

# It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROUN

I DON'T think I am going to like Gov. Landon of Kansas. This is frankly a preliminary opinion based upon a very small amount of evidence. The Republican aspirant for national office may turn out to be a good deal better than the prospectuses.

So far, the chief point advanced about him is the assertion that here is a Kansas Coolidge. That sounds pretty dreadful. As far as I'm concerned, it wouldn't sound very good even if that adjective "Kansas" were dropped out.

But I gravely fear that in this respect the Landon boosters are doing him no injustice. The testimony which leads me to expect the worst may seem quite trivial to some, but the measure of a man can often be judged quite accurately by some trivial thing which serves to illuminate his major characteristics. All right, then, the thing I have against Gov. Landon is that he calls himself "Alf."

I don't mean that this name is used merely in contact with friends and political associates. It actually is printed that way on his official stationery—Alf M. Landon. The Alf is bad enough, but you simply can not employ a synthetic nickname of this kind with a middle initial.

If you ask, "Who says you can't?" I can only reply that it violates something fundamental in human feeling. The fact that William Jennings Bryan put butter on his radishes always seemed to me sufficient reason why he should be denied the presidency.

## It Isn't Done, Sir!

BUT let me try out your ear on the name system utilized by the Kansas white hope. How do you like Harpo X. Marx of Battling V. Nelson, or One Round Z. Hogan? I just can't be done.

Any man who has the misfortune to be christened Alf has a right to try and avoid the full weight of that name.

Teddy was a natural label for the first of the Roosevelt's. Cal Coolidge was reasonable enough, and so was Big Bill Taft, and obviously, Gene was the right name for Eugene V. Debs, not to go down the scale and mention Jimmy Walker and Red Mike. But it would have been silly to refer to Woodie Wilson or Herbie Lehman.

Alf M. Landon is a curious and alienating compromise between the disposition to preserve dignity and appeal to the boy in the back room at the same time. You can not part your name and keep it, too.

Moreover, it seems to me that the psychology which led to the Kansan's unfortunate experiment in numerology is duplicated in his public utterances.

There is precisely the same disposition to play both ends against the middle. Thus, in his Cleveland address, Alf M. Landon came out hot and heavy for a balanced budget, but at the same time he was equally enthusiastic about the obligation to spend a sufficient amount of money on relief to make it adequate.

If A. M. Landon can think up some scheme whereby a government can be generous to the unemployed and the taxpayers at the same time I'll gladly eat his middle initial.

## What About That Alf?

INDEED, I'm already consumed with curiosity to know what the "M" stands for. Nothing simple like Moore, Murphy or Mordecai, I hope. Warren Harding did not seem to me in any sense a great or even a pretty good President, but there was magnificence in that Gamaliel. Could it by any chance be Alf Montmorency Landon? I afraid not.

The build-up for the Kansas strong man quite obviously is going to take the line that here is the average American. "Just folks" like you and me.

In one respect the sunflowers of Savanorola has been frankness itself. He has come out 100 per cent for common sense. He declares that it must prevail, but obviously this prediction is not based on the past record of that commodity. A great many decisions have gone against it.

The campaign of 1936 does not promise to be of a high order. Preliminary speeches by both Republican and Democratic stalwarts have indicated that the silly season is almost upon us. In fact, I don't think that as yet we have the Alf of it.

(Continued, 1935)

## Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

SAVAGES eat ants and dogs with relish. Eskimos lick their chops over blubber. Mexicans like hot spices and chili con carne. Some people eat their tomatoes with vinegar and others use sugar.

There is really no accounting for tastes.

Our appetites are exceedingly delicate. They can be spoiled by the sight of unpleasant foods. Illness frequently interferes with appetite; therefore, when we are sick the appetite must be stimulated with foods that are attractively prepared.

As soon as you get hungry your stomach begins to contract. As soon as food is placed before you, your stomach gets ready for it. Your mouth waters and the saliva that helps to digest starches begins to flow.

A APPETITE includes the sense of sight. A food must look appetizing if it is to be enjoyed.

Appetite includes the sense of taste. The various taste sensations which are perceived by the nerve endings in the tongue include sweet, sour, salt and bitter.

Appetite also includes the sense of smell. To be appetizing a food must have the special odor associated with appetite. The odor of crisp frying bacon, the odor of vinegar, the bouquet of good wine, the savory odor of roast beef are typical examples of food odors with special appetite appeal.

Next comes the feel of the food upon the tongue. Every one knows the difference in the feel of crisp bacon or properly cooked oatmeal, contrasted with soft, soggy bacon or oatmeal full of hard or partially cooked chunks.

INDEED, there are certain foods which appeal even to the sense of hearing. Some cereals are the crisp, crackling type which demand chewing, and crackers have the name because they crackle when they are eaten.

Proper cooking can do much to make the simplest and cheapest foods palatable and full of gastronomic appeal. Think what good cooking can do for a fairly cheap cut of meat! It softens up the tissues, develops the odor and flavor, coagulates the protein, and gets it ready for digestion.

Poor cooks for years have been throwing the most valuable nutritional elements of vegetables into the sink with the water in which the vegetables were boiled.

Today proper cooking retains the juices and the mineral salts with the other materials that vegetables provide.

## Today's Science

BY DAVID DIETZ

ELECTRIC currents of more than 100,000,000 amperes, currents strong enough to light all the electric lights of a big city, flow in the atmosphere, some 60 or 70 miles above the earth's surface.

Scientists have conferred the name of the ionosphere upon this electrified layer of the atmosphere high above the stratosphere. It is from this electrified or ionized layer that radio signals are reflected.

The existence of these powerful currents in the ionosphere has been demonstrated by the scientists of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, who find in them an explanation of the behavior of the compass.

SEVERAL decades ago the Carnegie Institution organized its department of terrestrial magnetism to study the behavior of the compass. A non-magnetic yacht, a yacht built without iron or steel, was equipped to study magnetic phenomena upon the high seas.

For many years scientists have been aware of the daily variations of the compass needle. At sunrise, anywhere above the equator, the needle swings a little to the east. A few hours later it begins to swing back to the west, continuing this until 1 p.m. when once more it swings toward the east. Below the equator the motions are just the opposite.

# The Indianapolis Times

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Second Section

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This is the seventh of a series of dramatic behind-the-scenes stories of the preparations for the trans-Pacific airline which has been inaugurated this week.

BY SUTHERLAND DENLINGER  
Times Special Writer

ABOUT half the time the people in the launch could not see the lighter it was towing, but they knew the lighter was there. They knew it was there because, as the 15-foot swells rolled on, the slack would go out of the towing line and the dead weight of the scow—loaded, perhaps, with five-ton generators or heavy Diesel tractors—jerk back with a force which would send them tumbling. The jar never snapped the stout towing lines, it might have been better, in one instance, if it had. The towing bits of this launch tore out under the strain, leaving only two launches to carry on a race against time and the elements.

AY aboard the North Haven who thought that this business of establishing permanent air base stations on mid-Pacific atolls was going to be easy were quickly disillusioned by Midway. The freighter had been off the island for two days—on the second day she moved around to anchor off the north-west passage—before the work of unloading began.

THE route followed by launches and lighters from the anchorage to the strip of beach—unmarked on the hydrographic survey maps—selected for a landing was approximately four miles long and the greater part of it, that inside the lagoon, had to be sounded and marked out to be clear of rocks.

Four days of blazing sunshine, Four days during which sweating men, bruised by caroming cargo, strove to keep their feet upon careening lighters, tugged manfully at cables, dragged heavy boxes up the fiery beach to above high-water mark, swung machetes to clear a campsite.

Backs burned and reddened; an able who exhort his crew to put their shirts on was himself laid up for days because the awful heat—he was wearing shorts—blistered his legs. Temps shortened, frayed, snapped.

Food sent ashore from the North Haven arrived erratically, kerosene stoves set upon the beach improved matters very little.

FOUR days of blazing sunshine, and then it rained. The small came out of the northeast, and in an instant a 35-mile an hour gale was driving an almost solid wall of water over a beached camp, piling the sea toward the spot on the beach which held thousands of dollars' worth of irreplaceable equipment. What would happen when the tide came in?

Individual misery was forgotten as all hands rushed to the great stack of goods, worked feverishly to move it some 300 yards inland, succeeded just as the storm-abetted tide pushed over the sands.

Tents dripping, bedding wet, clothing soaked—and seas which made getting back to the ship impossible. But the cable company provided the makings for a hot punch. Spirits revived, the work went on, although it was two days before communication with the ship was re-established.

THE work went on from dawn to dusk, and after the Diesel generators began to function and

the electric lights were strung it often continued into the night. Radio poles and house panels and foundations and seaplane dock and service float and machinery went up, were put together, dug, hammered into shape. By the end of April the North Haven was almost ready to move on toward Wake.

In the short space of two weeks the complement had moved 2000 tons of heavy machinery, building materials, instruments, food and living supplies from the freighter in the open sea: transformed a broad section of a hitherto barren island into a busy colony of 37 men, with houses, offices and clear a campsite.

One man, ill of fever, was in the ship's sickbay, several others had suffered minor injuries, still others were made uncomfortable by prolonged exposure to tropic sun and salt water.

ON man, ill of fever, was in the ship's sickbay, several others had suffered minor injuries, still others were made uncomfortable by prolonged exposure to tropic sun and salt water.

IN general, however, the expedition was quite fit, and just before it left Midway to move the boobies out of the way and replace them after it had passed. As the report of a Pan-American executive put it, rather plausibly: "... when this operation is multiplied a thousand times around camp it is easy to see that much time is lost to

the moaning birds gave them almost as much trouble. The moaning bird digs a hole two or three feet deep, sits in it all day and comes out at night to fly and moan. Midway's pioneers went around stumbling into these holes up to their knees. They would stumble in and swear and stumble out again and go on with the work.

MEANTIME, in the Japanese army in Manchuria there was a young fellow about the age of Matsukawa, Col. Doihara. What Matsukawa was doing in the diplomatic field, Col. Doihara, was duplicating militarily.

One of these is Maj. Gen. Kenji Doihara, a somet times known as the "Lawrence of Manchuria." The other is Yosuke Matsukawa, who is to Nippon what Clive of India and Cecil Rhodes of Africa were to Britain.

FOR many years, long before anybody outside the Orient ever heard their names, these two able men were secretly preparing the way for the inevitable coup which are steadily enlarging the orbit of empire.

Matsukawa completed his education in the United States. Now about 50, he looks American and speaks American, slang and all. A trifle less than average height. He wears a close-cropped mustache and smokes a pipe incessantly. Like many modern Japanese, he does not scorn a highball. When he says something you know exactly what he means.

DEFENSIVE SIGNAL COMES IN HANDY

both the national open pair event and team of four championship at the coming national tournament to be held in the Stevens Hotel, Chicago, the week of Dec. 2.

Mr. Becker shows, in today's hand, how the defensive signal may be used by both partners to defeat the contract. It is easy to see by looking at all four hands, that North and South can cash two aces and two ruffs. In actual play, however, it would be very easy for the defense to slip.

Mr. Becker held the South cards. His partner opened the deuce of hearts. Becker realized that this opening had certain significance. North had bid hearts over West's double, showing weakness and apprehension that the club double might be left in.

Holding the ace and king of hearts, Mr. Becker knew that his partner did not bid hearts on a four-card suit; therefore, the opening of the deuce of hearts must be a defensive signal play, asking for return of the lower of the two other suits not trump.

Mr. Becker won the trick with the king of hearts and now returned a club, but if North should ruff, Becker would not want another heart played, because he knew that North must have at least six hearts and that West was void. So at this point, Mr.

Becker returned his lowest club, the three spot.

This, of course, North ruffed with a deuce of spades. Now, instead of returning a heart, North, reading his partner's play of the three of clubs as a signal not to continue hearts, played a small diamond, which south won with the ace.

A club was returned and was ruffed by North.

This was the last trick that North and South could take, but the contract was defeated one trick, by skillful play and not by luck.

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## Solution to Previous Contract Problem

BY W. E. MCKENNEY  
Secretary American Bridge League

THIS is the fourth and last of a series of articles by one of the country's outstanding bridge players, B. J. Becker, Philadelphia. Mr. Becker will participate in

explosion. Somebody had dynamited a rail on the South Manchuria. A signal flashed. Japanese troops seemed to spring out of the ground. By dawn the "Young Marshal" was out and Doihara and his men were in. Nor did they stop until Manchuria was a Japanese protectorate.

DIHARA is credited with setting the stage for that coup. Today these now famous figures are back together again in North China. Matsukawa, after defending Japan before the League of Nations, returned home and created a new party to rekindle

the Samurai spirit of his people. At present he is president of the South Manchuria Railway—in many ways the biggest post-Nippon can offer. It is to Japan pretty much what the old East India Co. was to Britain, and more. The whole economic life of Manchuria, and much else, is in his hands. He bosses not only 4400 miles of railroad, but steamship lines, vast industries, public utilities, and what not.

Doihara, with his Charlie Chaplin moustache and twinkling eyes, is a major general. His name runs like a refrain through the news dispatches from the scene of the North China "autonomy" movement. Of this, as in Manchuria, he seems to be a key man.

As an active newspaper man glancing off the capitals of Europe, your correspondent rather envies Mr. Bowers in his post at Madrid. Spanish people like him, but they make little ceremony nowadays; so there are few occasions when the Ambassador must strap on his tackle and sit up to three hours of rare viands and general conversation among people who share his anguished desire to be at home with his feet up and a bottle of beer at his elbow reading the paper. Or perhaps Mr. Bowers, of the old New York World, prefers a can of coffee and a hamburger sandwich with plenty of onion there in his marble halls.

Times Books

WHEN Frank Munsey died in 1925, William Allen White, Kansas editor, wrote:

"Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talent of a meat-packer, the morals of a money-changer and the manners of an undertaker. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once-noble profession into an 8 per cent security."

"May he rest in trust."

George Britt, a working newspaper man, tells Munsey's story in "Forty Years—Forty Millions" (Farrar & Rinehart). Every newspaper man could be interested in the story of the Maine boy who arrived in New York with \$40 and an ambition to be a publisher, and at 71 died with about \$10,000,000 of a fortune once estimated at \$40,000,000.

The reader of this well-written biography takes away from its pages a picture of a man, successful, cruel, vain, hard, shrewd, absolutely without humor and without friends. A pitiful man. (By Lola Horton)

Literary Notes

The current issue of the New Masses contains "John Reed and the World War," by Granville Hicks, which is the first of five chapters from the forthcoming Hicks biography of Reed which the New Masses will print.

Rita Weiman's installment of "The President's Mystery Story" will appear in this week's Liberty. Miss Weiman is the only woman contributor to the novel.

Second Section

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# Fair Enough

by  
WESTBROOK PEGLER

MADRID, Nov. 27.—Only this afternoon your correspondent dropped in for a spot of something with His Excellency, the American Ambassador to the Spanish Republic. Mr. Claude Bowers, who contented himself with a dish of tea, but said with a hitch of his thumb toward the decanter and syphon, "Don't mind me."

It was a strange experience for me to sit amid splendor in the mansion of the king's henchman who had found it discreet to go away from Spain while the heat was on. In a few minutes the magnificence seemed to fade out as in the moving pictures and we were in the city room of the old New York World under the golden dome after the paper had gone to bed or in the littered local room in Indianapolis talking shop.

Was this a butler in the formal regalia of his craft making elegant passes with his hands over a tray and offering muffins, or was it the office boy back from the "quick-and-dirty