

The Indianapolis Times

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No law shall be passed restraining the free interchange of thought and opinion, or restricting the right to speak, write, or print freely, on any subject whatever.—Constitution of Indiana.

More About Appointments

MAYOR-ELECT Duvall has made some wise selections of members of his political family. Some of the other selections can be explained only on political grounds, a matter of the successful candidate rewarding his friends.

In addition to the appointments reviewed in this column yesterday, Duvall has named these men:

Fire Chief—Jesse C. Hutsell, a fireman of experience. In this appointment Duvall carried out his promise to name experienced and well qualified men.

First and Second Assistant Fire Chiefs—Kenneth Burns and Roy Phillips, both firemen and both active in Klan affairs. There are many others in the department as well qualified.

Head of Detective Department—Jerry Kinney. Certainly this appointment was influenced neither by politics nor by the Klan. Kinney is well qualified, having had many years of experience in all branches of police work.

Corporation Counsel—Charles J. Orbison. "Judie" Orbison was until a short time ago a Democrat. He is attorney for the Ku-Klux Klan and former Federal prohibition director. His record as prohibition director is too well known to make comment necessary.

City Controller—William C. Buser, a brother-in-law of Duvall and active in Klan affairs. Buser has been employed in the county treasurer's office and is acquainted with the financial affairs of the city.

City Attorney—John K. Ruckelshaus, son of Duvall's campaign manager.

Street Commissioner—George Woodward, Sixth ward Republican chairman and political associate of George V. Coffin. Woodward was a Shank administration employee.

Director of Recreation—Jesse McClure, sales manager of the Superior Baking Company.

Bill Armitage, director general of the Shank administration, who insists he carried Indiana Ave. for Duvall, appears not to have had a hand in the appointments up to date. That certainly speaks well for Duvall.

STRANGE things happen. We know a man who has everything in the world he wants and still he is happy.

IT'S STRANGE how the testimony of an expert witness always seems to favor the side that pays him.

Weekly Book Review

Tom Marshall's Fine Spirit Shines in His Memoirs

By Walter D. Hickman

GREAT philosophy can come only from a great and big character.

It is not surprising that the late Thomas R. Marshall, Vice President under President Wilson, could write a big and beautiful story of his experiences in life.

In Indiana he was and always will be spoken of as Tom Marshall, a man who lived a beautiful life because he believed that right living was the only plan of life.

Out of that conviction and daily habit, Thomas R. Marshall gave to the world and to his fellow men a character that will never vanish from history or now will be erased from the memory of men.

In "Recollections of Thomas R. Marshall," also spoken of as "A Hoosier Salad," just published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of this city, the late distinguished Hoosier has written a great book because it is about a great man.

These recollections will be relished by all citizens of this State, regardless of political faith as well as in Washington, D. C., and any other place, because the world seems to be spoken to by Marshall in this book.

Influences of his own life were not bounded by the confines of the State of Indiana, the boundary seemed to be not along national lines but by the entire world.

World Contact

By his position as vice president during the illness of the late President Wilson, Mr. Marshall was the representative of all American people to the foreign delegations to this country.

In his foreword to his book, Marshall claims that he did not intend this book "to turn the tides of history nor to change the opinion of men as to the great things which took place when I was in public life. It has been written in the hope that the tired business man, the unsuccessful golfer and the lonely husband whose wife is out reforming the world may find therein a half hour's respite from sorrow."

The purpose of the book is in keeping with the philosophy and character of the man who wrote it. Marshall tells his own story from the early days until he retired from national life. Men who have been great in the history of Indiana were friends of Tom Marshall and they all appear in these memoirs. Many have passed on and others are still in the "harness."

Mr. Marshall although he was noted for his keen wit does not appear as a comedian and never has. He did not laugh at life but his

The Picture Changes

THE picture you have of bootlegging may include a lean-jawed, hard-faced young man speeding through the night in a high-powered car along one of the roads leading from the border, with bullets speeding after him.

Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania has a different picture. To encourage the Anti-Saloon League in its belief that prohibition may yet be made a fact, he described in his Chicago speech some phases of bootlegging that make the hard young man seem unimportant. One story, typical of several told by the Governor, was this:

Last winter he related in a special message to his Legislature that Federal permits for denatured alcohol were granted to Philadelphia cigar makers in quantity sufficient to meet the needs of all the cigar factories in America. (It seems cigar makers spray their tobacco with the stuff.)

Only a few weeks after he had pointed this out, he said, Commissioner Haynes, at Washington, authorized Bobrow Bros., Inc., cigar manufacturers in Philadelphia, to withdraw 35,000 gallons of denatured alcohol per month. That would be 420,000 gallons a year, more than enough to treat the entire tobacco crop of the world. For eighteen years, up to the issuance of this astounding permit by Commissioner Haynes, Bobrow Bros., according to Pinchot, had used a total of just \$480 worth of denatured alcohol.

The Governor explained then how denatured alcohol finds its way into the bootleg booze channels.

The country was edified for several weeks by the spectacle of the United States Coast Guard maintaining an armed blockade off the New York and New Jersey coasts to keep the Scotch out of the United States. A great, though expensive, victory was announced, notwithstanding it still appears possible to buy Scotch in New York at about the same price that prevailed before the coast guard was diverted to the prohibition war. The alleged success of the coast guard caused a lot of loose talking on the possibility of using two other branches of the Government—the Army and Navy.

And all the time, if Pinchot's facts are correct, it seems that the proper place to have trained the guns was not a scudding targets along the twelve-mile limit, but on the desk in Secretary Mellon's department, where the prohibition commissioner sat blandly issuing permits to cigar makers, perfume makers and the like, who were daily passing along enough alcohol to saturate the whole country.

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