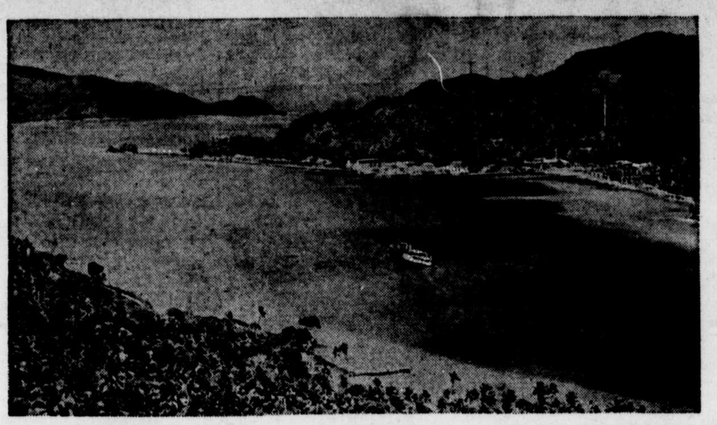
BY PLANE TO THE SOUTH SEAS



Harbor and U. S. Naval Station at Pago Pago, Samoa. This is a Stop on the United States-New Zealand Air Line.

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

THERE is a quiet but persistent search being made for unattached islands in the South Pacific by several nations. Air navigation is the reason.

In the vast water area lying between the Hawaiian Islands on the north and New Zealand on the south there are several thousand unclaimed islands, most of them mere dots in a great ocean. They are coral reefs, uninhabited, and considered valueless until recently. Now several of them have become the subject of international argument, and the objective of secret pioneering expeditions.

The nations most interested in acquiring islands in the South Seas are the United States, England, Japan and Australia, with France not averse to picking up a few for possible future use. Each nation is seeking possible landing places for planes.

For much more than a century Hawaii has been considered the crossroads of the Pacific. It was a stopping place for the American clipper ships from Boston around the Horn and on to China and return. It was the refitting place for American whalers and traders in the early years of the last century. As the commerce of the Pacific increased, Honolulu grew in importance as a port of call, until today nearly 1,000 ships enter its harbor each year. Great Pacific liners from San Francisco and Los Angeles ply to and from the islands. Other liners stop on their way from California ports to Australia, New Zealand and other South Sea islands, as do others from California and other mainland ports to the Philippines, to Japan, to China and around the world. Ships from Europe and eastern American points, bound for the Far East through the Panama Canal, stop at Honolulu. The islands have been, and are, the crossroads of the Pacific so far as shipping is concerned. You realize all that as you stand atop the Punch Bowl in Honolulu and follow the directions of the arrows pointing to the far cities of the nations, north, south, east and west, bordering this greatest of oceans.

And now to ships there has been added airplanes, the clipper ships of the air, with Hawaii at the crossroads of the air lines.

Race for Bases Starts

Because the American flag flew over two small islands, Midway and Wake, west of Hawaii an American air line to the Far East, to the Philippines and China, was made possible.

Last year Japan established an air service between its mandated islands in the Pacific, and is seeking bases that will make possible a line between Tokyo and South America, a line neither England nor America would wish to see established.

Within the past few months the Japs made an effort to secure Kingman Reef, a coral atoll with a harbor formed by a coral reef, situated about 900 miles south of the Hawaiian Islands. It is American owned, included within the municipal boundaries of Honolulu, and the American owner, a resident of Honolulu, did not sell.

In this race for islands the latest American pioneers are a group of Hawaiian school boys led by Dr. Dana Coman, who colonized Jarvis, Baker and Howland Islands and so established American sovereignty, which has now been recognized by England.

Establish New Air Line

The purpose of it all was the establishment of another American air line from San Francisco to New Zealand, with Honolulu as the first port out of San Francisco. That new line, a contract for which has been signed between Pan-American Airways and the government of New Zealand, is to be in operation by the end of this year. The route is from San Francisco to Honolulu, then to Kingman Reef, which the Japs did not get, to Pago Pago, the American island of the Samoas, and to Auckland. American Sikorsky clipper ships will be used, and a maximum requirement is for two ships each way each week.

Other American air routes in the South Pacific are being considered. If it is possible to secure landing privileges for American planes in Australia, a line will be established between Honolulu and Sydney, using as bases the islands of Jarvis, Baker or Howland. Jarvis Island is on the equator and is the geographical center of the Pacific. These islands are located on the airplane route to Australia and are in positions that lend them a value in relation to flying to that continent that is comparable to Wake on the road to China which provided a stopping place between Midway and Guam.

It long has been a recognized fact that Britain as well as the United States has laid claim to these islands. When the conference on Pacific relations was being set up in Washington in 1922, the United States War department made a map for its use. That map showed Jarvis, Howland and Baker and marked them as being claimed by both Britain and the United States. The Department of Commerce now asserts that there is no question of American ownership, based on residence on the islands from time to time by Americans who were in the guano business. If there is question of ownership the present occupation by representatives of the United States government is expected to establish its claim.

Visits Jarvis Island

William T. Miller, Superintendent of Airways for the Bureau of Air Commerce, recently visited these islands. He reports that Jarvis Island, 1,500 miles due south from Hawaii—which U. S. outpost must be the primary base of all air routes in the Pacific—is suitable as an all way landing field for land planes or amphibians. A safe seaplane anchorage can be made on the lee of the island. Two areas on Howland and others on Baker, which are 1,700 miles southwest of Honolulu, can be made usable through the expenditure of small sums of money.

These islands offer alternate routes to the South Pacific. Jarvis is more directly on the route from Hawaii to New Zealand, while Baker and Howland point straight toward Australia.

As Honolulu is today the principal port in the long flight from San Francisco to Manila, so Pago Pago, the beautiful Samoan island and harbor belonging to America, will be the principal port on the long flight from Honolulu to Auckland. Its landlocked and commodious harbor affords an ideal landing place for the ships of the air, as it has for the ships of the water.

When within a few months the new clipper ships of the air begin their flights, made possible to a large extent by the pioneering of a group of Hawaiian school boys, they will bring us within hailing distance of the beauty, the romance, the adventure of our dreams—the South Seas.

A brief description of these new island outposts for American airplanes follows:

Kingman Reef

Latitude 6:25 north, longitude 162:, approximately 922 miles south of Honolulu. It is of atoll character, of triangular shape, with base to the southward and apex to the north. Within the 100-fathom line it is 9 1-2 miles long east and west by 5 miles north and south. It dries at low water on its northeastern, eastern and southeastern edges; at the western extreme there is a patch of 4 fathoms, and possibly less, on which the sea breaks occasionally. The remainder is encircled by a ridge with depths of 4 to 10 fathoms, between which are soundings of 14 to 45 fathoms. Outside this ridge the bank falls suddenly to depths of 300 to 400 fathoms.

Jarvis Island

Approximately on the equator and the 160th meridian; 1,375 sea miles, 1,575 land miles, slightly, west-of-south of Honolulu. A "sandy flat" of coral formation, 1.7 square miles in area.

The island was supposed to have been discovered by Capt. Brown in the English ship Eliza Francis, 1821. Surveyed by officers of U. S. S. St. Mary's, 1857. Annexed to Great Britain, 1889. Leased to Pacific Phosphate Company of London and Melbourne, 1906. Occupied by U. S. colonists from Honolulu, 1935 and American jurisdiction now acknowledged.

Howland Island

Latitude 0:49 north; longitude 176: 43 west; 36 sea miles (approximately 40 land miles) north of Baker Island and 1,620 sea miles (approximately 1,860 land miles) southwest of Honolulu. About two miles long north and south and 1-2 mile wide; from 18 to 20 feet high; of coral formation, with a fringing reef. Water found by digging a few feet; it is slightly brackish.

The island appears to have been first reported by Capt. George E. Netcher, of New Bedford, as discovered September 9, 1842. Alfred G. Benson, American Guano Company of New York and Charles H. Judd of Honolulu took possession February 5, 1857 "by erecting a house and pole, putting up American flag and leaving various implements of business."

It was leased by Great Britain to Pacific Islands Company at one time but United States sovereignty was established in 1935.

Baker Island

Latitude 0:13:20 north; longitude 176:33 west, about 1,650 sea miles, approximately 1,895 land miles, southwest of Honolulu. Of coral formation, about 20 feet high and almost bare of vegetation, except patches of grass. About one mile long east and west, 1500 yards wide, surrounded by a reef 200 to 400 feet wide, awash at low water. There is no fresh water on the island.

The island was discovered by Captain H. Foster, barque Jamaica. Taken by U. S. 1857. Capt. John Paty, Hawaiian schooner Liholiho, reported to R. C. Wyllie, minister of interior, Hawaiian kingdom, visiting island February 12, 1857, and that it had been "taken possession of under American flag by A. Benson, agent of American Guano Company." David L. Gregg, U. S. commissioner to Hawaii, reported to state department, 1857, that Alfred J. Benson of American Guano Company of New York, and Charles H. Judd of Honolulu sailed with Capt. Paty in that year and that formal notice of possession was left at Jarvis, Howland and Baker islands.

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American "Colonists" in the Equatorial Pacific.

Camp Established by American Colonists from Honolulu on Howland Island, 1,600 Miles South of Hawaii.

FEZ, Heart of Morocco

Street Scene in Fez, Morocco.

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

IF RABAT is the brain of Morocco, Fez is its heart. Almost equidistant from the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and nearly a hundred miles from either is this storied city, still the political and religious center of Morocco.

From a hillside one looks down, in wonder and admiration, on the tree-shaded valley in which lies once-turbulent, always-exotic, now-peaceful Fez. It is a chessboard, checkered in countless tiny squares which are the flat roofs of its myriad houses, the edge of the board being the lofty city walls.

Rather, there are two chessboards: Fez El Bali, Fez the Old; and higher along the steep slope is Fez Djedid, Fez the New. It was new in A. D. 1276.

Like chessmen left scattered aimlessly about the board stand the slender minarets of the many mosques. On every side rise the hills crowned with forts old and new, forts built by long-dead sultans to cow their rebellious subjects within the city, others erected by the French to defend Fez against the Berber tribes outside the walls.

Beyond the rounded hills, away to the south, are higher mountains covered with snow in winter. But in summer the arid steppes are waist-high in flowers.

Fez appears now as it did through the long centuries of Moslem domination, since Arab invaders built it somewhere about A. D. 800; as it was before ever the infidels entered it except as slaves or as missions of Christian states humbly seeking to propitiate the Sultan.

It remains as it was when still the home of the Sherifian rulers, the real capital, the enlightened, artistic, magnificent city second to none in all Islam, when in the Twelfth century it boasted 785 mosques; 480 inns, and 120,000 private houses.

But hark! A humming drone fills the air; and high over the venerable city flies an airplane. France rules the sky above and the soil beneath; the Sultan is a shadow in Rabat.

Is Yet Unspoilt

Being only recently opened to the outer world, Fez is as yet unspoilt and of deep interest to the traveler. Its size surprises. From one end to the other of the twin cities it measures four miles. Its population today is about 107,000, including fewer than 10,000 Israelites who are herded together in the Jewish quarter of Fez Djedid.

The European inhabitants, to be found mostly in La Ville Nouvelle, number about 9,600, principally French, with a sprinkling of Spaniards and Italians.

Of the three parts of Fez—old, new, and newest — unquestionably the most interesting is the first, El Bali. To see it one must enter on foot or in the saddle, for vehicles cannot pass through its steep and narrow lanes.

From Bab Hadid (The Iron Gate) a carriage road runs inside the walls around the edge of the city to the new gate of Bou Jeloud, where Fez Djedid touches the older town. Along it modern civilization fringes the ancient city, for it passes by the Auvert hospital, a French post office, the British consulate, the bureau of municipal services, a military club, and a museum housed in separate parts of an old palace, the Dar Batha, and by the lovely gardens of Dar Beida, another imperial palace now used only to shelter the resident general when he visits Fez.

None of the Arab buildings converted to modern uses has been Europeanized in outward appearance and so they do not detract from the native aspect of the city. Leaving them one plunges down steep lanes, dreary and desolate, between the blank walls of tall houses almost windowless on the street side, some as high as a five-story London dwelling. They shut out the sky in the winding alleys.

Dismal as is their outward appearance, many are the residences of rich and noble Moors, and the interiors are light and luxurious. The privacy of their pleasant gardens is guarded by eunuchs. There the fair occupants of the harem may cast aside their veils and ugly shrouding garments, and shine in all the splendor of massive jewelry and the bright hues of silken dresses that Arab and Berber ladies wear.

Seated on the ground with their backs against the walls of these houses are beggars, singly or in groups, mostly blind.

Here three men squat side by side, companions in misery. They are silent, their chins on their chests. In a sudden movement the three heads are lifted simultaneously, the haggard faces and sightless eyes upturned, three hands thrust out begging bowls, and three voices chorus in perfect time a long-drawn appeal for alms!

A Street of Misery

"In the name of Allah, give us of your charity! You who have riches, pity the poor! You who have eyes, be merciful to the blind! God will requite ye! Alms! In the name of the Prophet, give us alms!"

The three voices cease together, the three bowls are swiftly withdrawn, the three heads are lowered, chin to chest again—all in perfect unison. A long pause. Then together again the faces are lifted, the hands shoot forth, and the pitiful refrain rings out anew.

Farther along two old blind women sit together, but call on the passer-by independently. Beyond these a palsied man huddles, then a toothless, shriveled crone, too aged and weak to hold out her begging bowl. Verily a street of misery, though behind its blank walls riches and luxury may abound.

Down its sharp decline comes a prosperous, bearded Moor on a tall mule. He is clad in a black broadcloth burnooose over a white gandurah (a sleeveless garment) and sits on a ponderous saddle covered with red cloth and with silver stirrups dangling from it. Beggars shrink against the wall at his harshly uttered "Balek!" (Look out!)

A bell rings clear and sweet; and up the steep lane hobbles a ragged man hugging under his left arm a wet and bloated hairy thing like the swollen carcass of a drowned dog. It is a goatskin water bag with the hair left on. The bearer is selling the liquid and clangs the bright brass bell in his right hand to attract attention.

Before the French protectorate over Morocco was established, the British government once sent a mission to the Sultan in Fez with letters and presents. Attached to it was a Scots Guards subaltern—he is a peer and a general today. He had visited the country on leave several times, so he was chosen to go with the mission. When it rode in state into Fez, he was mounted on a big mule and clad in the full-dress scarlet and gold of his regiment, with the bearskin—the "hairy hat," as admiring Dublin street urchins call it—on his head. Tall and handsome, he presented a striking figure in his gorgeous uniform and appealed to the crowds lining the route to the Imperial palace.

But the bearskin busby puzzled them. "What is that he has on his head?" cried a wondering citizen in the front rank of the spectators.

A newspaper correspondent in Morocco, who was riding in the procession, had lived many years in the country and spoke Arabic fluently. He turned in his saddle and answered the enquirer loudly in the vernacular.

"That is a water bag. His sultan has allowed him to wear it as a mark of honor for putting out a fire in his town."

And the crowd, who knew from painful experience how terrible a thing a conflagration could be among the closely packed houses of their city, nodded approvingly as they gazed at the bearskin and thought it an appropriate badge of honor.

The lane narrows into an alley barely nine feet wide, covered over with a trellis-work of long, dried reeds on which lie withering the leaves of a spreading vine which in summer gives a welcome shade.

Street of Shops

The alley is lined with booths, for it is the beginning of the famous souks. Souk means a market; but here, as in Tunis, it designates a street of shops; and in eastern cities the shops that sell the same things are grouped together.

Thus the Soul El Attarine is the street of the perfume sellers, who vend, besides scents, the large, brightly decorated Marabout candles to be burned before shrines. In the Souk El Khiyatine, tailors' street, the knights of the needle ply their trade, and burnooses, jelabs (short-sleeved woolen cloaks), baggy breeches, and other garments are sold.

When night comes, the shopkeepers put up and lock the shutters on their establishments. They go off to their evening meal at a native restaurant or to drink a cup of sweetened coffee at a Moorish cafe before returning to their sleeping mats in a room like a rabbit warren.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Eyes Around the World

The films of travel, which carry the vision around the world and back again have vastly broadened the horizons of millions of people, and in that respect have proved to be of high value.

The opportunities of most people for seeing the world are very limited.

The average person in small towns and country places has a very dim idea of the length and breadth of the world, or of the people who live in places remote from him.

Today almost every boy and girl can tell you of the Taj Mahal, or of the Desert of Sahara, or the peaks of the Andes, or of life in remote cities like London, Paris and Constantinople.

• • •

Mr. Shakespeare informs us that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits."

But "homely wits" hardly exist when practically all the people of all the civilized countries of the world can, by paying a small price for a seat in a cinema theater look "'round the world and back again."

The camera man has completely replaced the men who used to go forth and view the world and bring home pictures of it to be thrown on a still screen.

From your seat in a theater you can view the Eskimo catching a seal which will provide him with his supper and an overcoat, with a good clear glance at the peaks of the Alps or the Andes, or at "Elephants a pilin' teak" in Burmah.

• • •

Minds feed on what the eyes see.

Wherever there is anything worth seeing the camera goes.

Loving their work, and eager to bring home pictures of all the known world, these daredevils of the films are never daunted by obstacles, or by dangers.

To me it has always been astonishing that every school room in every city and village and town has not long ago been provided with cameras and screens to aid the children in their work.

Not only would they vastly broaden the view of many sections of the world, but they could, I should think, be tremendously useful in teaching such subjects as biology and zoology.

An intelligent teacher provided with a moving picture projector and a stock of films would never lack the earnest attention of her pupils.

Even pictures which only incidentally show the streets of foreign cities would be valuable. What they would do if wisely used would prove a marvel.

A Veiled Figure

THE heart of man resembles a secret chamber wherein stands—like the block of white unhewn marble set in the studio of a sculptor—a veiled figure. Though the man may not so much as lift the corner of the veil, yet he forever and in secret works to fashion and form the figure that lies beneath.

And the figure is the Soul of the man, and the unveiling thereof is called death; and until the figure be unveiled, the man scarce knoweth what manner of man he is.—Coulson Kernahan.

Foreign Words and Phrases

A bas le traitre. (F.) Down with the traitor.

Aurea mediocritas. (L.) The golden mean.

Bas bleu. (F.) A bluestocking.

Beaux yeux de sa cassette. (F.) Her money is her attraction.

Cher ami (masc.) Chere amie (fem.) (F.) Dear friend.

Dramatis personae. (L.) The characters of a play.

Douceur. (F.) Sweetness; a bribe; a fee.

Faire bonne mine. (F.) To put a good face on a thing.

E pluribus unum. (L.) Out of many, one. (Motto of the United States.)

L'homee propose, et Dieu dispose. (F.) Man proposes, and God disposes.

Galant'uomo. (It.) A man of honor; a gentleman.

Uncle Phil Says:

Perhaps It's Plated

A man may be born with a silver spoon in his mouth and still make no stir in the world.

Something that keeps its value longer than most other property—a used home.

If you don't like the picture of Mona Lisa or a Wagner opera or Milton's poetry you are not necessarily uncultured. Culture is a matter of knowing more than of liking.

Still Sounded Good

One may have occasionally received extravagant praise from some one, who he knows doesn't know what he is talking about.

Good-hearted boy friend is still waiting for his last friend to return from vacation so he can have his own suitcase for two weeks.

Some people tell the truth to shame the devil, others just to make trouble.

Democratic Aristocrat

We congratulate ourselves on being a democratic people, but any man is pleased by being told he is aristocratic. Why not? An aristocrat can be democratic.

A life without affection and sympathy could give only a very negative kind of happiness.

Fetch on your snowy movies, scenes laid in Alaska, top of the Rockies and other frigid regions. It's a hot summer.

Ball Bearing Houses

Mr. R. W. De Montalk, a New Zealand architect, who specializes in planning earthquake-proof buildings, holds a theory that damage to tall structures seldom results from the sudden sinking or upthrust of the soil. He has noted that when a tremor occurs, buildings sway until their foundations crack and the walls crumble due to intense rigidity.

He has planned and tried out small houses built on huge, rounded beach stones, standing on a concrete, saucerlike base. During an earthquake these stones move backwards and forwards very slightly, take the shock in the same way as ball bearings do, and the structure remains upright and unaffected.

He now intends to try his novel foundation out on a skyscraper, and believes that it will defy all but the severest tremors.

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