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**NEED FOR HONOR**  
OUR ideas about fame are peculiar. Let a man start and win a great war, bringing death and suffering to thousands upon thousands of people and leaving the world with infinitely more misery than it had when he came on the scene, and we will write his name large in headlines and history books—as with Napoleon or Bismarck.

But the man who actually leaves the world a happier place than he found it—the man who makes it possible for people to live longer, who reduces the sum total of pain and despair—is very apt to wind up with a brief little footnote so that only the specialists remember his name.

You can name the great generals of the World War without half trying, for instance: Hindenburg, Haig, Pershing, Foch, Ludendorff and half a dozen more. But can you tell what is the claim to fame of these three physicians—Doctors George Minot, William P. Murphy and George H. Whipple?

Their names have been in the papers just recently. They have received, jointly, the Nobel prize in medicine for 1934, as a result of their work in combating anemia.

Because of what these three men did, a great many people are alive and well today, who would otherwise be in their graves. If we were sensible in our measures of human greatness, shouldn't we write their names above those of the generals and the statesmen?

These three doctors were the ones who discovered that the use of liver, or liver extract, will cure pernicious anemia. Heretofore that disease had been invariably fatal.

Once the diagnosis was made, the most skilled physician could do little but stand by and watch the malady progress to its tragic conclusion. The diagnosis was a death sentence.

Now it is not. The physician has a remedy, cheap and efficient. Pernicious anemia, at one stroke, has passed from the class of incurable diseases into the list marked "curable."

And the thing to remember is that this is a boon which the human race can enjoy for all time to come. It is a permanent addition to human knowledge.

Death's boundaries have been pushed back, a little, forever. As long as civilization endures, there will be more happiness and less misery because of what these three men have done.

**THE PUBLIC PULSE**

TO get first-hand information on how the New Deal is functioning on the front lines and what the people think of it, Executive Director Richberg has instructed the state directors of the national emergency council to send in bi-weekly confidential reports.

The state directors are not to duplicate the factual reports that the various New Deal agencies send regularly to Washington, but are to appraise the effectiveness of each agency in meeting the needs of his state and report public reaction to the activities of each agency and to the emergency program as a whole.

If honestly and intelligently made, these reports can be of inestimable value to the administration, which now relies too much upon an intelligence service supplied through bureaucratic and partisan channels. Like all previous administrations, this one is handicapped by too many cheer leaders and yes-men.

Since the NEC state directors are to become the super-scouts of the New Deal, it is a matter of importance to the administration that they have the capacity to observe closely and report accurately. Politics played a greater part in the appointment of these state directors than it should have, but on the whole they are men of competence and standing. It is to be hoped that they will report to their chief not only the things that he likes to hear, but also tell him when and why and how the program bogs down.

The New Deal is a program of reform and recovery which can not move against the current of public opinion. Nor can it get far unless it keeps abreast of the current.

**ACTION IS NEEDED**

THE chickens of the Morro Castle disaster are coming home to roost more and more upon the doorsteps of the national congress, the powerful ship lobby and the Morro Castle operators.

A large element in the loss of the 134 lives was the lack of training on the part of a hard-driven nondescript crew, including many foreigners. These facts are buttressed by a secret federal survey now in the hands of the national labor relations board.

Had there been a well-paid, homogeneous American crew working reasonable hours there would not have been the huge weekly turnover and the resulting almost complete lack of fireboat training, watchman alertness and general discipline.

Why the crew conditions? It has been revealed that the Ward line drew \$5,813,787 of the taxpayers' money in mail subsidies in six years on the ship lobby's plea that American ships hiring American labor could not compete with foreign vessels. Then by its amazing power the ship lobby won from congress also a law permitting a one-third foreign crew and stipulating that sailors of three years' service having first papers would be regarded as Americans.

Then a great sea disaster happens. It is

clear where the blame lies. It lies with a congress subservient to a powerful ship lobby, to the ship owners. It lies with the government officials who permit subsidized ships to sail with such nondescript crews that passengers are imperiled in crises.

Meantime every mail ship leaving New York carries a large quota of foreigners, while 25,000 American seamen haunt the shipping offices in vain, many living on public relief funds.

We believe that President Roosevelt should personally lead in cleaning out this vicious lobby and in remaking the whole American system of sea laws to put human safety above dollars.

**INSULT WEEPS**

SAMUEL INSULL wept yesterday when he went on the stand in a Chicago court to be tried.

For whom did he weep? Did he weep for the business men, the professional men, the working men, the school teachers, the widows and the orphans whom he defrauded by selling them watered stock? Did he weep for the lives blighted when the savings of a lifetime were swept away?

Or did Insull weep—for Insull?

**POLLYANNA PAUL**

GERMANS are about to take an awful wallop from their newspapers, if Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Goebbels has his way.

Goebbels has issued a pamphlet of instructions for editors, particularly aimed at political, financial and society editors, calling for more Pollyanna pieces.

Financial editors who fail to point frequently to Nazi economic triumphs must mend their ways. A bald demand for better propaganda efforts from editors, to avert present "dullness," is the highlight of Goebbels' ukase.

If it is to be enforced, the propaganda minister had better take over all the newspapers and run them himself.

And then, he could print them all with a rubber stamp.

But he would have to issue another edict compelling every one to subscribe.

**DEMOCRACY'S SHAME**

FULLY 50,000 persons felt that they had to attend the funeral services for "Pretty Boy" Floyd. They got in everybody's way, jammed traffic in the little Oklahoma town beyond endurance, and made a disgusting spectacle of themselves at the cemetery, where they stole all the flowers from the dead bandit's coffin and nearly got into a free-for-all fight over the disposal of these precious souvenirs.

An outburst of this kind is not exactly surprising, considering the rapt interest that dim-witted folk are bound to feel in the doings of any notorious outlaw.

But it is a little bit appalling to learn that there could be no many people within driving distance of one small town who had so little to do with their spare time.

A democracy that will turn out 50,000 strong to squabble over the flowers on a dead bandit's coffin is not giving a good indication of its ability to meet a democracy's problems intelligently.

**MORE MONEY FOR WAR**

WITH the single exception of Germany, every major power in the world is spending more money today for arms and armies than it was spending just before the World War broke out. And the armament race that preceded 1914 is given a large share of the blame for the coming of that conflict!

This summary is made by the foreign policy association. Rises in military expenditures run like this: France, 25.8 per cent; Italy, 26.3 per cent; Great Britain, 48.8 per cent; United States, 190.9 per cent, and Japan, 388 per cent.

Germany's expenditures, incidentally, are below the pre-war mark solely because of the Versailles treaty restrictions.

All in all, this makes a dismal outlook. And our own nation—considering that its military expenses have nearly tripled—is hardly in a position to point the finger of scorn at any foreign countries, either.

**TRADE GOES BEGGING**

PERHAPS the bankers' committee appointed to co-operate with the export-import bank will persuade the directors of those government institutions that they have a job to do.

The first export-import bank was created about nine months ago for the express purpose of providing credit to facilitate trade with Russia. Later congress passed the Johnson act, forbidding loans to foreign governments in default to the United States. But congress excepted government agencies from this restriction, for the specific purpose of enabling the export-import bank to proceed with its credit negotiations for Russian trade.

Then the directors of the export-import, in effect, arbitrarily amended the Johnson act by saying they would do no business with Russia until the moss-covered Kerenky debts were settled. The Russian claims and counter-claims have not yet been settled, and probably will not be settled ten years from now at the present rate of negotiations. Meanwhile, millions of dollars of Russian orders are being diverted to England and European countries where more commercial realism is displayed.

The second export-import bank negotiated a small deal to provide Cuba with minted silver.

That there is plenty else to do seems obvious. American exporters and importers say they need credit. Surplus producers of American farms and factories await foreign outlets. Surplus American labor to produce these goods is ready.

But apparently there also is a surplus of red tape.

Strange that the present administration should be collecting back taxes, while previous ones have given taxes back.

If it took three years for a Princeton professor to locate the source of the word "jazz," how long will it take him to understand its meaning?

A Texas legislator wants to have the letter "H" tattooed on the hand of every habitual drunkard. Would it stand for "Horrible Example" or "Have One on Me?"

Clarksburg (W. Va.) hunter claims to have bagged four squirrels with one shot. One shot of what?

**Liberal Viewpoint**

BY DR. HARRY ELMER BARNES

THE necessity imposed upon New York teachers of signing an oath of loyalty and allegiance to the Constitution has provoked much animated discussion on the part of both those who favor and those who oppose this new regulation.

The whole mandate is certainly silly and probably mischievous. It will not save the Constitution and it makes hypocrites, if not perjurers, out of many of the best elements among our teachers. Those teachers who naturally feel like supporting the Constitution will do so without any oath. Those who feel otherwise only sign in a perfunctory fashion with their tongues in their cheek and probably have less affection for the Constitution than before.

An oath should be a fairly serious thing in civic matters, and it does not pay to make a joke or a travesty out of it. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that the very elements who agitated for the Ives bill and the loyalty oath represent these influences and forces which have literally done the most to undermine the Constitution as it was intended by its makers.

PERHAPS the chief good which can come out of this measure is the discussion of rational teachers' creeds which it has provoked. All this may serve to clarify the ideals and duties of teachers, viewed as agents for the advancement of civic well-being and rational social change. One of the best of these teachers' creeds is that submitted by Walter E. Meyer, editor of the American Observer, a leading publication for the use of teachers of social sciences and current events.

"I pledge my unflinching devotion to the common good, and I promise to support all those measures which, in my opinion, will best serve to bring security and happiness to the people of my country and the world."

The primary obligation that rests upon me is so to conduct myself that I may contribute to the happiness and welfare of my associates, but I realize that my duty does not end there. I accept the larger responsibility of helping to improve the social and economic environment upon which all of our opportunities depend. To the end that my social contribution may be effective, I promise to study the arts of politics and to practice them in the effort to build a better community, a better state and a better nation.

"I pledge allegiance to my flag, not as an idol to be blindly worshipped, but as the symbol of a widespread co-operation, which may be so guided that it will improve the quality of human life. I pledge allegiance to the Constitution and the laws of the land, holding them to be means for the realization of the great goal of human betterment."

WHEN, in my opinion, changes would render them more effective instruments, I will support efforts to change them, but I will obey them so long as they are law.

"I believe in maintaining all property rights which can be exercised in harmony with the best interests of the greatest number of men, women and children, but I hold that no right to property or power or obedience is morally valid unless it is based upon that broad interest."

"I promise, so far as possible, to harmonize my life and conduct with the lives of my neighbors, and I promise further to use my influence to the end that my country shall find a similar harmony in its relations with neighboring states."

"I hold the highest patriotism to be that which prompts one to work for the establishment of conditions under which happiness may be hopefully pursued by every citizen."

This broad-minded manifesto of civic and pedagogical enlightenment may be earnestly recommended to our educational bureaucrats for their prayerful perusal. It is not only progressive enough to satisfy anybody short of a confirmed revolutionist, but reasonable enough to appeal to any one fit to have even the slightest position of responsibility in educational administration.

**Capital Capers**

BY GEORGE ABBELL

THE doors of the hospitable Turkish embassy opened the other day to admit 1,000 guests to a reception in celebration of the anniversary of the founding of the republic of Turkey.

Footmen in mulberry coats laced with gold poured champagne and whisky, as the popping of innumerable corks heralded the gigantic work of Khalil Pascha.

The vast mansion which once belonged to the multi-millionaire inventor of bottle tops, Mr. Everett, gleamed with lights and gaiety.

An orchestra played in the elaborate little ballroom, with its paneled ceiling and rose-colored brocades. In the marble room there was a punch bowl and political talk. In the dining room ladies munching little sandwiches and chattered. In the small anteroom, serious faced gentlemen applied themselves to highballs and politics.

The Louis XV drawing room was quite deserted, except for a few melancholy souls who believe in transmigration.

GIGANTIC Sir Ronald Lindsay, the more than six-foot ambassador of Great Britain, towered among the guests like a pillar of the British empire.

Up to him came Mrs. Claude Swanson, wife of the secretary of the navy, petite, blond, wearing a pert brown hat and sables.

Sir Ronald gallantly bent down to speak with her. She turned up her head like one gazing at a skyscraper.

"My goodness," remarked a friend to her a few minutes later, "I should think your neck would ache from an effort like that."

Mrs. Swanson confided: "You know, I used always to go to official dinners and find myself placed on one side of Sir Ronald with little Ambassador Debuchi of Japan on the other. Can you imagine that?"

Envoy Debuchi of Japan used to be the midjet of the diplomatic corps. When Sir Ronald sat between Mrs. Swanson and the Japanese, polite society was convulsed.

PERSIAN or Russian hats seem to be fashionable among women, to judge from the Turkish party.

Mrs. Celeste Crosby Miller wore a Cossack hat of white caracul, Miss Marvin Breckinridge wore a black one, while Mrs. Natalie Pritchett affected a two-cornered affair like the ears of a smart cat.

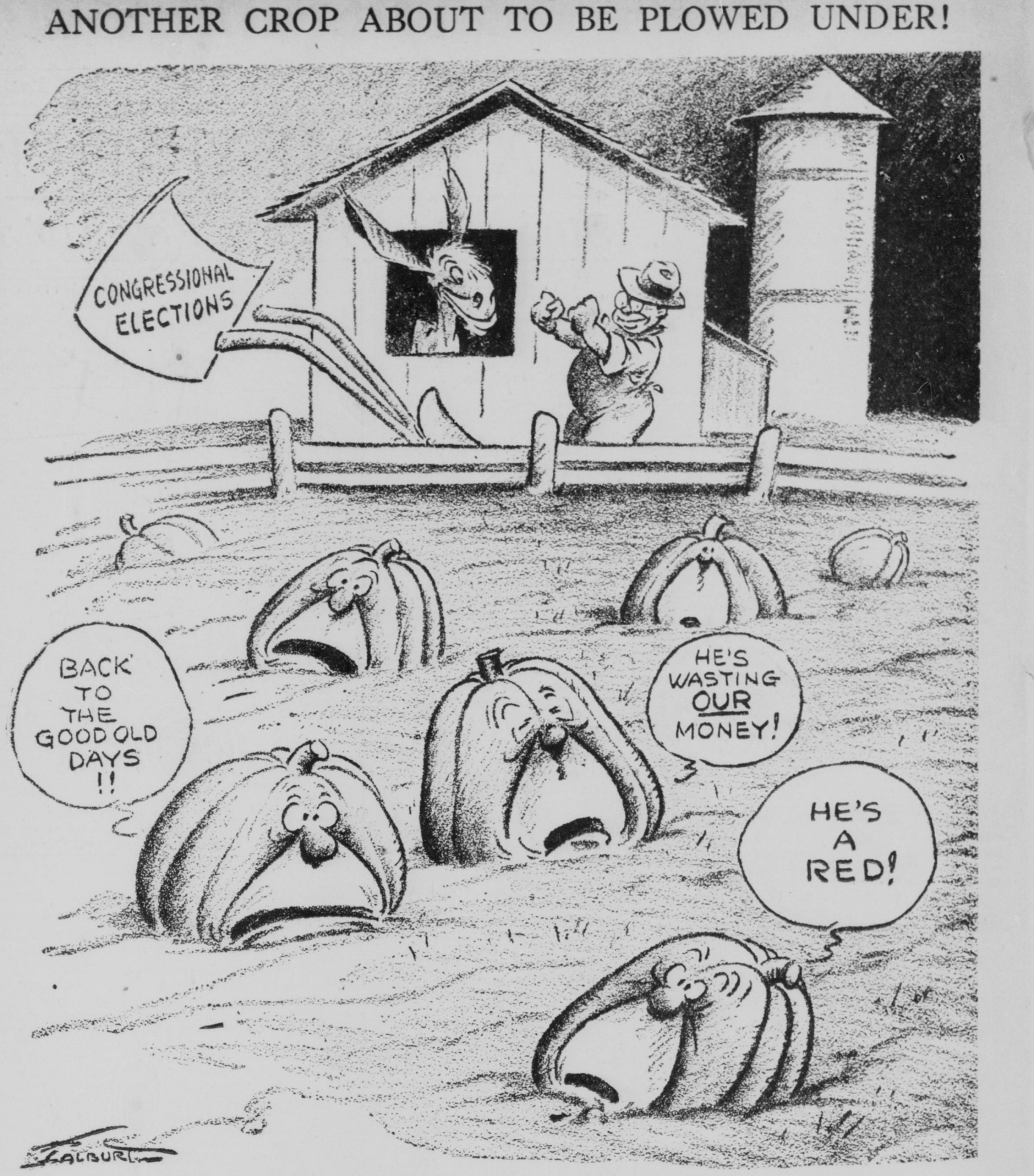
"Ridiculous calling those hats Russian," snorted Persian Minister Djafar. "They were worn in Persia ninety years ago. I only wonder how they happened to get here."

"Ninety years behind the times," waived the bevy of fashionable women.

VIRTUALLY the entire diplomatic corps and many government officials were present.

Solicitor General Biggs was glimpsed with two glasses of champagne, but one was for a lady.

**ANOTHER CROP ABOUT TO BE PLOWED UNDER!**



**The Message Center**

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

**Upholds Republican Actions**

By a Shelbyville Democrat.

I see in the Message Center an article by Will H. Craig, where he criticizes Arthur Robinson for upholding high wages and increased pensions and bonuses to the favored classes of the country, meaning soldiers. I wonder if he lost any sons in the war.

He also criticizes Mr. Robinson for being in favor of the government loaning money to small industries to run on so the wheels will go around and men be employed, when anybody knows that is the trouble with the country today. Industries can't get their own money nor can they take the richest man in Indiana for security and borrow \$5.

He also says the banks have oceans of money. To be sure they have and they are keeping it, too. It isn't in circulation.

average citizen has. These men, while they are undoubtedly polished gentlemen, are not representative of the great majority of our people.

We have been considered as being "across the railroad tracks" too long. We are decent, respectable and hard working people entitled to be considered in the coming election. I have attended several Republican meetings and witnessed the usual handshaking, but I have been unable to learn what their platform consists of. So far I have gathered it is stop President Roosevelt and McNutt.

I believe the very reason that the Republican party has not offered us something constructive in the way of a platform is because the candidates do not realize, and never had cause to realize, that these times are such that warrant drastic action. I do not believe that the south side citizen will support a candidate or a party that can not possibly represent him.

THE SUMMER 'MELÉE' DID HAVE PUBLICITY

By a Times Reader.

As we follow your issues on Confinism, and as The Times is a non-partisan paper, we the public, would like an explanation as to why you have kept quiet on the Kern-Buck Summer beer melée on Oct. 25 at Indiana and Senate avenues.

Editor's Note—The above reader is referred to The Indianapolis Times of Oct. 26, Page 3, showing a three-column photograph, and also Page 23, Column one.

**SUGGESTS REPUBLICANS THINK AGAIN**

By Ellsworth Griffith.

Mr. Republican of Indiana, while throwing mud at President Roosevelt, Governor McNutt, Sherman Minton, and others, give the following a thought: Ex-Governors James Goodrich, Ed Jackson, Harry Leslie, Warren McCray, Ex-Mayors Charles Jewett, John Duvall, Senator James Watson, Chairman Clyde Walb, Senator Arthur R. Robinson, Mr. Herbert Hoover, and many others, too numerous to mention.

Which would you rather be, or what? The straight Democratic ticket will please and help our President raise the depression. Right is right. Roosevelt is right. Let's go!

**STREET PROGRAM IS DENIED BY BOARD**

By Residents.

We ask your help in saving our trees along the west side of the creek in the 700 block, Pleasant Run boulevard. We understand the street is to be widened on this side,

**LASHES REPUBLICANS FOR "TRIVIAL PROPAGANDA"**

By George S. Harley.

I have been a voter for fifty years and never before have I read such trivial propaganda as is being put out by the Republican speakers in criticizing the Democratic party.

I don't see any reason for a Republican not voting the Democratic ticket this fall, but if a Democrat votes the Republican ticket, I think he needs his head examined, especially the farmer. Just notice the difference in prices for farm products under Mr. Hoover and under Mr. Roosevelt. Under Mr. Hoover, wheat was 34 cents a bushel. Under Mr. Roosevelt, wheat is \$1 a bushel. Under Hoover, corn was 14 cents a bushel. Under Mr. Roosevelt, corn is 30 cents a bushel. Under Mr. Hoover, hogs were \$3.50 a hundredweight, under Mr. Roosevelt, hogs are nearly \$6 a hundredweight. Under Mr. Hoover, eggs were 9 cents a dozen. Under Mr. Roosevelt, eggs are 20 cents a dozen.

The Democratic party is the party of progress. They say, "Let's go!" The Republican party says, "Stop!" They are timid and afraid to help the farmer.

**So They Say**

I feel that the more we can encourage the youth of our country to know the youth of other countries, the more we will be warding off future wars.—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The army air corps, like civil aviation, has been made a political football, not only by congress, but, worse, by the general staff itself.—Reed Chambers, vice-president United States Aviation Underwriters, Inc.

A lawyer who does not represent his client with the same fidelity as a reputable physician cares for his patient should not be permitted to practice.—George E. Brand, president Detroit Bar Association.

Those who think that the world, and particularly the United States, are finished, tire me. In my opinion, the average standard of living even in our own country is not within 10 per cent of what it should and can be.—John E. Galvin, president Ohio Steel Foundry Company.

There is a real growing need for adequate systems of state forests adequately protected, developed and administered.—F. A. Silcox, United States forester.

Lots of people can't lose gracefully. They get swelled heads when they're on top and a growth when they drop.—Flelding H. Yost, Michigan U. athletic director.

**Orchid Gown**

BY HARRIETT SCOTT OLINICK

An orchid gown and silver slipper. Bathed in fragrance and dipped in a song.

Hush, silly heart, your frantic beating. This dance can not last long.

Gray eyes laughing and words coined flippant; Odors of roses; perfumes of fall. Hush, giddy heart, your foolish wishing. You do not matter at all.

Poor little orchid gown, all of your braveries, Crushed in the closet, far out of sight. We did not matter; no, we did not matter. Except for one night, one transient night.

**Daily Thought**

And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds.—The Acts 7:22.

LEARNING is but an adjunct to oneself, and where we are our learning likewise is.—Shakespeare.