

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., May 17, 1929.

SIXPENCE.

Mother gave me sixpence, and in the air I tossed it
Up as high as I could throw the little thing—and lost it!
Down among the daises fell its tiny silver face.
And I searched and I searched, but I couldn't find its place.
Nobody was near me, so I prayed a little prayer;
Nobody could see me, so I went a little there;
My tear-drops bent a grass-blade, and there was little Round One
I kissed him and I kissed him, my darling little Round One.
I prayed a little Thank You to St. Anthony who sent him,
And tidied up the grass again, and quickly ran and spent him.

—O. L.

FOLLOWING THE "LINDBERGH CIRCLE."

The silent backer of Lindbergh and of Byrd has begun to link the Americans with air lines.

A scant year ago he said this thing was but a dream of the distant future. It ranked as one of those things which "couldn't be done"—for many years at least.

But a "Lone Eagle" of our acquaintance soared through the uncharted skies above Central and South America and the West Indies, lining out the "Lindbergh Circle"; the son of an Iowa blacksmith blazed a longer Pan-American trail, leading, this month, to the White House; and the thing which "could not be done" is being done.

This business of shrinking the maps of our geography books proceeds at a pace which fairly leaves one gasping.

I have written on aviation; nevertheless, it came as a surprise to me that almost thirteen thousand miles of passenger and air mail lines were planned, tying North, Central and South America together. Before people generally knew of the whole project four thousand miles of these air lines were in operation. I have been told that the entire system "cannot possibly" be placed in operation during 1929; and my "guess" is that very nearly all of it will be on some sort of schedule by midsummer. That is the way aviation is moving.

The man primarily responsible for shrinking the map of the Western Hemisphere is well worthy of acquaintance, and of a prominent place in this series.

When I had met and talked with him, and from some of his associates had learned of his history, it struck me that, if English victories in battle may be said to be won on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow, then "Dick" Hoyt won his victory in peace on the cinder path of prep school and college.

The idea behind the English saying is, of course, that the tenacity and gameness which win for Britain have their real origin in school sports. I apply this same theory to Hoyt because he was a distance runner—and particularly because he ran the quarter in grueling mile relay races.

Every quarter-mile, in every race, does a thing that "can't be done"; he runs at top speed about a hundred yards farther than it is physically possible to run at top speed. The last hundred he does less on muscle than on will power.

This may explain why a Pan-American Airways system is being built, and quickly, years ahead of expectations. It may explain Richard F. Hoyt himself and why he is emerging as one of the three great "Empire Builders of the Air." The other two are C. M. Keys and Edward Boeing; and each of the three controls engine plants, airplane factories and air lines. They may be compared with Harriman, Hill, or Gould, historic railway builders.

Richard Hoyt was born in the town in Massachusetts which bears the name of the famous Colonial silversmith, Paul Revere. Although he grew up in Brookline,—"the richest town in the United States," his father's business was shoe findings, was well-to-do, rather than wealthy.

After attending grammar school there, Dick Hoyt attended the Volkmann preparatory school, in Boston where it was discovered that he had a pair of swift legs, plus a stamina not indicated by his slender frame. The result was renown in relay races. At Harvard it was found that this stamina, which carried Dick Hoyt through, was a thing of even deeper reserves, and he ran the distances and also in cross-country races. He was a swift and expert swimmer, and found time for a variety of college activities, as well as for winning a high scholarship standing. For the last he was awarded the coveted Phi Beta Kappa key.

He left Harvard with an A. B. degree "magna cum laude"—having completed also many courses toward a civil engineer's degree—and entered the banking business in New York. He has become the second senior partner of a very big banking house; and if you think that puts him out of sight behind a boy's horizon, let me hasten to add that when I last saw him he was disappearing through a door with a roll of blue-prints under his arm—banker-engineer-aviator—ready to "play" for an hour or two at building a new gigantic aviation factory. He was chief civilian assistant to the commander of the airplane engineering division at McCook Field, Dayton, in wartime; and later he was secretary of the Wright-Martin Company and assistant to the Wright Motor and Aircraft Corporation at New Brunswick, N. J.

He is a pilot. Eight years ago when planes were not what they are today, one owned by him burst into

flames and descended into Long Island Sound.

For years, Hoyt motor-boats have helped clip minutes and seconds off speed records. His "Teaser" won the coveted International Trophy Cup. His racing yachts have given similarly worthy accounts of themselves.

Finally, Hoyt was the first man in the United States to use a big amphibian plane for commuting purposes, between his summer home in Marion, Massachusetts, and the foot of Wall Street, East River, New York.

High among the once-in-a-lifetime thrills, I had rated the experience of a boy of our town—son of a Wright official who was taken for an aerial joy ride by Colonel Lindbergh, and then proudly took him to lunch at the Country Club. But that fairly pales to insignificance beside the experience of Eleanor Hoyt, sixteen. She scooted in behind the controls of her father's big eight-passenger amphibian "yacht" and herself piloted an aerial joy-ride, carrying Colonel Lindbergh as a passenger.

"Well?" the Colonel was asked, when the trip was over.
"She certainly has it for flying," Lindbergh said with enthusiasm, and in saying it conferred an accolade—because for him the knighthood of the air is made up of those who fly by instinct.

Richard Hoyt financed the ill-fated trans-atlantic-flight attempt of Commander Noel Davis. He helped finance the flight of his friend, Commander Byrd over the North Pole. Over Hoyt's desk in New York, hangs framed an American flag which Lindbergh carried to Paris. Perhaps he did these things as an engineer-sportsman. As a banker-engineer he directs, as chairman, the Wright-Aeronautical Corporation, maker of the famous "Whirlwind" motors; Pan-American Airways, of which more later; Keystone Aviation, builder of giant passenger transports with which Loening, builder of amphibians and Travel Air lately have been combined.

The project of linking the Americas is one to stir imagination. The first links have been welded because of this young man named Lindbergh, who some how seems to loom so largely on the aeronautical horizon, in what-ever direction you may turn.

A year ago, in an interview, Hoyt himself branded the project as a dream. The peoples of Pan-America were not ready for it; the industry was not ready for it; the governments were not ready. It could not be done.

But when Lindbergh had flown that famous "circle," around the Caribbean Sea, a change began—in the growth of the industry, in the eagerness of governments to see something done. He moved the clock forward five years—or perhaps ten— as regards this international aviation development.

President Coolidge appointed a commission; experts of all kinds began to function, estimating, figuring, surveying—finally laying out tentative routes. And just here comes another "confirmation of Lindbergh"—if he needs any. When the experts had weighed all the factors which determine a best air route—and these factors are many, and of them many are deeply scientific—then the route map was drawn. Over the north coast of South America through Central America and the West Indies, the route laid out by the experts never varied by more than a few miles from "the Lindbergh circle"; it followed almost identically the route he had flown by instinct.

Above the West Indies today, twelve passenger Fokkers fly, along the trail blazed by Lindbergh over Moro Castle, in Havana harbor, and the spot where the Maine was sunk; above San Juan Hill, where "Rough Riders" won immortality under a man named Roosevelt; above the Santo Domingo coast and the ruins of a fort into a building of which went the timbered skeleton of the Santa Maria, after the ship of the Great Discoverer had rested for years as a bleached pile of wreckage upon a rocky coast; above the city of Santo Domingo—and there below lies a cathedral beneath whose floors were buried Christopher Columbus and his son, Diego.

High above mountainous Haiti we fly to avoid turbulent air currents which toss a tiny two-seater plane about like a cork upon the waves. From our twelve thousand feet altitude we could, if we wished shut off all three engines and coast for fifteen miles or more.

We have been traveling here, the West Indies line, 1440 miles long, from Miami to San Juan, Porto Rico, at 125 miles an hour. Frequently, heretofore the quickest way to travel from San Juan to Havana has been by taking a steamer for New York, and another back to Cuba.

A second line runs from Miami to Nassau, capital of the Bahamas. It was San Salvador, of this group which Columbus sighted in 1492. This is a short hop of two hours; steamer time is sixteen hours.

A third route connects Havana with Panama via Yucatan and the several Central American Republics. In the beginning, the flying time for this 1880 miles was nineteen hours, three short days in the air, and two overnight stops. The steamer time was seven days. A slower amphibian was used for water-landings where fields were not yet ready; faster land planes will cut this trip to two days. It somehow snares my imagination to think that from a plane on this route one may glimpse the same view of the Pacific Balboa got from his mountain top.

A fourth link, not yet ready for operation, will tie Panama and Ecuador together.

A fifth, in operation, is from Guayaquil, Ecuador, to the southernmost tip of Peru. Here you fly over the land of the Aztecs. Peruvian gold you may remember, lured Spanish adventurers to these shores. It is not all gone; beyond the mountains, eastern horizon, high in the Andes, is a lode, several miles in length, that is said to contain more gold than has

even been taken out of California, from the day of the forty-niner on to the present.

The sixth length will reach to Valparaiso, Chili, where live the Indians who should take front rank in our story books—a proud race of broad-shouldered men who hold their heads high, because they alone of all the peoples who were in the Western Hemisphere in 1492 have come down through the ages unconquered.

A seventh route, surveyed, will carry across to Buenos Aires, in Argentina, over a temperate land, rich in resources, which is destined to fill up quickly.

This "main line" of Pan-American Airways indicated here will "shrink the map" between New York and Valparaiso to one third its present size, or less. The New York to "Valpo" schedule should be seven days in the beginning, and six shortly thereafter; today the two cities are three weeks apart.

An eighth route will follow the northern coast of South America; and a ninth will trail the Windward and Leeward Islands to Porto Rico, thus completing "the Lindbergh Circle."

The ultimate aim is a system of lines which will touch every Central and South American nation and link up with rail schedules and steamer sailings. The revolution in transportation which this will bring about may be measured by the fact that in some sizable Latin-American towns today if you miss your steamer you face a thrilling delay of one month until the next sailing. Into districts where time all but stands still, Hoyt and his colleagues of Pan-American Airways are bringing speed of 125 miles an hour.

In a sense it may be said that there is an international race on to our neighbor republics the benefits of fast air transport.

In Columbia, a German line is operating already, traversing in a few hours, distances which in certain seasons requires several days. A second German aviation company, subsidiary of famous "Lufthansa," of Berlin has established air lines in Argentina, "Aeropohtale," owned by the French operates along the east coast of South America.

At the risk of taking you away from that subject of eager interest which aviation has become of late, I should like to hammer home a point here.

There is sound reason why Presidents Coolidge and Hoover have wished to see this project of linking the Americas by air pushed through to a quick conclusion. It is a reason which may mean money in your pocket some day; it will even determine the jobs in life of many who read this magazine.

You have read in your history books of the immigration of peoples, of the pushing forward of new frontiers, of romantic incidents and of the building of fortunes, which have followed the path of the pioneer. The new frontier is Latin America; and particularly South America.

The miner's pick and the "six-shooter" may not be so prominent as trimmings of the new frontier to the south of us; nevertheless, South America is a continent awakening, and already our "adventurers" are there.

This neighbor continent is fast filling up; about to become the next "promised land" for the folk of older worlds who want more room and a better chance; and these will include not only emigrants from crowded Europe, but countless thousands more from the United States.

The Pan-American Airways project is 'a piece of history'—not merely of technical aviation history, but of world history.

In its founding the science of aviation has won some interesting victories. The first line from Key West to Havana was operated with a 99.3 per cent efficiency score. On a day when even a steamer could not make port a giant Fokker completed its journey almost on time. When the terrific cyclone laid waste to such a wide territory in Florida and adjacent islands last summer and the disaster lay hidden behind blockaded roads and wrecked telegraph lines, a Pan-American plane, turned over to the Red Cross, flew through a gradually diminishing gale back and forth over the Everglades region while Red Cross officials observed and plotted relief measures. Simultaneously a Sikorsky amphibian sped away eastward toward Nassau, Capital of the stricken Bahamas, a "loan" to the Governor by those British islands. Using this plane, the Governor made in three hours, a survey which would have taken him ten days to make by water.

More recently, a storm, accompanied by floods and a landslide, blotted our railway communication between San Jose, capital of Costa Rica, and the chief seaport, Port Limon. Months would be required to complete the repairs. Pan-American Airways "borrowed" Donald Duke, commander of Boston Airport, and sent him southward to command an eight passenger Leoning amphibian which as this article was written has become the "transportation system" connecting the capital of Costa Rica with the chief seaport.

Twenty-five years after Kitty Hawk the airplane begins linking the Americas more tightly together. It could not possibly be done, so soon, but it must be done as a quarter miler runs a race.

And it seems to me that joint credit should go to "Slim" Lindbergh who showed Latin America what an airplane can do, and to Dick Hoyt, his friend Empire Builder—new style.

—Youths Companion.

DOG POPULATION DECREASING.

A total of 489,614 dogs were licensed in Pennsylvania in 1928, approximately 10,000 less than in 1927, according to the Bureau of Animal Industry. The decrease is attributed to labor conditions, especially in the coal regions which forced many owners to dispose of their dogs.

SMALL HOSE STREAMS DON'T CARRY ELECTRICITY.

A rather popular belief that a stream of water from a small garden hose would carry electric current in the same manner that a heavy fire hose will, was proved untrue as the result of experiments and demonstrations by Mr. Henry W. McRobbie, superintendent of substations of the West Penn Power Company. Further investigation has revealed that even slightly larger hose and heavier streams of water will not conduct current from a high tension line and that such contact is quite safe even a stream from hose one inch in diameter.

With a regular three inch fireman's hose, however, there is considerable danger of electricity being conducted to the men operating the hose and

the hazard is particularly strong at a distance of fifteen feet or less. Under no circumstances would it be safe for firemen to turn the full force of a regulation stream on to a high tension line. Such action would, in addition to the danger of conducting current, add the possibility of breaking the wire or forcing them in contact with burn down. The subsequent danger of such an occurrence would be very great.

The reason that smaller streams are not conductive lies in the fact that the water is broken up into globules are separated and insulated from the nozzle of the hose. The globules are separated and insulated from each other by a layer of air. In the larger streams the nozzles are designed to keep the water in a compact stream and an excellent conductor is thus formed.

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