

The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)

ROY W. HOWARD President
TALCOTT POWELL Editor
EARL D. BAKER Business Manager

Phone—Riley 3551



GIVE LIGHT AND THE
PEOPLE WILL FIND
THEIR OWN WAY

Member of United Press, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, Newspaper Enterprise Association, Newspaper Information Service and Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Owned and published daily (except Sunday) by The Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 214-220 West Maryland street, Indianapolis, Ind. Price in Marion county, 2 cents a copy; elsewhere, 3 cents—delivered by carrier, 12 cents a week. Mail subscription rates in Indiana, \$3 a year; outside of Indiana, \$5 a year; a month.

MONDAY, OCT. 2, 1933.

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 dol 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 blisters 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 jobs, 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 dictatorship, declares John Strachey in his latest and most alarmist book, "The Menace of Fascism" (Covici, Friede).

Stripped of forensics and its "anti-big business demagoguery," 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 skeptical.

"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 unscholarly 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 expecting 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—Florella Ka Guardia.

His calling "the standard bearer of alleged Fusion (Mr. La Guardia) a poor compromise by a faction 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!

If, 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 McCooney 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 dries 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

REPEAL of the eighteenth amendment likely is 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.

The liquor control commission checks up on its storekeepers very easily. It simply scans the police records for their districts. If any district shows a rise in drunkenness, a spread of poverty, an increase in crimes or any similar symptom indicating that too much liquor is being sold there, the license of the storekeeper in that district is revoked forthwith.

Every storekeeper knows that he will be out of a job if he fails to use good judgment in making his sales. Every storekeeper, consequently, has the best of incentives for running his place as it ought to be run.

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 Vore machine or any 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 ability 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 to 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 conclusion 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 pick pocket peddlers and allowed to go after big game.

Those on trial at Oklahoma City for the kidnaping of Urschel have 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.

ALL things considered, the outlook is bad for 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.

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

The essence of our crime problem lies in one simple fact—criminals operate on a nationwide 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.

ORDINARY folks understand the code and consequences of violating it. They also understand the helplessness of local authorities to cope with it.

A rapidly increasing number of unsolved crimes and punished criminals has done much to break down the public morale, and it all goes back to failure of our law-enforcing agencies which, in turn, goes back to lack of effective mobilization.

We have plenty of peace officers, but they are compelled to work without the proper kind of organization.

In the end, we are going to discover that we must handle crime in the same way that we are handling depression—on a nation-wide basis and by means of a nation-wide hookup. Crime has developed into an anti-social fraternity. It is no longer an affair of misguided individuals. Law enforcement has no choice but to accept the cue and mobilize not only a bigger but a better disciplined army.

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

(Times readers are invited to express their views in these columns. Make your letters short, so all can have a chance. Limit them to 250 words or less.)

By Joe Kelly.

Add suggestions to editors who are young, inexperienced, not indigent, over enthusiastic and sometimes sophomoric.

Don't worry about the odor from Kingan's. It is the odor of honest toil, honest production, a big benefit to the community.

Kingan'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 Kingan's, to many of us, well used to it, and whose grandfathers stuck pigs at Kingan's, is Frangipani.

If I was an editor, I'd look about for sensations (I was about to say ideas) than trying to embarrass an institution of historic glory as Kingan's.

Odors are a part of progress. They belong to progress. And Kingan's now probably is worried by larger problems than a carping editor about its body odors.

Also, I read the story in The Times Tuesday night and note the courses that are being offered by the Indiana university extension, and how ridiculous they seem in this day of essentials and the debunking of such things as the racket of higher, or college education.

If the state does not pay for such courses, this extension is okay. But if it does, the state, as you know, if it does places to spend its money. I would advise you to look critically over the catalogue of the Indiana university extension and see the amusing things that are being taught there to folk who are in a haze at the tricks of sol doisant education.

It's all right if it does not cost any taxpayer money, but if it does, in the name of equity and sound education, which is not necessarily a part of college curriculums (or should I end that word in 'a') this

Another View

By H. L.

A week or so ago I read where the KKK, or Klan, was calling in 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.

racket should be given a good kick in the pants.

Some one has said that the state is doing enough if it furnishes its boys and girls educational guidance through the high schools. And that is if a boy or girl wants to go on through a state university, that boy or girl, or his fond father, or somebody else, should pay the freight—not the taxpayers, but a small percentage of whom has anybody that can be sent through the state's educational mills.

If it is done in a private school—De Pauw, Earlham, Rose Poly, Butler, Notre Dame, or a good barber college, that, as my dear old German friend says, is a "difference case."

By State Employee.

With all the discussion going on about the Democrats' 2 per cent club, I think it is time that the views of one who pays regularly be heard. I am employed at the state house and got my job through politics. I am not unwilling to pay out the per cent "requested," except that I would like to point out for consideration two examples of attractive profit-making resulting from Democratic supremacy in state politics.

First of all, we have Bowman Elder, who, by the way, controls the money collected under the 2 per cent plan. Elder happens to be treasurer and part owner of an office supply business here in Indianapolis. This particular concern gets all the state business and at prices that make 1929 look like depression. Does Bowman Elder contribute 2 per cent of the gross

business he gets as a result of his political affiliation? He does not. Next, we have the beer importers. No one except an innocent babe could believe that their business is short of a racket. Every one knew that it was an enormously profitable scheme, but as to just what extent the profits reach, few knew until The Times conducted its investigation and revealed its findings. But do these beer importers pay 2 per cent of their gross earnings into the Democratic party's coffers? They do not.

Now any intelligent person can see the relation between an employee's salary and income from state-sanctioned business of other kinds. So why ignore the individually large profit group and go after the small-salaried people? Because it hurts to hand over 2 per cent of many thousands of dollars, and because the gentlemen controlling the many thousands of dollars also happen to control the party.

Earl Peters may be just trying to get a little favorable publicity from his battle with McNutt, but he should know that in this he has the great majority of state employees behind him. McNutt should forget his day dreams about becoming President and recall to mind some of the ideals which he should have learned in his days at Indiana university.

I also might ask whether Governor McNutt contributes 2 per cent of the \$8,000 a year he gets for upkeep of the Governor's mansion?

So They Say

Labor and the farmer are cheated by the same people, despised by the same people and kept apart by the same people—Mrs. Gifford Pinchot.

I've given up the idea of retiring. There's too much work to be done and too short a time to do it in—Major General Hugh L. Scott.

It is doubtful if there has been another period in American history so opulent in the number of strong and brilliant preachers as our own.—Rev. Edgar D. Jones of Detroit.

Japanese Set Goiter Control Mark

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

Editor Journal of the American Medical Association and of Hygieia, the Health Magazine.

Seaweed is served by the Japanese in various fashions. They often eat as much as ten grams of the weed at a single meal. It is served in a variety of ways and under a number of different names.

In this country iodine is supplied, particularly for girls of adolescent age, in the form of tablets which they may take during the school year. These tablets contain approximately one-sixth to one-tenth grain each and are given once a week for a period of forty weeks during the school year.

It has been established by studies made in various parts of the United States that goiter is most common in those sections of the country in which the water and the soil contain the least amounts of iodine.

These areas include the Pacific northwest and the Great Lakes area. These are the sections of the country in which the water is glacial water and in which the vegetables grown on the soil contain little iodine, so that the meat of the animals which feed on the herbage also contains but little iodine.

In some sections of the country, attempts are being made to enrich such substances as eggs, vegetables and meats with iodine by feeding iodine in the diets of animals.

The mere fact that the Japanese have but a small amount of goiter because they use seaweed in their diets need not induce Americans to embark on a diet of seaweed for the same purpose.

If it is made certain that iodine is provided by iodized salts or by tablets, the preventive measure will have been carried out suitably.

:: A Woman's Viewpoint ::

BY MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

Now, what is she? A sad, middle-aged woman with years of her life before her, and nothing at all to do except feel sorry for herself. Even her husband has grown away from her, chiefly because she has so steeped herself in the maternal tradition that she always put her children before her father in her attentions. She only gave him time left over from them.

HUSBAND and wife are spiritual aliens now. Both are alone. And unless this woman has the courage to make a new existence for herself, an existence with some keen outside interests, she will sink into a forlorn old age.

For life never commutes its sentences, nor parodies its prisoners. We must endure its decrees and the sternest one of all for women is the one which says, "Your children are only loaned to you for a little while. They never are really yours."

Negligent, therefore, as the modern young person may be about domestic duties, she's a good deal smarter on this point than her mother was. She will avoid one tragedy at least, if she has anything to do with shaping her life. That's why I like the way wise women matrons take their babies as a matter of course, rather than as miracles of nature. I like to hear them speak dispassionately about them. I like to watch them walk off calmly and leave them. This lack of sentimentality in the present age means that both parents and children will be happier.

It Seems to Me

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—I am moved profoundly. At least, I hope I am. The last van has clattered up to the door and left its cargo of ivory, emeralds and cheap tin trays.

It seems to me that moving day is the very institution out of all our city ways which does the greatest violence to a fundamental human feeling.

I wish I could say with Rupert Brooke that I might claim from this time forth some slight corner of West Fifty-eighth street as my dusty own. When anybody quits a house after a long residence, he has some right to feel that his imprint will remain upon the premises. Even if no single physical manifestation of his tenure is palpable, some inkling of the spirit defies any dispossession. Houses can be haunted by those who went away in the October parades. But who ever heard of a haunted apartment?

It is well enough to put up tablets of bronze saying: "Here Shakespeare was born," or "Once Washington slept in this abode," but even if I do much better in the next five years than I have done in the last forty-four, I hardly expect to see any metal memorial commemorating the fact that, "In these two rooms and bath, Heywood Brown composed some six or seven hundred columns."

Leaving Nothing Behind

WHEN a man has paid the last month's rent and moved away he quits his apartment utterly. Even while he is in residence the sense of possession never becomes strong enough to create a potential nostalgia. Ballads have been written by the score based upon the fact that the tenor or baritone wants to go back to his home in Tennessee, Michigan, Ohio or New Rochelle, but if I had the inspiration of angels I could move no multitude with my desire to be once again on the tenth floor of number one hundred and something West Fifty-eighth street.

It was a pleasant spot, indeed, a slight section of Ceylon's Isle set down in the middle of a great metropolis. On clear nights I could see Central park to its most northerly tip. I watched the municipal trees go gray in spring and die a slow and crimson death in autumn. And very often I sat upon the narrow balcony and planned the novels and the stories and the plays I never quite had time to write.

I lived and loved and broke my heart and took off fifteen pounds and left behind me nothing but a steel bookcase. As soon as they lower the rent a little somebody else will move in and never know or care that his uneasy footsteps follow the same track which was marked by Brown perplexed by the problem, "What on earth will suffice to make a column for tomorrow?"

No Introduction

I NEVER knew the name of the family which lived just below and took the rap when the flood waters seeped through the somewhat insufficient gravel of my penthouse exposure. I do not know who came before or who will follow after. We of the city canons move from one pueblo to another somewhat after the fashion of circus elephants. The succession goes by trunk, tail, trunk, but nobody ever stops to ask the tame beast just ahead of him, "I beg your pardon, sir, but just what is your name and the state of your immortal soul?"

If 10-B lapses now to broker, wife or widow who knows not Brown it will not be altogether my fault. Mr. Eddie Guest once held out the hope and promise that a heap of living would suffice to make a house a home. I would hardly care to say that I brought fame or credit to the domicile where for a few passing years I parked myself, but I think I may assert with justice that all the various landlords under whom I served know that they had been through a fight.

The Old Homestead

I STILL can remember the red letter day of the Give a Job Till June campaign—when we assembled 335 recruits in the corridors and cellars of the vacant apartment next door. That, as I remember, was the first occasion upon which the proprietor asked whether I would not consider an offer to break the lease. I believe there also were complaints from the neighbors on a later afternoon when fifty song writers, teams of two or four tried out their melodies in competition for the doubtful honor of being represented in "Shoot the Works."

I campaigned for congress from that same apartment and the Guild of Newspaper Men and Women had its somewhat furtive and timid birth in the same long and ill contrived living room. It has been laid out by an architect of golf courses, since it was arranged on a dog-leg principle. You could not get from one end to the other without imparting a decided slice to your drive.

The man who came before, and I and the man who comes after