

The Indianapolis Times

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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

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THE ALUMINUM STRIKE

THE aluminum strike partakes of the drama of David's battle with Goliath. One of the newest labor unions is challenging one of the world's mightiest industries.

Labor has an undoubted right to bargain collectively and to receive a decent wage contract. Its demands for the check-off and that the company make no contracts except through this particular union are open to question.

No two sides to a conflict ever agree as to the issues. Workers complain that the company will not sign a contract with the Aluminum Workers' Council, an affiliate of the A. F. of L., though they say it represents 90 per cent of the workers.

They complain that different wages are paid at different company plants and that work-sharing schemes in effect at the company's East St. Louis plant cut the men's monthly income to less than that paid families on relief.

The company says the union is demanding a closed shop and that this is contrary to the letter and spirit of NIRA.

Fortunately the country now has a national labor relations board, created after much bitter experience with industrial conflict to go into just such matters, weigh the justice of each claim, and reach a fair decision as to what should be done. The board has sent an investigator to study the aluminum dispute and can be relied on to act as umpire if its services are needed.

One thing is certain. If the Aluminum Company of America, one of the largest, richest and most unfettered by competition of all American corporations, can not stand collective bargaining and fair wage contracts, then our industrial system is indeed in a bad way.

PERSEVERANCE PLUS

THOUSANDS of families draw back from abandoning their homes in the drought-stricken northwest and setting out to seek new homes in friendlier surroundings.

Always they have been people who, generation after generation, rebuilt their homes destroyed by floods, moved back up the sides of erupted volcanoes.

But perseverance alone has not enabled man to survive in his fight with nature. He has to use reason.

Nearly seven centuries ago, the great northwest suffered a drought of twenty-three years' duration. And that was the date the Pueblo Indians migrated south and saved their civilization.

Deep in the dry and sandy lands of the northwest are imbedded the roots of the people who today are reluctant to leave their homes as desolate monuments to defeat. But nature gives no quarter there. The soil is gone. Thousands of farms never can yield a livelihood.

Here is a different problem of social engineering, and it is being approached in the only humane and intelligent way—by a plan of voluntary co-operation. It hardly was necessary for the President to re-assure the people, as he did in his speech Monday, that the government will not try to force any family to move against its will. But perhaps his statement will silence those who have been misrepresenting the government's plan.

Families wanting to stay on the barren land and continue the unequal battle, may do so—and with society's blessings as well as society's misgivings. But those who want to move will be helped to start anew on more fertile soil.

This voluntary transplanting of families need not injure pride nor rob them of perseverance. It only means that their heroic spirit will have a better chance to achieve happiness and plenty where nature is kinder.

FIGHT MISFORTUNE

IT is a queer quirk of fate that the worst drought in modern times should hit us just as we are trying to drag ourselves out of our worst depression.

And while there isn't much similarity between the two, it is interesting to note that each is arousing in us the same sort of reaction.

Industry collapses, and what do we do? We adopt action that we never had used before; we subject industry to government control, put millions of people on federal pay rolls, spend enormous sums on public works, revalue our currency, and make billions of dollars in loans available from the public till.

We go farther; we begin great experiments such as those in the Tennessee valley, we spend millions on subsistence homesteads, we talk of decentralizing industry and moving workers out of city slums into semi-rural surroundings—all in the hope that we shall somehow rearrange our life together so that we need not suffer this way again.

On the heels of this, along comes a terrific drought. Dust clouds rise from the beds of water courses, broad lakes turn into dry plains, green fields turn brown. So we put engineers to work building dams and impounding streams, we have our foresters begin the creation of a forest that will reach from Canada to Mexico, we talk of shifting hundreds of thousands of people from land that never may be green again to regions which irrigation schemes will turn from desert into farmland.

Once again, we are trying to rearrange the existing system so that a cataclysm like this need not happen again.

Now here is the most interesting part of it all. Both of these disasters, drought and depression, are the sort of thing that used to be looked upon as "acts of God," pure and simple—natural events which could neither be prevented nor ameliorated.

Now, however, we have begun to realize

that we helped bring them on ourselves. We invited the depression by unwise speculation, by a poor distribution of the fruits of prosperity, by imperfect alignment of our economic machinery.

We invited the drought by destroying our timber, by exploiting virgin soil too extensively, by permitting erosion and stream depletion to go on unchecked.

And just as we helped cause these disasters, we now have the idea that we can help cure them. We are not sitting with folded hands waiting for things to get better; we are rolling up our sleeves and going out to make them better.

We are refusing to accept our misfortunes, any longer, as inescapable.

LINKED HANDS IN PACIFIC?

EUROPEAN diplomats are hinting these days that if the 1935 naval conference fails there will develop a new, far-reaching "understanding" between the United States and Great Britain in the Pacific.

It is reported that the two nations would discuss a joint naval defense plan, reaching from Alaska to Australia. Plans for conducting joint operations against a common foe would be devised; new British naval bases would be constructed in Australia, and would be available to American ships in case of need.

All this, of course, is on the supposition that Japan will insist on full naval equality and thereby will precipitate a naval construction race. It goes without saying that there is not the slightest confirmation of the gossip at either Washington or London.

The development might be a logical one, at that. The nations do have common interests in the Pacific. It hardly would be surprising if they sought to find a common means of defending them.

A MUCH-NEEDED PURGE

ONE of the next steps in the federal government's war against gangsters, according to dispatches from Washington, will be a drive on crooked lawyers. Department of justice officials are about to start a sharp campaign against the attorneys who use unscrupulous methods to keep crooks out of jail, and the campaign has the hearty endorsement of the president of the American Bar Association.

No big city gang is without its "legal department." In many cases the lawyers who serve in that capacity lose all thought of their responsibility to the public, and actually connive at and abet illegal acts.

Every accused man has the right to be represented by counsel, of course, and there is no disposition to infringe on that right. But the lawyer who becomes a regular ally of the gangster is a menace to the public, and a campaign that will put him out of business is very badly needed.

SAY IT ISN'T SO, MRS. F—

OUR Mrs. Walter Ferguson in her column has cracked down on us detective-story readers for making "love of vicarious murder" a "national virtue." She criticizes Franklin Roosevelt and the rest of us for seeking escape from our prosaic lives in stories of grewsome bloodshed.

We submit that she has taken a surprisingly puritanical attitude. Her own state, Oklahoma, was settled by adventure lovers, and law and order was established by a rough and quick-fingered gentry called, for reason, "peace officers."

Further, these light works of detective-story art, the good ones at least, pose definite and intricate problems of human behavior infinitely superior to cross-word puzzles for those with analytical or vacant minds. The blood to which she objects is synthetic and tastefully arranged, not the stain of true tragedy.

Mrs. Ferguson, we suspect you of knitting when you seek succor from a columnist's cares. Why can't we read mystery stories to distract us from our troubles?

Take back them harsh words, Lucia! Say it isn't so!

FITTING MEMORIAL

IT is fitting that the body of Von Hindenburg should be buried on the battlefield of Tannenberg, where his armies routed the Russians in 1914 and saved East Prussia from invasion.

This battle became a symbol to all Germany. It was the most decisive triumph of German arms in the war. And while military experts insist that it was chiefly the work of Von Hoffman, who was then an unsung staff colonel, the German people gave the credit to Von Hindenburg.

And thus he, like the battle, became a symbol—both inside of Germany, and elsewhere. What a man actually did can be less important than what every one believes he did; and so it was with Von Hindenburg.

As long as Germans write history, probably, he will be the man who beat back the Russians. Where else should he rest, but on the field that brought him his greatest fame?

SAVE THESE CHILDREN

ONE of the achievements of the NRA which practically everybody praises is the blow it has delivered to the use of child labor in industry. If it had been as effective and straightforward in all fields as it has been in this, it would not today be coming under so much criticism.

However, government officials reveal that child labor still exists—in agriculture.

This does not refer to farms where children help their own parents with the chores. Farm children always have done this, and they probably always will. It has to do with children who are hired by strangers, for pitifully low wages, to work long hours in the fields.

Thousands of children are being engaged at a few cents a day, in preference to adult labor. And since commercialized agricultural labor does not come under the codes, the NRA is powerless to act.

All of which is a reminder that the child labor amendment to the Constitution still awaits ratification. Twenty states have approved it; sixteen more are needed. The NRA has not made this amendment unnecessary.

New Jersey police picked up a man in tatters, but with \$10,000 in old style bills in his pockets. Perhaps the man was holding his savings against bad times.

Austria has delayed so long in accepting Franz von Papen as ambassador from Berlin that Germany is afraid he'll be sent back.

Liberal Viewpoint

BY DR. HARRY ELMER BARNES

IF there is any field of human study which deserves the broad approach afforded by sociology, it is that of international relations. The sociologists have not lived up to their opportunity, but they have tackled one or another phase of international relations incidentally to their broader sociological studies. Professor and Mrs. Bernard carefully have tabulated and analyzed the contributions to the field of international relations which have been made by leading American sociologists. "Sociology and the Study of International Relations." By L. L. Bernard and Jessie Bernard. Washington University Studies. \$1.

Mr. Brailsford has for a generation been recognized as one of the best informed and most realistic of our writers on economic and public problems. He has made many important contributions to the economic foundations of current international problems, including the causes of the World War.

In the present book he considers the worldwide depression viewed as an international problem. "Property or Peace?" By Henry Noel Brailsford. Covell-Friede. \$3. He riddles relentlessly the system set up after the World War by the victorious powers and argues powerfully the thesis that neither prosperity nor security can be established without the establishment of social democracy. His volume is probably the most important book of the last year that deals with the world aspects of the depression and the economic problems of the day.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES throw much light upon the present problem of nationalism in India. Their book constitutes a personal account of experiences, while Mr. Charles was principal of a large native college in central India. It presents a colorful drama and cultural reality of the Indian complex more vividly and effectively than many a large systematic manual on the government of India. ("Indian Patchwork." By Edward and Mary Charles. \$2.)

China may be submerged by Japan at present, but sooner or later it is bound to be heard from, and in no small way. A country of such a vast population, great resources and distinguished historical tradition can not be kept down forever.

Many aspects of the Chinese problem have been treated very effectively and thoroughly, especially such matters as foreign investments in China, the missionary problem and China's place in the international relations of the far east. We have lacked, however, a clear, authoritative and well-rounded history of the Chinese people, both political and cultural.

This gap now has been filled most successfully by the two volumes of Professor Latourette. The first volume is devoted primarily to the history of China, interpreted in a broad way as a phase of the history of civilization. The second volume presents an analysis of the Chinese people, their government, economic life, religion and fine arts.

WHILE based upon the latest scholarship, the volumes are written in a clear and popular fashion and should encourage many to read them with interest and thus extend their knowledge of the great oriental state which boasts more than five thousand years of recorded history and may ultimately dominate the world scene as it did during the Middle Ages. The Chinese, Their History and Culture." By Kenneth Scott Latourette. Vols I and II. Macmillan Company. \$7.50.

The arrogance of Europeans toward native populations during periods of imperialism has made it difficult for Occidentals to have accurate and sympathetic knowledge of primitive natives. Modern anthropology and natural history have helped to remedy this deficiency. Professor and Mrs. Herskovits have studied an interesting exhibit in the form of an African Negro community in Dutch Guiana.

It is composed of descendants of Negro slaves who rebelled and fled from their Dutch masters in the eighteenth century. Isolation in the dense bush land has enabled them to preserve their original African civilization with slight change. The book affords much illuminating insight into the culture of primitives as interpreted by a trained and sympathetic anthropologist. "Rebel Destiny." By Melville J. and Frances S. Herskovits. Whittlessey House. \$3.

Capital Capers

BY GEORGE ABELL

IT all began over the fondness of a Dachshund puppy for diamondback terrapin—that succulent Maryland delicacy so prized by gourmets. The puppy used to belong to Sumner Welles, assistant secretary of state. About a year ago, Mr. Welles presented the baby Dachshund to his secretary, Miss Anna Clarkson. She always had wanted a dog. With due ceremony, it was christened Wilhelmina, in honor of the queen of Holland.

Wilhelmina since that day has prospered and grown sleek in true Wilhelmian style. And what an appetite! Wilhelmina would eat anything—dog biscuits, a bit of old shoe, newspapers and T-bone steaks. All went well so long as Miss Clarkson was there to watch. But last week Miss Clarkson went on her vacation.

She returned to find that Wilhelmina had just enjoyed a few nips at a diamondback terrapin, the pet of Miss Clarkson's aunt.

"A-wool! A-wool!" howled Wilhelmina. "It's toothache," said Miss Clarkson, sympathetically.

She sent for Dr. Irving Cashell, the veterinarian, who diagnosed the case. Wilhelmina had bitten the shell of the terrapin a little too forcibly. The terrapin was easily patched up with mercurochrome and a pat on the head—but Wilhelmina's teeth still hurt.

AFABLE Dr. Mikas Bagdonas, charge d'affaires of Lithuania, entertained a group of Washington correspondents at supper in his legation.

Most interesting was the liquid refreshment at the party. It included Lithuanian vodka, 50 per cent, triple distilled out of rye, potatoes and barley; a Lithuanian liquor named Kiupnikas, which tastes of vanilla, and is composed of twenty herbs, with honey alcohol as a base; some excellent French sauternes; cocktails which are not shaken but placed on ice twenty-six hours before the festa; the essential whisky and sodas.

Officials of the division of eastern European affairs of the state department, headed by Chas. Robert F. Kelley, discussed Lithuanian beverages as they tested liquors in the rose-colored drawing room.

Next morning they were all wondering how to spell "Kiupnikas!"

In the course of the evening, arrived a wire from jovial Albanian Minister Faik Konizita, now basing on the North Shore. He sent regrets and regards. He relishes Kiupnikas and vodka, has frequently sipped both at the home of hospitable Bagdonas.

STATE DEPARTMENT minds must not become hot or flustered over international affairs. Installation of a cooling system has been started by the government.

The office of Cordell Hull was the first one thus honored.

"Feels mighty nice," was Mr. Hull's comment. Department attaches thought so, too. They lingered as long as possible on the threshold when called on business. Undersecretary of State Phillips' office also will be ice cooled.

An amusing contrast was noted in connection with the installation of the new device. Black mustached, slim, alert Edward T. Wallis, graduate of Lawrenceville, Princeton, the American Bankers' Institute and Columbia law school, is acting as assistant to Secretary Hull. He will work in a cool atmosphere while his predecessor, a fat, middle-aged, trudge, tropical-helmeted, through equatorial Africa on a special diplomatic mission.

Turkish newspapers are not allowed to print pictures having sex appeal. So, for all that, Turkey might as well go back to the harem and the veil.

NO EGGS—NO OMELET!



The Message Center

[I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire.]

(Times readers are invited to express their views on these columns. Make your letters short, so all can have a chance. Limit them to 250 words or less.)

SAYS TAXES DEMANDED FROM RELIEF WORKERS

By a Mother.

What is this new graft on the poor C. W. A. workers? Isn't it hard enough to feed large and small families on what little bit they work for on the roads without having to contribute part of it on delinquent taxes to raise judges' salaries from \$90 a week to \$120 and salaries of many others such as sheriffs, clerks, jails, etc.? If some of their high salaries were cut and put on this project work we wouldn't need so many jails and judges and so forth. They say it must be paid or you'll lose your job on the CWA. What is that but just a little higher classed slavery?

I am not talking against taxes, but why pick on the CWA workers who only get from \$3 to \$12 a week and who will soon be laid off. Why not give them a chance to buy clothing for their children and prepare for winter with what little they can get?

Editor's Note—The Governor's commission on unemployment relief, which has control over FERA labor (which succeeded CWA), asserts that no one in authority is making demands such as outlined in the above letter.

SHOTGUN CLUB CALLED NUISANCE

By A. E. M.

In watching the Message Center, I see many subjects and many views on each subject. Many are old subjects, but here is a new one. The people living just outside the city northwest are confronted with a new kind of evil, namely a shotgun club. Until recently this gun club amused themselves on Tuesday afternoons only, but now besides Tuesday, it is Thursday night till 11 and often on their nights also. If you think that is funny, just try to sleep while that is going on. The floodlights which light the whole neighborhood are bad enough, but the shotguns at times are almost unbearable. If this isn't a public nuisance, you name it.

But until the neighbors get riled up enough, all that we can do is pray for it to rain hard on Thursday nights.

TRAFFIC SIGNAL CHANGE APPROVED

By Automobile Owner.

Please permit me to take a few lines of your Message Center column to express my approval of the city's recent decision to remove all automatic traffic signals from the center of street intersections.

Fatalities and serious injuries resulting from automobiles hitting these signals, often through no fault of the driver, have been far too many.

Although it may cost more to have two signals on the sidewalks, instead of one in the middle of the street, the diminished accident risk will more than compensate for money thus spent.

READER IS THRILLED BY BURG CARTOONS

By F. F. H.

The cartoon by Mr. Berg in your issue of Aug. 11 prompts me to write a word of praise for The Times staff cartoonist.

For many months I have admired the cartoons appearing on your editorial page, but with the "cracking down" on the slot machine racket in your columns and the accompanying cartoon, I am moved to voice my personal congratulations.

I am not a moralist by inclination,

Holds Penny Machines Are Menace Also

By Mrs. W. L. B.

Congratulations to The Times for publishing the truth about the slot machine setup in Indianapolis and Marion county.

May I offer one suggestion? I strongly recommend that not only the nickel, dime and quarter machines be hunted down, but also those insidious and apparently harmless penny machines.

Some of the penny machines return mints and candy as premiums; others return the coins

but I certainly believe that the suggestion implied in the slot machine cartoon is very timely and deserves commendation.

The idea of the "big shot gambler" looking with approval on the youngsters getting their start in vice is worth pointing out, and I hope other readers of The Times also will take notice.

Another of Mr. Berg's recent pictures also struck me as particularly significant. I refer to "The End of the Trail," appearing July 23, after word of Dillinger's death had been heard around the world.

That cartoon was certainly a most graphic illustration of the futility of a life of crime.

Good work, Mr. Berg. Keep it up!

RESENTS 15-CENT CHARGE FOR BEER

By C. L.

If beer has been reduced to 10 cents a bottle, why is it that I was charged 15 cents a bottle at a tavern on College avenue? I stood at the bar, ordered the beer there, and drank it there. I understand that they are privileged to charge 15 cents when it is carried to a booth, but as it happened I was not in a booth. Can it be explained why I was charged 15 cents after it was announced in the papers that it was slashed to 10 cents a bottle?

Editor's Note—Newspaper stories on the price of beer merely stated that some of the dealers had reduced prices voluntarily. There was no organized action on the matter, and the price charged is up to the individual dealer.

GAMBLING EXPOSE IS PRAISED

By Times Reader.

Congratulations to The Times for its campaign against the "slot-machine racket" in the city of Indianapolis and in Marion county. It is high time something constructive was done to drive out these gambling devices and, more important, the men who stand behind them accepting their politically-grasped hands the money derived from the machines.

Most of us know who is behind the local situation and how small a part the Louisville element is playing.

SUGGESTS TIMING ON TRAFFIC SIGNALS

By Perplexed.

Just why is it that city officials insist on keeping Indianapolis in the small town class? I am the owner of an automobile and as such have occasion a couple of hundred times a week to pass automatic traffic signals.

Whenever I get the green signal without first having to stop, I consider it a red letter day. It seems the city does all it can to slow up and snarl traffic. In most cities in which I have been, every effort is made to time traffic signals so that a motorist can go at least a few blocks without stopping.

North Capitol avenue is a case in point. The signals there are so timed that a motorist who makes two or more signals without having

themselves. This appears to be such an innocent pastime that many young boys and girls squander the hard-earned money their parents give them in this manner.

One step leads to another; therefore, I consider these penny machines the most iniquitous of all. I hope the police will be successful in their efforts to stamp out this "disease," and that they will not stop until every gambling machine of any kind is confiscated.

to stop is lucky. I have tried all speeds from 20 to 50 miles an hour without success.

It seems to me that the city should do everything possible to speed up, and not tie-up, traffic. Can't The Times get a little action in this respect?

OBJECTS TO STENCH FROM PACKING PLANTS

By S. A. R.

The meat packing concerns of the city are growing fat on government contracts for the slaughter of cattle from the stricken drought areas. Concurrent with this wholesale killing campaign, the city is being overpowered with the horrible stench emanating from these same packing plants who are profiting by the slaughter of cattle bought with the taxpayers' money. Why can't these firms be made to take precautions to prevent citizens of Indianapolis from being asphyxiated? This deplorable condition does not exist only in the downtown district surrounding the plants, but the stench spreads as far north as Forty-fourth street on some days.

Those who think these vacated offices will not be rented have little faith in the future of their city.

Indianapolis and the state, as a matter of fact, although they have suffered during the last few years, have not been as badly off as a great many other communities and states in this nation. There are many indications, not the least of which is the proposed enlargement of the postoffice, made necessary by increased business, to demonstrate adequately that this city and state have come through the worst of the depression, that business generally is picking up and that better times are well on the way.

THINKS GAMBLING NO WORSE THAN LIQUOR

By Hardboiled Egg.

The Times has presented a strange and pitiful sight this last week, blabbing away at the top of its voice about the evils of slot machines and about gang warfare over what it euphemistically calls "these illegal gambling devices."

Is not The Times a liberal newspaper, a great professor of belief in personal freedom? Well, then, why not apply to the matter of gambling of all sorts, including that in slot machines, the same specious philosophy applied in pre-repeal times editorialists against prohibition.

No, Mr. Editor, slot machines are no worse than liquor—really, not as bad. If you encourage one, you must expect the other. Be consistent, at least.

REJOICES OVER POSTOFFICE GRANT

By Times Reader.

Permit me to add a word of praise to those officials, civic-minded citizens and groups whose loyalty to the best interests of the city of Indianapolis, after many months of arduous labor, has been rewarded at last by the postoffice department approval of a \$1,300,000 grant for the construction of a wing to the Federal building.

Not only will this addition improve the appearance of the structure and make it possible for this much-appreciated and hard-working

Oh, fickle fantasy, oh, taunting sprite, Unceasingly I hear your restless wings, I loved the wind, a thing beyond my sight, I loved a voice—is that your voice that sings?

Daily Thought

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be doomed.—St. Mark, 16:16.

THE want of belief is a defect which ought to be concealed where it can not be overcome.—Swift.