

STARTLING PROGRESS MARKS FIRST SIX MONTHS OF U. S. LIFE UNDER RECOVERY ACT

7 to 80 Per Cent of Nation's Industry Is Now
Operating Under Permanent Codes;
Minimum Wages Guaranteed.

LABOR BARS CHILDREN UNDER 16

\$3,300,000,000 Allocated to Public Works
Projects Giving Employment to Jobless
and Bettering Living Conditions.

BY HERBERT LITTLE
Times Special Writer.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—NIRA is six months old today.

The Recovery Act with its double-barreled program for business and public works was signed by President Roosevelt June 16, and through two great divisions of an expanded government which devotes much attention nowadays to the welfare of its people and its industries, revolutionary changes have been effected in half a year.

If Rip Van Winkle had taken only six months for his famous snooze, he would have been just as perplexed on awakening today as he was after his twenty-year slumber in the Catskills.

Here are some of the things, exceedingly strange to the eye of June 16, which he would note:

Signs of business recovery, reported by the government and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, all under the emblem of countless blue eagles, dynamic, tailless birds flaunting thunderbolts in every store and factory window.

Organization of from 70 to 80 percent of all industry under permanent codes, pledged by law to allow their employees to bargain collectively and bound equally against cut-throat competition through less-than-cost sellings.

Minimum wages and maximum hours guaranteed to 20,000,000 industrial workers through permanent codes and Blue Eagle agreements, with labor by children under sixteen barred from all industries by mutual consent.

Manufacturers asking, and getting sanction to reduce their hours of operation and shut down their machines by agreement to avoid glutting the markets.

Establishment of a supreme court of labor, the National Labor Board, to which workers can and do come with facts and charges about a few surviving rugged individualists among employers.

Rip Van Winkle might in amazement then turn his gaze from NIRA to the other NIRA twin, PWA, just to make sure his eyes saw the truth. And, looking away from General Hugh Johnson's lair on the fourth floor of the Commerce Building, he would turn to the interior department and find:

—Conservation— SPORTSMEN LAX IN MOVE TO PUT DEER IN STATE

Only 667 Votes Are Cast in
Indiana Survey of
Situation.

BY WILLIAM F. COLLINS
Times Special Writer.

The survey made by the department of conservation among the sportsmen of the state on the question of establishing deer in southern Indiana shows that 600 men pledged their support and protection of the herd. Another sixty-seven men voted against the plan.

This does not constitute a representative vote among a group of more than 100,000 hunting license buyers who live in southern Indiana.

The only interpretation I can

make of this is that the two rooms of the state are not sufficiently interested in deer to express them

one way or the other. For

that matter, about the same pro-

portion are not sufficiently inter-

ested in any phase of outdoor sport

to make their desire well known.

If the vast army of outdoor people

in this state or in the United States

were articulate, we never would

have had a stream pollution prob-

lem to contend with.

Many Are Silent

Sixteen million men and women hunt and fish in this nation, or at least they buy a license for that purpose. Do you think if this number of people raised their voices against the destruction of our streams we now would have thousands of miles of water turbid with filth, including 470 miles in Indiana. Do you think we would have a reforestation problem, a flood problem, a drainage problem and a vanishing wild life problem.

We rise to heights of ardor to debate bear control, the walkathon and other transitory phenomena and pass over, with scant attention or no attention at all, those elemental things that make our lives worth living and which no doubt will affect profoundly the very existence of our children. If you don't believe this read the people's voice columns in any daily newspaper.

Two states alone, so far as I have observed thus far have adopted a program for the betterment of their citizens by improving conditions beyond the town line. Connecticut is buying forests. Eventually the forests will be joined together in a large area to be known as "The Peoples Forest."

Memorials Move Costly

At this time that state has not spent as much money by half as Indiana expended for the George Rogers Clark and the War memorials.

I am certain her people are

getting vastly more enjoyment out of their forests than we get out of our two huge agglomerations. They have some beautiful buildings in Connecticut, but the only thing they wanted me to see was the winter sport carnival in the forest.

The Boy Scouts and the Appalachian Mountain Club took over the task of mapping and cutting the trails, the Girl Scouts and the women's Clubs planned the shelters and outdoor camps. Thousands of city-wear folks may be found among them.

Back in Chicago, after my trip to Canada, I took a three-months' internship in anesthesia at the Presbyterian hospital. Then it was time to take the Cook county examination.

Mary had been sent home from the University of Michigan (whence she had transferred from Drake at the beginning of her sophomore year) as a "T. B." suspect. Having no special interests of her own, she suddenly developed a tremendous interest in my career.

Despite her cheery encourage-

PRIVATE LIFE OF THE WYNEKOOPS

Catherine Charges Police Stupidity for Mother's Arrest

BY DR. CATHERINE WYNEKOOP
Written exclusively for The Times and
other NEA Service newspapers.
(Copyright, 1933, NEA Service, Inc.)

ON the morning of Aug. 31, 1929, four carloads of family and friends started for the quiet town of Sycamore, near Chicago. For in the chapel of St. Albans' school there, which both my brothers had attended, Rheta Gardner was to become Mrs. Earle Wynekoop.

When we reached the school, I helped her change into the filmy white dress which she had brought from Indianapolis for the occasion, then arranged the folds of the white tulle bridal veil which we had bought in Chicago that morning.

Clad in bright orange silk, I walked ahead of her down the narrow aisle of the school chapel to the altar rail, where the Rev. Charles L. Street, headmaster, waited with Earle. Ahead of me walked Walker's little boy, Walker Jr., carrying the ring.

Back in Chicago later that day, we—the newlyweds, Rheta's parents, and our family—gathered at the Midwest Athletic Club for a bridal dinner, with the traditional bride's cake of many layers and toasts of the bride and bridegroom.

Next day, Earle and Rheta started for our country place in Michigan for their honeymoon.

During the two and one-half months that followed, we did not see the honeymooners. But seldom a day passed that a letter or postcard, with a Frankfort postmark, did not arrive at the "gloomy old mansion," telling how happy they were.

These letters and cards, curiously enough, seemed to give mother the first cheer she had had since dad's death. She missed him terribly, and Earle and Rheta's happiness seemed to give back part of what death had taken from her.

THEIR gay letters, she told Mary and me, carried her to her honeymoon days.

We all enjoyed the good cheer these misses brought, even our roomer, Miss Enid Hennessey, a great friend of mother's, who had been a member of our household, almost a member of the family, for about ten years. She was a teacher in John Marshall high school.

Early in November, Earle soon would be seeing us. So mother decided that as a welcome home surprise she would fit up as a special suite for them the two rooms on the second floor which she and dad always had—the best rooms in the house.

Vividly do I recall the scene that took place in our Monroe street house the evening before Earle and Rheta were expected home after their honeymoon at Frankfort. Mother had put her heart as well as her purse into refurbishing the two special rooms for the newlyweds. And the results were lovely.

Especially did Mary and I approve of the bedroom, with its twin beds inlaid mahogany bureau or Erie, and its double bureau for Rheta.

"Remember, girls!" mother

warned Mary and me, as we admired the handsome furnishings, "these are Earle's and Rheta's rooms, where they can come when they want to be alone. We never must bother them here."

Although she also told us that it would be wisdom never to visit these rooms without an invitation, they didn't become any Chinese wall, separating Earle and his bride from the rest of the family.

On the contrary, they were all over the house with the rest of us.

Mary and Rheta became great pals. Both adored pretty clothes and parties. And when Mary entertained her friends at home, Rheta and Earle always were in the party.

Naturally, I never got as close to my new sister-in-law. By the time she entered our family, I was a sophomore at Rush Medical college. Home, to me, then, simply was "that place where I slept and ate." Nevertheless, I joined mother and Mary in giving some parties for Rheta, to introduce her to our friends.

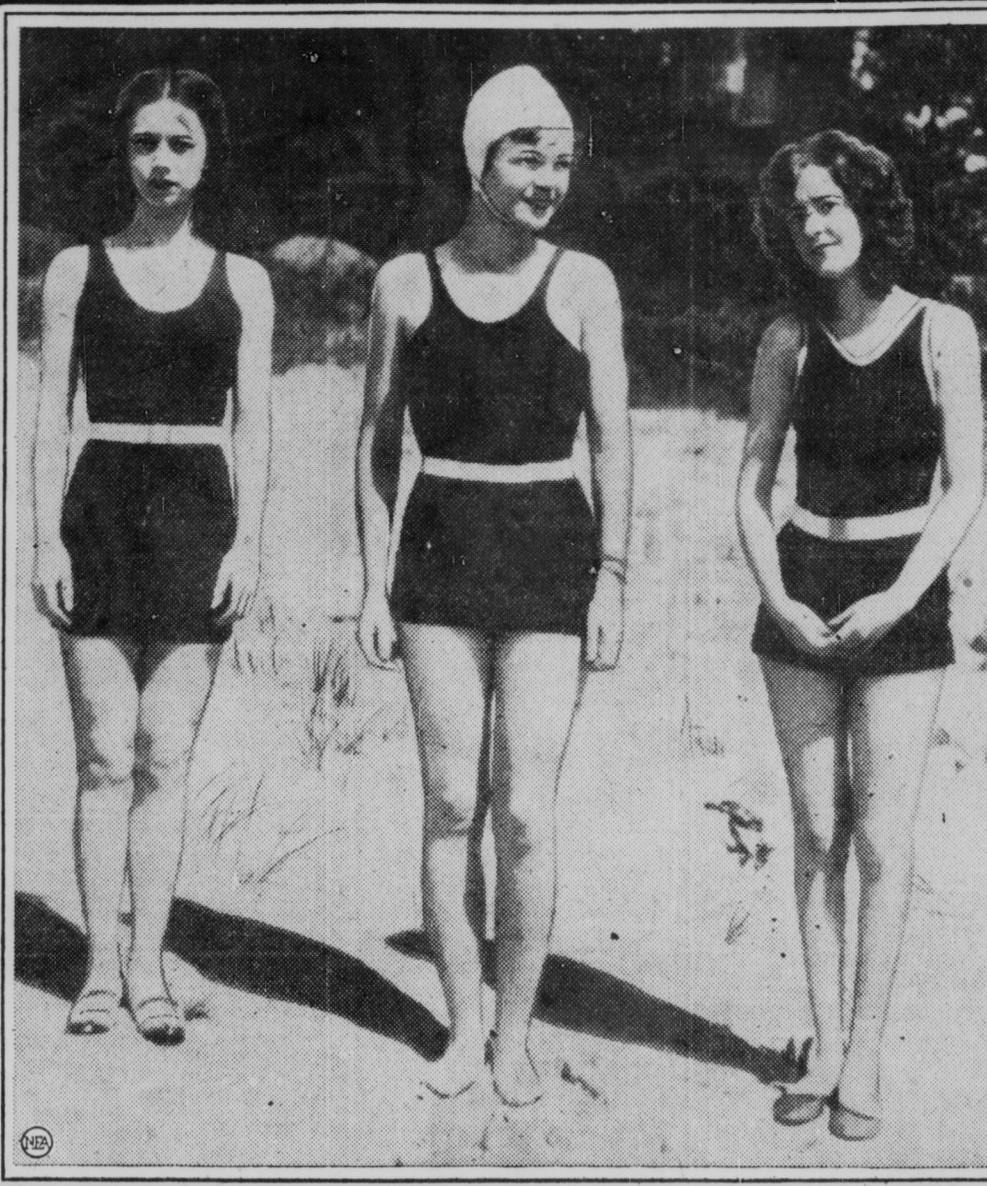
A true artist was Rheta. As soon as she had adjusted herself to her new life, she started studying violin again. Her lessons, incidentally, were a present from mother.

THE following spring, she and Earle returned to Frankfort. This time Mary went with them. Mother, however, stayed behind to see me through my last quarter at Rush. And when, that August (1930), I won my degree, she bundled me off on a boat trip to Canada.

Back in Chicago, after my trip to Canada, I took a three-months' internship in anesthesia at the Presbyterian hospital. Then it was time to take the Cook county examination.

Mary had been sent home from the University of Michigan (whence she had transferred from Drake at the beginning of her sophomore year) as a "T. B." suspect. Having no special interests of her own, she suddenly developed a tremendous interest in my career.

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Three pals together were Mary Louise, Catherine and Rheta Wynekoop, left to right in the picture above after a dip during their summer outfit at Frankfort, Mich.

ment, I lost my nerve, but finally I took the exam. And three months later, when the results were posted, I couldn't believe my eyes when I found my name listed in the top group of thirty-five.

That July, I began my coveted internship of Cook County hospital. The family spent that summer as usual at Frankfort, mother and Mary going up on the boat, while Earle and Rheta flew there.

When time to close our summer house arrived, a girl from Detroit, whose parents also had a place on Crystal Lake, invited Mary to stay over and visit her. Mary accepted.

But hardly had she unpacked her trunk, than her hostess became ill and both girls started home.

In 1932 I left for the St. Louis Maternity hospital to do some special work.

There I was when, early in March, came word that Mary was dead. She had surrendered at last, game fighter that she was, to her poor weak heart.

When she died, the light went out of the big house on Monroe street. Everything seemed different now. Everybody was more sober. And when, a few months later, I was offered a residency in the children's surgery ward of the hospital where I had served my internship, I eagerly accepted.

Meanwhile, the Century of Progress had gotten under way, and Earle, along with some other aviators, had found employment on the sky ride. Exactly what he was supposed to do, I never knew. One day he took tickets, the next he repaired the rocket cars.

Despite what I have read in the newspapers these last few weeks, I wasn't aware of any change between him and Rheta. As far as I knew, he was going home every night.

And I know she always was dashing down to the exposition grounds to keep dates with him.

The only change I noted was in her. Following Mary's death, she became what I can describe only as health conscious.

Then the Century of Progress neared its end, and from mother I learned that Earle and Stanley Young, a boy Earle knew at Northwestern university, were going west. Their plan, mother said, was to take colored pictures of the Grand canyon.

In Accordance With the

CODE OF FAIR COMPETITION

of the

CLEANING AND DYEING INDUSTRY

Approved by the President of the United States and effective November 20th, 1933

and conforming with instructions received from the NATIONAL CODE AUTHORITY for the CLEANING AND DYEING INDUSTRY, the local Administrative Board for Trade Area No. 6, including Bartholomew, Boone, Brown, Hamilton, Hancock, Hendricks, Jackson, Johnson, Marion, Morgan, Putnam and Shelby counties, hereby announces the following minimum prices for dry cleaning and finishing the following articles effective Monday morning, December 18, 1933.

Minimum prices have been approved for the following garments:

MEN'S WEAR	WOMEN'S WEAR
Suits, 2 or 3-pc. \$.35	Dresses No. 1* \$.95
Suits, pressing only50	Dresses No. 2* 1.25
Trousers50	Dresses No. 3* 1.50
White Flannel Trousers75	Coat Suits—2-pc.
Wash Suits95	Jacket and Skirt95
Top Coats or Overcoats.... .95	Coat Suits—3-pc.
Hats75	Jacket, Blouse and Skirt.. 1.25
Gloves25	Plain Coats*95
Ties10	Velvet Coats*** 1.25
	Gloves, short white15

CHILDREN'S WEAR

Girls' Dresses.... \$.50 Boys' Suits \$.50 Coats \$.50

Up to Size 12 (Short Trousers and Knickers)

* No. 1—Silk or wool, plain, straightline, afternoon, sports or street dress, in one- or two-piece style, including belt, pockets, with or without shoulder sash.

* No. 2—Silk or wool, one- or two-piece afternoon dresses, street or sports wear, modestly styled with flares, tucks or frills.

* No. 3—Evening gowns, elaborately styled, and velvet dresses.

* Plain Coats—For trimming add: Fur collar, 30c; for cuffs, 25c; fur trim at bottom, 50c extra.

* Velvet Coats—With fur collar, add 50c extra.

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