



Indians Are Threat, but Lajoie's Jinx Seems Sure to Win

UNLESS the more panicky citizens really have their hearts set upon it, there is no imperative need for giving the country back to the Indians. The most dangerous tribe to scour these parts in recent years will settle for considerably less. Like Hiawatha and those other native noble red men of the past, all they want of the world that for so long has misunderstood and mistreated them is one little strip of bright-colored cloth.

Chief Steve O'Neill will tell you that. It is his well-considered opinion that even the Oklahoma all tribes would be pliers by comparison if his Indians ever return to Cleveland with an American League pennant.

It is a question though whether the Tribe can do it. There are reasons for doubt. One of them is the jinx which first arrived in the Forest City along with Larry Lajoie.

This broad-shouldered Rhode Islander, who hopped off the driver's seat of a horse-drawn cab to sign his first contract on the back of an envelope, was one of the greatest of all hitters and second basemen. During all save perhaps one or two of his 15 seasons of active service he was proclaimed the best in the league. Yet, even though Billy Hamilton, Elmer Flick and Ed Deleahy performed by his side on one of the best of all Philadelphia teams, that club could never finish better than second.

It was the same when he came to Cleveland. He led the league in hitting, drew a tidy salary as player and manager and put the club on a paying basis. But not even such stars as Bill Bradley, Flick and Terry Turner could help him overcome his hard luck.

Year after year the Naps, so called in honor of Lajoie, whose first name was Napoleon, would be labeled as sure winners. Perhaps they would even get past mid-season that way. Then the hoodoo would start acting up.

O'Neill Has the Tribe Hustling at Fast Pace

There would be an injury. Then another. No matter if he did carry a full team of substitutes, something always was happening. Even in 1908 when they turned upon their misfortunes and made a September rally almost as pulse strumming as that of the Cubs last fall, it was no use. With only a week or so to go Fate again took hold of the club and played it as though it was an accordion.

So it was that a man who was a king of the game retired at last after never having been on a pennant winner. So also it seems that a hoodoo has continued upon the town save for that one year of 1920 when another determined king named Tris Speaker managed to make it yield.

O'Neill, descendant of kings who ruled Ireland with never a thought that one day their namesake might have to go to work as chief of a Tribe, may also be the man to do it. It is axiomatic in baseball that it is almost impossible for a team to look good when it is not hitting. Yet they have not appeared at all bad.

Those pale-faced Indians of a new dispensation—such as Joe Vosmik, Bill Knickerbocker and Hal Trosky—hustle as they did not hustle while feuding among themselves in recent seasons.

Trosky, 15 pounds heavier than last year, stands straighter at the plate and is a better hitter even than on that May day in 1934 when he was so fortunate as to crash three successive home runs against the White Sox. Averill, Vosmik and Bruce Campbell, who is back again after an illness which would have caused most men to forsake the game for life, function as one of the best of outfielders.

The flaming tempered Johnny Allen seems once more the pitcher he was when the Yankees were chanting their praises of him as a winning teammate. Willie Hudlin, who has been tossing his double-play ball ever since he joined the Indians in 1926, is another hurler of real merit.

Yet—even as was remarked at the start—there are reasons for doubt. Cleveland is one of the better and more exciting baseball towns and it is high time it is given another opportunity for a dance of triumph. But I greatly suspect that this is not the band of Indians to bring back the bunting in the fall while showers of gold and glory descend upon them from the tepee tops of Euclid avenue.

IT PROBABLY is just as well that the Congressional Record keeps the more pious fretters about the nation's naughtiness so busy that they have no time for the sports pages. Otherwise there might be considerable trouble because of the immoral manner in which certain athletes sought to improve their team's chances of winning recently.

I refer to doings in Cleveland and Philadelphia. In one of these towns Catcher Earl Grace twice brushed his mitt against the bat while a Brooklyn player was up there swinging. In the other forthright and energetic Johnny Allen kicked the ball out of Ralston Hemsley's hands on a close play at home plate. Since each of these offenses against the baseball law occurs almost daily, though, I do not mention them in any highly moral dudgeon of my own. I merely place them in their proper relation for the guidance of the ethical preceptors of the nation.

Ever since David found a way to beat the weight in his well-publicized contest with Goliath the rules of sport have been subjected to considerable monkey business. No doubt this party has been due to the fact that healthy young men (and women) engaged in rough and vigorous competition have no time to be bothered with the strict letter of some code. No doubt, there also have been other reasons. I make no comment now. Instead, I recite some incidents from the crowded lives of those who compete for gold, for glory or for both.

There was, for instance, the old Ortolu device of persuading runners to linger at third base. John McGraw, probably the best mind ever produced by baseball, was the originator of that one. He merely grabbed the runner by the belt and held him while the umpire's attention was elsewhere.

There also are certain episodes which may be mentioned in connection with purely amateur sports affairs, lest it be considered that too much stress is given here to the carryings-on of the pros.

When Don Meade imitated a regiment of Cossacks, while winning a Kentucky Derby several seasons ago, there were numerous high-class folks who deeply deplored such tactics. It was a highly enlightening sight but scarcely as entertaining as a hunt meeting once held in an Eastern state. One of the events was for lady riders and it was evident from the start that only two of the gals had a chance.

The two took their duties seriously. For the first furlong they tried to ride one another onto the rail. The next quarter was endeavored by each miss endeavoring to retard the speed of her opponent's horse by tugging at the saddle.

After that they really got down to business. They finished the race whipping. But, for once, both horses got a break. The two sportswomen were using the whips on one another.

Golf and Tennis Also Had Their Moments

Golf also had its moments. Once—this is for the greater education of those who squawk that the United States has exclusive privileges along such lines—an American went to England to compete in a tournament. His short game was tops but he was not a long driver. The Britain he opposed in the final could hit them a mile. For the greater glory of the homeland the tournament committee moved the tees a mere 20 yards or so farther away from the greens.

That being almost as good as the time—only three or four seasons removed from the present—when the hospitable French soaked their tennis courts so that their soft-game players would not be inconvenienced against the hard-hitting Americans.

Not in the Box Score: John Titus, the last of the mustachioed big-time ball players previous to the appearance of Frenchy Bordagaray, always chewed a toothpick while batting. . . Roy Thomas, another famous Philly outfielder, used to don a pair of fingerless kid gloves when he reached first base. That was the sign that he was preparing to steal second and did not wish to get his hands dirty while sliding.

Phil Scott, who was bowled over more often than Jack Doyle, but who got far more money for it, now wants to manage the Irish team. Claims that he can make him heavyweight champion in two years. . . When he was a youngster Tommy Loughran's great admiration was for the defensive skill of Jack Johnson. The two master boxers met for the first time at a Philadelphia ringside recently and gabbled far on into the night about the flat art. . . Milton Bakst, the very able newspaper salesman who brought joy to so many bookmakers, finally has picked a winner. He got married the other day. . . The three Tehel brothers, Andrew, Eddie and Paul, have good reason for being soccer stars. Their dad, Bela Tehel, was one of Vienna's best backs in the nineties.

The Hearst A. C. is vexed at Mike Jacobs because he insists that charity ought to be satisfied with 10 per cent of the Louis-Schmelling gross receipts. . . Bill Terry never dons his sliding pads until a few seconds before game time. Says they give him too much extra weight to carry during practice. . . Kay Force, the ex-jockey who now is a trainer, gallops as many as twenty horses a morning. Three and four is the average for the little exercise boys.

TRANSATLANTIC AIR SERVICE BEGINS

Zeppelin Hindenburg Will Make Crossings Regularly; Schedules Are Also Planned for Heavier-Than-Air Flying Ships.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

THE biggest news in the New York newspapers the first Sunday in May was not on page one. It was not even in a news story. It was an advertisement buried 'way back in the travel section, or part 11, which the average reader reaches about Tuesday afternoon.

This is what the ad said: "The Travel Event of 1936, 'Europe by Air in 2 1/2 Days by the World's Greatest Airship, the Zeppelin 'Hindenburg' of the German Zeppelin Company. 'Lakehurst, N. J., to Frankfurt, Germany. Staterooms with running hot and cold water. Spacious promenade-dining salon, smoking room, bar, lounge, reading room. \$400, including berth, meals, tips.

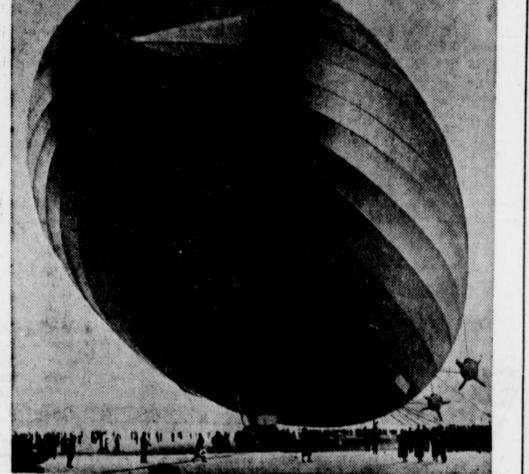
'To Europe: May 11, May 20, June 24, July 5, July 15, August 9, and August 19; regular schedule September and October.

Ad Understates Importance The advertisement then went on to list the ticket agents and other pertinent information. For the common-place tone of the "copy" it might have been for any ordinary week-end tour, and not the herald of the experimental beginning of regularly scheduled passenger air service over the North Atlantic.

The great Hindenburg, 803 feet long and the 129th lighter-than-air craft to leave the plant named after the German Count Zeppelin, who left the Kaiser's regularly and so often between Friedrichshafen and Pernambuco, Brazil, that no one even notices its comings and goings any more.

Mariners have long considered the weather of the North Atlantic something to be feared, and they are borne out by the New York weather bureau, whose chief, Dr. James H. Kimball, made surveys of January flying weather over the China Clipper's route in the Pacific and the route which will be followed by the German planes across the Atlantic. He laid out both routes in 12 degree squares; it was learned that the mildest square in the Atlantic route was twice as stormy as the roughest square on the Pacific.

"Can't Improve the Weather" Doctor Kimball pointed out that the weather had always been like this over



Germany's Newest Challenger for Transatlantic Air Supremacy, the Zeppelin Hindenburg. Dr. Eckener Supervised Its Construction.

cavalry to build airships better than any one else has ever built them, may be only the forerunner of a series of transatlantic air services to be established between Europe and America this summer.

All of the other services now planned to span the North Atlantic are to be maintained with heavier-than-air ships. The Hindenburg on its first crossing made the jump from Friedrichshafen to Lakehurst in 61 hours, or, as the schedule calls for, approximately 2 1/2 days. But the airplane, being so much faster than the airship, will be able to make the crossing in one-half the time or less.

It has been announced by the German air ministry that the Nazis will also attempt to be first in the field with the service by heavier craft. Within a few months, it has been indicated, the giant Luftshansa seaplanes will be dashing back and forth between the Spanish or Portuguese coast and Charleston, S. C., stopping en route at the Azores and at Bermuda, where they will refuel.

Between the Azores and the Bermudas is the longest hop of the journey, more than 2,000 miles over seas that are ordinarily stormy. To provide the maximum amount of safety for this jump the Germans intend to maintain a floating airport and fueling station midway between the islands. This, it is reported, will be constructed from an old freighter.

Britain Enters Field Planes will land on a fabric apron to be towed behind the freighter, and will then be scooped up to the deck by a giant crane. When they have refueled, a catapult will send them once more on their hurrying way. The floating station will be equipped with a powerful radio broadcasting station to keep in touch with the flying ships at all times.

Another bidder for the traveler's patronage over the North Atlantic will be Imperial Airways of Great Britain, who plan test flights this summer and may begin carrying the mail between England and Canada before fall. Pan American Airways has also indicated that it is also set to begin service across the Atlantic.

Transoceanic air passenger service is not so new, of course. But because of the treacherous weather which prevails on the seas between America and Europe, it has never been attempted on the North Atlantic before. The flying clipper ships, now on regular schedule, have an easier time of it over the Pacific, the Caribbean, and the Mediterranean. And the Graf Zeppelin, now eight years old, has piled its way so

older, safer one, it is certain that the most important developments in transatlantic air travel will come from the heavier, faster craft.

Nevertheless, the dirigible will retain a grandeur that can be easily understood. Anyone who has seen the Graf, the Los Angeles or the Hindenburg knows that the zeppelin compares with the airplane as a giant ocean liner compares with a cabin speedboat; the one is ponderous and majestic, the other is sleek and swift.

The Hindenburg on her maiden American voyage carried 107 persons, of whom 51 were passengers. The passengers found all the comforts of a first class hotel, according to the account of James McVittie, Chicagoan who made the trip and had had his reservation in since 1931. There was room for dancing, parlor games and luxurious dining. There was a fine bar. There were berths as comfortable as you would find in a pullman car. There was even a radio broadcast of music and speeches from the spacious salon of the ship.

In an address from the ship as it sped across the sea, Dr. Hugo Eckener, veteran of airship navigation who accompanied Capt. Ernest Lehmann as special adviser, told of the wonders experienced by those on board.

"America is ahead of us," he said. "About three hours from now we will be approaching Nantucket lightship and tomorrow morning before sunrise we will have left Sandy Hook behind. Our trip from coast to coast will have lasted just about fifty hours.

Describes Inspiring Day "I want to greet you all in just these few words. This present trip is like a dream to me.

"Earlier in the day we had a marvelous piano concert. Now our passengers have gathered in the social hall and smoking room, having a grand time. All this at a speed of ninety miles an hour and an altitude of 1,000 feet above the clouds.

"Many passengers told me today all this seems unreal. How long will it be until all this will have become just the ordinary thing, that will cause fear to nobody, and will hardly be mentioned in the newspapers?"

"You know, this trip and those that are to follow are only experimental. We want to be on safe ground before proceeding to the inauguration of regular airship travel across the Atlantic. The beginning is indeed encouraging. I think we could learn a lot during this trip, and I am convinced that in due course we shall gather enough experience that will enable us to cross even in unfavorable weather conditions, not employing too much time.

"The interest is tremendous. . . . Sir Hubert Wilkins, the noted explorer, who, with his wife, was a passenger on the Hindenburg, expressed an opinion that the airship was the more desirable mode of travel for journeys of more than 15 hours over the water.

Zep May Replace Liner "There is no doubt in my mind," was the way Sir Hubert put it, "that if airships were built in such numbers as to bring down the cost of construction, they could be operated on a higher profit basis than the big sea-going liners of today."

The primary purpose of the Hindenburg's crossings this summer will be to attract financial backing for a combined German-American transatlantic passenger service, Doctor Eckener admitted.

The United States had cooled off to almost zero in its sympathies toward airships as a result of the Akron and Macon disasters, but it is hoped that the new "zep," making regular trips will win back America's confidence. There was a scheme in 1929 to back such an air serv-

ice which would have been extended across the Pacific as well as the Atlantic, but the depression wiped it out.

Meanwhile, America may perhaps look forward to having Doctor Eckener's expert advice in any future plans for lighter-than-air craft. It was rumored in the press that the venerable pioneer of the airways, in Hitler's disfavor for refusing to allow the Hindenburg to be used for political ballyhoo, would take a job in this country.

Uncanny Decorations Among the most uncanny decorations are those of the grotesque animals painted on the sides of elephants' heads during festivals in India. They are drawn in such manner that the one visible eye of the painted animal is represented by the elephant which, in moving, gives the painting a life-like effect.—Collier's Weekly.

Habits Live

A MIEL, the philosopher, was never wiser than when he said: "Habits count for more than maxims, because habit is a living maxim, become flesh and instinct. To reform one's maxims is nothing; it is but to change the title of the book. To learn new habits is everything, for it is to reach the substance of life. Life is but a tissue of habits." Each good habit we weave in our teens means a better and happier life to its very end.

Mercy is that disposition of the mind which prompts us to pity those in trouble.—Ann Flaxman.

Chairman Jones Quite Likely Pushed Hard on the Reins

Ground for a monument at the San Jacinto battlefield in Houston, Texas, is broken and so is the plow that broke it.

They turned the handles of an ancient wooden plow over to Jesse H. Jones, 225-pound chairman of the Reconstruction Finance corporation. He shouted "let's go" to the oxen and the plow point went far into the ground, shattering the relic. Jones had failed to use his weight on the handles.

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