

THE POST-DEMOCRAT

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Muncie, Indiana, Friday, September 30, 1932.

MAYOR'S CORNER

The Local Democratic Situation

There has been some question in the minds of the people as to the relations existing between the Democratic candidates and the local Democratic county organization.

Owing to the fact that County Chairman Earl Everett, who is also a member of the city council, testified against a Democratic mayor of Muncie in the Federal court, and because of the fact that he voted with the majority in the silly ouster proceeding, that the Democratic party here was "sunk."

Nothing is farther from the truth. The Democratic candidates have organized in a sensible manner, have opened headquarters at 121 East Main street, and Mr. Everett has announced that he will cooperate in every way to further the cause in Delaware county.

I have no personal animosity toward County Chairman Everett. I have some sympathy for him for the blunders he has made in a mistaken effort to aid such left-handed Democrats as Bob Parkinson, John Gubbins, Bob Aker and a few self-seekers of that type.

It was that group who seek my destruction, and who are tied up here with the Republican Watson crowd, that induced Everett to testify falsely against me and other Democrats, and who led him into his deplorable coalition with the four Republican members of the council, in their effort to oust the Democratic mayor and the Democratic city controller with the idea in view of turning the control of the city over to the Republican machine and its pet gamblers and street contractors.

Mr. Everett now declares that he has severed himself entirely from these meddlesome agents of the Republican machine and will be loyal to the interests of the county, state and national Democratic ticket.

I, for one, am willing to take him at his word, until such time comes, if ever, it is disclosed that he did not mean what he said.

And if I, who have been assailed from every angle by the crowd he is trained with, can take that attitude, it should be generally accepted by Delaware county Democracy and those independent Republicans who wish to affiliate this year with the Democratic party.

For the sake of Mr. Everett himself, the Parkinson-Gubbins-Aker group should steer clear of Democratic headquarters.

While there is no question that Everett is personally friendly with the three, he could not possibly mess around with them politically and retain his standing as a Democrat, or expect the recognition due a party chairman following a party success.

John Gubbins, who continually played with the hard-boiled Watson machine here in exchange for the privilege of skinning property owners through high priced street contracts, openly stated prior to the Democratic National convention, that he would not vote for Roosevelt if he was nominated.

Of course Gubbins will vote for Jim Watson in return for the senator's distinguished aid in joining with Republican National Committeeman George Ball to send a Democratic mayor of Muncie to the penitentiary.

If the plot engineered to throw out the Democratic mayor and the Democratic controller, and seat Bob Parkinson as mayor, should succeed, the penalty that would be paid by the defenseless citizens of Muncie would be almost incalculable.

It would mean, first, that every one of my appointees, including heads of all departments, would be fired inside of twenty-four hours.

The first concern would be the removal of Charles Indorf, Charles Morrow and James P. Dragoo, the present board of works members and their replacement by three men hand-picked by the old paving trust that I sent to the discard. That would be John Gubbins' reward for his political perfidy and personal dishonesty.

Chief Massey and Chief Taylor would lose their jobs at once. Plug Walburn and Cliff Cranor, who testified for the government so glibly would order the naming of a police chief who would permit them to reopen their gambling houses and a political fire chief would again disrupt the efficiency of the fire department.

A political city controller would take the place of Lester Holloway and the city funds would again be hung on the Christmas tree and a political street commissioner would replace Bill Daniel.

As to Bob Parkinson, who has the nerve to call himself a Democrat, he would be a mere puppet in the mayor's chair. Bob is an employee of the Muncie Star. Do you want the Muncie Star for mayor?

When Bob was "sworn in" as "temporary mayor," he wore a Hoover badge on the lapel of his coat.

Councilman Grady, a brother-in-law of John Gubbins, presided at the council meeting that sought to oust myself and the controller.

Grady likewise wore a Hoover badge as sat in the chair. The show in the council room was put on the night that Senator Watson spoke in Muncie. The senator was advised earlier in the day by Councilman Blease, a Republican, that the council would "put the works" on me that night.

The Roman holiday was prepared as a sort of a burnt offering to greed, corruption and political chicanery, in the person of Jim Watson, chief exemplar of all that is bad in public life.

As a fitting finale to "Watson Day" in Muncie, a Democratic mayor and a Democratic city controller were to be burnt at the stake, and members of the city council who call themselves Democrats helped stage the farce comedy.

The county Democratic organization must be kept clean of all contaminating influences in order to command the votes of an intelligent citizenship. The candidates must be alert to denounce disloyalty and should avoid entangling alliances that might forfeit for them the respect and support of the numerous voters of Delaware county.

The people are crying out for relief from the intolerable burdens placed on their shoulders by self-seeking politicians.

I implore the Democratic candidates to steel themselves against insidious offers of votes and campaign contributions

"THAT LITTLE GAME" Internat'l Cartoon Co., N.Y.—By B. Link

IF YOU HADN'T COME HERE
I COULD HAVE QUIT LONG AGO
WHEN I SAW I COULDNT WIN.—
YOU WERE IN THE OTHER ROOM
TALKING WITH THE HOSTESS
ALL NIGHT AND I COULDNT
GIVE YOU THE HIGH SIGN, SO
I HAD TO PLAY UNTIL YOU
CAME OUT.
I'M SORRY I'M LOSER AND
HAVEN'T ENOUGH JACK TO
SQUARE UP WITH THE BOYS.—
YOU DONT WANT ME TO OWE
THEM, — DO YOU, HELEN?

I SHOULD SAY NOT!
YOU KNOW I HATE DEBTS.—
AND YOU ALSO KNOW THAT
I'M OPPOSED TO YOUR
PLAYING FOR MONEY.—
SO PLEASE DONT LET IT
HAPPEN AGAIN, BILL.—
IT'S A GOOD THING I BROUGHT
MY PURSE WITH ME, —
HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED?

HE TOLD HER
HOW MUCH HE
NEEDED AND
GOT ANOTHER
LECTURE.—
ABSOLUTELY
DIFFERENT
IN TONE
FROM THE
ABOVE.

THANKS
G.G.

in exchange for special privilege that will be detrimental to the general public.

Big interests command the typewriters of important newspapers that stress "party regularity" as a thing to be held sacred and paramount.

But big interests are devoid of party regularity themselves. The Watson machine is the bulwark of big interests, but it does not hesitate to seduce Democrats away from their duty. Big business knows no politics.

The devil took Jesus to the mountain top and offered Him the world. Special privilege knows no politics. It is willing at all times to emulate the example of his sulphuric majesty.

Special privilege always pays public officials who lend their ears to the seducer, but the money always comes from the pockets of a people betrayed.

The candidate for public office who has the courage of the Master, who said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," is the one who commands the respect and the voters of his fellow citizens.

The way is straight and narrow but it leads to glory.

Editorial Comments

NO CREDIT TO WATSON.

Just now Senator Watson expects to garner twenty thousand additional votes in Indiana on the strength of his belated support of the home loan bill presents a subject that will bear scrutiny from the analytical mind of the voter this year.

There are indications that Mr. Watson, realizing the door to success is closed on every other issue because of his double-crossing record on all issues, will depend almost entirely on the home loan bank measure to see him through in November. Apparently his attitude is that the home loan bank bill is so new and his support so energetic at the very last, that the voters will not be fully informed of the fact that even in this matter of legislation he could not play square with them, and only when he saw the possibility of using this as an issue to get votes for his re-election did he show the energy of which he and his supporters are now boasting.

The first step would be to check up on wiring, chimneys and flues. Are they in the best possible condition? Will they pass a rigorous test? Then we would have to lay plans to prevent carelessness with matches, cigars, waste, rags, inflammable liquids and similar "household menaces." If we were putting up a new building, we would see to it that the construction was of the highest standard—the few dollars inferior construction might save would not compensate for possible loss in the future. We would look into fire prevention seriously—and once we learned something about it, we would retain the information. It would not go into one ear and out the other as, in too many instances, it does now.

Senator Watson was not for the home loan bank bill at the start of its proceeding through the grind of enactment. He enacted promises from the committee that the bill should not be reported out. This is no statement designed for political propaganda. It is the true statement of Senator Couzens, Republican of Michigan, colleague of Watson, whose disgust over the deception practiced by Watson was so great that he remarked, "I hope the Democrats of Indiana take care of you. If they learn the type of leadership you have given them, I know Mr. VanNus will take your measure." Senator Watson was not for the home loan bill even when it was passed, his only thought being the twenty thousand additional votes he claimed it would make for him in Indiana. The merit or lack of merit in this bill was the question with Watson. All he cared about was votes and that has been the nature of his record throughout his public career. If he had really had the interests of the people of Indiana at heart, he would have had the bill on its way to enactment months before he began to show all the activity he put at the close of the session of Congress.

There is nothing to the credit of Watson that one of the twelve home loan banks will be located in Indiana. Such effort should be expected of a representative of the State who has done nothing more for the State than he has in his many years of holding public office. Congressman Louis Ludlow has done many times as much for Indianapolis in his few years of public service as Watson has done for the entire state in more than a quarter of a century. Incidentally, Mr. Ludlow worked to locate one of the banks in Indianapolis, because he works for Indianapolis, while Watson's efforts were only for the purpose of getting votes.

No community can afford to be without the best fire protection. The only expensive apparatus is that which is second rate. That is worth remembering next time you take a look at your fire department.

WORTH REMEMBERING

There is only one kind of fire apparatus that can be called inexpensive. There is only one kind that community is justified in buying. And that kind is simply the best that is made.

There are a limited number of firms making fire apparatus, and nothing else. Their products are called "standard" and are the result of generations of experimentation, development, progress. To them a fire engine is not simply a truck chassis fitted with this and that piece of equipment. It is the outgrowth of the most painstaking craftsmanship—a craftsmanship which has its eye on quality alone—and the finished apparatus must be a fit weapon to take its place in the war against fire.

A multitude of American communities have suffered serious fire needlessly, because the apparatus failed when most needed. A multitude of others have seen potentially destructive fires conquered by first-class apparatus in the hands of a trained personnel. The fire apparatus dollars we spend are returned to us time and again—in greater safety for ourselves and our property.

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Here, There and

(Continued from Page One) your party will be further embarrassed, and being too cowardly themselves to execute these plans are using you as tools to carry out the dirty work they, themselves, would not dare to do. With a councilmanic body composed of thirteen members, eight Democrats and five Republicans, it is a notorious fact, that these five Republican members with the aid of a few Democratic members, have dictated the policy of that body for the past three years and it is a well established fact, that where the minority of a political body can control the majority of the members of that body, there must be something radically wrong and you can rest assured, that if the situation was reversed, the minority members would have but little say in transacting the business of the city.

Those farmers of Selma who listened to the speech of the Hon. E. F. Bowen, Republican candidate for Congress from the Tenth district, on last Monday evening, must feel highly gratified to know that the Hawley-Smoot tariff rates "have been instrumental in bringing prices to the American farmer which are higher than the world market."

If one of you, who had a mere speaking acquaintance with the mayor, had barely waved your hand in passing, that could be rebuked at the polls. In regard to prices of grain, now offered the farmer under this Hawley-Smoot tariff law, note the following from an advertisement in the Muncie Press of September 27, as follows:

"MUNCIE GRAIN MARKET"

Prices by Cammack Elevator

Wheat No. 2 per bushel .40c

Oats, No. 3, (new) per bushel .14c

New corn, No. 3 yellow, per bushel .21c

Read this and ponder the Hawley-Smoot tariff law, and its instrumentality in bringing prices to the American farmer which are higher than the world market.

In regard to payment of the soldiers' bonus, why wouldn't it be a good plan, for those one hundred per cent Americans who were so prominent in the affairs of Indiana a few years ago, to mortgage their Klan night gowns and raise enough money to at least pay the soldiers who went to war from Delaware County, and who fought so nobly in the trenches? Perhaps Pat Hurley would advance them the money on these robes if enough of them can be got together to make it worth while.

We always believe a fellow when he tells us we're right, but no one but ourselves can convince us we're wrong.

"Mare" Parkinson seems to be the government who elected him the "horse laugh," and is apparently trying to crawl in the Elephants trunk. He'd better be careful that he doesn't make a mistake and crawl in the Elephants' valise.

President Hoover once said, "This is a land of opportunity," but we notice lately that it has ceased knocking at doors and now the bill collectors are doing all the knocking.

The word of Flatter, who is a gambler, that he was frequently arrested by the police, and finally driven out of the city to ply his trade in Hartford City, and that he had never sold liquor to the two men, availed nothing, for the district attorney, in his closing argument said the defense had failed to shake the evidence of a single government witness, and the government being infallible, the jury believed the wild yarn.

The caps on the bottles of liquor sold to bootleggers by Flatter were supposed to have certain notches on them, according to the law. Bohlinger, so that the police would identify the Flatter brand and turn those loose who happened to be caught, with the marked ones.

Since Flatter was to have the exclusive wholesale distribution of liquor in Muncie, according to Bohlinger, it would have appeared strange to any jury, except a Volstead jury, that not one bottle with marks on the caps, was introduced to prove the story.

That was either overlooked by the perjurers, or in their assurance that any old kind of a lie would do, they didn't take the trouble to add weight to the perjury. If Bohlinger had thought about it, he no doubt would have secured a few bottles with metal caps and with a hammer and a center punch could have easily made them stronger.

Either that or the district attorney might have asked the two half-pint bootleggers who swore they

REPUBLICANS ATTEMPT TO

(Continued From Page 1)

sis, "What is the government, anyway?"

We would say, in answer, that you, each of you, is the government. No matter what may be your home ties, your business, church or political connections, YOU, to yourself, are the center of the universe.

If a flood of liquor comes through governmental action, it is up to YOU to say whether you will drink your share and and see pink snakes or go sit tightly on the water wagon and see the world go by.

And in connection with the danger always hovering near while the Volstead ax threatens, you of Muncie, all of you, may thank your lucky stars that none of you was indicted along with the mayor and others of his official family.

If, for some reason or other, the politicians, gamblers, bootleggers and crooked contractors of Muncie, had selected YOU as one of those to be condemned to prison by the Volstead route, you would have been a goner.

Wide latitude is afforded the government prosecuting agencies through the conspiracy section of the national liquor law.

If one of you, who had a mere speaking acquaintance with the mayor, had barely waved your hand in passing, that could easily have made you a party to a liquor conspiracy.

It is a matter of common knowledge here and elsewhere that the witnesses in the Muncie case sanctified their cause by making the M.C.A. their headquarters.

There they were coached daily, and there the deadly conspiracy was hatched to railroad the mayor and others to the penitentiary by the wholesale liquor route.

For example: The mayor was charged with being in a conspiracy with Ernest Flatter to permit the latter to wholesale liquor in Muncie. A discharged policeman, Fred Bohlinger, testified the mayor ordered the police to release bootleggers who bought their liquor of Flatter.

That was absurd, of course, and would have been believed by no place on earth except in a federal court, but nevertheless it was sound evidence from the Volstead viewpoint.

That one act, however, did not complete the "conspiracy" with Flatter. It must be proved that Flatter sold liquor in Muncie, therefore two petty bootleggers were carefully coached, swore they had bought liquor from Flatter, then closed the case and established the conspiracy.

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