preceded it. Before Britain, America, Japan, France and Italy came to an understanding on battleships, they reached a political agreement purporting at least to safeguard the peace of the Orient.

TODAY, the practical school of diplomats here, both American and foreign, agree that the whole post-war peace structure is a shambles. Since the political pacts signed at Washington have been scrapped, it is only natural that Britain, America and Japan have not made an inch of progress since they began talking naval tonnage weeks ago at London.

Litvinoff himself is held up as an example of the present drift. A decade ago he startled Geneva by proposing that every nation

disarm in toto. Today he is at Geneva, side by side with France, upholding the thesis that security must precede disarmament. The reason is that today Russia fears war with Japan, just as France fears war with Germany.

The Litvinoff demand, therefore, is considered here as far from inconsistent or visionary. On the contrary it is thoroughly consistent and practical. Until the principal nations feel a reasonable security against being drawn into one of the constantly threatening wars, realists here consider it a waste of time to talk disarmament.

The precarious situations in the Saar, in Austria and in Yugoslavia are cited as further samples of what world diplomacy must iron out before either disarmament or international arms control will be anything but a pious hope.

In other words it is held that the causes of wars must be removed or reduced before abolition or even any drastic limitation of the tools of war will have a chance.

ACCOUNTANTS HEAR FORMER AAA LEADER

Business Lacks Integrated Effort, He Asserts.

Government "interference with and regimentation of" business was caused by lack of an integrated and co-operative effort on the part of industrialists, Dr. Charles Reitel, New York City, former chief accountant for the agricultural adjustment administration, told the Indianapolis chapter, National Association of Cost Accountants, last night at the Washington.

Dr. Reitel told the accountants that American industrialists have been too concerned with codes and too little with problems of management. Codes will continue to operate, but control and regulation will come in the future more through trade associations and less through government agencies, the speaker predicted.

A director of the national organization and a member of Stevenson, Jordon & Harrison, New York management engineers, Dr. Reitel urged that industries should take inventories of their management as well as their physical plants.

THREE OUT OF FOUR VOTERS GO TO POLLS

Indiana Cast 1,442,565 Ballots, Statistician Announces.

Almost three-quarters of Indiana's registered voters exercised their franchise in the recent election, it was announced today by Albert Dickens, state accounts board statistician.

Votes cast totalled 1,442,565 out of a possible 1,954,199, a total of 73.8 per cent. With the United States census showing 2,003,091 persons 21 or older in Indiana, the registration figure means that 97.6 per cent of eligible voters are registered.

"Nonsense! Put this in your purse. It's worth something to me to know that my patient gets the proper food."

Fair Enough by WESTBROOK PEGLER

WITH a little sense of regret, your correspondent reports that he finally has dug up the vanishing football hero of Kansas university who helped Kansas through the first all-victorious season in the history of the school in 1899, then disappeared abruptly and became a legend. The story had given pleasure to the football G. A. R.'s of the middle-west for many years and had acquired a new sort of interest as Fielding H. Yost gradually rose from the status of carpetbagging coach and occasional player to his present reverend position of athletic director of the University of Michigan and bishop, as it were, of football.

Many times in recent years Mr. Yost, a pious man in matters of football ethics, has decried and deplored the practice of recruiting, proselytizing and subsidizing football players. But always in football season, in those gatherings on the road, with fatted heroes of other years perched on the foot-board of somebody's bed or squatted on the musty carpet, coddling sweaty glasses of corn or what-not, some one would remember Mr. Yost's year as coach at Kansas and the mystery of his disappearing tackle.

The name of the man was George R. Krebs and skeptics who have rifled the old newspaper files in Kansas City, finding no mention of any heretics performed by him in '99 might have done better if they had borne in mind that the football ringer, like men in many other lines of deceitful practice, prefers to operate under an alias.

A Helpful Gesture

PERHAPS the same research in the old volumes of the Kansas City Star would yield results if it were assumed that Mr. Krebs changed his name to Creps for the duration of his season at Kansas.

From Frank A. Knight, the sports editor of the Gazette at Charleston, W. Va., your correspondent has heard as follows:

"Kansas university's phantom football hero of 1899, who disappeared after the final game with Missouri on that Thanksgiving day long ago, is George R. Krebs, a well-to-do mining engineer of Charleston. He has just turned 60, is 6 feet 4, and weighs 240 pounds, only fifteen pounds more than he weighed at Kansas. Mr. Krebs still keeps in shape climbing hills. He was captain of the West Virginia team in 1896, a year before he followed Yost to Kansas. He had been Yost's roommate and teammate at West Virginia in '95 and '96."

"When Yost went to Kansas as coach in 1899, he faced a tough job," said Mr. Krebs. "Most of the players were big farm boys, in fine condition, but knew little about the game. Yost asked me to come out there and play. I suppose I was what they call a ringer, but there was nothing wrong except that it wouldn't have been right to let the rest of the boys in the squad know."

"It was decided that I should register from some little town in a county from which there were no other students. I forgot the name of the town." (It seems to have been South Cedar, Kan.—Ed.)

"I was to play the role of a big country hick. I had four years of varsity experience, but I was supposed to pretend I never had seen a ball. I let the ball hit me on the chest. I fell down. I buried my toe in the turf when apparently attempting to kick. Only one man on the squad suspected that I was a ringer. His name was Moore. Like myself, he had been imported. Later, I think, he played baseball in the Southern League. He had a hunch that I was a ringer, too, and he would hold up his arm and laugh in his sleeve at me."

"At first, I ignored him, but we became roommates and we swapped stories then."

Just a Favor for Yost

"THE Missouri game was the dirtiest I ever played in. Yost never made a substitution. You talk about Yale playing only eleven men against Princeton last week. The Yales didn't have to take the slugger we took from Missouri. They thought they could play dirty, but they didn't know the meaning of dirty play."

"Yost warned us not to slug. But there was nothing to prevent me using my knee. Yes, and the stiff-arm against those Missouri linemen. I knocked out two tackles and when they carried them off I thought they were dead."

"But I was distinctly no hero and I do not want the reputation. I played no better than the others. I just did Yost a favor and got a chance to lecture west. I did get my expenses paid, so far as I know, nobody received any pay. When the season was over I felt that my job was done."

Opinions of Krebs' power as a player vary. Frank Parent, a substitute quarter back, and Dr. Naismith, who ran the gymnasium class, agree that he individually beat Nebraska and Mr. Parent recalls him as a mad giant in the victory over the Missouri team which also had a ringer, a tackle of enormous size and strength. Fay Moulton, another reminiscent veteran of the Kansas team insists, however, that he was not "outstanding." For any bearing which it may have on Mr. Moulton's opinion let it be said that he lost his own place on the team and was demoted to the second-string when Krebs appeared.

Mr. Krebs never has seen the Kansas campus since out would like to attend a reunion of the surviving members of his team if such could be arranged in connection with this year's renewal of the old feud with Missouri.

Of course, Mr. Yost should be invited, too, and asked to deliver one more his now famous lecture on proselytizing and recruiting and all the sordid practices against which he has declared himself so vigorously since the days of '99.

Anyway, there goes your correspondent's favorite football legend.

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Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

THERE was a time when between 250 and 300 babies out of every 1,000 born in certain large cities of the United States died before they were 1 year old. With the advance of modern medical science these rates have been greatly reduced, so that the average rate for 1933 in 1932 was 51.1.

Since the previous year, cities of Texas and South Dakota have been added to the birth registration area. If only those cities which were in the birth registration area in 1932 are compared with those for 1933, the rate for last year is 55.9—the lowest ever recorded in the history of this country.

This is highly significant, because the period was one of financial emergency and financial depression, with many persons on relief.

Furthermore, health authorities believe that the infant mortality rate is a good measure of medical and public health effort. It means that, even during the financial depression, medical and public health officials have held their own in the battle against disease.

It is of great significance to realize that Portland, O.; Seattle, Wash., and Oakland, Cal., have for several years been among the first with the lowest infant mortality rates. In 1933 the rate for Portland was 33, and for Seattle and Oakland, 35.

Smaller cities, such as Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Long Beach, Cal.; and Tacoma, Wash., report rates of 33 and 35. Among cities of 50,000 to 100,000 population, Berkeley, Cal., and Newton, Mass., have death rates of 21, and San Jose, Cal., a rate of 23.

In contrast with these enviable records, Memphis, Dallas and Atlanta have the highest rates among cities of more than 250,000. Miami, 112, 86 and 63; El Paso, San Antonio and Chattanooga have the three highest among cities from 100,000 to 250,000, namely, 125, 113 and 89.



Westbrook Pegler