

**G**ARY, 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 grim and squalor. The furnaces are no 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 thunder-storm was creeping up across the lake and the clouds were purple and ominous and full of wrath. A dead calm gave promise of the gale 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

**I**f 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. Gots 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

**H**OWEVER, there is always a large reserve supply in Gary itself. Back 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

**A**s 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 fallacy to assume that violence always indicates left-wing activity. An A. F. of L. 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 FISHBEIN

**T**HE 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.

**T**HE 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 tablespoonsfuls 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.

**A**FTER 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 Tokio, Japan?  
A—5,312,000.

Q—Name the ambassador from Argentina to the United States.  
A—Dr. Felipe A. Espn.

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Second Section

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## HOOSIERS BEST ALIBI ARTISTS

### Home-Town Boys Make Most Traffic Mistakes, Excuses

BY GRENVILLE MOTT  
Times Staff Writer

**V**ISITORS 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: "Indians think they know what so well that it would be impossible for them to make a mistake, so they gaze at beauteous 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 brassies 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 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."

"Some others pull," said the policeman, warming 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?"

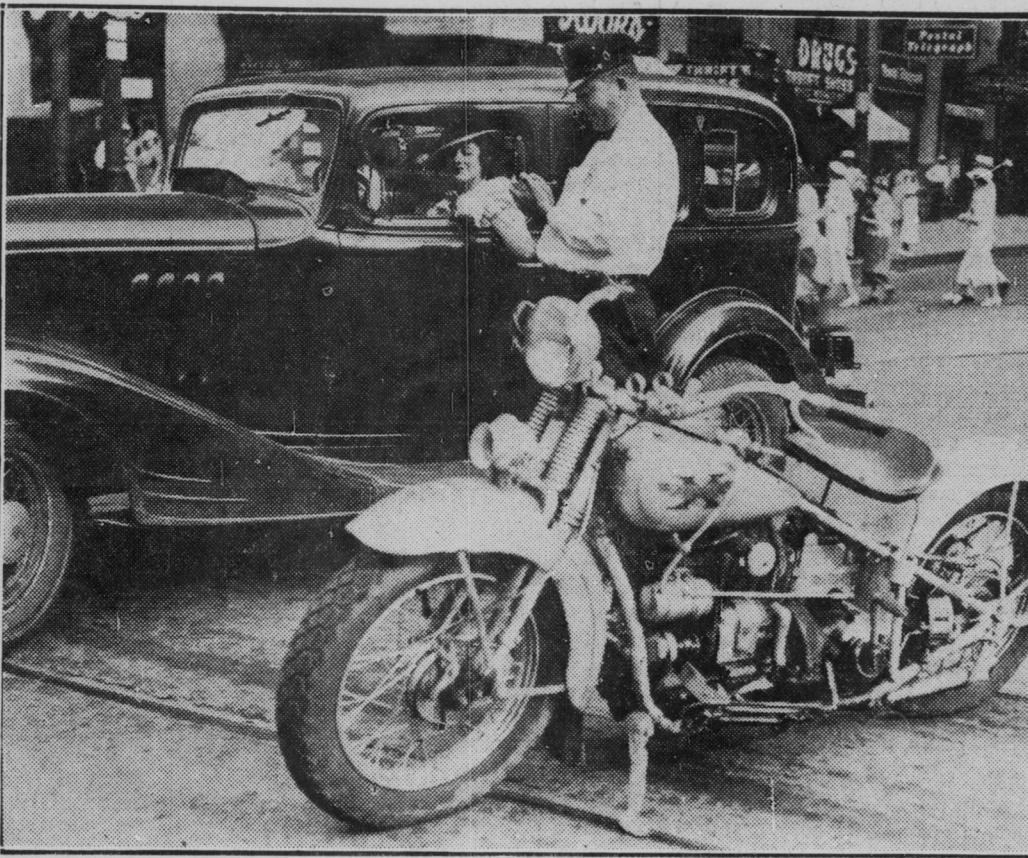
"Well," said the cop in hushed and reverent tones, "there's the Depression Special."

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. They park double, leave their hoods open, lay a wrench on the running board and go inside about the same guys who were repeating that story to me."

"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 Haught 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 Peter 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.

"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 Whitsunide seven years ago. And that is what our life is. We sounce 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 gin rickey, 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 Andrew Jacobs, William Craven, John Dugan, Joseph Adams, Eddie Dugan and others.

MECHANICS TO GATHER

500 to Be Initiated Saturday at Convention Here.

A golf tournament, 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 Mathews, Volney Brown, Paul Payne, Marcus Warrender, G. Vance Smith and Dr. J. Jerome Littell.

MECHANICS TO GATHER

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.

KIWANIS BACKS CODES

By George Clark

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark

1934 by United Feature Syndicate Inc.

"I never feel comfortable when I leave him home with my mother."

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 mere 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 that 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 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 inquisitors 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 have no 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 normally 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 disposed to be called a Fabian Socialist, that is to say, a believer in the conduct of the vital business of the nation as public services.

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.

From the evidence of devastation and the enormous rocks thrown high on the islet by some tremendous seas quite recently it may be assumed that the great hurricane of October, 1928, was the cause of the disappearance of these rodents.

THE Harvard-Yale expedition made the cruise this spring on the yacht Utowana, owned by Allison V. Armour.

One of the interesting accomplishments of the expedition was a visit at Atwood Key.

"We heard some years ago from Dr. C. S. Dolley of Nassau that he had passed the Atwood Key during an unusually calm time while cruising on the small sailboat used by the bishop of the Bahama Islands for his pastoral visits and that on this island they had found some small rodents resembling guinea pigs," Dr. Thomas Barbour says.

"The party succeeded in catching some of the rodents but they were subsequently lost when a storm came up, during which the bishop was shipwrecked on Mariana Island."

"Now no indigenous rodents still exist in the Bahamas, except for a colony on one tiny, uninhabited islet known as East Plana Key. We had collected them there."

"FOR years we have been trying to get to Atwood Key," Dr. Barbour continues. "This year, Mr. Greenway got a small sail boat at Crooked Island and beat upwind to Atwood Key fifty miles against a terrific headwind."

"The boat was small enough to get through the barrier reef and he landed on both Atwood Key and Black Booby Key. He found a few lizards and a few land shells, all evidently unknown species, but no sign of the rodents."

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