

It Seems to Me HEYWOOD BROWN

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 gentlemen 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 slip 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 spit my jargon. Yet, in spite of reservations, how can I fail to learn a little more acutely than Piza'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 read 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 true 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 Mellons.

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 the captains of industry are not Barrymores and Garricks. They really are not capable of faking it.

But here's the point which keeps me from a complete hurrah. I will grant that Franklin D. Roosevelt has feigned 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 plays. 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 furthestmost 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."

"The meteoric iron known as Canyon Diablo irons, from the nearby creek and canyon, have been gathered from the desert and about the crater to the number of thousands and attributed to institutions all over the world. Each of their number and wide distribution has been the subject of much study and their genetic relation to the unique crater and their remarkable chemical and physical characters they are the most interesting and instructive of known meteorites."

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A NEW DEAL IN BRIDGE

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 entreaties 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 a 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—"

HE snorted away on another mission which involved a greeting to the Messrs. David Burnstine, Oswald Jacoby, Howard Schenken and Richard L. Frey, defenders of the national team-of-four title.

Then he glanced over a complicated schedule for the afternoon's play, had a word with Sir Derrick Wernher, hallowed to Mrs. Humphrey Wagar, the Atlanta mixed-pair champion, and made his way back again.

In spite of the wide popularity of bridge, resumed McKenney, "western players have sort of been lost in the shuffle. Bridge is a lot of tournaments to keep the game on its toes and to give every player an incentive to improve his game."

"Just as in golf, the most obscure player in the smallest town ought to know that he has a chance of progressing from one



AN EXPERT VIEW OF BRIDGE—Pictured as they competed in the eighth annual national championship tournament of the American Bridge League at Asbury Park, N. J., are (right to left) William E. McKenney, nationally known bridge authority whose articles on the game are a daily feature of The Times; Mrs. Gordon Evers of London, England; Mrs. Humphrey Wagar of Atlanta, and Captain Ewart Kempson, also of London.

contest to a bigger one, and so on to national and perhaps world championship matches.

"Up to now, that hasn't always been possible. After the American Bridge League was organized in 1927 it was mostly a big-tournament organization. Then we began sponsoring city, district and state tournaments. But that was as far as most western players got. They needed sectional events such as the eastern and south-eastern tournaments to boost them in the championship brackets."

"Last June the first tournament was held in Chicago since December, 1929. And now we're planning several sectional events so that it will be possible for any players in the country, who are good enough to meet the eastern masters. And this year we've even going to send the winning masters' team-of-four to Europe to play for the world championship. Pardon me a minute—"

THIS last interruption practically ruined the interview with Mr. McKenney. Failing to catch up with him, because he seemed to be in three or four places at once, I wandered among the 300-odd other experts in the big hall. Some of them contributed additional data on the new deal for bridge.

David Burnstine confided that the American Bridge League and the American Whist League have gone into a huddle and will announce some new scoring rules this fall.

He was reticent about details, but indicated that among other changes the grand slam bonus would be reduced, and that perhaps the score of overtricks would be eliminated.

He said there's nothing to the talk about allowing declarer's partner to play a closed hand instead of being dummy.

"It was the dummy," said Burnstine, "that did a lot to make bridge popular. On every deal it gives one player a chance to rest,

or mix a drink, or empty the ash trays. Best of all, it gives the declarer a chance to demonstrate his individual style of play."

ABOUT this time, Russell J. Baldwin of Cleveland, the tournament director, was announcing in a voice of determination that every player who wasn't seated at a table within two minutes would be disqualified, or made to stand in a corner, or something.

So, I went over to speak to P. Hal Sims and found him trying to entice Waldemar von Zedtwitz, his partner in the masters' pairs, into a game of golf for the next morning. (Mr. Sims, whom you'd scarcely suspect of being able to get about under his own power, contentedly shoots in the low eighties.)

The Leviathan of contract had something to say about his new team of four, which includes B. Jay Becker of Philadelphia, O. S. Emrich and Sidney B. Fink, both the latter of Cleveland.

It seems that Sims has been worrying about the neglect of western talent, which has carried the implication that it wasn't quite up to scratch.

So he looked aside for his teammates this time and expects great things of them, especially after he has tutored them for a few weeks.

L. J. HADDAD, an outstanding Chicago player, said he doubted that many westerners are finely trained in duplicate contract, because they have less incentive to take part in tournament play.

He wants to help break the east's stranglehold on big-league bridge by scattering a few national championships all the way to California. Haddad believes bridge clubs should be conducted like golf clubs, each with a professional, for instruction, and that pros should have their own tournaments.

As play began here at Asbury Park, it was apparent that scores of new names already have come into the expert brackets.

There were elderly men and women whom nobody ever had seen before in tournament play. Little Miss Joyce Ryall, with blond curls down her back, was bidding like a veteran.

Captain Ewart Kempson and Mrs. Gordon Evers, of London, settled themselves to tilt for king and country. Mr. Sims lolled in his exclusive rocking chair.

And William E. McKenney grimly went about the business of making six spades, doubled.

The DAILY WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

By Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—The story published in this column July 25 regarding the development of a new serum in the fight against scarlet fever has aroused considerable discussion and some criticism in medical circles.

The article, based upon information received at the National Health Institute, stated that the Public Health Service had discovered a toxoid, which produced immunity against scarlet fever in 82 per cent of 1,100 cases tested, that this treatment was based on the patent of scarlet fever toxin held by Doctors George and Gladys Dick of Chicago, that the Dicks had refused to turn this patent over to the government, and that the government had sued them for infringement.

Several notable physicians challenge these facts.

To clarify the situation it should be stated that control of the Dick patent is vested in a foundation known as the scarlet fever committee, with headquarters in Chicago. This committee has not confirmed the laboratory experiments of the United States public health service.

Furthermore, the Dicks in their own investigations find that the toxoid prepared by workers of the public health service is not really a toxoid, that it contains sixteen times as much unaltered toxin as originally claimed, that the product immunized only 40 per cent instead of 87 per cent, and that altogether satisfactory evidence of the existence of scarlet fever toxoid is lacking.

For this reason, the scarlet fever committee felt that the time was not ripe to license any products to be sold under the name of scarlet fever toxoid.

The Doctors Dick were the recipients of the Cameron prize in England and Scotland last year for their notable contribution to the fight against scarlet fever, and they are in line for the Nobel prize in the near future. The importance of their contribution to science cannot be overemphasized and any reflection upon it is to be regretted.

DYNAMIC DAVID E. LILIENTHAL, TVA director, took a couple of hours of the other afternoon for a round of golf with a friend.

As they made their way over the fairway they saw ahead of them a lone player who seemed to be having a hard time with his game. He hooked, sliced, dug up divots, missed the ball completely.

When they finally caught up with him Lilienthal recognized the lone player as a minor TVA executive—who was supposed to be at his desk. When he saw his boss he looked extremely embarrassed.

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

"So that is what it is," laughed Lilienthal. "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.

MAN AND WIFE FILE SUITS IN AUTO CRASH

Total of \$80,000 Damages Is Sought by Couple.

Mrs. Lucy Blauvelt, 715 North Hamilton avenue, and her husband, Ray G. Blauvelt, a plumber, today had filed suits in superior court against Fred H. Bruhn, 3746 East Fall Creek boulevard, demanding a total of \$80,000 damages as the result of an automobile accident July 1.

The suits alleged that Mr. Bruhn, while intoxicated, drove his car into the Blauvelts and seriously injured Mr. and Mrs. Blauvelt. Mrs. Blauvelt asks \$50,000 damages and her husband demands \$30,000.

AMERICANS ORDERED DEPORTED FROM CUBA

Mendieta Signs Decree for Pair Accused of Gun-Running.

HAVANA, Aug. 10.—President Mendieta has signed a decree ordering deported from Cuba two Americans accused of gun-running, the government announced today.

Colonel Arthur W. Hoffman, arrested with them, was ordered released, after authorities decided he was guiltless.

The robbery was accomplished in a matter of seconds during which employees of the safety pay roll and banking service, a local concern, left an unlocked armored car unguarded as it stood outside the bank.

The man who pilfered two pay roll boxes himself was disguised as a bank guard. Another of the robbers was attired as a liveried chauffeur. The other wore a blue suit.

\$15,000 SEIZED BY BANDIT TRIO

Armored Car Is Raided by Gang; Machine Left Unguarded.

LOWELL, Mass., Aug. 10.—Without drawing a gun, three bandits stole pay rolls totaling between \$15,000 and \$20,000 from an armored car parked outside the Union Old Lowell National bank here today.

The robbery was accomplished in a matter of seconds during which employees of the safety pay roll and banking service, a local concern, left an unlocked armored car unguarded as it stood outside the bank.

The man who pilfered two pay roll boxes himself was disguised as a bank guard. Another of the robbers was attired as a liveried chauffeur. The other wore a blue suit.

FOUR ARE INJURED IN AUTOMOBILE COLLISION

Cars Overturn After Crash at Street Intersection.

Four persons were injured last night when automobiles driven by Albert Rice, 56, of 1616 Hoyt avenue, and Leslie Walker, Potoka, Ill., collided at Spruce and Orange streets and then overturned.

Mr. Rice suffered a broken arm and cut hand. Mr. Walker, cuts on the head and back. Mrs. Daisy Ahl, 50, of 914 Tuxedo street, broken arm and cuts on the head and arms, and Garland Singer, 19, of 1506 South New Jersey street, cuts on the head, arms and back. The latter two were passengers in Mr. Rice's car.

ITALY'S TROOPS STAY ON AUSTRIAN BORDER

Mussolini Orders Two Divisions to Continue Operations.

UDINE, Italy, Aug. 10.—Benito Mussolini today ordered two army divisions to continue operations on the Austrian frontier "to work out problems that might develop in actual warfare."

Mussolini decided, it was said, to utilize the presence of the two army corps in Europe's danger spot to work out problems connected with the speedy manipulation of troop units if real warfare should develop.

DOUG KEEPS SILENCE ON MARITAL SITUATION

Refuses to Discuss Possibility of Reconciliation With Mary.

ABOARD S. S. REX AT SEA, Aug. 10.—Douglas Fairbanks, on his way home to America, maintained silence today regarding a possible reconciliation with his wife, Mary Pickford.

Mr. Fairbanks said it was impossible to discuss his relations with Miss Pickford. He intends, he said, to remain in New York only a day or two, after which he will go to Hollywood, to remain "for some time."

ROMANCE BLIGHTED, BOY COMMITS SUICIDE

Lad Found Hanging in Uncle's Barn at Carmel.

CARMEL, Ind., Aug. 10.—Fright resulting from an automobile accident and despondency over loss of his school-girl sweetheart was blamed today for the suicide of 14-year-old Leland Cox.

The youth was found hanging in a barn at the home of his uncle, Oren Myers, on whose farm he had been working.

A note in his pocket told of his broken romance and asked forgiveness for the automobile accident, "which wasn't my fault."

Fair Enough WESTBROOK PEGLER

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—There has been some little dissent with regard to a recent suggestion in these dispatches that the industrious types of workmen should not have to suffer for the cussedness of the habitual crab and washroom lawyer who knows his rights and lays down his tools to argue about them on the company's time.

The proposition was that in the event of a strike the employer should not be compelled to re-employ a hand who had shown himself to be the employer's bitter enemy. A man of this disposition, given back his job, might be expected to ruin expensive machinery, waste and destroy material and in all possible ways conduct himself as a menace to the interests of the firm. It further was proposed that the industrious types should not be asked to suffer along, maintaining a strike at great sacrifice to themselves to compel the reinstatement of the company character whose malevolent disposition threw them out of work in the first place.

Arguing that it is a good idea to try to get along with people instead of suiking, your correspondent used the sweet word charm and that was the word that poked up the row.

The fact is, however, that the current hero of the dissenting vote is a man whose principal asset in his job is nothing else but charm. That would be President Franklin D. Roosevelt who has admitted from time to time that he and the New Deal were not sure of the answers and that they certainly were going to be awfully sorry if, in the long run, the trick didn't work.

The House of Charm

M. R. ROOSEVELT has great charm in his voice as well as in his smile and a man less gifted with this quality, such as Mr. Hoover, might have been run out of the country before this if he had undertaken Mr. Roosevelt's program. Mr. Hoover owed much of his rise in office to his lack of charm and his inability to rock along with the statesmen and others who were in a position to oppose him. It is part of a President's job to get along with congress and the people. The art of baby-kissing is more to be reckoned with than scorned.

Mr. Roosevelt has charm, his secretaries have charm, and Mrs. Roosevelt goes about the country in the role of an official Beatrice Fairfax, talking recipes, chintz curtains and electric percolators with the wife of the common man. And Mr. Farley, of course, positively reeks of charm.

One of the stories which is told of Mr. Roosevelt's charm concerns a leader who had an interview with him and came away believing he had received several important assurances from the President.

"My, he is a wonderful, straightforward man, isn't he?" the leader said to his sponsor as they left the White House.

"Why do you say that?" the other man asked.

"Because of what he said. So straightforward, and all—"

"Well, now just what did he say?"

"Why," the leader faltered, "why he said—"

"Do you realize," his friend interrupted, "that Mr. Roosevelt really said nothing at all?"

"I guess you are right, at that," said the leader, "but he said it in such a wonderful way."

Pegler Vs. Brown

ONE commentator ignored your correspondent's point entirely and wrote a charming little rebuke on the horridness of charm. It was a whimsical little bit, suitable for a small room, not burdened with either honesty in the premise or the thought in the argument, and characteristic of a commentator who is noted for his charm, both in person and in print.

But it is pleasant, at that, to have provided an idea for a colleague who is sometimes either too indolent or too barren of ideas to roll his own. In the column business, the idea is more than half of the day's job. Once you have the idea the task is a simple matter of putting down one charming little word after another.

Your correspondent seems to be slightly right-wing at times but there is an explanation for that. Your correspondent happens to have a good job and does not believe it would be honest of him to pretend to be one of the poor either in the flesh or in the spirit as long as he enjoys considerable material luxury himself.

As long as your correspondent enjoys this position he never will have the gall to drive up to a strikers' meeting in a limousine and arrange a lot of cold and hungry men with cold and hungry families to stay in there and keep on taking it—they ain't hurting us.

If your correspondent were a cold and hungry striker he would be no more eager to hurl a rock at a capitalist than at a Messiah-on-cushions.

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Your Health

—BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN—

IF there ever is a time when you need perfect judgment and quick presence of mind, it is when you are driving an automobile. That is why sobriety is the first law of safe driving.

Most traffic accidents happen because drivers do not react quickly to what they see or hear and decide to take a chance. Alcohol dulls the memory, slows the reaction time, and weakens judgment.

Ordinarily we react in about one-fifth of a second to what we see or hear—that is our reaction time. With alcohol in control of our minds, the reaction time is slowed to two-fifths of a second.

Suppose you are going sixty miles an hour, which is much too fast. You are traveling eighty-eight feet a second.

If you lose two-fifths of a second in deciding what to do, you will go thirty-five feet before you do anything. A lot of things can happen in that distance.

THE motorist who is usually careful will, after he has had a little alcohol, do things that otherwise he would never attempt. He will try to race a train, turn a corner at high speed, or pass another car going up a hill.

A man is not sober because he can walk and talk. Scientific experiments show a measurable loss of efficiency and judgment even when small amounts of alcohol are accumulated in the body.

The unmistakable place of alcohol in causing motor accidents is demonstrated in the tremendous week-end peak of accidents due to drinking.

A VERY simple test of drunkenness is to ask the person to touch his nose with a finger of both the right and the left hand. Another simple test is to ask the person being examined to take a key, walk across the room, unlock a door and then bring the key back. In this way you may learn whether the walking is normal and straight, whether there is fumbling with the lock, whether the person can turn without becoming confused and whether his hand trembles.

Another test is to ask the person under investigation to read and see whether there is slurring or stumbling in the reading. It is also known that the memory of recent things is often confused under the influence of alcohol, so that you might ask such things as what foods were eaten for luncheon or breakfast, what time the trip started, and similar simple questions.

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"All you do is sit up here and write postcards. I thought we came here to see something of the town."