

*It Seems to Me*  
by  
**HEYWOOD BROUN**

CORAL GABLES, Jan. 9.—Sometimes I wonder whether I am precisely the proper guardian for a growing boy. There is no lack of good intent upon my part and I do my best to sit up with him. But youth is exacting. At 16 one wants to see not just a night club, but the whole collection within the evening's span.

We older ones are content to say, "There will be another day." It is the lads who act as if each 24 hours might be the last. These hoarders of time are the very ones who possess the greatest stores of it, but perhaps it is the folly of age and not its wisdom which inspires us ancients to say, "That can wait." Surely there is a certain recklessness in postponing potential dates so long as Samara always waits.

So if I say, "Let's not go to see the floor show at the Ambassador tonight," the risk is mine for I may not come to Florida again or watch once more the lady who does the slow, strip tease. And even if I do return a year hence or a decade it may well be that in all frankness I shall be compelled to say to the former, "Do not bother to agitate yourself for somehow it seems my thoughts are wandering to political economy."

Accordingly I can not quarrel violently with the philosophy that man should live as if each dawn were the end of the world. But in practice it hasn't turned out that way. I mean thus far. And there have been times along toward 5 in the morning when I would gladly have exchanged a ton of slightly faded rosebuds of my own gathering for seven hours' sleep.

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**Ponce de Leon Was Right**

NOR is my nightly vigil done when we have visited the last blame night club which the beach affords. There is then the suggestion that we go somewhere to eat. Even at 16 one learns that the kitchen in a night club is just a gag. After that there is the suggestion, which so far I have fought off, that we drive out to the track to watch the early workouts. Ponce de Leon was no sap when he boarded up that singing and utterly refused its water.

He had seen one dancing girl too many and maybe heard excessively the din of some ditty in his day. Like the Spanish explorer I am appalled and a little alienated by the loyalties of youth.

Stay as Sweet As You Are" is a pretty melody but when it is started for the seventh time in any single night I can scream—and not "encore." In the beginning of this holiday I had a fear that the slightly younger Broun was somewhat lonely for the comradeship of people of his own age.

After all there has to be somebody around to listen with interest to the story of how good the school football team was. And so my idea of introducing him to some of the Earl Carroll girls in the floor show at Palm Island was logical enough. But now the loneliness is mine. I can not seem to interest any one of the young ladies in my theories of readjustment and recovery.

Only last night a starry-eyed miss broke through a lull in our conversation and said, "You know this is a great treat to me. I mean talking like this to a man of your age. I'll be 18 my next birthday and you I suppose are about 56." Well, I'm not 56, but it was the tenth time the man had come out to sing, "Woman Is Merely a Question of Light," which introduces the amber tableau, the scarlet tableau, the white tableau, and the dance of the black butterflies.

**Candid Opinions Available**

NATURALLY from my seat on the substitute's bench I keep a fairly watchful eye on the slightly younger Broun. At one resort the captive dance has been thought by some strict observers to be in somewhat questionable taste.

So when it was about to break I said, "Be a good boy and run out to the bar and have a brandy and soda while this act is on."

"Why don't I have my brandy and soda here," he answered.

It would be false to the truth if I gave the impression that a growing boy is wholly a liability and a burden on a vacation trip. There is nothing a columnist needs more than an occasional candid opinion. And if want cancel the place to shop is among the 16-year-olds. Let me see, was it last night or the night before when I had my brief moment of triumph? It might have turned my head quite dangerously. After the third cocktail she said, "There is something about you which appeals to me strongly. Don't ever leave me." I am fat and a little over 40 and was this romance suddenly springing out at me from behind the moon? I mentioned the matter in a somewhat offhand way to the slightly younger Broun in the taxi.

"That was a rather pretty girl I was dancing with," I suggested. "I mean the black haired one in the yellow dress."

"Moderately," he answered, "but isn't it a pity that just one cocktail goes right to her head?"

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**Your Health**

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

THERE are times when you don't notice a pain until long after the cause is gone. Psychologists attribute this to some form of hysteria or to changes brought about by strong emotions.

A football player is unconscious of bruises or other injuries until after the game. Soldiers in a charge during a battle may be unaware that they have been hit until they see blood flowing from the wound.

Likewise, persons do not perceive pain during periods of exaltation or ecstasy developed by religious evangelism; neither on so-called mediums seem to experience pain when they throw themselves into a trance.

THE most conspicuous examples of inability to perceive pain are seen among idiots, imbeciles, and the insane. Similar conditions occur also among persons who have recovered from inflammation of the brain.

Doctors occasionally see instances of malingerers or voluntary production of injuries to the skin and the body in which apparently the persons concerned do not experience pain. These however, may be examples of a mental disorder.

Thus it is known that less pain is felt in one part of the body when the attention is directed elsewhere. One form of quackery rests on the pinching of the toes to take the mind away from a painful toothache.

THERE are persons whose anxiety and fear are so great, when going into a dentist's office, that they feel less pain the closer they approach the place in which they are to receive the dental ministrations.

The sense of pleasure you feel when a pain disappears is difficult to describe.

There is the story of the man who was pounding his head against the wall. When asked why he was doing this, he responded by saying that he felt so well when he stopped.

There are also forms of mental and sexual perversion in which pain is actually enjoyed. In such cases, however, the pain itself is seldom intense and the emotional outburst associated with the pain is exceedingly pleasurable.

**Questions and Answers**

Q—Who wrote the song "Hot Potato," sung by Jimmy Durante in "Strictly Dynamite"?

A—Durante wrote it.

Q—How do Japanese and American men compare in average height?

A—One authority says that the Japanese soldiers in the World War averaged 63.24 inches and American soldiers averaged 67.51 inches. Another authority gives the average height of American males as 5 feet 8 inches, and Japanese 5 feet 1 inch.

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## THE PROBLEMS OF CONGRESS

### Labor to Wield Great Power in Coming Legislative Conflicts

This is the third of a series of four stories in which Rodney Dutcher, NEA Service and Times Washington correspondent, tells what may be expected of Congress in the coming session.

BY RODNEY DUTCHER

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**WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.**—The 74th Congress will provide a great battleground for the conflicting demands of industry and labor. The National Industrial Recovery Act and the NRA are to be made permanent. And a question of great import in the nation's future economic history is whether NRA is to be machinery of self-government for industry or a form of government supervision over industry.

Closely allied are the issues raised by the demands of labor organizations for further legislative aid in their ancient fight against unemployment and subservience to the employers.

This Congress is more pro-labor than most. Left to itself, it would pass a 30-hour week law and the Wagner bill which would virtually outlaw company unions. But Roosevelt holds the scales and is almost certain to prevent such extreme action.

NRA has been in the throes of reorganization and reorientation. Order has begun to emerge from its chaos. The new National Industrial Recovery Board has attacked and is threatening to remove two of the sorest, weakest NRA spots—price-fixing and failure to enforce compliance with codes.

Although many have considered NRA a dead duck, the Administration will be able to show Congress a more effective, efficient organization than has existed at any time previously and to obtain congressional sanction for preservation of wage and hour standards and fair practice provisions which would otherwise vanish with expiration of the NRA in June.

promised to impose a code on the recalcitrant telegraph industry.

These developments are samples of a definite increasing trend toward Federal supervision of industry which Congress will abet rather than abort.

Roosevelt and Congress also will see to it that the Government retains its position as an umpire in industrial disputes. In legislative collective bargaining and other rights for labor, Congress may even pass more drastic laws than Roosevelt wants.

THE present situation with respect to collective bargaining and Section 7-A of NRA is badly muddled, with industry in open revolt against decisions of the National Labor Relations Board—which in turn is sometimes in conflict with NRA.

Roosevelt, however, isn't disposed to make much change in the present labor relations set-up. He doesn't want either capital or labor to be given "too much advantage."

But Senator Wagner of New York, a strong Administration man, is again introducing his anti-company-union bill, which would reinforce and continue the NLRB as a supreme court for labor and enable it to initiate negotiations to end disputes, subpoena witnesses, and compel submission of records.

Wagner may even ask to have the majority rule principle set up by NLRB established in law.

IT has become startlingly clear that Roosevelt means to keep a whip-hand over industry and to crack his whip when he considers it necessary. Industries which accepted codes have had those codes changed by the President after periods of operation convinced officials that parts of them were not working out in the public interest.

Thus the 36-hour week was imposed on the cotton garment industry and its chief code authority officials were summarily removed when they helped organize a court fight against the order.

Price-fixing has just been thrown out of the lumber code by the NLRB. And Roosevelt has just

abashed, the young man hung up. Later, he found the lady of his life and demanded with some dignity:

"Who was that snooty woman who answered the phone?"

"That," informed his lady coldly, "was Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Dall, and I don't blame her at all. For two hours all she had been doing was answering calls from college boys who wanted a thrill from talking to the White House."

"She couldn't even sit on her own bed for the suitcases and guests."

Biddle decided the case strictly on what he considered its merits, with no regard for the test case which it placed on the doorstep of the White House in regard to the newspaper publishers of the country and the entire NRA.

And having made his decision, Biddle prepared a request to the NRA that the Blue Eagle of the Call-Bulletin be removed. But in order that he would not step on White House toes too hard, he first called up Louey Howe, closest adviser to the President. Louey asked that the letter to the NRA be held up one week.

"All right," replied Biddle. "I'll hold it until next Wednesday. And if you should decide that you want a little time beyond that, let me know. Otherwise I'll send the letter."

Wednesday 9 a. m. arrived. No word from the White House. Biddle waited not a minute more. He shot his letter to the NRA.

A few hours later Louey Howe telephoned.

"By the way," he said, "you'd better hold up that Jennings case move a little longer."

It was too late. As between the publishers and the NRA, the White House had been put on the spot.

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Where labor centers faith in its fight for more rights.

side in this conflict will be "Assistant President" Don Richberg, who admittedly favors the Section 7-A which he once wrote for NRA and which was kicked out the window by Congress.

The Richberg wording, its enemies charge, would have legalized company unions and failed to prohibit employers from coercing and intimidating workers. It said that "existing satisfactory labor relationships shall not be disturbed."

The pressure of winter strike threats may figure in ultimate decisions.

Labor also has its ideas as to revision of NRA. It would give NRA power to impose labor codes on industries which don't present acceptable codes, establish separate minimum wage scales for semi-skilled and skilled workers, strengthen labor representation on code authorities, provide for inspection of employing establishments instead of the system of simply investigating complaints, reopen codes on petition of the Labor Advisory Board and make amendments where justified, and give a government agency power to collect detailed data on costs and profits from each industry to aid in long-range planning.

Gen. Johnson has said that such a law would bring "a depression that'll turn your hair gray."

ROOSEVELT is said to have been contemplating a compromise measure of some sort with

THE 30-hour week bill probably

will be defeated by Administration opposition. But it will be one of the real fighting issues in this Congress and vigorous support by the A. F. of L. may result in compromise legislation to working hours.

Senator Black is reintroducing his 30-hour measure which passed the Senate by a 2-to-1 vote in the last Congress and was pushed out of the picture only by development of the NRA, which was supported by the A. F. of L.

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## CITY FLORISTS LEAD INDIANA IN AWARDS

### Greencastle Man to Head State Group.

Indianapolis florists led in awards made at the 48th annual meeting of the State Florists' Association of Indiana at the Sevierin yesterday.

Winner announced by Edward C. Grande, retiring president, were Bauer-Steinkamp, certificate of merit on new carnations; King-Cardinal and Rose Chariot (pink);

Mr. Rickenbacker trophy for sweet peas; Joseph H. Hill Co., Richmond, lilies; Cuthbertson and roses; Linton Estate, Columbine, begonias; Marmon Estate, pot of orchids, begonias, cyclamen and cineraria; Ladybird School, campanula and other rare plants; I. K. Lilly Jr., Indianapolis; Edward C. Grande, euphorbia, and Brandeis, Inc., and Joseph H. Hill, Richmond, carnations.

Jacob Eitel, Greencastle, was elected president.

## IN OLD NEW YORK

By Paul Harrison

NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—There's a story in every old building in Manhattan. And Manhattan has a lot of old buildings.

You can select them practically at random. Any one of the office buildings along Broadway is full of glamour and the spice of show business and the dust of vanished dreams. Every dingy office has been a citadel of great ambition; every fabled stage and musical names of one generation or another.

The dozens of rehearsal halls have resounded—and still do—to the thumping of tiny pianos, the hollers of directors, and the clattering feet of panting chorus girls.

Many a hit show, assembled on a shoe-string, has been whipped into shape in one of these dilapidated practice theaters. And in the drama studios at one time or another have kicked and shuffed names later were to go up in stellar lights. "One, two, three, four, five, six . . . Hey, you in the blue, this ain't no funeral march!" . . . One, two, three, four, five, six . . . Now into a charge break, an then the Maxey Ford . . . Rotten! Try it again