

# It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROUN

SAY what you will about Franklin D. Roosevelt (and I'll join in on some of it) he has collected the most amazing and gratifying set of enemies ever amassed by any President of the United States. I thought his Green Bay speech was good, but I failed to realize its excellence until I sat down last night for cocktails with a group of American business men. Please don't get the impression that I am suggesting a party in which Andy Mellon and J. P. Morgan were whooping it up. These were merely run-of-the-mine millionaires from Wall Street. Their comment was a neither original nor particularly shrewd. It could be summarized in a sentence—This man Roosevelt is nothing but a Communist."

Now, inevitably, I just have to be for anybody whom Wall Street calls a Communist. Upon first glance the Green Bay address seemed to me well intentioned, but too vague and insufficiently specific to be hailed as a fighting challenge. I was wrong. The forces of reaction have seized upon it as a defiance and if you mean to meet a man in mortal combat it is not necessary to land a right-hand punch upon his jaw to indicate your determination. It is enough to flip him across the nose with your glove.

I am extremely hopeful that this last speech really means the beginning of the knock-down and drag-out fight. Naturally, I want to see the boys actually engaged in combat before I split my larynx. Yet, in spite of reservations, how can I fail to lean a little more acutely than Pisa's tower to the cause of Franklin Roosevelt. Of course, he isn't anything like as radical as I would wish to see him. But this particular bout isn't with the lads on the left. He is fighting Mills, Republican politician; Ford, a maker of automobiles; Mencken, a Baltimore Babbitt, and Hearst, a reactionary publisher.

## Confidence for Mr. Morgan?

MY friends," he said, "the people of the United States will not restore the ancient order. There is no lack of confidence on the part of those business men, farmers and workers who clearly lead the signs of the times. Sound economic improvement comes from the improved conditions of the whole population and not the small fraction thereof. Those who would measure confidence in this country in the future must look first to the average citizen."

This seems to me good stuff. The President might have gone a little further. The cry has gone up in many editorials, "Give us confidence or we perish." But it is worth asking, "Confidence for whom and in what?"

As a rule the word is used to indicate a condition which will move the cautious capitalist to take the safety pins off his coat and the frozen assets out of his pocket. He waits for a wigwag which will say, "All rules are off. You can use your own dice."

But what about another sort of confidence? Isn't it that real and permanent confidence can only come when the unemployed man is assured that he can work again at a decent wage? What about restoring confidence to the small home owner and the farmer that his roof will not be snatched away in the night? The restoration of confidence ought to mean the nation-wide assurance that nobody will go cold, or homeless, or hungry. Of course, the millions of America want confidence, but they are not likely to get it merely from observing a beaming smile upon the faces of the Morgans and the Morgans.

## Come on, Team—Signals!

MY lack of complete conviction in the New Deal lies in the fact that I fear that the Roosevelt program is less threatening to the predatory rich than they seem to think. It is not my notion that the boys are putting on an act. I always have been incredulous when radicals informed me that Franklin D. Roosevelt was in reality the bonny prince and darling of big business. Big business doesn't seem to think so and these captains of industry are not Barymores and Garricks. They really are not capable of faking it.

But here's the point which keeps me from a complete hurrail. I will grant that Franklin D. Roosevelt has feinted the financial oligarchs into knots. It is a pleasant sight to see them cover up and back away and even so it will be less than a satisfactory bout unless he lets that right hand punch loose. So far it only has been a threat.

Possibly I am a little less than fair in bringing Mr. Roosevelt into a pugilistic parable. He always has chosen to speak about himself in football fables. All right, then, I am not complaining because the attack at times has stalled in zigzagging down the field. But I am worried about certain stages at which the quarter back has called for a forward pass, a wide sweep around left end, a straight buck through the line and a punt all on the same play. I doubt if that will work.

I am a hero worshiper in quest of a hero. It could be Franklin D. Roosevelt if he really means to put into definite action the furthermost implications of what he has stated. Come on, Franklin, say it is so.

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## Today's Science

BY DAVID DIETZ

ONE of the most interesting spots on the face of the earth is a crater in Arizona near Canyon Diablo. The crater is known as Meteor Crater, because scientists agree that it was caused by a great meteorite which crashed down to earth in some remote day.

Watch any part of the sky upon a clear, moonless night. Within less than ten minutes, you will see a little track of fire go across the sky. It is the trail of a meteor, a little chunk of rock which has entered the earth's atmosphere from outer space and which has been heated white-hot and melted by the friction of the earth's atmosphere.

Thousands upon thousands of such meteors enter the earth's atmosphere every twenty-four hours. Occasionally, however, a larger one enters our atmosphere. It is not completely destroyed by friction and a piece of it falls to earth. It is then known as a meteorite.

THE largest known meteorite was found by Admiral Peary at Melville Bay, Greenland. It weighed thirty-six and one-half tons.

The Meteor Crater is 4,000 feet in diameter. Its walls rise 150 feet above the desert. Its interior sinks several hundred feet below the general level of the desert.

Astronomers are certain that this huge crater was caused by a meteorite or group of meteorites which struck the spot hundreds or perhaps thousands of years ago.

The fate of the meteorite which created the crater has occupied the attention of many investigators. The most important work has been done by the Barringers, father and sons, who have collected and published at considerable expense a vast amount of data about the crater.

What is known about the crater has been recently summarized by Dr. Herman L. Fairchild, professor emeritus of the University of Rochester.

"The impact origin of Meteor Crater is an accepted fact," he says. "The fate or disposition of the colliding body is yet undetermined and a very interesting problem in cosmic science."

THE problem of the fate of the meteor involves not only the physical and chemical properties of the discovered meteor fragments, but the nature of other meteorites. There are also involved most of the features of the crater and the characters of the rock strata which were disrupted.

"I'm playing hooky this afternoon," he explained.

"So that is what it is," laughed Lillenthal. "We could see very clearly it wasn't golf."

THE new national labor relations board is giving every indication of becoming the "tough guy" of the administration.

# The Indianapolis Times

INDIANAPOLIS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1934

## Second Section

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## Sectional Tournaments to Boost Little Known Players in U.S.

BY PAUL HARRISON  
NEA Service Staff Writer

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 10.—"What the game of bridge has been needing," said William E. McKenney, secretary of the American Bridge League, chairman of the national laws and rules committee, bridge writer, bridge lecturer, bridge organizer, bridge player and tournament factotum, "is—pardon me a minute—"

He dashed off to straighten out a difficulty regarding registration for the eighth annual championship tournament of the American Bridge League.

It was almost time for the first event of the afternoon, but a lot of players were dallying around in the big convention hall and paying no attention at all to entertainments of the tournament manager.

Pretty soon he came back, pink and perspiring. "I was saying that what bridge has been needing is a new deal. And now it's getting it. Pardon me a minute—"

Mr. McKenney scurried over to say something to the ponderous P. Hal Sims, who, like good member of the tournament executive committee, was coming in late.

Mr. McKenney returned. "This game," he continued, "really is the great American pastime. Millions playing it; more playing it all the time. It's a big industry, too. Think of the cards. Think of the taxes on the cards. Think, if you can bear to, of the thousands of prizes being bought every day. Then there are accessories, and furniture. Why, people are even beginning to dress for bridge. Pardon me a minute—"

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