

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field

Washington.—Typical of the sort of thing that has made the Republican party in New York state, impotent since the passing of Bill Barnes from its leadership is the proposal of Charles Dewey Hillis to throw the Empire state delegation to Bertrand H. Snell.

Most Republicans agree that Snell would make an excellent President. He has force, character, and ability. He stays put. He takes advice, but without ever yielding one inch on deep convictions, or yielding to temporary expediency. Never a back-slapper, never a user of weasel words, he nevertheless fought his way up through the house of representatives, and won the G. O. P. nomination for speakership of that body against the whole strength of the Hoover administration. And his rather thin following since 1932 has never regretted its choice.

But the whole point is that no one, least of all Mr. Hillis, who proposes to commit the New York delegation to Snell, has the slightest idea that the Republican convention will nominate the able New York representative. The whole purpose of giving this big delegation to Snell is to hold it away from Herbert Hoover, to hold it away from Senator Borah—even to hold it away from Colonel Knox—for the purpose of permitting another smoke-filled room nomination reminiscent of 1920.

It is good old Republican tradition—Democratic tradition, too, for that matter, that a group of old party wheel-horses can sit around in a room and do much better in picking a candidate than can either the voters in primaries or delegates in an untrammelled convention. In fact, there is so much history to back it up that there seems to be some logic in the contention.

But it is a tradition which would not have a chance this time if it were not for one thing—fear that Herbert Hoover will win the nomination by pure force of lethargy. Hillis also wants to head off Borah. He was distinctly annoyed at the recent poll of the country and other leaders by Robert H. Lucas, which showed such surprising strength for the Idaho senator.

It's an Old Feud

This feud goes back to the days when William Howard Taft was President, and Hillis was his secretary. Borah had frequently remarked that Taft and Hillis wrecked the party. He still thinks so and Hillis knows it. Hillis would not be consulted much if Borah were in the White House. He knows that, too.

Another phase of the situation is that a great many New York Republicans would prefer the nomination of former Senator James W. Wadsworth, now a member of the house. Wadsworth, like Snell, has never equivocated about the New Deal. When it looked as though opposing Roosevelt's program was little short of political suicide, Wadsworth always backed Snell in opposing it, not just by his vote, but by vigorous denunciation—in sharp contrast with the number of other Republicans who gracefully yielded to the storm.

It so happens that neither one of these outstanding New Yorkers is of the boss type. Else the story of the New York Republican fiasco in the last 15 years might be very different.

After the passing of Barnes, when New York had a Republican governor, Whitman, and two Republican senators, Calder and Wadsworth, there was a considerable G. O. P. faction which wanted Wadsworth to be boss in Barnes' place. Another faction backed Calder. Calder wanted the job, Wadsworth didn't. He didn't want to be bothered with it. But while Calder went after it the stronger group, including Snell, backed Wadsworth. Which resulted in there being no Republican boss in New York at all.

Woman suffrage and prohibition divided the leaderless party. Calder was defeated for re-election by Doctor Copeland, and in 1926 Bob Wagner defeated Wadsworth. Then along came Roosevelt and Farley to build up the upstate Democratic organization in the country sections, as Al Smith had already built it up in the cities.

And now there is a new complication. It looks as though a new schism was about to divide the New York Republicans.

Puzzling Problem

What substitute for AAA—farm benefits and processing taxes—can the opposition to the New Deal offer?

That problem is causing furrowed brows among would-be candidates on the Republican ticket against Franklin D. Roosevelt next year. It is also worrying the wheel-horses of the party—those that are left—the men who know they can never themselves carry the standards, but

who like tremendously to feel that they are powers behind the throne. Such men, for example, as J. Henry Rorback of Connecticut—the last of the old bosses. Such men as Dave Mulvane of Kansas used to be.

Reliable reports from the farm belt indicate that the Republicans must have some substitute—something that will satisfy the farmers—if they are to have a chance in that part of the country. The reports are interesting for another reason. They indicate that it will not be difficult to enlist the farmers against the New Deal if they are convinced they will fare just as well without it.

Apparently the farmers are not at all satisfied that the system, which is now paying them handsome benefits in return for their crop restrictions, is sound.

What most of the farmers would really like would be to have all restrictions on production removed, and then have prices for all crops guaranteed by the government—prices that would yield them what they regard a decent return for their labor and the use of their land.

Appeal to Farmers

This sounds more uneconomic than even the present scheme. But it would appeal infinitely more to the farmers, and curiously enough, it is almost precisely what was offered as a farm plank by former Gov. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, and which was so flatly rejected by Coolidge, Hoover and Mellon. In short it amounts to the export debenture, with its equalization fee provision. The only difference is that the equalization fee part of the scheme does not appeal much to the farmers. If any particular crop were very large, so that a heavy percentage of it had to be sacrificed at a sharp loss on export sales, then the equalization fee might easily deprive the farmer of that fair price he craves.

But the farmer is a natural gambler. He has to be. He gambles on every crop he plants—against nature. And up to now on the market price. The farm benefits for not raising crops are virtually the first such thing the farmers of the world have ever had.

Perhaps because of the trace of gambling which seems to be in every human being, this is not the phase of AAA which appeals most to him. Or at least reports from all over the country indicate that it is not. He wants to gamble against nature—against surpluses of his crop from other countries competing in the world market. He wants the chance of an occasional killing with fat prices on a big crop on his land, even though that big price can be occasioned only by crop failures elsewhere.

But while this is what he wants, he is not going to give up the security he now has for the first time in the history of mankind for the mere privilege of gambling. And he will not vote that way.

Want Longer Hours

"Why doesn't the government work us sixty hours a week and give us enough to live on?"

That is the complaint of worker after worker on the famous Passamaquoddy tidal project, just outside Eastport, Maine, and close to beautiful Campobello, where President Roosevelt loved to vacation years ago.

"I work eight hours a day, five days a week," one worker told the writer. "For that the government gives me \$11 a week. I have to pay \$10 a week for my board and room, so you see I have to be pretty careful with that other dollar."

"It's just crazy," said a garage worker, who was intently listening. "The government ought to work these fellows ten hours a day, and six days a week. Then they would make some money. They could buy things. Isn't that what we are supposed to be needing?"

"Don't talk to me about the men needing the time for recreation. What do they do with their time off? Two days—they have—and they lay around the ends of the wharves and bum cigarettes from us natives. You see, they can't afford to buy their own."

"But modern thought is that a man ought not to work as long as sixty hours a week," suggested the writer.

"Say, mister, we used to work sixty hours a week all the time, and we got along just fine," retorted the garage worker.

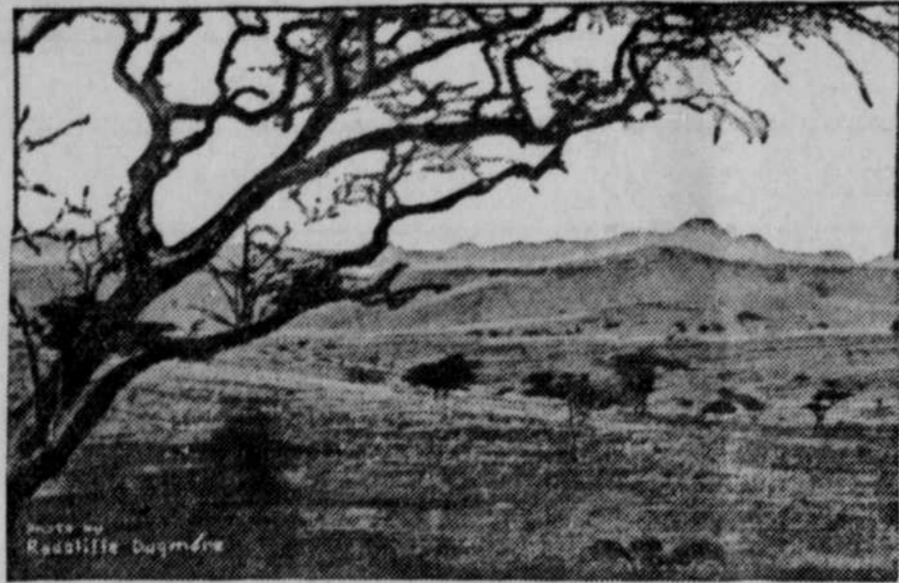
"But the government wants to take care of as many men needing work as it can with the money it can afford to spend," persisted the writer. "Isn't that the best way to do it?"

"Well, maybe it would be better not to work them sixty hours," conceded the garage man, "but certainly they ought to get \$25 a week. Why, mister, lots of these chaps have wives. I know a lot of them who have three children. What do you think a man can do for a wife and three children on \$11 a week?"

"Cold weather is coming on, and these fellows will have to buy a lot of warm clothes. That dollar a week over board money, for the single ones, won't go very far then." Eastport looks like a boom mining town save for one thing—the money isn't jingling. Men walk around the streets in mackinaws. High laced boots, sweaters and heavy fur caps give an Alaskan note to the picture. But there are no gambling halls. Cheap lunch rooms abound. They have to be cheap.

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Journey In Africa



An East African Landscape.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

CHICAGO is only a little more than 500 miles from Kansas City—"a good day's run" to many American motorists and offering little change in scenery or people all the way. But the same number of miles from Kano, British Nigeria, in north central Africa, to N'Guigmi, near Lake Chad, is a journey many days long and a constantly changing pageant of little known tribes and strange country.

There's a thin, white little road stretching 200 miles north from Kano across the hard sands to Zinder, first post in French territory. From Zinder caravan trails fan out into all parts of the Sudan, one leading straight east to N'Guigmi, at the northwest corner of Lake Chad, 22 days by camel from Zinder, and thence north and east of the lake to Mao, Abeche (Abeshr), and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

The eastward trail leads into the country of the Tuareg, noted for the veils worn by the men over the lower parts of their faces.

The Tuareg, reputedly one of the most warlike of African tribes, are thought to be descendants of Berbers who were driven southward into the desert when the Arabs swept across North Africa in the Eleventh century, though some authorities date their emergence as a distinct people a good deal farther back than that.

Among the Tuareg.

After the French announced in 1890 that they owned that part of Africa, they sent expeditions galloping out from time to time to explain things to the Tuareg, and the Tuareg promptly sent them galloping back with a lance point at the seat of each man's breeches. In course of time the French tired of this form of playfulness and sent out big enough expeditions to put a stop to it.

There are five main tribes, or confederations, of the Tuareg, and they occupy in a sketchy manner, with their camps and flocks, about 1,500,000 square miles in the western Sahara, centering northeast of Timbuktu. But they are great nomads, and small bands sometimes wander as far to the east as the Wadi (French Ouadi) region of French Equatorial Africa.

In the Tuareg country stands Goure, typical of those French posts scattered across the southern fringe of the Sahara—a square-cut crown of grim clay battlements, often several acres in extent, rising out of a mountain of gray sand; always a native village at the bottom, and a big natural basin, with several wells, the village cotton and millet patches, spreading palms and papaw trees, and the fort garden.

The garden is always the show-place of the post—on the rare occasions when there is someone to show it to—and no wonder, in a land where the vegetation is limited almost exclusively to thorn trees except in the basins.

Here in these grim clay outposts of the white man's authority in the Sudan may be found one Frenchman or perhaps two or three, in command of a corps of native soldiers. The isolation is almost complete, except for the passing at rare intervals of other Frenchmen on their way to or from more distant forts. The term of service is three years; then a year to recover one's reason in France. But with antelope and guinea fowl dotting the hills, and a dozen native prisoners to tend and irrigate his garden, the French officer in the Sudan at least doesn't have to go hungry.

Cuvettes of Lake Chad Region.

Goure is inhabited mostly by the Manga, who subsist largely on the red millet so characteristic of the Sudan, eating the grain in the form of couscous, or porridge, and building their circular huts of the stalks. The cuvette, in which are located the village and the fort garden, is otherwise occupied entirely by millet, tobacco, cotton, and vegetable plantations. In the cuvettes south of Goure are salt marshes and sodium carbonate or natron, deposits which the natives work by primitive methods, exporting the products to Kano.

These cuvettes are the most striking topographical features of the Lake Chad basin. They are deep depressions in the sand, ranging in length from a few hundred feet to three or four miles, and usually are oval or circular in shape. The floor, smooth and almost level, is frequently that of heavy, black soil peculiar to the Sudan and which

is known to the natives as "firki."

It is excellent for cotton, millet and other crops, but cracks into sections with crevasses several inches across during the dry season and is very hard for animals (or motorcycles!) to travel over. Authorities differ as to the origin of the cuvettes. Some ascribe them to subterranean infiltration from Lake Chad. Others say that the firki soil was originally the floor of an ancient, much-extended Lake Chad, buried by the sand and later uncovered in the cuvettes by erosion.

Even though the surrounding dunes be perfectly bare, there are grass and trees in the cuvettes, the dum palm being a characteristic feature of the landscape. Water is usually only a few feet, sometimes only a few inches, below the floor, and one frequently finds a pool, or small lake, at the lowest point. Sometimes the water is fresh, sometimes impregnated with salt or sodium carbonate. The salt in this region is bitter and acrid, but the inhabitants like it.

Plenty of Game and Cattle.

Beyond Goure the route eastward veers south into the broad, flat valley of the Komaduga (a word meaning "river") Yobe, the largest western affluent of Lake Chad.

The country is a paradise for game. Stately cranes and marabou storks stand in the shallows and scoop up fish with their bills. Flocks of blue herons flap out of the trees and sail away toward the sunset, and attending these feathered royalties are the smaller varieties in squads and battalions.

In this country are villages or the Kanuri, who are cattle-raisers. The main body of the Kanuri inhabit Bornu province, southwest of Lake Chad and the Komaduga Yobe. They are desert people who came south long ago and mixed with the negro tribes of Bornu, and the name "Beriberi" (Berber?), given them by their neighbors, the Hausa, possibly indicates that they were once much lighter-skinned than at present. During part of the Sixteenth century their empire was known as one of the most powerful in central Africa, but their political power and talent have waned.

Beyond, at N'Guigmi a fort crowns a high sand dune, and at the base is a Kanembu village of tall reed huts shaped like inverted ice-cream cones, each compound surrounded by a fence, also of reeds. From N'Guigmi there is a well-traveled caravan route north to the oases of Agadom, Bilma, and Kano, and the inhabitants of the town make a living by trade, cotton and millet culture, and the working of salt and natron deposits. A few are cattle-raisers. The women wear big silver earrings and do their hair up with liquid butter, or ghee.

Lake Chad Covered by Plants.

Nearby is huge Lake Chad. It could almost be said of Lake Chad that it has no shore line. One can follow its edge many miles without a sight of open water. The whole lake may be only three inches deep for all that can be seen of it.

In fact, it probably would be necessary to wade out a good long distance in order to see anything different. For the first 10 or 15 miles there is nothing but a continuation of this vast wilderness of wild millet and water plants, growing six feet high in three to 20 inches of water. Then there is a mysterious labyrinth of swampy little islands.

Most of the islands in the lake are inhabited by a curious people called the Buduma. And they are just as isolated from the rest of the world as if they lived on another planet. They go paddling about that mysterious little universe astride their "water horses," catching fish, snaring water-fowl, and pirating their neighbors, and they have neither knowledge nor curiosity regarding what goes on outside their swamps and islands.

The Buduma are thought by some to be a remnant of the ancient Kanembu, who took refuge in Lake Chad. They live in villages of carelessly constructed reed huts and have little culture worth mentioning.

Their "water horse" is merely a log of the ambash (ambach) tree, which grows in profusion on the islands of Lake Chad and is almost as light as cork.

Some of the islanders also lash bundles of reeds together to make canoes and barges of considerable floating capacity.

BETRAYING EYES

Criminals have been known to obliterate their tell-tale fingerprints by means of surgical operations, and they have taken a leaf from the beauty specialists by having their faces lifted. But an American doctor has now perfected a method in which the veins covering the whites of the eyes take the place of the fingerprint.

"retinal patterns" are as individual to each person as fingerprint patterns. They can be easily photographed by an instrument now extensively used by eye specialists, and a system has been completed for classifying these eye-prints.

Sour

People who never "have a good time" are pretty severe on those who often do.

"Wasn't I good and glad to discover it!"

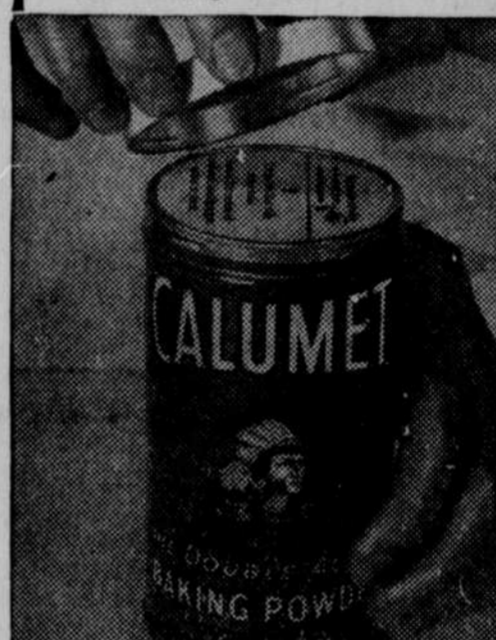
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