

It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROWN

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 prairie breeze had done to his cabanas and his palms, but then a happy thought struck him 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 onerous tax burdens which are threatening him. Naturally his unfortunate situation has aroused for him no end of public sympathy. 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 taxes or of Hopkins.

And Florida, as well, is somewhat puffed out of its own traditional position of unimpaired 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 fully 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 meant to apply 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-storm 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 unlamented storm. It wasn't due to break for another half hour or so and the communication lines were still open. Some man at the table said, "I think I'll wire my family to tell them not to worry whatever happens because I'm in a 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 best 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 FISHBEIN—

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 the 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 pimples, 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 fossil 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 Mousterian youth, belonging to a Neanderthaloid 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 dozens — 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 Crampin, 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'd 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-n-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.

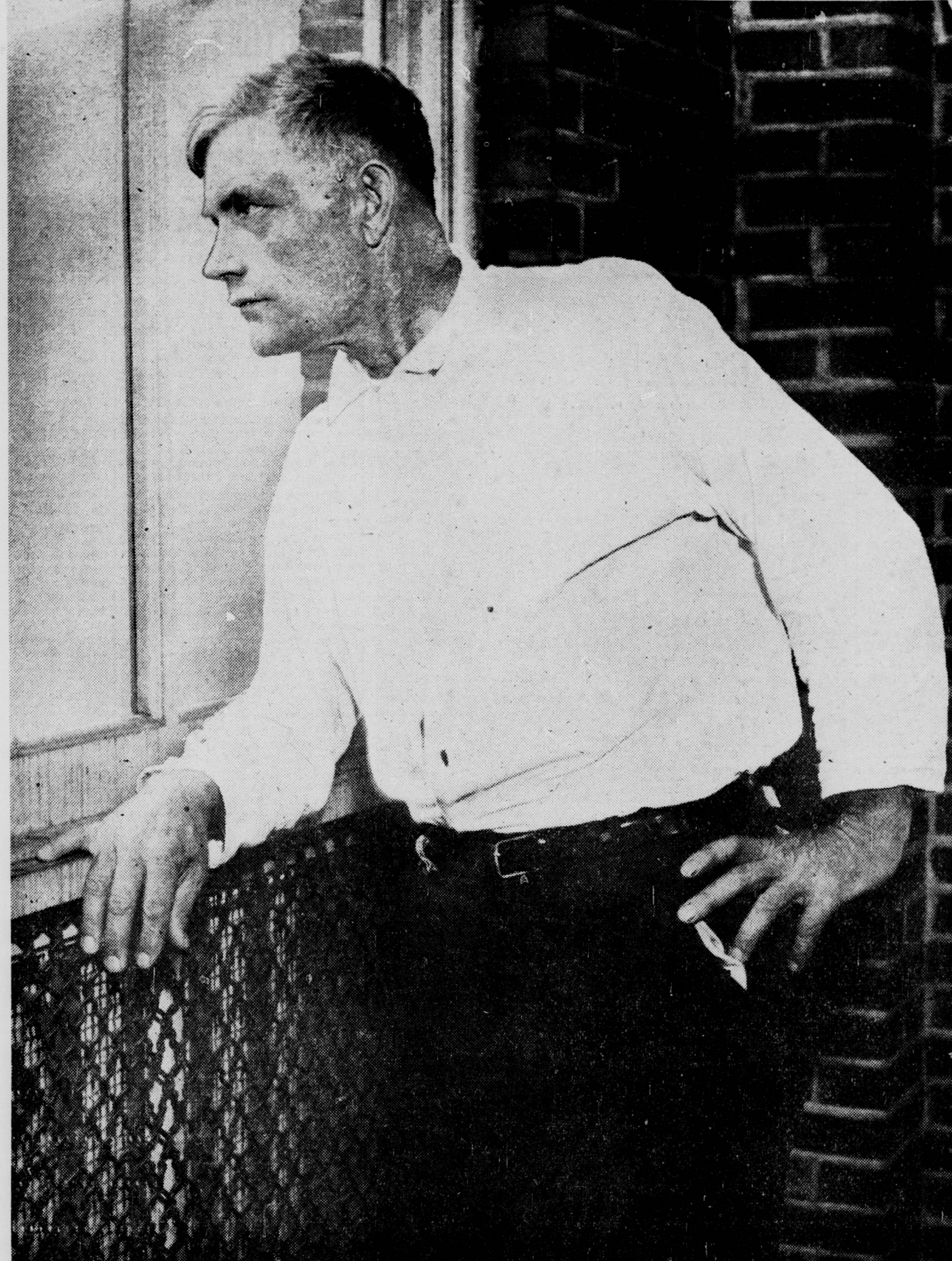
"THEN the captain's whistle blew again," he continued, "and he wanted to go on. What else could you do? You always went on when the captain whistled. I crawled forward a piece." He looked to the west again.

"I went on without the squad. They couldn't hardly find a dog-tag of me—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.

that burns you to death and you can't get your breath—kept me from getting a molder's job. Couldn't be around gas fumes you see," as he nodded to emphasize his words.

"WELL, I took odd jobs," said "Big Un," and finally got to work parking cars at the old

ball park in Indianapolis and been doing that, even at the new park, ever since, except the times I've been in the hospital here and in Chicago because of what the gas done," he said apologetically.

"You didn't care much what happened to you over there. The captain would whistle, wave you on, and you'd go. You walked into

things without giving one whoop and that's about the way it was with Charlie and the other boys that day.

"The number just wasn't on 'Big Un's' piece that time," he said.

"Were you ever married?" he was asked.

"Nope! And I feel about it like

I do joining another war. And the answer to that is 'No.'"

The Twelfth Man shook his head sadly in un-uttered "Nos."

Other World War veterans in nearby beds echoed his sentiments.

"Big Un" didn't hear. He was looking out the west window.

Boy Who Found Out He Didn't Know It All Asks Roosevelt for Help; Another Seeks Government Loan of \$2.50 for Shoeshine Business

BY ROBERT W. HORTON
Times Special Writer

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—The President's mail recently contained a letter from Billy Hines. Billy is 15. He confessed to having learned a lesson and appealed to the President for help.

The following admonition appeared on the back of the envelope:

"For the President and not his secretary or any one else."

The letter said:

"Dear Mr. President: My name is Billy Hines. And I just wanted to know if there was any way what I could get home. I live at Seattle, Washington. I am only 15 years old but I look about 17. I am at Hutchinson, Kas. now. I wish you would hurry the answer cause my capital is only 37

cents. I'm one of those boys that think he knows it all and found out different."

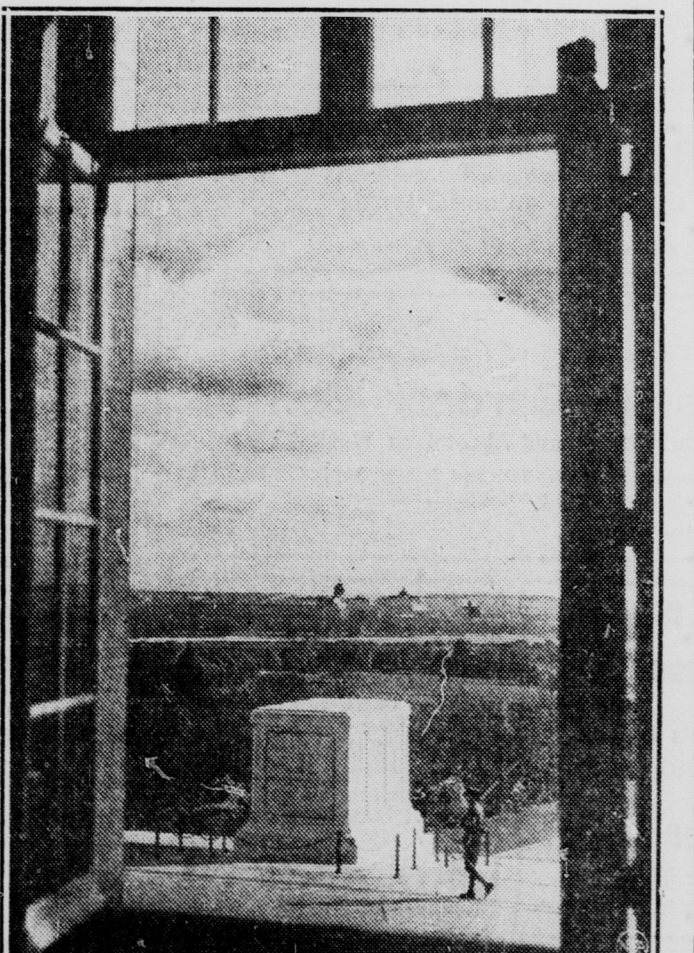
"BILLY HINES."

"P. S.—Don't ask mother to send me the money cause she hasn't got it."

Leading Nation in the Publishing Books and those that desires them are unable to purchase them. They thirst for Knowledge in a land of plenty books."

he wrote, "to appeal to you directly. I am trusting you will excuse the seeming presumptuousness which I assume because of my strong personal faith in you. I should certainly not have attempted it with your predecessor."

In Memoriam—Nov. 11, 1918



Silently pacing his post before a white marble tomb in Arlington National Cemetery in Washington, a living soldier of 1935 keeps watch over the resting place of "An American Soldier Known Only to God." Today, 17 years after the Armistice Day of 1918 which ended the World War, this mute monument seems to send a message across the Potomac to the Capitol, seen in the distance.

"Dear Mr. President: I am 12 years old and am the son of a war veteran. We are a family of eight, and I am doing my share to help the family by shining shoes on the sidewalks of New York. I feel that I could do much more business if the government would arrange a loan for me of \$2.50 so that I could buy additional materials."

"This would not only help me, but it would also help the manufacturers who make the supplies, and also help business conditions in general."

"The materials I need are—"(There followed a list of "4 cans of black, 40 cents, 4 cans of brown, 40 cents, etc.)"

"Circumstances embolden me,"

U. S. Maintains Small Army While Rivals Arm Millions

By NEA Service

SEVENTEEN years ago peace came after four years of war to end war. Today the military machines of the world have been built to a strength never before known. Only the United States has held aloof from this mad race to put millions of men under arms.

In the American Army, if an emergency arose today, only 30,000 men would be available for swift action. The entire strength of the United States land forces is 118,750 enlisted men—with approximately 10,000 officers, the list topped by 67 generals.

And the other 30,000 are ready for the emergency, according to a recent survey by Fortune magazine.

THIRTY-TWO thousand regulars are in our foreign possessions; 35,000 in continental United States. Just 86,000 men—about 8000 more than could be packed into Yankee Stadium in New York City.

The cost of the U. S. Army in 1935 is given as \$295,900,000. In 1936, a little more will be spent for military purposes—\$365,000,000, or a million dollars a day. This, the War Department hopes, will bring the enlisted men strength up to 165,000, with modern equipment.

Of this 86,000, about 36,000 are engaged in various kinds of clerical and educational tasks; 20,000 officers and men are on the Mexican border.

RESERVE forces, army chiefs estimate, would provide about 2,000,000 men in two years. By the 1920 act, the national guard total is placed at 430,000 and there are 120,000 reserve officers.

Fair Enough by WESTBROOK PEGLER

GENEVA, Nov. 11.—Our subject is an earnest French wine grower from Saumur who has been calling on the American trade in New York and Boston and who is naive enough to hope that he will live to see a day when the American people, including Mr. Roosevelt's common man, will drink and appreciate wine and shun the cocktail which pickles the palate, as he says, and even avoid the cigarette for several hours before indulgence in wine. Our subject says the cigarette has a tendency to fry or braise the tongue. Therefore, on morning when he is engaged to judge the quality of wine by tasting the same he refrains from smoking until his work is done.

His name is Baron Raymond de Luze, and he owns 18 acres of vines, the entire output of which he has just sold to American dealers. His is a sparkling wine, something like champagne. Your correspondent encountered him aboard the Ile De France en route to Europe.

It is an odd experience to come upon a farmer with an 18-acre patch whose crop is such that he can afford to go all the way to the United States on a fast, expensive boat, put himself in at hotels, ride the trains and buy a few wine dinners for his prospects merely to sell the produce of his 18 acres.

For if the baron were in cotton or wheat or parsley in the United States, with only 18 acres under his plow, he would hardly find it worth while to go farther than the county seat to market his crop, and that in his own flier. And if he were to buy a meal for a prospective customer it probably would amount to no more than a hamburger and a cup of coffee at the lunch wagon.

Underwear—Vintage of 1918

OF course, the baron is one who can shut his eyes, roll a glass of wine under his nose, breathe deeply and tell you which side of whose hill it came from and how long ago. But for all I know there may be wheat farmers and parsley men who can do almost as much in their own respective lines.

People do not ask who grew the wheat which goes into their bread or the cotton in their undershirts or in what year. There is a great difference there. For in wine the year is important, and even Americans feel a thrill of pride in their sophistication when they have learned at considerable cost in money and heartburn to guess when a wine was grown without squinting at the label on the bottle.

For all the insistence of the Frenchmen that wine is a simple food and not a rite, all the literature on the subject tends to baffle and intimidate those very Americans to whom the customer appeal has been addressed since repeal.

The baron has given me a little book which lists hundreds of wines according to the regions, even the very acres which produced them, and their years, with a further important distinction as to whether they were bottled on their own home grounds or elsewhere in an assembling plant. The book says a certain wine is "still hard but getting better." Another is "drier than its neighbors." It speaks of "body" and "finesse." One authority says it is a crime to drink a certain wine iced and an indecency to drink other wine in the noble company of Monarchet. Under the circumstances the American runs a grave risk of committing a serious offense.

Speaking of National Habits

CAN this be salesmanship? Can any wine be so sublime that it were a crime to drink other wine in its presence? And if so it is not, perhaps, as bad an error to wear silk socks grown in Japan, crop of 1931, in the same ensemble with a cotton undershirt, crop of 1926, from the fields of Zeke Which, of Corinth, Miss.?" Granted this, Mr. Which might take luxurious trips to Europe to sell the bales of his 18 acres.

But probably the baron is doomed to disappointment, for he is challenging a national taste for simple, fighting liquors, complicated with whipped cream, house paint, cherries and pineapple slabs, which existed long before prohibition and became a strong national habit during the long rebellion.

He presents a product which reeks of mystery and fancy manners and preaches temperance to a people who drink only to get tight. So if it is true that Americans do not understand wine, then it is equally certain that any one who recommends temperance does not know the character of the race.

As a connoisseur, the baron prescribes a small splash of champagne before dinner, a few delicate passes at a glass of white wine with the fish and a few sturdy licks at a red wine with the meat, followed by champagne with the dessert and brandy with the coffee. He knows nothing about the traditional American meal of six whisky sours followed by a T-bone steak with fried potatoes, washed down with rye and ginger ale.

I would give something for the movie rights, with sound, to the scene of consternation on an Illinois Central diner should the baron put himself down to order correct dinner from a wine list consisting of canned Martinis and Manhattans, sherry, port, whisky and gin.

More Defense —BY GEN. HUGH S. JOHNSON—

DALLAS, Tex., Nov. 11.—I discussed Saturday a number of several counter-editorials in Scripps-Howard papers dissenting from my criticism of government departments. Another, on Henry Wallace, refused nothing I said about Mr. Wallace's indecision. George Peck is the father of the maintenance of the rock-ribbed Republican and bloody-shirt arrests of the corn belt. Nobody can ever take that away from him.

Peck deliberately avoided being secretary by insisting that farm organizations support him unanimously—well knowing that Simpson's Communist Farmers' Union wouldn't support him.

For 12 years he and I fought for what Mr. Wallace spent all that time making up his mind about—that very "equality for agriculture," particularly of price equivalent to the tariff, which has increased farm income as the editorial records. But we also fought and are fighting for maintenance of farm export markets, which Mr. Wallace has frittered away—as figures I quoted Saturday so clearly showed.

That editorial cited figures on farm votes for crop control as being farmers' votes for Mr. Wallace. That is on a par with the recitation of partial figures on export trade to support our muddled foreign policy. They were not farm votes for Mr. Wallace. They were farm votes for the "gentle rain of checks." I wonder if the editor would vote against having his salary increased—no matter what he thought of the treasurer of his company.

I said that the financial and fiscal affairs of the United States are in the worst mess in history and that Henry Morgenthau is "inclined to boast of the fact that he doesn't know much about anything—at least about finance."

The editorial comment misquoted this to make it appear that I had said Henry "doesn't know much of anything about anything and less than nothing about finance." I didn't say it. Morgenthau himself has said what I quoted, over and over again, as the public prints bear ample record.

Nothing in the editorial refutes my statement that our fiscal affairs are in the worst mess in history. Nothing could. I made an understatement. The whole world knows it—but the defense offered is that this secretary is "financing the greatest peace-time debt in history at the lowest interest rate in history."

"Financing the biggest debt in history"—that is enough to support my criticism of utter fiscal chaos. This is an ugly subject. The less said about it the better. I happen to know that my friends in the editorial department don't like broken pledges of the fortnight word any better than I do.

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