

It Seems to Me

By

Heywood Broun

MY dictionary says—"in-ev-i-ta-bl(e)—adj.—That can not be shunned, avoided, or prevented; bound to happen or be met with in the very nature of things; unavoidable; as, the inevitable conflict."

I wish that some of my radical, my liberal and my conservative friends would familiarize themselves with this definition. Very often I am asked by one group or another to join in meetings which are called to protest against "the inevitable world war which is upon us."

If hostilities are unavoidable I'm not interested. I can not become enthusiastic about prospects which are issued upon the notion that after one more round this tragic folly shall not occur again. It is my belief that after another general conflict the only convention to be called will include the vultures, the buzzards and the scarlet poppies. I can see eye to eye with those who feel that after another fling the world can be made over. There won't be enough left.

Not Utterly an Idiot

ALTHOUGH both sentimental and romantic, I am not sufficiently naive to deny that another war is possible. I will go further. It seems to me that another war is distinctly probable. The whole lineup of the nations is propitious for conflict. The stage is set even more completely for hostility than it was in 1914.

But this second world war is not inevitable. It is within the power of mankind to prevent it. Wars are made by man. They do not fall under the defeatist phrase which classifies other catastrophes as "acts of God."

I won't fight. Now if that is true of you and you and you, there will be no war. Of course, I have read that the attitude of nonresistant pacifism is old-fashioned. I have even heard it pointed out that it plays into the hands of the war makers.

The Boys Grow Colder

SOME very stalwart pacifists have abandoned their position within the last few years. Professor Einstein weakened a little while ago and confessed a willingness to arm against the Nazis. Here in America that old war horse, Roger Baldwin, did a complete about face and announced that he would not refuse to wear the uniform in the event of another conflict. He admitted that he had been converted to the Communist position, which holds that a nonresistant is a little more harmful than a man with a bayonet in the first wave.

Although I have read much about the new-fangled notion, it may be that I misunderstood it because it seems to me so very silly. The people who call conscientious objectors, romantic fools assert that those who are against war should sign up and then bore from within. If you go to Leavenworth or Atlanta you lose contact with the masses and become quite useless in the movement.

At least that is the way the argument runs. But I doubt whether any of the people who advance this suggestion are at all familiar with the psychology or the physical formation of an army. When war comes it is extremely difficult for any citizen behind the lines to express himself. The preachers and the publishers are under careful scrutiny. They must either wave the flag or stand stock still. But where on earth did anybody get the idea that somewhere within the army ranks free forums and Sunday night debating societies have existed?

Without Benefit of Agitators

EVEN the agitator who speaks carefully behind the palm of his hand is likely to be detected. The most difficult was to make a protest against armed conflict lies with those who are already signed up with the organization.

And I think there is another valid objection. Very few of us are 100 per cent proof against the sound of fife and drum. A heavy drum seduces civilians in time of war and makes them shout "Hip, hip, hooray!" But the lure of the infantry and the cavalry and the engineers is still more potent. Burnt children of this world, I warn you, dread the fire. Don't think that you can put on khaki and still avoid its subtle seduction.

The Effect of a Belt

WHEN, as a war correspondent, I was instructed to wear a Sam Browne belt I came closer to militarism than I have been since or ever expect to be again. Indeed, I knew a radical who in a trench picked up a rifle and fired at men who were not for all according to his philosophy.

I believe that those who hate war should keep away from the sound of the bugles. I believe that they should cease to go about saying: "It's too bad, but inevitable."

Who says that it is inevitable? You and your friend on the corner! All right, I'll get 302 to cry you down. Possible? Yes. Probable? I'm afraid so. But mention "inevitable" and the many millions of us will reply: "You can't make war without us and you can't make war with us. We've made up our minds—no more war."

"Inevitable?" Oh, yeah!

(Copyright, 1934, by The Times)

Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

WHETHER you live in a rural community or in a large city, the health of your family and those about you depends upon the effective control of disease and epidemics by your local health department.

In large cities, in fact, it is only the work of their modern health organizations that makes it possible to live there.

Control of epidemics, of diseases carried by contaminated foods, milk and water, proper disposal of sewage, adequate ventilation and the smoke nuisance, all are problems which come under the scope of the health department.

When each of these measures of sanitation was installed, it was reflected very promptly by a definite lowering in disease and death rates. With these improvements life expectancy at birth has risen by more than a score of years.

If continued progress is to be made, there must be continued expenditures as new causes of death and diseases are determined. Now it has become possible for health departments to state very definitely that certain minimum standards must be observed or the health department of the community is a failure.

A low infant mortality rate, a low death rate from typhoid fever, scarlet fever and diphtheria, and prevention of epidemics and plagues are matters which can be controlled scientifically.

In these times taxpayers are subject to great burdens. Nevertheless, you, as a taxpayer, should realize that the money spent for prevention of disease probably brings a greater return for each dollar than money spent in any other way.

BECAUSE of the stringent economic conditions, the budgets of health departments have suffered along with the others. However, they suffer far more than do other departments of the government, simply because it has been exceedingly difficult in the past to get sufficient money to permit any health department to perform, to the fullest extent, what it might accomplish.

It has been said repeatedly that public health is a purchasable commodity. The amount of money spent for health purposes is reflected very promptly in the death rates of the community.

In times of economic depression dangers from poverty, worry and malnutrition are increased. Therefore, in these times public health departments have to be organized and operated much more efficiently than at any other period.

'WE MAKE YOUR NEWSPAPER'**Our 'Off the Backboard' Likes to Dash Off Poetry**

Following is the eleventh of The Times' popular series on the members of its editorial staff. Today's article tells about Carlos Lane, assistant sports editor of The Times.

BY NORMAN ISAACS

Times News Editor

THE Tech-Shortridge basketball game was coming up and on Monday, Carlos Lane, assistant sports editor of The Indianapolis Times and conductor of that ever-popular basketball column, "Off the Backboard," told his readers that he would tell them his choice on Thursday.

On Tuesday, Carlos chuckled over the letters piled up on his desk, but on Wednesday he came to the office with a worried look on his face. He felt anything but chipper, and on Wednesday afternoon, Carlos was rushed to Methodist hospital for an appendectomy.

Thursday morning at 7 the phone rang.

"This is the Methodist hospital," said a voice-with-a-smile, "Mr. Lane wants us to inform the person who will write his column that he is picking Tech."

"How is he?" we wanted to know.

"Mr. Lane has just come out of the anesthetic," said the voice-with-smile. "His condition is good. His only word is that he is picking Tech."

And that is the newspaper version of the stage's famous law that "The play must go on!"

■ ■ ■

ONCE upon a time Carlos Lane played the role of a rollicking young man-about-town. The office never could be sure whether he would show up for work or not, but the years have drummed some common sense into Mr. Lane's blond head and, now 26, he is developed into a dependable, cheery "working man."

Young Mr. Lane used to be attracted by the bright lights, but office lights now beckon and he heads.

Carlos, born in the general vicinity of Wabash—he thinks it was Lincolnville—talks in a deep bass voice and he laughs almost continually.

He goes in for fancy colored shirts.

He loves books, but mostly good books.

He loves flying.

And he likes to write poetry!

■ ■ ■

CARLOS insists that he's never seen his birthplace. He knows that his father labored behind a shingle labeled "Physician and Surgeon" in Lincolnville, and he says that a few years ago on a flying trip he noticed that his course lay directly over the place. Naturally, he looked for it.

"An elm tree hid it from view," laughs Carlos.

Carl's father, the late Dr. Carlos Lane, moved his family to Ligonier, where young Carlos, to the despair of most of the citizenry, grew up. Carl's mother still resides in that charming little northern Indiana city.

Young Mr. Lane revealed hints early that he had no intention of following his father in knifewielding, and in the eighth grade collaborated in writing a play for his literary society, an opus distinguished by the amount and novel means of bloodshed.

Mr. Lane admits that the action made the traditional "Terrific Turk" look like a Boy Scout.

Carl continued his scribbling in high school and, finally, in 1923, Ligonier high school handed him a roll of paper done up in black and gold ribbon. In the fall he entered Notre Dame—an institu-

tion to which he still reveals traces of ardent loyalty—and worked on the old Notre Dame Daily and Scholastic.

One of his Notre Dame professors assigned an original short story as part of the month's work. Carlos never completed his work. He couldn't hand in anything, as he had nothing.

Wondering what the quarter's grade would look like, Carlos one day met his professor coming down the hall.

"Well," thought Carl, "here it comes. No yarn. No pass."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Lane," said the professor, smiling. "That was a splendid story you wrote. It's the best thing you've ever done."

Carl pulled at his ear, looked at his professor quizzically. He could see the professor was sincere—but laboring under a false impression.

"Yes," answered Carl finally, "I think so, too."

He still does.

■ ■ ■

CARL LANE can write beautifully—and at times does. The day Knute Rockne lost his life in that tragic plane crash at Bazar, Kan., Carl sat at his typewriter and wrote for The Times the most beautiful, plaintive, and majestic story of Knute Rockne's passing any paper in the United States ever printed. We think so, anyway.

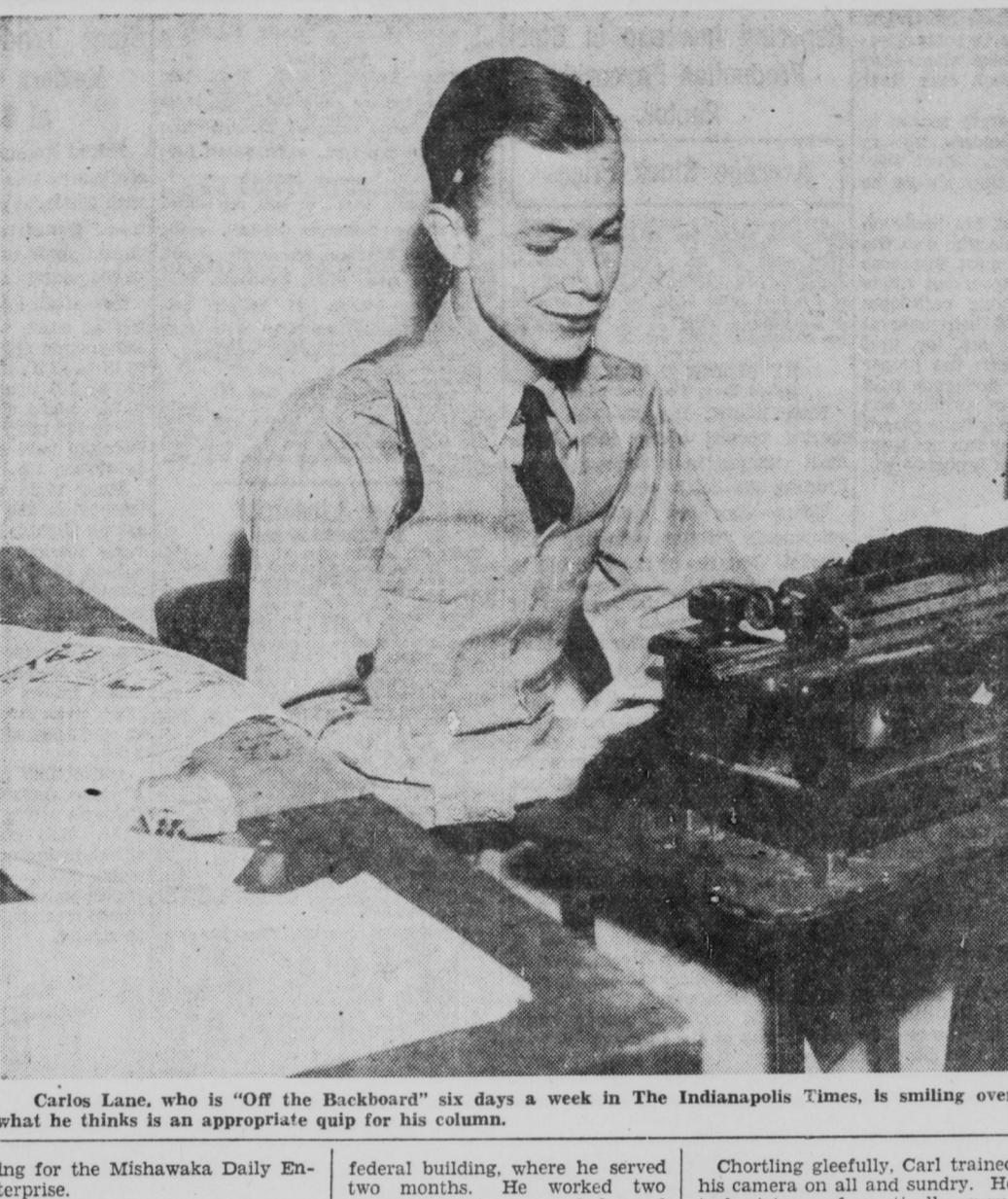
It left a lump in our throats and we in the office never think of that tragic airplane crash without remembering Carl Lane's story.

But he has done other things for The Times.

He covered the southern Indiana flood by plane in 1930.

He covered the Marion lynching, the Marverine Appel murder in South Bend; the Rockne funeral, the Virgin Kirkland trial for the slaying of Arlene Draves, and almost a dozen bank robberies.

Carl broke into the newspaper business in an odd manner. Driving through Mishawaka shortly after leaving Notre Dame, he halted to chat a minute with a former classmate, who was work-



Carlos Lane, who is "Off the Backboard" six days a week in The Indianapolis Times, is smiling over what he thinks is an appropriate quip for his column.

ing for the Mishawaka Daily Enterprise.

"Want a job?" asked Carl's friend.

"Sure," said Carl. "Where is it?"

The old pal was leaving and so Carl took the job. It was one of those newspaper offices where one is everything from copy boy to city editor, and in between covers police, city hall, hospitals, industries and the bi-monthly Fellowship of the Year.

Two years later, Carl graduated to the South Bend papers, the News-Times and the Tribune. When a friend of his left the Lansing (Mich.) Capital News, just across the state line, Carl sorted out and took the job as police reporter.

■ ■ ■

IN May, 1929, he came to The Times and sat on the rewrite desk for six months and on the city desk proper for two years. Then he was transferred to the

federal building, where he served two months. He worked two months on the copy desk, and then turned photographer. For six months he toiled as the demon photographer. Then he left, only to return last year as assistant sports editor.

His qualifications for the job?

He says himself that he made all the second and third teams in everything that you can think of.

He sits across the desk from Eddie Ash, The Times' sports editor, and takes advice from that veteran of sports.

But before we close let us tell you the prize story about Mr. Lane, your friend and our friend.

The day a bandit gang held up the Clinton (Ind.) bank, and held off a posse with a machine gun mounted in a car, Carl dashed off to Clinton in a National Guard plane.

The plane veered over to Sidel, Ill., arriving there just after three of the bandits had been killed and two others captured.

■ ■ ■

Chortling gleefully, Carl trained his camera on all and sundry. He took pictures of practically everybody in the posse, of the guns, the shooting scene and everything you could imagine.

Smiling complacently, he loaded his camera into the plane and back to Indianapolis they flew, Carl blissfully dreaming of his city editor's whoop of joy when he would see the magnificent photographic display.

Down to Stout field swooped the airplane and into the hangar it taxied. Down jumped Carl. As he lifted the camera out, the plate magazine came open and down onto the hangar floor crashed a dozen prized plates.

Carl sat on a box, chin in hand and stared at the plates.

"You should never cry over spilled milk," he told Lieutenant Robert Taylor and Matt Carpenter, "but in just what way shall I word that when I tell the city editor?"

■ ■ ■

Next—He covers the courthouse.

The Theatrical World**Marionettes Win Plaudits in New Lilian Harvey Production; 'Son of Kong' Is Just a Headache, Declares Times Critic**

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

Times News Editor

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

Times News Editor