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THE C. C. C. SUCCEEDS

THE civilian conservation corps yesterday finished its first six months of hewing, and today the war department began enrolling these veterans and new recruits for winter work in the south and west.

Which reminds us that there is one of the greatest national experiments in constructive social work ever undertaken by your Uncle Sam. Hunger relief has first pull on the nation's purse and heart strings. But a dole to the idle is no substitute for a wage to a worker. And when work relief for 300,000 young men, who otherwise would be tramping the hobo trail, ties in with so needed a project as reforestation the sanity of the arrangement is manifest.

Furthermore when the projects turns out work-toughened, sun-tanned young men possessed of that spiritual regeneration that comes from intimacy with trees, mountains and streams there is nothing to do but cheer.

So far the C. C. C. has fireproofed some 1,000,000 acres of forest, fought blaster rust in 400,000 acres in twenty-two states, built 2,000 miles of telephones, improved bird refuges and fought off the forests' enemies in forty-seven states. Some 125,000 young men of the original 300,000 have left the corps for other jobs, leaving that many to be recruited for the work to come. The program of the next six months is an ambitious one and covering work in 5,000,000 acres of state and national forests.

Tree, soil and wild life conservation hardly has begun. But the corps' work in conserving humans is tangible and impressive. The men are almost unanimous in calling themselves fortunate.

We trust that congress will finance the C. C. C. through the duration of the depression, and that the states will adopt similar work-relief plans. The jobless, pray heaven, may not be with us long. While they are the best way of caring for them is through such profitable projects as this.

HOW TO HEAD OFF FASCISM

ONLY militant and collective labor movements can save the two great Anglo-Saxon democracies, America and Great Britain, from Fascist dictatorships, declares John Strachey in his latest and most alarmist book, "The Menace of Fascism" (Covici, Friede).

Stripped of forensics and its "anti-big business demagogery," Fascism is to Mr. Strachey nothing but "bloodthirsty nationalism," set in motion by frightened privilege to wreck by terrorism the workers' organizations. His first twenty-five pages are press clippings describing the savage trail of the Nazi Brown Terror early last spring. They are not pleasant reading. Ten years of Fascist rule have, he sets out to prove, saved Italy from none of capitalism's insecurity or poverty, but have added "a form of serfdom for the workers imposed by compulsory arbitration and the denial of the worker's right to withdraw his labor."

The Roosevelt new deal leaves Mr. Strachey's book.

"Mr. Roosevelt and General Johnson no more can plan American capitalism than they can square a circle," he says. "It is possible that Mr. Roosevelt and his colleagues will produce some sort of a boom. But just insofar as they do they will sow the seeds for such a slump as will make the years 1929-1933 look like years of calm prosperity." American and British labor are optimistic. Hence—"The rise of a Fascist movement or a movement that is for the preservation by violence of the private ownership of the means of production is an historical certainty in Britain and America. There is not the slightest doubt that the British and American capitalists, just as they are thoroughly alarmed, will organize all their forces—their physical force—in order to attack by violence and terror everything that threatens their position. To suppose anything else is to fall a victim to the most pitiful illusions."

The task of preserving democratic institutions lies in the hands of the trade unions, co-operative societies and labor parties, says this Londoner. These must take the offensive against Fascism and "capitalistic imperialism." The future of their own class and "all of us" is in their hands.

Mr. Strachey's book to many may seem lurid, a bit unsharable and, particularly to Americans, unduly pessimistic.

But it is provocative and it should be read as a signal of warning. Democracy needs its evangelists now as never before.

WHAT M'KEE CONTRIBUTES

WHEN the decision is made—and that does not indicate that I shall make it . . .

We quote from Mr. McKee's statement of last Monday. We have no wish to play upon words. But we think many citizens, after reading the McKee announcement of yesterday, will feel a doubt as to whether Mr. McKee really did make his decision or whether Messrs. Farley and Flynn made it for him.

Mr. McKee's vacillation and delay greatly strengthen the doubt.

Much of Friday's statement sounds forced. Much of it seems labored and belated. There is not a word Mr. McKee now says about Tammany that was not just as true and that he could not just as well have said months ago when thousands of his fellow-citizens were expressing him to say it.

"I was not offered a Fusion nomination," he asserts. Possibly no silver platter was employed in the case of Mr. McKee any more than it was in the case of actual Fusion nominees. But had Mr. McKee at any time indi-

cated a willingness to lead a sincere fight against Tammany no one knows better than Mr. McKee that he could have had the nomination for the asking. And had Mr. McKee, two months ago, when the fight looked difficult, evinced the same courage that he shows today, with Tammany already reeling, no one would have backed him more than the man he now seeks to knife—Fiorella La Guardia.

His calling "the standard bearer of alleged Fusion [Mr. La Guardia] a poor compromise by a factor of would-be bosses" rings as false as his claim that he himself "will be absolutely free from political domination by any leader or set of leaders."

Imagine the inward smirk that last will produce in Messrs. Farley and Flynn, who are running Mr. McKee to substitute their own clutch for the Curry clutch on the city Democracy!

As predicted, the Smith-Foley faction in Tammany steps forward to wrest the Tammany leadership from Mr. Curry and defend it against the Farley-Flynn assault we shall have worse Democratic disruption.

The immediate effect, however, of the McKee candidacy is to give Fusion four bosses to fight instead of two. To Messrs. Curry and McCooey are now added Messrs. Flynn and Farley.

Yet the very sordidness and impudence of the Farley-Flynn-McKee plot should make new friends for Fusion and better the already strong chances for Fusion victory.

"A plague on ALL bosses!" becomes more than ever the slogan since the McKee decision of yesterday.

Strange contribution for a Joseph V. McKee to make to the anti-Tammany fight—this new evidence of political stealth and bossism!

JIM'S BASIC REALITIES

THE Republicans are beginning to emerge from their cyclonic cellars and take up the fight of 1934. Believing that robust opposition is good for democracy's soul, we'd hoped they would. But why, of all the faithful to blow the opening blast against the new deal, need it have been Jim Watson?

Speaking in Chicago, ex-Senator Jim called his erring country "back to the Constitution." The depression, he declaimed, "should not be permitted to drive us away from those basic realities that underlie our government, the operation of which is responsible for the marvelous growth of this republic and that still must constitute the beacon light to lead us on to greater heights of industry, prosperity and liberty."

To the lobbying Hoosier statesman, as we remember him, the "basic realities" were the sales tax, the Smoot-Hawley tariff, political prohibitionism and all the odds and ends that come under the head of privilege in government. Far from serving as a beacon light, these basic realities were just about to wreck us.

We don't know that the new deal will lead us to the promised land. We do know that the old deal of Jim's day was leading us in the opposite direction.

A TRAGIC MISTAKE

THE approach of prohibition repeal offers dry organizations a chance to make a tragic mistake; and there are indications that at least a few of them are all set to take it.

An official of the Ohio Anti-Saloon League, for instance, remarked the other day that his organization can hold no views as to the sort of liquor control system it would like to see adopted once the dry law dies.

"That," he said, "is impossible because the league does not admit defeat, will not concede anything, will not discuss possibility of repeal, will not give any attention to any questions of what may be done after repeal and will not prefer any particular form of liquor control, since it does not believe in anything except complete prohibition."

Die-hard fidelity to a principle is always admirable. But the drys could render a useful public service right now in helping their fellow-citizens to find a practical method of controlling the liquor traffic. It is disappointing to see that some dry leaders are washing their hands of that problem.

LIQUOR CONTROL

R EPEAL of the eighteenth amendment is likely to give our capacity for providing ourselves with decent government one of the most revealing tests it ever has had.

When you look over the various liquor control schemes that have been suggested, you find that they all share one factor: each one depends for its success on an honest, efficient, alert and intelligent set of officials to enforce.

Here's a sample:

The liquor control law of one of the Canadian provinces, which provides for retail stores where liquor is sold in packages, has one extremely sensible provision. No storekeeper is supposed to sell liquor to confirmed drunkards, to men who are prone to spend an undue proportion of their earnings on booze or to characters who are apt to make public nuisances of themselves when in their cups.

Give the federal government one-quarter of the police force maintained by our states and cities, and you would see the murder record, kidnapping record, thief record and racketeer-kidnapping record take an astonishing dive.

The essence of our crime problem lies in one simple fact—criminals operate on a nation-wide basis, while those appointed to catch them do not. The policeman must stop at the city line, the sheriff at the county line and the state trooper at the state line, but the thug goes right on.

More than that, the thug can depend on help. The fraternity to which he belongs has hideouts everywhere, political friends with a pull and lawyers who will play the game. The setup owes its workability to a very rigid but very simple discipline. The one offense is betrayal, and the one punishment death.

Now this is almost a fool-proof scheme, well worth copying in the United States. As much as any such plan can, it makes social considerations paramount in its handling of the liquor traffic.

But no one needs to think about it very long to realize that it would be no good whatever if its supervision and enforcement were in the hands of political hacks whose first loyalty was to the machine which gave them their jobs.

Let a Tammany, a Vare machine or your similar outfit pick your commission, and your fool-proof plan is as full of holes as a screen door.

And the same thing is true of any liquor control scheme that possibly can be devised. All of them will rest, ultimately, on the local governmental unit. They will give our authority to govern ourselves an acid test.

A BILLION DOLLARS

A BILLION dollars worth of Russian orders are waiting to be filled by the products of American factories and farms, Washington is informed, and Washington also is assured that we could bag the billion, "if we could offer competitive credit terms" to match the competitive credits big European nations are offer.

The huge volume and urgency of propaganda being put out for a new deal with Soviet Russia likely is to cause the average American to suspect that some element is trying to put salt on Uncle Sam's tail in order to catch him as a large, able-bodied creditor, which he is and is likely to continue to be as to most of the foreign countries except Russia.

Formal official recognition of Russia is one thing. Backing her purchases with United States government credit is something else. The latter policy would be nice for the comparatively few Americans who would sell things to Russia assured of their pay by the United States government. Just another instance of uplift for a small minority, with consideration for the good of the whole pigeonholed. But what is a billion, more or less, when we have some fifteen billions of credit outstanding in the foreign world and likely to remain outstanding?

A RISKY RACKET

THE clanging of prison doors behind seven kidnapers of Charles Urschel and the six abductors of August Luer will resound through the underworld as a warning that kidnaping is a risky racket. The swift conviction of these thirteen in Oklahoma and Illinois was "just a skirmish in the anti-crime war to come, according to the federal government's special prosecutor, Joseph B. Keenan.

The "Lindbergh law," bringing interstate kidnaping under federal jurisdiction, is working. The department of justice has investigated fifteen abduction cases and it has solved, or partially solved, them all. It is a gratifying record, and one to spur the states to greater efficiency in detecting and punishing their criminals.

If justice is swift and certain, as it was in these two cases, it need not be made more savage.

OUTLAWS DEBUNKED

MUCH as a romantically minded person might like to take these bold, bad gunmen of the modern underworld at their own valuation, it just doesn't seem to be possible.

There are, for example, those two desperadoes, Harvey Bailey and Machine Gun Kelly.

Both of them were famed as walking arsenals, tough man-killers who trod the earth with such a mighty tread that all peace officers ran to cover before them. But each one, somehow, was captured without a shot being fired. The officers walked in on them, got the drop on them, and they surrendered as meekly as drug store cowboys.

And this is a bit damaging to the legend. The real bad men of the old west weren't taken that easily. They might be surrounded and covered, but they fought to the end. These modern bad men, apparently, only shoot when the cards are stacked in their favor. Billy the Kid or Deadwood Dick wouldn't have been caught in the same jail with them.

Detective is convicted for shooting a Capone lieutenant. Next thing we'll hear a public apology is due Al himself.

Hoot Gibson is broke and in debt, while no one but his creditors gives a hoot.

President of Yale says we are entering a new dark age. We know where he got that. He saw more smoke belching from the factory chimneys.

M. E. Tracy Says:

SAY what you will, but it takes the federal government to round 'em up and find the loot. No one knows this better than gang leaders and racketeers. About the last thing they wanted to see was the department of justice freed from its prohibition load and their own fraternity deprived of bootlegging revenues.

Recent weeks have demonstrated what Uncle Sam really could do for law enforcement when given a chance to forget pint pocket peddlers and allowed to go after big game.

Those on trial at Oklahoma City for the kidnaping of Urschel had had some bitter enlightenment as to the difference between federal operatives and the local police.

Machine Gun Kelly started out to save the bunch by trying to frighten somebody. He wrote threat letters and in a most brazen way, even going so far as to mark some with his fingerprints.

Instead of frightening anybody, the machine gunner got caught, and when caught, he was taken alive, which must have surprised him quite as much as it surprised other people.

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ALL things considered, the outlook is bad for the kidnapers, chiefly because federal authorities have concentrated on that crime. But for the lack of men and money, they could do an equally good job with regard to all major crimes.

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That's a Thought!



The Message Center

I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire

Another View

By H. L.

A week or so ago I read where the KKK, or Klan, was calling on the suckers for their final milking at the K. of P. building.

Since the repeal of prohibition the graft hasn't been so good. They are at their wits end to know what to do with their hoodlum runners. These are the birds that go ahead of our police patrol cars and give warning, also to gamblers and red light districts.

Kingpin's has been here a long, long time and has had an honored career, backed, sponsored and managed by honest, worthy contributors to human happiness.

You have an aesthetic nose. Odors, pleasant and offensive, are everywhere and that odor from Kingpin's, to many of us, well used to it, and whose grandfathers stuck pigs at Kingpin's, is Kingpin.

If I was an editor, I'd look elsewhere for