

It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROWN

GARY, Ind., June 13.—Upon the doorstep of Chicago sprawls the steel industry of the middle west. Gary is across the state line, but less than thirty miles away from the metropolis. From all the little towns of the Indiana plain rise the spires of the industry, the tall stark chimneys which serve as lungs to the furnaces.

Steel is not a business which embellishes the landscape. Gary probably represents the very latest in manufacturing development, but the town which the corporation has set up upon the sand dunes of the lake front is hideous in its grime and squalor. The furnaces are doubt models of their kind, but not the houses which seem some sort of slag by-product of the plant.

As I drove back toward Chicago a big thunderstorm was creeping up across the lake and the clouds were purple and ominous.

A dead calm gave promise of the calm to come. And so it is with the strike which edges on toward Gary, Indiana Harbor and East Chicago. If the men go out Gary will find itself in the grip of what might as well be a general strike, for here it is all steel. The town lives and dies and breathes by steel and steel alone.

Preparations Are Made

Gas is thrown at picket lines along this front I doubt if it is likely to prove effective for in this whole territory for miles about each living being swallows his peck of dirt before the sun goes down. Even more than in Toledo a walkout here will take on the aspects of war. Almost it seems as if the original architect of the Gary plant had a citadel in mind for the works constitute a fortress hard to take in any frontal attack.

Though the steel mills cover vast acreage and have an outer circumference of many miles the works only can be approached by three main arteries each one of which comes to a separate bridgehead across a narrow stream. High walls surround the property and its rear is protected by the broad expanse of Lake Michigan. Flood lights have been set up at the top of the walls to prevent any surprise attack. Cots which did service in the siege of 1919 are being put in place and vast quantities of provisions have been shipped into the plant. It is quite evident that the steel barons mean to continue operations even though the strike is called. My taxi driver told me that a friend of his had been unable to get a room in any hotel or boarding house for miles around and he interpreted this to mean that the various steel companies already had assured themselves of a sufficient quantity of labor.

Cheap Labor on Hand

HOWEVER, there is always a large reserve supply in Gary itself. Baer in the 1919 strike the United States Steel Company brought many Negroes into Gary. Most of them have remained. Many still work in the plant, but thousands of them are unemployed. The Negro section of the city is perhaps the most appalling of all the housing horrors. In more recent times a good many Mexicans were brought to the plant. Some of them have been sent home but there is still a residuum of cheap labor which can be tapped.

Just how far organization has gone is anybody's guess. The strike leaders naturally set a much higher figure as to their effectiveness than the company spokesmen are willing to admit. The actuality as far as a casual visitor has any right to hazard an opinion is that the skilled workers are well knit, the unskilled much less organized.

But whether 30 or 90 per cent of the men go out in the event of a strike, the scene definitely is set for violence and bloodshed. Already the company has a militant attitude toward the stranger within the gates. I was watching the men come out from a plant off an afternoon shift and I hardly had stood there a minute when a guard came up to inform me that I was on company property and that no loitering was permitted.

Bitter Tactics May Come

AS a matter of fact both sides are suspicious and sullen in their attitude toward the transient. I tried to get some information about the situation from workers in several bars and lunch rooms, but they all gave me short and evasive answers. Undoubtedly they have reason to fear the blacklist and the labor spy.

In saying that everything points to violence if a struggle comes I have no intention of suggesting that the so-called "outside agitator" plays any important role in this territory. It is an American fancy, I assume, that violence always indicates left-wing activity. An A. F. of C. struggle can be, and often is, just as violent as any other.

Toledo, for instance, had practically no Communist admixture and yet there was no lack of bitter tactics. It must be remembered that the strike in itself is not a radical weapon at all. Certainly it has its place in our American tradition.

I have no love for violence, but I certainly have received enough education recently to know that it is by no means even the first cousin of radical philosophy. The American worker always gets rough when he sees another man taking his job. He always has and by now I am convinced that he always will.

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Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEN

THE inflammatory condition of the skin which causes the face to become covered with pimples, but which also may affect neck, shoulders, back and chest, is known scientifically as acne.

Specialists in diseases of the skin describe various types of acne according to size and shape of the pimples.

Usually these pimples are associated with an infection of the skin by germs of various types, including not only the germs which are supposed to be specific for acne, but also the usual pus-forming germs called staphylococci.

These conditions usually come on in youth and may be associated to some extent also with the functioning of various glands. There are certain diseases in which pimples are likely to occur, particularly diseases of the digestion.

Sometimes the taking of drugs like bromides and iodides will increase the number of pimples.

THE best way to prevent pimples is, of course, to observe absolute cleanliness about the skin. Blackheads should be squeezed out under careful conditions. The face should be washed thoroughly with hot water.

The skin may be soaked in hot boric acid solution containing about three heaping tablespoons of powdered boric acid to three quarts of hot water. The face may be soaked for ten to fifteen minutes with towels wrung out in a hot solution of this type.

This will remove the grease and loose skin from the face, as well as the material from the pimples and blackheads.

AFTER this heating process, the blackheads may be squeezed out properly with a special black-head extractor. Then the skin may be treated with successive sponges of cold water to contract the pores and the dilated blood vessels.

Specialists in diseases of the skin provide various ointments, salves, and pastes for irritated and infected skin. It is also possible in the more severe cases to bring about good results by use of the X-ray.

With all this, the general hygiene of the body may be improved and the constipation and indigestion should be overcome, by suitable diets. There should be plenty of outdoor exercise and fresh air.

Questions and Answers

Q—What is the population of Tokyo, Japan?

A—5,312,000.

Q—Name the ambassador from Argentina to the United States.

A—Dr. Felipe A. Esplá.

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HOOSIERS BEST ALIBI ARTISTS

Home-Town Boys Make Most Traffic Mistakes, Excuses

BY GRENVILLE MOTT
Times Staff Writer

VISITORS break traffic rules less often than local drivers and Hoosiers are the world's foremost alibi artists.

That is the verdict of Indianapolis traffic police after years of suffering, despair and silently muttering, "Will they never learn?"

One corner cop explained to the perspiring reporter:

"Indianapolis people think they know what's what so well that it would be impossible for them to make a mistake, so they gaze at beautiful gals or sit and dream about what would have happened on the seventeenth if they had used a spoon instead of a four iron.

"In the meantime, traffic moves and stops and moves again, and citizens get pinched for making left turns where left turns were never supposed to be made.

"You know," continued the officer, "the other afternoon I used my midiron and if it hadn't been for a slight slice—"

"Yeah," interrupted the still perspiring, but now enthusiastic reporter, "well, let me tell you something, Sunday on the eighth green I had a sixty-five-foot putt—, but this is supposed to be a traffic survey. Tell me the worst recent achievement of a local driver on this corner."

The policeman came back from thoughts of singing brasses with an unhappy start.

"There was a guy, yesterday," he said, "who didn't know you couldn't make a left turn here, so he made one and ran smack into that sign out there that says 'No Left Turn,' and knocked it down. Beat that if you can."

The reporter said he couldn't.

"Of course," continued the policeman, "visitors don't make mistakes like that. They are alert and careful because they know they don't know the rules. It takes a local boy or girl to drive around Monument circle the wrong way."

Still another officer told the reporter a story of divorce and shattered homes.

"Last year," he said, "I saw a man parked double in front of Wasson's, so I told him to move along. In five minutes he was back again, so I shooed him again. After this had happened a half dozen times, I decided it was hopeless and pinched the guy."

He was very nice about it, just discouraged. I later learned that his wife had told him she would be in there not more than thirty seconds. Actually she was gone forty-five minutes. When he got her home, he told her he wouldn't let any woman make such a fool of him and socked her on the nose.

"Now they aren't married anymore," he concluded sadly. "Women can dish it out all right, but they can't take it."

THE reporter moved on to the next corner.

"You would be amazed," said the ever-watchful patrolman, "at the fast ones they try to pull on us. They park double, leave their hoods open, lay a wrench on the running board and go inside about

their business. The idea is to make us think they have engine trouble and have to stay there."

"Another popular gag," he continued, "is to leave the children in a car parked double. Their kids are trained to howl at the sight of the police, and the parents think that will keep us away. It did for a while, too," he added, "but now we wait until the driver comes out and arrest him for that one," he said more complacently.

"Some others they pull," said the policeman, warning to the tale as his indignation rose—

"Let it go," said the reporter, as he started off to the next corner. "This is supposed to be a city-wide survey and I'm hot."

"A new policeman, a new story," thought the reporter optimistically.

"If," began the latest traffic officer, "they only wouldn't run out on the street car tracks and then sit there waiting to make a left turn, blocking all traffic in both directions—"

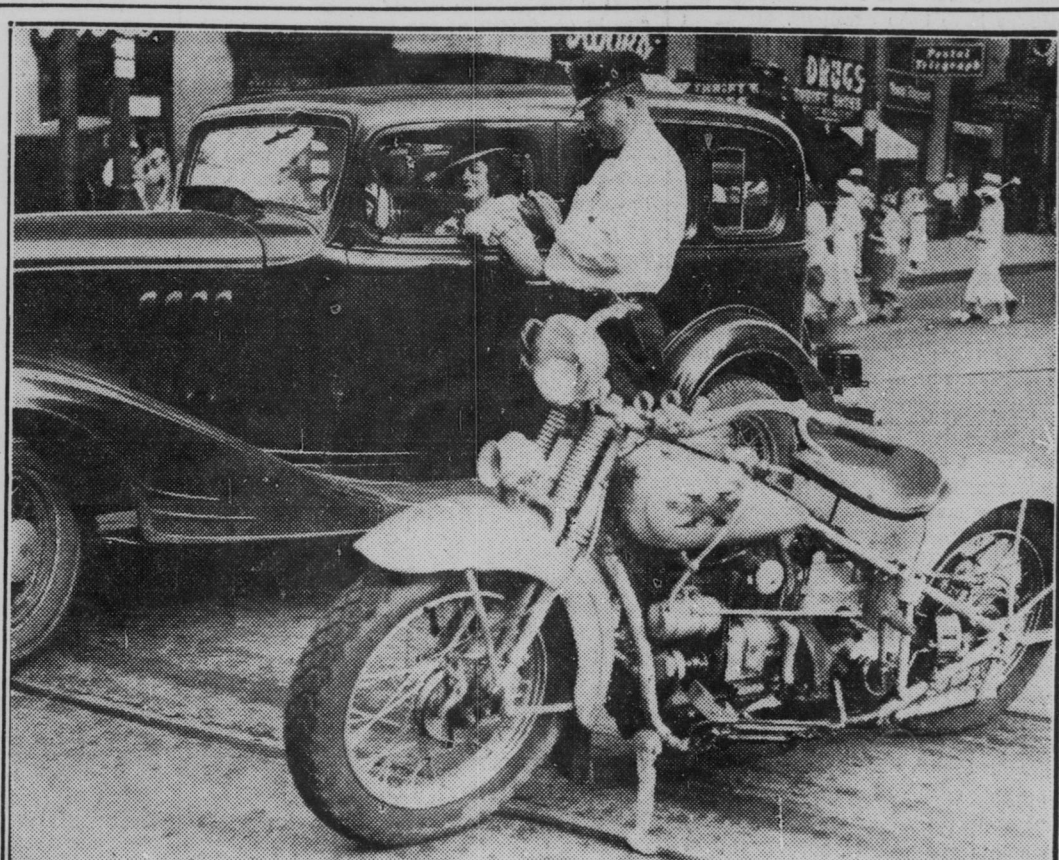
"Okeh, okeh," said the reporter hastily, "time is money to me and I have that one. Don't you know anything new?"

"Well," said the cop in hushed and reverent tones, "there's the Depression Special."

"HUH?" gasped the reporter, grabbing for his pencil.

"Tell me about the Depression Special."

"That's when I have pinched a guy for parking violation," said the patrolman. "When he comes



"No you don't, lady. Not in our fair city," says traffic cop Ernest Haight to Mrs. Hal Harris, who had been thinking of making a left turn at Meridian and Washington streets. Mrs. Harris obviously is respectful but not very frightened.

out he tries to fix it by telling me that he is out of work for two or more years, and last night his friend Pete Jones, tells him that some company is taking on a lot of new men. So he dashes down here bright and early and is so excited he doesn't think about where he is parking.

"When he is in line waiting to see the boss he remembers that he may be pinched, but he is afraid to leave his place in line because then he may not get the job. About the first hundred times that brought tears to these old eyes, until I realized it was the same guys who were repeating this story to me."

The reporter thanked the officer and departed. A vision had come to him, a vision of a cool office with blinds, and ice water and wicker chairs and electric fans and genial traffic police Captain Lewis Johnson seated smiling at a desk.

"And I," thought the reporter, "have braved death or, at least heat prostration, when the story is right there."

"Hi, captain," said the reporter, "I am engaged in making a survey of traffic conditions in Indianapolis. How about some red hot dope?"

"Well," said the captain, pointing to Lieutenant Eugene Shine, who was seated in a nearby chair, "neither Lieutenant Shine nor I have heard a new alibi since the third Thursday come Whiteside seven years ago. And that is what our life is. We bounce from alibi to alibi. Every arrest is a special case, according to the defendant. It is inconceivable that he could have made such a mistake. Just then the phone rang.

"All right," said the captain into the mouthpiece, "we'll be right out."

He hung up and turned to Lieutenant Shine.

"The heat's got another of our boys. He is knocking rocks through windshields with a midiron and screaming, 'Fore. Traffic is upset.'"

THE reporter ran downstairs after the officers, but when he hit the bottom step, they were out of sight, and he adjourned to the nearest gig rickety, which in Indianapolis, the city of all modern conveniences, was nearby.

Interesting facts presented in this survey were gleaned from Captain Johnson, Lieutenant Shine, and traffic policemen Audrey Jacobs, William Craven, John Dugan, Joseph Adams, Eddie Dugan and others.

The DAILY WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen

This is the last of three articles on the agricultural adjustment administration, based partly on the observations of a Merry-Go-Round reporter who obtained a clerical job in the organization.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—Probably there is no sleeper, sloppier or more of the new deal than the clerical force of the AAA charged with mailing millions of crop checks to farmers. It would be unfair, however, to judge the AAA on this alone.

Whatever may be the immediate fate of the Triple A, it will be earmarked by history as the boldest experiment of recent decades, conducted by some of the most fearless men ever to sit in Washington.

And while the policies of Henry Wallace and Rex Tugwell may suffer the set-backs of drought, political carpet-bagging and lack of human co-operation, the chances are that in the end their long-range plans will succeed.

To his huge clerical staff, Henry Wallace is the most unpopular man in the world. They dislike him, first, because he is a Republican. With a Democrat in the agriculture chair, they say, job-hunting would be easy. They dislike him, second, because he has come to be a sort of intellectual myth. They don't know him, but they distrust him.

ACTUALLY Wallace has in his organization one of the weirdest personal mixtures imaginable. Immediately around him are such hard-working idealists as Jerome Frank, Fred Howe, Mordecai Ezekiel, Paul Appleby and a score of others. Thrown into his organization at the same time are some of the political riff-raff of the Democratic party, people who could not get jobs any place else, and who considerably reduce the efficiency of Wallace's work.

In the higher bracket appointments, Henry now has an understanding with Jim Farley. That czar of Democratic patronage has agreed to let the AAA employ the experts and chief executives it wants, giving the postmaster-general a free hand with the small-time jobs.

Before this was worked out, dissen-sion between Farley and the AAA brain trust was pretty bitter.

"We've got to get young lawyers who are willing to fight for a cause," Jerome Frank, head of the AAA legal division, told the postmaster-general. "They will have to buck some of the biggest firms in the country and some of the ablest lawyers. And since we can't afford to pay them anything, we will have to get men who will work only for ideals."

At first Jim Farley thought he was crazy. And Jerome Frank thought the same of Jim.

Now the AAA picks its own experts, but goes through the process of having them OK'd through Farley's office later.

"The plan works," says Frank. "It takes a little more time, but Jim in a little more time, he and I are good men. And if we don't like them, he takes them back."

THE gravest defect of the AAA is in a completely different field—its failure to build up contacts with the farmers.

Hitherto every administration—whether Democratic or Republican—has depended for contact with the farmers upon their lobbying organizations in Washington. It was men like Charles Holman of the national board of farm organizations, Charles Brand of the National Fertilizer Association, and George Peck, formerly of the Moline Plow Company, who acted as go-betweens for the government and the farmer.

But these men, it now turns out, were not in contact so much with the farmers as with the big processors—the meat packers, the grain men, the tobacco manufacturers, the milk distributors. And these, at times, represent anything but the farmers' point of view.

So the AAA has found its contact with the farmers circuitous

WABASH ALUMNI WILL MEET ON SATURDAY

Golf Tournament Among Features of Annual Frolic.

A golf tournament, tennis, swimming and a dinner have been planned as entertainment for the annual frolic of Wabash College alumni and guests Saturday at the Woodstock Club.

The program is in charge of Harry Wade, president of the Indianapolis Wabash Alumni Association. Assisting Mr. Wade are Paul Matthews, Volney Brown, Paul Payne, Marcus Warrender, G. Vance Smith and Dr. J. Jerome Littell.

MECHANICS TO GATHER

500 to Be Initiated Saturday at Convention Here.

A feature of the Junior Order, United American Mechanics' Eighth district convention Saturday in the Lincoln will be the initiation of a class of 500.

The ceremony will be in honor of the organization's national orphans' home in Tiffin, O. Approximately 5,000 persons are expected to attend the convention and a picnic in Garfield park Sunday.

KIWANIS BACKS CODES

Business Men Urged to Sign Fair Practice Petitions.

By United Press

TORONTO, Ont., June 13.—International Kiwanians were urged today to obtain the signatures of "every business man" to a petition agreeing to a code of fair business practice.

By staying away they have salvaged some part at least of a campaign issue. But to the sincere people who really believe what there is a revolutionary conspiracy among the new dealers, it must be disturbing that no Republican was there to fight the good fight.

If, for example, I were Dr. Wirt or some one who shares his views, I should be moved to say to Senator Reed what Henry IX said to Crillon, who did not arrive in time for the battle: "Hang yourself."

brave Crillon. We fought at Arques and you were not there."

IN THE absence of able inquirers the examination did not produce any very interesting disclosures. The senators did not know what questions to ask and Mr. Tugwell had quite evidently decided to treat the whole thing as a political affair. I do not blame him. A noisy hearing is no place to expound the history of one's opinions with any hope of being understood.

Had the examination brought out the truth about Mr. Tugwell's views, the result would have been humanly interesting, but politically unimportant. There is in the first place no brain trust as popularly conceived. There are in Washington somewhere between fifty and seventy-five young and middle-aged academically trained men who in England would rank as upper civil servants. They are not common philosophy. They are not an organized group.

But they represent something new in American politics, something which is probably permanent; that is to say, men who are professionally trained in the field of political economy. We have become accustomed to academically trained men in the scientific bureaus and, of course, in the legal departments.

But professional economists are an innovation here, though Theodore Roosevelt used them continually in his Bull Moose days, and they are so common as to pass unnoticed in England, France, Germany or any other country with an established civil service.

I seem to have wandered quite a bit from the Tugwell problem but unless there is a brain trust in the popular sense and unless it has the power sometimes ascribed to it and unless Mr. Tugwell is the leader of it, the history of his opinions is of no great public interest.

HOWEVER, a vast amount of interest in them has been created. Now my own view is that while Mr. Tugwell's answers on the witness stand were correct enough, they would in a more sympathetic atmosphere have been somewhat different. I think he would have said that while he has never been a Communist or a Socialist who believed in the doctrine of the class struggle, he was until rather recently what used to be called a Fabian Socialist; that is to say, a believer in the conduct of the vital business of the nation as public service.

He would then have gone on to say, I think, that experience in public affairs has caused him to see difficulties that he had not realized before and that his service under President Roosevelt has made him interested in half a loaf of real bread rather than in the whole loaf of theoretical bread.

(Copyright, 1934.)

TODAY AND TOMORROW

By Walter Lippmann

IN the matter of the Tugwell hearing the prize for downright horse sense should be awarded to the Republican senators who did not attend it. A simple-minded citizen would have expected to see them there in force and prepared to demonstrate by ruthless cross-examination that Mr. Tugwell is the omniscient and omnipotent revolutionary leader they have taught so many good people to think he is.

But, apart from Senator Norris, who does not count as a Republican, there were no Republican senators on hand to prove to the American public what a menace there is in their midst. The great opportunity to confront him, vivisect him, and destroy him has come and gone, and not a real Republican was present.

Some of them, it may be, were too busy preparing their speeches attacking him. Others may have said to themselves that by leaving the inquisition to Democrats they would profit by any damage inflicted, and then could go on talking about the revolutionary plot on the assumption that the Democrats like Smith, Byrd and Bailey would not or could not expose it.

By staying away they have salvaged some part at least of a campaign issue. But to the sincere people who really believe what there is a revolutionary conspiracy among the new dealers, it must be disturbing that no Republican was there to fight the good fight.

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Fair Enough

by
WESTBROOK PEGLER

NEW YORK, June 13.—Dissatisfaction is rife over the physical condition and mental attitude of Max (Cuddles) Baer, the California prize fighter and male beauty who will encounter Primo Carnera, the heavyweight champion of the world, tomorrow night. Mr. Baer is finding it very hard to please the public. He has avoided all the faults which the citizens complained of in Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney and Jack Sharkey.

key and still he is not entirely admired.

Of Mr. Dempsey, when he was champion, it was said that he hit too hard in his practice bouts with the unfortunate lumps who were sent to modest wages to serve as targets. He murdered them, as the profession said, when considerably less than murder would have sufficed.

Max (Cuddles) Baer has avoided this error. On the contrary, he has permitted his assistants to murder him and his reward for this has been harsh criticism which holds that any one who can not lick his sparring partners should not be allowed to fight for that honor which is referred to in the banquet orations as the highest bauble in fistiana's realm.

THE trouble with Sharkey was that he was mercenary and domestic. He fought strictly for revenue. He vowed that he never would stay in town and take a dangerous beating out of pride and consideration for the customers and, between productions, he was a family man who could not be lured from the company of his wife and kiddies and the occupations of his flower garden. He was especially fond of petunias.

Yet Mr. Baer is condemned as frivolous and unworthy of an opportunity which he seems unable to appreciate.

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