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What's What In Washington

MORE CRUISERS, MORE PLANES? NAVAL AND AIR FORCES DIFFER



Anti-Aircraft Gun Practice at Aberdeen, Maryland

Through a Woman's Eyes
By JEAN NEWTON

Her Best Friend

"My pocketbook is my best friend," I heard a woman say the other day. "If you have money you can get anything you want. Friends may prove false, children may be heartless, but your pocketbook never goes back on you."

"Poor woman, so soared that she does not see the delusion and the snare."

Your pocketbook—of course it is useful and necessary. One should hope that more people would realize how essential is providing for the latter of the rainy day.

But how many of us carry our pocketbook by absolutely powerless to buy, and without which the things it can buy are important to bring you happiness?

One wants to ask the woman who cynically declares it to be her best friend, who seems to hold it all important:

Can her pocketbook buy her help and cheer in sickness? It can bring her medical attention, nurse, dairy food, but can it give her something to get well for, the something or somebody that makes it worth while to fight for life?

In sorrow and bereavement, can her pocketbook buy her sympathy and consolation, can it give her comfort like the soothing of a friend?

In doubt and tribulation can her

pocketbook buy her faith, that reassuring light that will brighten the darkest day?

In later years, when the world's excitements wane, will her pocketbook buy her the ties that make life worth while? Will it supply open doors to hearts that welcome her, will it bring loving hearts to give life to her own desolacy no matter how dark and cheerless the day outside?

Will money buy her clinging arms and baby kisses, love, solid love or devotion? Can money make her "belong"?

No. There are things that money cannot buy that are as necessary to feed our heart's cravings as food to nourish our heart's blood. Money cannot buy them, neither can they be gotten for nothing. We must earn them in the heart's coin.

While the fire will not burn without fuel, while we are all happiest providing for and dependent upon ourselves, there are things that money cannot buy and which are in truth our best friends—for they bring us happiness.

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WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—(Can an aviator really bomb a big warship into scrap iron at one shot, practically sure fire—as Colonel "Billy" Mitchell and other aviators claim.)

It will only waste money and cost lives to build and man any more of them if they are not blown to Davy Jones as easily as that.

This is the very objection that will be raised, to block the cruiser-building contingent, when congress meets—not that our national defense should be neglected, but that money is what we need that surface navies are obsolete.

The navy falls' version is that an aviator ever sank a ship that wasn't hit, ready for him, to an anchor, motorless, and unpowered to fight back—or even to escape by pure accident.

Give 'em a moving ship to shoot from, and anti-aircraft guns, the surface scrapers say, and they'll do one of two things to any aviator who keeps him too far off or too high up to make a hit.

Dropping bombs on a fleet, they contend you, is different from dropping them on a city.

A ship, the chap who misses his mark because he can't get close enough, wrecks something else, which may or may not be well. At sea, he scores a bullseye or nothing.

The sea level warships cite the reason of the world conflict—navies within flying distance of one another from sea to fresh and not a vessel sunk by plane.

Aviators have developed since they argue the airman.

Answer—so has anti-aircraft defense.

It's a hard question to settle. The aviators can't sink real men on a real ship, to prove they can do it. The anti-aircraft gunners

can't bag a real aviator. In peace time, it wouldn't do.

If sham combats prove anything, the anti-aircraft gunners have the best of it.

The aviators don't, as a matter of fact, drop any dummy bombs on regular ships. They've blown up several hulks, but they were stationary and undefended, and the aviators could dive as near as they liked and try as often as they chose.

The anti-aircraft gunners do plug the aviators' target to—sleeves so called, trailed about a mile behind, full of holes. The aviators say they couldn't do it in real war, they'd fly faster, and dodge. Maybe so.

The anti-aircraft guns throw shrapnel, of course. The gunners claim 12 to 15 per cent of hits. It may not seem like a very large proportion, but with shots flying hundreds a minute, it's enough—at the receiving end of the line.

Besides, even a good miss is disconcerting.

One aviator near Washington recently had the stick knocked out of his hand by a burst estimated at 1,200 feet from his plane. Though his machine was perforated, cut his target loose and came down.

Towing those targets isn't popular sport, at best.

The navy people don't minimize the value of aviation. They admit a fleet without planes, they admit, would be lost—blind, blundering and well-nigh helpless.

But planes, without a fleet? Pooh, pooh!

That's the navy's philosophy.

Verna Mae Gellinger, 13-year old school girl of Postigo, Wis., has received a Carnegie hero medal for risking her life in an effort to save a companion from drowning.

Justice Floyd S. Buck, plans to return to his office Monday after an absence of three weeks. Judge Buck has been at his home 411 Townsend street recovering from a gutter operation performed at Harper Hospital, Detroit, Nov. 26.

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