

It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROWN

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 prospectus.

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 big enough, but you simply can't employ a synthetic nickname of the kind with a middle initial.

You ask, "Who says you can't?" I can only say 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, or Battling V. Nelson, or One Round Z. Hogan? It just can't be done.

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

Teddy was a natural label for the first of the Roosevelt. Cal Coolidge was reasonable enough, and so was Big Bill for William Jennings Bryan. 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 boys in the back room at the same time. You can't put your name and keep it, too.

Moreover, it seems to me that the psychology which led to the Kansas's unfortunate experiment in nomenclature 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 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 'M'?

I'VE 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 be by any chance be Alf Monmouth Landon? I'm 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 sunflower Savanorilla 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 know all of it.

(Copyright, 1935)

Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHEIN

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.

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.

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

Second Section

INDIANAPOLIS, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1935

Entered as Second-Class Matter at Postoffice, Indianapolis, Ind.

Blazing an Air Trail

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.

Now aboard the North Haven which 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 before cargo could move.

Four days of blazing sunshine. Four days during which sweating men, housed by canvas, 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 official who exhorted his crew to put their shirts on was himself laid up for days because the awful heat—he was wearing shorts—blistered his legs. Temper 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 squall 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.

One of these is Maj. Gen. Kenji. Doi-ha, a 30-year-old man known as the "Lawrence of M. A. n. churia." The other is Yosuka Matsuo, who is a 30-year-old man known as the "Clive of India." 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 coups which are steadily enlarging the orbit of empire.

Matsuo completed his education in the United States. Now since much of his career has been spent in China, he was sent back there as a director and vice president of the South Manchuria Railway, one of the most important jobs within the gift of his country.

In Manchuria he became intimately acquainted with its warlord, "Old Marshal" Chang Tso-Lin. Through that wily old gentleman he virtually ran the government. The "Old Marshal" had begun life as a bandit. He was the Jesse James of that part of



A baby gooney

THE Diesel tractor dragged cargo-laden sleds from the store-pile to the building site, and its work was complicated by Midway's population. The island is government bird refuge, and the expeditionary force was under strict orders to protect the mid-ocean wild fowl.

Predominate among the thousands of birds on the island was the dizziest thing that ever wore feathers, the gooney. The gooney looks like a cross between a gull and a goose, and its size is almost that of the latter. It lays its eggs in the sand, and its young remain for several months in the same spot, since if they were to move so much as ten feet their mothers would not feed them.

BECAUSE of this fact the tractor always inched along with an advance guard before it to move the goonies out of the way and replace them after it had passed. As the report of a Pan-American executive put it, rather plaintively: "... when this operation is multiplied a thousand times around camp it is easy to see that much time is lost this way."

The morning 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.

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

A view of the beach of Midway Island, thickly populated with baby goonies. It was necessary to remove each of these birds as a tractor approached and replace each one in his original position. Mother birds refuse to feed their young if they are not in the place where they left them.

On the morning of May 3 the North Haven weighed anchor, circled the atoll in order to calibrate the direction-finder station ashore, headed westward across the Pacific for Wake Island, 1242 miles away. A war council discussed the mistakes of Midway, planned how to avoid them on Wake.

THE Navy had warned the expedition against the dangerous surf off the boat landing, in which several service boats had been lost, and all were convinced that the next pillar of the bridge, completely uninhabited, would present even greater difficulties than that which they had just left.

The crew was busy making up heavy fenders, repairing damage to lighters, readying ground tackle. The North Haven, two days at sea, was making steadily toward her goal when the ship's doctor reported that William Young, the man with the fever, was growing steadily worse. Grooch radioed Alameda asking for permission to send the sick man to the naval hospital at Guam, and a few hours later he received a radio from the naval transport Henderson stating that she was turning back off her course from Guam so that the North Haven could intercept and deliver the patient.

AT 9:30 p. m., May 7, the two vessels met. The Henderson sent over a motorboat containing a naval doctor and a stretcher and, and Young, swathed in blankets, was transferred. He lived to reach Guam and the naval hospital, but died soon afterward—the expedition's only fatality.

THE North Haven sighted Wake Island at 11 o'clock on the morning of May 9, an atoll far off the beaten steamer track with such deep water off her jagged reef the charts showed no available anchorage. The freighter stood in as far as possible on the lee, which was on the island's south side, off the spot marked upon the map as the "boat landing," but which proved to be merely a break in the encircling shoal of coral.

LAUNCH over the side and landing party ashore, armed with machetes and carrying both water and emergency rations. THE beach, a mass of rocks and boulders extending down to where strange, brilliant-hued fish darted about in the crystal sea; the interior boulders, studding a close growth of scrub trees. It did not take long to verify the contention of the chart that the island was in reality three islands—Wake, Wilkes and Peale—separated by shallow channels; but it was quite awhile before those in charge of the expedition realized what the chart did not show—that Wilkes, upon which was the "boat landing," would be completely inundated during the winter gales.

It was this, coupled with the fact that only on Peale could a supply of fresh water be found, which caused an abrupt change of plans, led to the prolonged fight to deepen the Wilkes channel into the lagoon described in an earlier article of this series, forced Pan-American's pioneers to take nature's outer bastions by storm before they could even begin their struggle to civilize and subdue a site for the third Pacific air base or clear the lagoon for the landing of the swift clipper seaplanes which were to follow them.

When they were through, Wake Island gave promise of becoming one of the most fascinating places on the long air route to Asia, infinitely more attractive than Midway. But those who had created this promise knew that they had been to the wars.

TOMORROW—The Winning of Wake. Doi-hara, 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.

Today these now famous figures are back together again in North China. Matsuo, after defending Japan before the League of Nations, returned home and created a new party to rekindle

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 Doi-hara and his men were in. Nor did they stop until Manchukuo was a Japanese protectorate.

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

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.

(Copyright, 1935, NEA Service, Inc.)

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 regimentals of his craft, smoking elegant passes with his hands over a tray and offering muffs, or was it the office boy back from the "quick-and-dirty" on Nassau-st with a can of coffee and hamburger on roll? And was this His Excellency, the American Ambassador, or a newspaper hand, Bowers of the old World?

Now and again as shop talk drifted from one old story to another, remembering names of great reporters who had worked on them, something would catch your correspondent's eye and remind him that through this door on the left was a great art gallery and through that one over there a grand salon where official dinners are held. Your correspondent caught himself humming "I Dreamed I Dwelt in Marble Halls." It wasn't like this back on the old World or in Indianapolis, and it wouldn't be like this in Madrid, either, but for the shrewd foresight of an old grandee who owns the premises and decided that in times of recurrent trouble in the land it would be a wise idea to have the American flag flying over his property. The rent, therefore, was modest and the difference had been charged off to insurance.

A Howling Success

POSSIBLY the owner of the place had been under apprehension, for the mob that howled around the palace the night of Alfonso's abdication, while the queen and her children sat in their quarters awaiting anything, had been turned off by a simple notice fixed on the doors. It told them the palace was their own property and any damage they might inflict on same in a moment of republican emotion would be their own loss. So they contented themselves with howling until morning and then went home leaving intact the most luxurious palace in all Europe.

Mr. Bowers is the second newspaper man to represent the United States in Madrid in recent years. The other was Mr. Alex. Moore, Pittsburgh publisher, who left a deep impression if not permanent scars on the Spanish sense of propriety. Occasional reports which sifted back to the United States depicted him as a humorous, self-made American success who had endeared himself to the Spanish court by his unconventional ways, but he was more a clown than a scholar or diplomat, and the task of his successor still consists in part of living down Alex. Moore.

When he died he left a legacy to the queen. Although she had plenty of money and his own employees back in Pittsburgh never had been notoriously overpaid. By this bequest he created after his death an impression among Americans that he had been a tremendous personal success with the lady and put the Spaniards in the position of having to decide whether it would cause more scandal to accept the gift than to reject it. The duties of the American ambassador, or minister have always been as much of a puzzle to the men themselves as to wayfaring Americans who happen by.

Old Walter Hines Page, who was known as Sir Walter in London, was the leader of the school of thought which holds that any traveling American is to be insulted at the front door and never allowed inside unless his family had been idle for at least three generations and he owned a home at Newport. It was Mr. Page's ambition in life to be as rude as a well-bred Englishman except to those whom he regarded as his social superiors. Whether he succeeded or not is a matter of debate, but nobody can deny that he crowded his ideal and was in there trying to the day he died.

Their Home Away From Home

ON the other hand, there are always a great number of Americans on tour in the world, including some of the most poisonous bores on earth, who believe that an Ambassador's quarters are a sort of home away from home and feel snubbed if their diplomatic agent doesn't take them grub-crawling through all the dives in town, get them drunk, get them out of jail, cash their personal checks and date them up with the queen.

Possibly it's the preponderance of this latter kind of visitor which has put all American representatives abroad on the defensive and has given rise to the standardized exclamation when the door bell rings, "Hide, mama; it's another retired promoter, and he's got his niece with him." Perhaps it should be explained that niece may be engaged in almost all European capitals, although some retired promoters get theirs at home.

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 tunic and sit up to three hours of rare riffs 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 A. Munsey died in 1925, William Allen White, Kansas editor, wrote: "Frank Munsey, the great publisher, is dead." "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 Britz, a working newspaper man, tells Munsey's story in "Forty Years—Forty Millions" (Farrar & Rinehart). Every newspaper man could read this volume with profit and every layman would 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 \$19,000,000 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 Weisman's installment of "The President's Mystery Story" will appear in this week's Liberty. Miss Weisman is the only woman contributor to the novel.

Fiction Offers Little More Daring or Romantic Than 'True Stories' of Two Men Who Are Laying Foundation of New Japanese Empire

BY WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS
Scripps-Howard Foreign Editor

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Fiction offers little more daring or more romantic than the "true stories" of two men who are laying the foundation of a new Japanese empire on the continent of Asia.

One of these is Maj. Gen. Kenji. Doi-ha, a 30-year-old man known as the "Lawrence of M. A. n. churia." The other is Yosuka Matsuo, who is a 30-year-old man known as the "Clive of India." 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 coups which are steadily enlarging the orbit of empire.

Matsuo completed his education in the United States. Now since much of his career has been spent in China, he was sent back there as a director and vice president of the South Manchuria Railway, one of the most important jobs within the gift of his country.

In Manchuria he became intimately acquainted with its warlord, "Old Marshal" Chang Tso-Lin. Through that wily old gentleman he virtually ran the government. The "Old Marshal" had begun life as a bandit. He was the Jesse James of that part of

the world. During the Russo-Japanese war he was very useful to Japan, so when peace was declared Japan had him pardoned by the Chinese government and made a general.

Mysteriously blown to bits while he slept in his private car as he rolled into Mukden, he was succeeded by his son, the "Young Marshal." But the son proved head-strong and did not last.

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

Just before midnight came a loud 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 Manchukuo was a Japanese protectorate.

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

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.

DEFENSIVE SIGNAL COMES IN HANDY

Today's Contract Problem

This is the first of a series of articles by present national champions who will defend their titles in Chicago the week of Dec. 2. Mrs. A. C. Hoffmeier, captain of the women's national team, will show how she made six odd, at spades, on this hand.

♠ 10 7 3
♥ J 4
♦ J 5 3
♣ A 10 7
N
♠ 10 8 7
♥ 7 6 2
♦ K J 5 4
♣ 3
W
♠ A K J 5 4
♥ A K 6 3
♦ 8 6 2
♣ A
None-vul. Opener—♦ K.
Solution in next issue. 20

Solution to Previous Contract Problem

BY W. E. M'KENNEY
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

ART GROUP RECOGNIZES LADYWOOD INSTRUCTOR

Biography of Sister Camille Is Included in "Who's Who."

Sister Camille, Ladywood School for Girls art instructor, has been honored by the American Federation of Arts by publication of her biography in the "American Artists' Who's Who" for 1935.

Sister Camille, member of the Indiana Artists' Club has paintings on exhibit in John Herron Art Institute, Hoosier Salon in Marshall Fields, Chicago, and the Lyman Art Galleries, Indianapolis.

Ladywood art students are preparing for their December exhibit. The Music Club is to hold a costume recital after Christmas.

ARRANGE UNIQUE RITES

Primitive Service to Be Held at Turkey Run Park Thursday.

Times Special
MARSHALL, Ind., Nov. 27.—Worship services in primitive surroundings similar to those which marked the first Thanksgiving are to be conducted in the old log chapel at Turkey Run State Park tomorrow.

A congregation will be seated in hand-hewn pews to hear the message of Dr. Edward R. Bartlett, De Pauw University religious instructor. His subject will be "The Pilgrims Speak."