

Alaskan Town Has Virginia Climate

Temperature Seldom Falls Much Below Freezing.

Washington.—Ketchikan, Alaska, is going into the public utility business. The city has arranged to buy up local electric light, power, water and telephone properties.

"This is only another indication that Ketchikan is a strictly modern city, with very few of the characteristics popularly attributed to Alaskan towns," says the National Geographic society. "Its population of 3,800 would scarcely rate it a metropolitan standing in the states, but in Alaska it is second only to the capital, Juneau.

More Rain Than in Panama.
"Situated at the very southernmost tip of the long, Alaskan panhandle that reaches down the coast of British Columbia, Ketchikan is first port of call for all steamers entering Alaska through the inland passage. It is perched on a rocky hillside that falls abruptly into the waters of Tongass Narrows. Around it rise steep, wooded hills, green the year around, for winters in Ketchikan are as mild as in Richmond, Va. The temperature seldom drops much below freezing, and there is practically no snow. The winding sea channels and swift, mountain streams freeze. But there is rain, plenty of it; over thirteen feet a year, which is worse

than tropical Panama. Yellow skins are the prevailing fashion in all seasons.

"The bare, rock foundations of the city provide neither soil nor level space for roads, so the streets are built of wooden planks. The business district is set on piles, close to the long line of wharfs. Stairs and winding board roads lead up to the residential part of town. There almost every home has a bit of lawn or garden, probably planted on imported earth.

Is Busy Place.
"Business is good in Ketchikan. It is a shipping center and supply base for a large district. The shops and stores are stocked with foods and merchandise fresh from the states. After all, Seattle is only 600 miles away, with regular steamer service winter and summer. Huge salmon canneries are frantically busy during the short season when salmon are running. Often the little river that rushes through Ketchikan, incidentally supplying it with electric power, is packed solid with pink and silver fish. The chinook, or king salmon, is the principal variety of the Ketchikan district. Halibut fishing is another big industry, and there are great cold storage plants where the fish are frozen before they are shipped south.

"Although there are several sawmills, lumbering has not been developed on a very large scale. But Ketchikan has all the potential resources for a great pulpwood industry—unlimited, year round water power and almost inexhaustible timber. The forests, which are mostly spruce and hemlock, mixed with some elder, willow, and cottonwood, are controlled by the United States forest service."

Iowa Pig Has Two Mouths and Eats Well With Both

Oelwein, Iowa.—C. A. Cummings, farmer living four miles northwest of here, has a pig he would like to sell to a museum. The freak porker has an oversized head, three eyes and two perfectly matched snouts and noses.

The pig can eat with either mouth, Cummings said. Physically, it is perfect, except for the superabundance of noses and snouts, according to its owner.

47 Birthdays Pass Minus Smile of Sun

Springfield, Mass.—It was raining the day Aime H. Cote was born in Alpena, Mich.

Since then he never has had the cheer of sunshine to help him celebrate a birthday anniversary.

Years ago he moved from Michigan to Massachusetts, but the birthday rainstorms persisted.

It rained this year as he celebrated his forty-seventh birthday.

SEEN and HEARD around the National Capital

By CARTER FIELD

Washington.—No one knows where the figure of \$340,000,000—first mentioned in connection with the President's tax proposal as the amount certain schedules would raise—came from. But it is no secret that while no clever work had been done in figuring the returns, for they were obviously wrong, the figure did mean something.

What the figure meant was the estimate of a certain brain trust, now very much in the saddle, of what the treasury needed each year in addition to present revenues.

The reason the figures were so far wrong, in fixing the amount which these mysterious levies would raise (for no one has ever admitted parenthood for the figures either) was that the administration, after working out the schedules, did not ask the treasury to put its experts on them. The reason for this was not an oversight, but the fact that Treasury Secretary Morgenthau had just expressed himself in such vigorous terms against the tax proposals being made at that time that the brain trusters who had won the President's approval hesitated to ask him.

But let no one be deceived about the significance of the figures, despite the discrepancy that the rates mentioned do not produce the \$340,000,000.

The rates were not imagined, by enterprising newspaper reporters. Nor was the \$340,000,000. Both were conceived inside the administration and formally given out.

The only advantage of the details is that the administration is now free to produce an entirely different set of rates, and an entirely different total, and insist that these new figures represent carefully worked out studies of the problem. While the Republicans can never prove that the first figures were official.

Want More Taxes

All of which is only important politically. Actually what is important is that certain trusted and at the moment successful advisers to the President believe the treasury should have \$340,000,000 a year more in taxes than are now coming in. Also—this opinion was held prior to the avalanche of decisions against AAA processing taxes.

If you will examine the highest scale of taxes on which Morgenthau reported to the house ways and means committee, and then boost the whole level about one-fourth, the taxes would represent the treasury judgment on what is needed to make up for (1) the present deficiency in revenue as seen by certain very potent—in influence with the President—brain trusters, and (2) the loss of processing tax revenue.

This is not a prediction that any such rates will be enacted. The President has no idea of going anything like that far. He never did. His original idea was to increase taxes only on very large incomes, and impose levies on very large inheritances and gifts. Also to boost corporation taxes by the sliding scale aimed at bigness.

It is perfectly true that the sliding scale corporation tax is frankly regarded by insiders as just an opening wedge.

New Day in Politics

Maybe Business will come to a realization that there is a new day in American politics as well as a New Deal in Washington in time to save itself, but it is about an even bet.

It appeared some months back that the public utilities, long politically the most stupid aggregation of successful men in other fields in America, had learned at least the elemental rules of the new game. But even this demonstration does not seem to have had much effect on other business men.

The immediate case in point is the administration drive against bigness, exemplified in the sliding scale tax on corporation income. If it were just a boost in taxes no one except perhaps the immediate taxpayers would be interested. But its avowed object is a "better social order."

Which means that the sliding scale idea is just the opening wedge—that the present proposed top rate—is only the beginning—that the eventual object is to make little ones out of big ones.

And "big ones" does not just mean a few enormous corporations such as United States Steel, General Motors, American Telephone, etc. It includes virtually every corporation big enough to have its stock listed on the New York Stock exchange list. Or on the Curb, for that matter.

The highest proposed rate, 17½ per cent, applies on all corporate income in excess of \$20,000,000. But the next lowest rate, 17 per cent, includes all corporations with incomes in excess of \$1,000,000. Actually, for all the talk of taxes being reduced on "small" corporations, only those with incomes below \$40,000 a year have their taxes reduced. And even that reduction is trifling.

In making this sweeping determination of policy President Roosevelt, though this may be denied

officially, ignored the advice of both Treasury Secretary Morgenthau and Brain Truster Moley. It represents a complete triumph for the Brandeis-Frankfurter left wing branch of the New Deal.

Using Wrong Tactics

Whereupon Business, following the tactics of long ago, attempts to fight it through the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers, neither of which can scare a representative from a doubtful district, or worry a New York senator.

Just why Business in general does not take a leaf from the amazing success which attended the letter writing campaign of public utility stockholders is hard to figure. Not because this letter writing campaign really did the utilities much good. The final bill is tough enough on the holding companies almost to suit Roosevelt.

The significant fact is that this letter writing campaign resulted in a 110 majority in the house of representatives for precisely what the letter writers demanded. The fact that the letter writers did not demand enough really to save their bacon is not of consequence in this connection. They got what they asked for—from the house.

Why Ickes Worries

"We have only two unemployed persons, and they have been unemployed for 30 years."

That crushing answer, made by the little town of Colebrook, way up in northwestern Connecticut, near the Massachusetts line, is one of the reasons why Harold L. Ickes' gray hair is getting thinner. Why the public works part of his activities seem to be bogging down. Why some administration officials are wondering if it would not have been better—providing, of course, the White House had thought of it first—to let Carter Glass of Virginia, Alva Adams of Colorado and other senators have their way about substituting two billions of dollars for four billions of works relief.

But that is not the only problem which is worrying Secretary of the Interior Ickes—and the White House—and which is illustrated by Colebrook.

When the word first got round that Colebrook could have a big grant of federal money for a fine new road there was much excitement round and about the village. The progressive element was all for it. It would mean the spending of money—and prosperity.

But opposition was not slow in showing its head. The handful of merchants might want more customers, but the summer residents did not want a lot of workmen messing the place up. Again the merchants might like the idea of a fine new road, but that would cause many auto tourists to stop off, make purchases, at least buy meals. But the folks who have been the mainstay of the community for a generation, living up there on money made elsewhere, did not want the tourists trooping through, did not want the flavor of the old community "spoiled." In short, wanted to keep just as they were.

But the Progressives did not give up. They kept on fighting. Then suddenly it was discovered that the money so kindly tendered by Mr. Ickes would involve using a new road plan approved by the state highway commission. This would necessitate cutting a corner off the beautiful and historic old church which is the center of the whole Colebrook legend.

Didn't Like It

Even the progressive element didn't like that. But they did not give up. And they might have won their fight at that, and Mr. Ickes might have purged over another "soundly placed" public works project. But there was more trouble to come, the sort of trouble that is always magnified in exactly inverse ratio to the size of a community—the agonizing yelps of taxpayers afraid of higher assessments!

For it was suddenly realized by these gentlemen—and ladies, for there are a lot of widows owning property around Colebrook, that Uncle Sam was only giving 45 per cent of the money. Fifty-five per cent would have to be raised by the local taxpayers. In short that there would have to be a bond issue, and they would have to pay the interest and sinking fund for this issue for the next 15 or 20 years. For the rest of their lives, as most of them saw it.

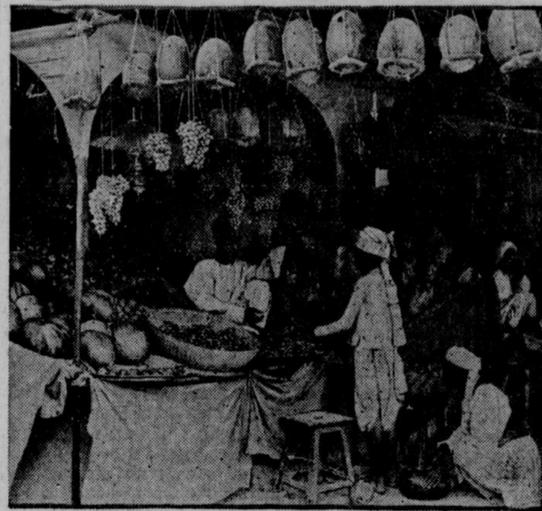
All for what? To have a new road through their township, which would bring in tourists which only the merchants wanted, that would bring a flock of "allens" in to work on the road, and destroy the simple pastoral touch of which the community boasts, and finally would chop off a corner of their historic church. And only two unemployed persons in the township, neither of whom, opponents confidently asserted, could be induced to so much as look at a pick or shovel in connection with the new work.

So the town suddenly discovered that Connecticut had a long and proudfest history of independence, that it was not becoming for Colebrook, proud of its own and Nutmeg traditions, to accept charity from the federal government. And the proposal was turned down. "Mossbacks," said the progressives.

"Patriots," said the summer residents.

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Baluchistan



Fruit Stall in Quetta, Baluchistan.

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

The Indian province of Baluchistan lost its most important city in the recent earthquake that destroyed Quetta.

Quetta, the capital of Baluchistan and the only municipality in the province, existed primarily for military purposes, but the Pax Britannica, substitute for the lawlessness and banditry of former days, had made an important civil community and trading center of it as well.

Baluchistan is India's fortress to the east, and Quetta was its donjon keep. The British have been in control of the place since 1877, and since 1883 have held it under perpetual lease from its old ruler, the picturesquely named Wazir of Kalat.

When the British went in Quetta was only a little group of mud huts surrounded by unhealthy plains that were virtually swamps. Drainage and sanitation made the place over. The population increased to 60,000, and once swampy lowlands furnished a setting for villas and farm houses surrounded by orchards and planted groves.

The outstanding feature of Quetta was the cantonment where six or eight regiments of British and Indian troops were quartered. This extensive post was to the north on relatively high ground, while the civil town was to the south on a lower level. Mud, in the form of sun-dried brick was an important building material in the town, though not to the extent that it was two decades ago. Then mud-brick domes formed many of the roofs, and were considered safe because of Quetta's scant rainfall (about 10 inches annually). But there came an unusually wet spring, and most of the buildings melted away. Since then many iron roofs—less picturesque, but better insurance against weather vagaries—surmounted the mud walls of the town.

Western influence had permeated Quetta and the standard of living had risen accordingly. Tea, a little while ago a marked luxury, was becoming a common beverage. Leather footwear had displaced sandals to a noticeable degree.

Hot Days, Cold Nights.

Quetta is in the same latitude as Cairo, Jacksonville, Fla., and Shanghai, but because of its 6,000 feet of altitude and the physical aspect of the surrounding country, its climate is very different. Each day the mercury bobs up and down through a wide range. The difference between daily maximum and minimum has been known to reach 80 degrees; but such excessive changes are confined to certain short seasons. The hills and even the valleys of Baluchistan are largely treeless, and when the sun is down heat radiates away rapidly. As a consequence the nights are always cool, even when the sun blisters one by day.

The area devastated by the earthquake extends south of Quetta into the state of Kalat, a vast mountain-streaked region of Baluchistan, where modern progress has hardly penetrated.

There are no road maps in Kalat, for good roads are scarce. In recent years towns of the coastal region and of the extreme north have been linked with telegraph lines. The railroad from Karachi to eastern Persia runs across the state's northern extremity, but even in the shadows of the telegraph poles and along the railroad right-of-way the natives cling to their camels and horses. A network of animal paths forms the major communication system. Few people of the interior have seen an automobile, and to many coins are curiosities, for their wants are satisfied by barter.

Kalat is sparsely settled. The state is nearly as large as Nebraska but it has only twice as many inhabitants as the city of Omaha. Small villages are sprinkled on the plains and in the valleys and there are perhaps a dozen fair-sized towns, but no large cities in the American sense. Kalat, the capital, was a cluster of mud houses and matting huts climbing a hill topped with the mud-walled, fortresslike citadel of the Khan. Much of it was destroyed by the earthquake.

The inhabitants of Kalat are divided into tribes, each with a chief.

Many of the tribes graze sheep and herd goats, following their animals wherever there is fresh pasture. Some of them live the year round in matting or cloth-covered huts; others refuse to be burdened with cargo when on the move and build new brushwood huts at each stop.

Kalat farmers occupy the valleys. While some fruits, cotton and dates are exported, the farmers are scarcely able to produce enough food for domestic consumption. Normal rainfall is scanty and the soil is poor. In the northern part of the state, which is one of the hottest areas in India, the sun is relentless in its destruction of crops.

Farming and Fishing.

Here and there farmers have built crude irrigation works that are fed by springs and small streams, but more often the native cultivators depend upon floods to water and fertilize their soil.

Along the coast hundreds of small, clumsy fishing boats operate in the Arabian sea fisheries. The fish are salted and form one of the leading articles of Kalat commerce.

There are no organized industries in the state. Every native woman is an expert with the needle and she makes all the family clothing. Wool and goat hair from domestic animals are her working materials and what she does not use finds its way to Pashl, the leading Kalat port, destined to foreign markets. A peep through the door of a native hut may also reveal a pottery factory, but only a small quantity of the homemade product is sold beyond the Kalat borders.

Just across the Baluchistan border, in the province of Sind, is the seaport of Karachi which has been crowded with refugees from the earthquake districts. Like Marseilles, near the mouth of the Rhone, and Alexandria, near the mouth of the Nile, Karachi is of a great river, but not on it. It is just off the delta of the Indus; but its importance is largely a gift from that stream, whose shifting alluvium has swallowed up its rivals.

Karachi Once a Slaving Center.

Karachi's chief "product" of import and export has been Abyssinian slaves brought by Arab boatmen from Masqat. Since British control came to northwestern India, Karachi's hinterland has been greatly developed through improved irrigation methods, and a swelling stream of agricultural and other products has flowed to the port. After a railway was built to tap the Punjab's wheat fields, Karachi became India's greatest grain port. In population the town has jumped from less than 20,000 before the British came, to about 263,000 today.

Though Karachi has a huge and rich land to draw from, its immediate surroundings are rather discouraging. Rocky peninsulas jut out to shelter its harbor. A dun-colored, dry plain surrounds the town. A few miles to the north-west lie the seamed, baked-clay hills of Baluchistan, "as strange a country as any in Asia."

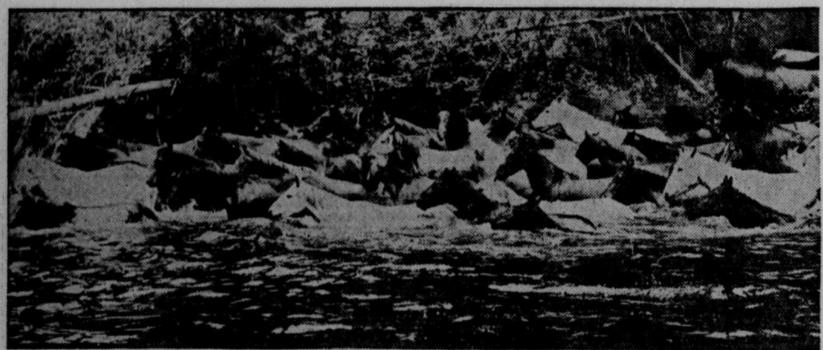
Off along the coast and into Baluchistan strikes the amphibian telegraph line that gives Karachi its most direct connection with the West. A land line until it gets well into Baluchistan, it then dives into the sea to come up again on the Persian coast and strike overland through Persia and Turkey to Europe.

Gateway for Central Asia.

Karachi is not only a door for India, it is the gateway besides for much of central Asia. Numerous products that are freighted into Karachi harbor find their way up through the famous Khyber Pass and over Himalayan trails to Afghanistan and Tibet.

Many millions of dollars have been spent on the harbor of Karachi in the construction of moles, jetties and other port works. Keeping its waters deep enough is a never ending fight. A strong ocean current sweeps to the entrance part of the tremendous load of silt brought down by the Indus, and this must be continually dredged away that Karachi may not suffer a fate like that which overtook Tatta and Shabbandar.

End of a Wild Horse Drive in Oregon



Untamed broncos, 92 head of them from the Steams mountains, were herded to Molalla, Oregon, for exhibition during the annual "Buckaroo." The wild horses ended their 42-day trek by swimming the Molalla river.

Millions Lost to Bondholder Ring

Receiverships Said to Bring Huge Returns.

Washington.—Evidence disclosing the existence of so-called "chain committees" of bondholders centered in Chicago and New York and controlling millions of dollars' worth of defaulted realty bonds was made public by Congressman A. J. Sabath, chairman of the house committee investigating receiverships.

Evidence concerning the operations of the committees and their affiliates is continuing to be uncovered with the result that prosecution may be requested for violation of a number of federal and state laws, Sabath declared.

The chain committees, he declared, control from a few issues up to as many as 400 issues of realty bonds aggregating in par amount from a few million upward of \$200,000,000.

The chain committees, the congressman said, form but one aspect of a "national racket" through which 20,000,000 citizens have been affected. Nearly \$8,000,000,000 of outstanding realty bonds are in default, he reported.

Control or administration of the chain committees is nationwide, the congressman reported.

Sabath said he had found instances where the so-called "protective" committee destroyed the value and income of the property involved to enable the house of issue to purchase back the bonds "for a

song." He added: "We have discovered instances where committees have taken bonds sent to them and posted them as collateral for loans to pay expenses and big fees—5 per cent to the protective committee, 5 per cent to a management committee, 5 per cent to the lawyers, and so on down the line.

"They are resourceful and determined to get away with everything they can."

RIDING ENSEMBLE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Here's the proper outfit for a canter along equestrian paths of city parks these bright summer days or to take along on your camping trip or your sojourn on a dude ranch. The jacket is of a jutekas material in natural color, the shirt is of white mesh, the jodhpurs of brown cloth, tailored to perfection. A figured string tie and a brown felt hat, and that which is most important, one of the "just out" swanky leather fob vanities, complete this correct and handsome riding ensemble. This sporty little leather vanity as worn by the chic equestrienne here pictured will lend assurance that you need not have a shiny nose no matter what active sports you indulge in. A metal vanity might look too dressy for such occasions but this, you see, has been set in alligator leather, hanging from a leather fob which is slipped through the strap of the jodhpurs.

ANOTHER GREAT ICE AGE MAY BE ON WAY

If It Happens It Will Be in Distant Future.

Boston.—Another great ice age may be on its way, similar to that of more than half a million years ago when a frigid glacier sheet slid over Europe and the American continent, but don't be alarmed, if it happens it will be in the distant future.

This was the assertion of Dr. Harlan T. Stetson, Harvard astronomer, in a radio address in which he discussed the effect of the western dust storms upon solar radiation. Dust storms and volcanic eruptions might even help to bring about a new Ice age, he says.

It was Doctor Stetson who a few years ago revealed the results of his study of more than 5,000 earthquakes, and the finding that the gravitational pull of the moon was responsible for practically all the deep-seated quakes, including the one in India last May which took thousands of lives.

Doctor Stetson pointed out that during the great Ice age, our sun and the planets were at a spot in space which appears through telescopes as a large black patch like a horse's head, in the constellation of Orion. Since then, the sun has been speeding away from that point at the rate of 400,000,000 miles a year.

Doctor Stetson said:

"Perhaps back in those dim days of geologic history, when the giant ice sheet slid over Europe and the American continent, the sun and earth were enveloped in a cosmic dust cloud so dense that the particles screened off the sun's heat to a disastrous degree, lowering our temperate climates to below the freezing point the year round. Who knows but that in some distant future day the sun may again penetrate one of these cosmic clouds of dust, and the earth fall in temperature until civilization will migrate into the tropics in order to continue its existence?"

Old Chair Worth \$100

Pottstown, Pa.—Mrs. Leroy Maugher bought an old chair for \$2 at a household auction. Later she found \$100 in currency under the seat cushion. Mrs. Maugher returned the money to the former owners.

Minister Is Forest Ranger

Tulare, Calif.—A minister in the winter, Rev. Arthur Rice, of the Tulare Congregational church, will become a forest ranger in Yosemite. He held the same job in 1933 and 1934 while a pastor in Salt Lake City.

"Finis" Written for Last Private Bank

Cincinnati.—The final chapter in the history of what was believed to have been the last privately owned bank in the United States was written in the office of the clerk of courts here recently.

"Finis" was written when all books, papers and records of the Citizens' Bank of Harrison, Ohio, were deposited in a vault. The bank was founded about 50 years ago by Frank Bowles, its sole owner. Two years ago Bowles decided to retire and with the approval of the state banking department started liquidating his bank. All creditors were paid in full.

Police Pay Own Way

Newcomertown, Ohio.—With gasoline funds exhausted, police here have been operating at their own expense since January. Already they have given a dance, earning \$30 for a special fuel fund