

It Seems to Me

by
HEYWOOD BROUN

MIAMI, Nov. 11.—The chief pursuit hereabouts just now is the search for silver linings. The leading contender for championship honors is the manager of a large hotel, which shall be nameless. He stood in front of his hostelry this morning under a cloudless sky and looked disconsolately at what the pranish breeze had done to his cabanas and his face brightened by a smile. "We're going to save some money after all on account of that storm," he said. "I won't have to order any toothpicks this season."

In addition to a few roofs, Florida seems to have lost William Randolph Hearst. The publisher has just written a polite letter to the Governor declining his friendly invitation to make this state his residence and avoid the California income tax. It seems to me that Mr. Hearst is partly responsible for the enormous tax burdens which are threatening him. Naturally his unfortunate situation has aroused for him no end of public sympathy.

Heywood Broun There will be ready agreement that it is unfair for the same individual to make a return to the Federal government and also to a couple of states out of one and the same income, even though it may happen to be a comparatively adequate one. There is a lack of logic in this pyramiding of local and Federal functions.

Washington vs. States' Rights

AND yet one can not very well forget that the most vociferous advocate of states' rights in America today is William Randolph Hearst. He has fought with splendid vigor and fury the centralizing tendencies of the New Deal. It has been his notion that Washington should be curbed in its large expenditures for relief purposes.

The constant suggestion of Mr. Hearst has been that such things should be left to private charity and local agencies, and so if California puts a levy as high as 15 per cent upon net incomes which rise above \$250,000 a year, it would seem to be doing no more than following the advice of its famous son and laying up sufficient treasure to take care of its own without benefit of Ickes or of Hopkins.

And Florida, as well, is somewhat pinched out of its own traditional position of unimpeded local sovereignty. Only a few days ago the Governor was indicating a desire to keep away all visitors who were not sufficiently affluent to make their stay a truly paid-up vacation period.

But now the state is asking Federal money to aid in the repair of storm damages. I rather imagine that states' rights in all communities is a theory that applies only on warm and sunny afternoons when there isn't a cloud in the sky.

Rah-rah Son a Bit Embarrassing

HOWEVER, in an effort to advance the share-the-hope movement, I must admit that one episode in the storm was highly embarrassing to me.

For many years I have been articulate on the side of those who hold that football is taken much too seriously by young America. I have urged on many occasions the mood of making the game a pastime rather than a bitter battle. And now I find that in spite of all my eloquent preachments I am the father of a rah-rah son.

We were sitting in the hotel on the morning of the late and unanticipated storm. It wasn't due to break for another half hour or so and the communication lines were still open. Some man at the telephone said, "I think I'll wire my family to tell them not to worry whatever happens because I'm in safe place."

Woodie arose and said with all due solemnity, "I think I'll send something if there's still time." He took a good deal of pains and care in preparing the dispatch and so when he came back I was impatient enough to ask to whom he had wired.

"To the Horace Mann football team," he answered. "But what would you be telegraphing them about?" I wanted to know.

"I merely wired," he said with great dignity, "as hurricane sweeps down upon Miami my last words are 'beat St. John's'."

"You see," he explained, "I've got a 10-dollar bet that we don't lose a game all season."

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Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISBEIN

MANY of the persons you see with pock-marked faces had chicken pox when they were young and were permitted to scratch the itching blisters that result from this disease.

Scratching of the blisters may cause infection and form collections of pus or matter under the skin. If the scab over these marks comes off, little indentations in the skin remain.

If, however, the pox are permitted to dry of their own accord and the scabs are allowed to fall off naturally, there is seldom any mark left from the disease.

Chicken pox usually affects children under 12 years of age. Few, if any, die from the disease, but there are occasional secondary infections which may become serious.

The disease may begin with a slight fever, but it is often so mild that the fever does not appear. The day after the first sign of illness, an eruption or rash appears somewhere on the body.

Usually it resembles a number of widely scattered pimpls, which develop into blisters containing a yellowish, watery fluid. When the first blisters begin to dry and disappear, others may be formed.

Chicken pox is dangerous from the sign of the first symptoms until the crusts and scabs have disappeared from the skin.

Sometimes there is intense itching, but, as difficult as it may be to prevent scratching, every possible means should be taken against it, if you do not want the child to continue with permanent indentations.

In caring for a child with chicken pox, you should adopt the following procedure:

1. Keep the child clean.
2. Trim its fingernails close.
3. Wash its hands frequently.
4. Keep the child in bed while it has fever.
5. Ask the doctor to prescribe a lotion or ointment to stop the itching, if it is so severe that the child persists in scratching.

Today's Science

BY SCIENCE SERVICE

A "LIBRARY" of 60,000 human teeth has been assembled by Professor Moses Diamond at the Columbia University Dental School. Professor Diamond, who is head of the department of dental anatomy, believes this is the first "clinical library" of its kind ever established.

It includes the teeth of many races and, in addition, thousands of freak teeth of various sorts. From its study, Professor Diamond hopes to arrive at some conclusions as to the evolutionary changes which are taking place in human teeth.

During the millions of years in which the human race has evolved from earlier stocks, teeth have become smaller, Dr. Diamond believes. They have also developed more fissures and defects which hasten decay, he says.

He also thinks that there is little doubt but that the wisdom tooth is disappearing. Primitive African races had three bicuspids on each side of the upper and lower jaw, but moderns usually have only two.

"Teeth are important in the study of the evolutionary chain," Professor Diamond says. "Many significant identifications have been made through human teeth, of which the earliest known is that of the Moustierian youth, belonging to a Neanderthal race and estimated to be about 40,000 years old. Definite racial differences are found, but these are not extreme."

"When we discuss the process of change from primitive to modern times, we do not speak in terms of generations or centuries, but in terms of hundreds of thousands of years."

NOV. 11—BIG 'UN'S TRAGEDY DAY

He Lost His Buddy, 11 of Them in Fact, Just 17 Years Ago Today

BY ARCH STEINEL
Times Staff Writer

THINGS come in dozen lots — eggs, bananas, and even men. That is, they do most of the time—even in death, sometimes.

This is about one of the times when the dozen lot was broken and of "Big 'un," the Twelfth Man, who was left in the Veterans Hospital on Cold Springs-rd, to tell about it.

So as the clock climbed around to 11 a. m. today, "Big 'un," known on hospital charts as Erby Bowers, 54, of 1727 W. Market-st, sits by a hospital window looking toward the west and back to 11 a. m., Nov. 11, 1918, in the sector of the Moselle River in the Argonne.

"Big 'un," they called him that in the A. E. F. because of his 6 feet, doesn't philosophize about the breaking of the dozen lot. He needs "pumping" to tell the story, because they were "good eggs," he says, and Charlie, his buddy, was one of them.

NOR does he see in the time 11 a. m., Nov. 11, 1918, an omen.

"Just war and it didn't have my number on it," grunts "Big 'un."

Shading his eyes with hand pitted and worn by his trade of iron-molding, a trade he could not work at since the war because of mustard gas, he looked out to the west into the Argonne.

"We was the Three hundred and fourteenth engineers, Eighty-ninth division. We'd been getting ready to throw a pontoon bridge across the Moselle. A big push started on Armistice Day. Twelve of us in one squad sort of hung together and then there was Charlie Crampill, our corporal.

YOU know what a buddy is?" He paused to let the question sink deep.

Then he answered that question.

"Charlie was mine," he said. "You know an egg that's share his last makings with you. One that'd give you the last puff off a butt. Good guy! You ought to have known him."

"We was going into No Man's Land, the whole regiment, but course just the 12 of us close to each other. I heard it. WHI-nin," and he whistled the siren of a shrapnel shell.

"The other 11, all good eggs, didn't hear it. Dirt flew in my mouth, ears, and I was flattened on the ground. Seemed like nothing but smoke and dirt where the shell struck. Maybe I heard a scream, I don't know." He looked out to the west again.

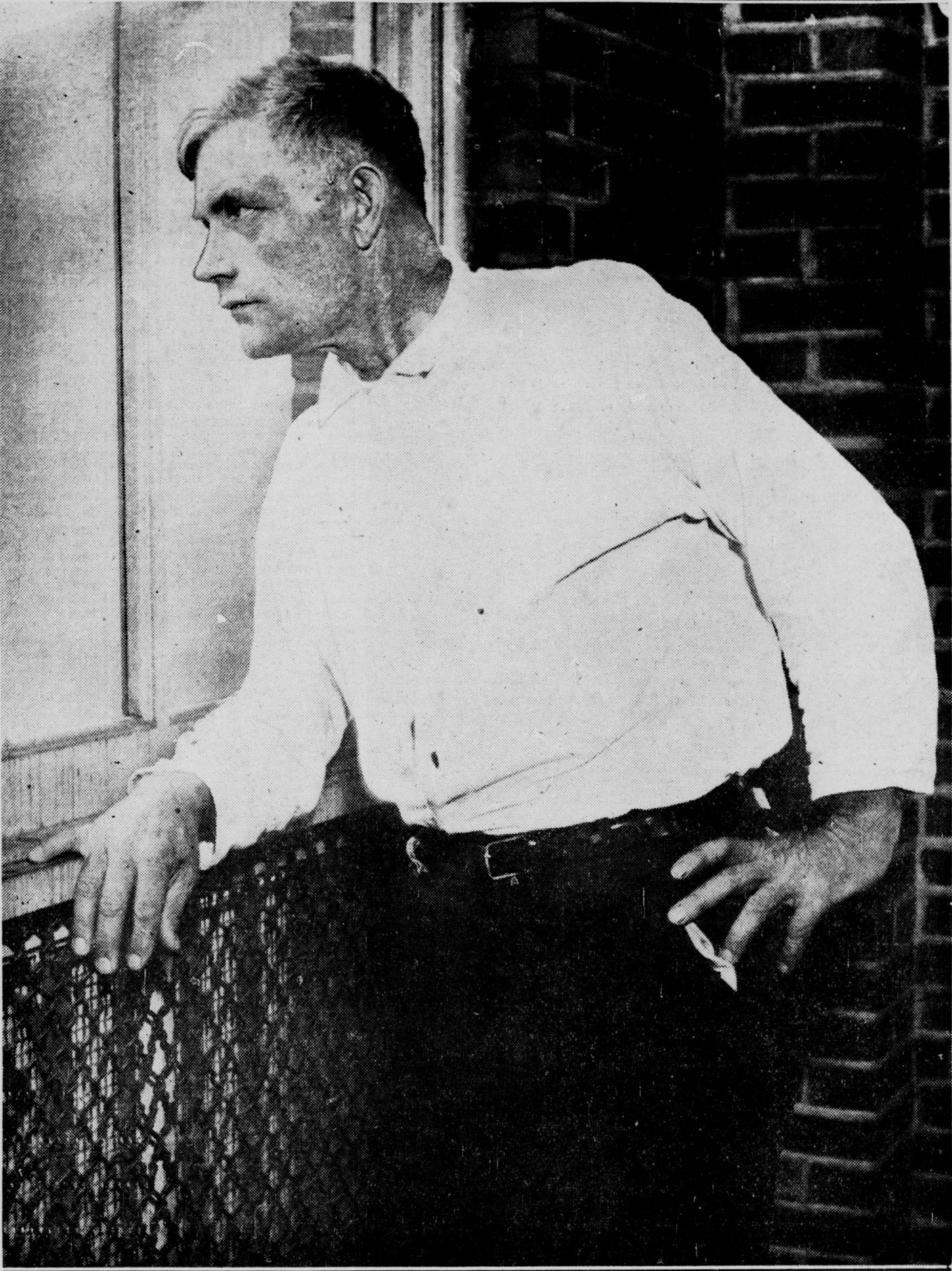
"**T**HEN the captain's whistle blew again," he continued, "and he waved to go on. What else could you do? You always went on when the captain whistled. I crawled forward a piece." He looked to the west again.

"I went on without the squad. They couldn't hardly find a dog-tag of 'em—eleven of 'em—and me. Pretty good eggs, buddies. I mean, all of them, especially Charlie."

He stopped and opened his knotted fist, clenched it again.

"Things quieted down. The Armistice was on. A few planes flew overhead and I came back home."

"The gas I got over there—you know it's like swallowing medicine



Erby Bowers . . . at 11 a. m. he looks to the west.

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