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ROY W. HOWARD President
LUDWELL DENNY Editor
EARL D. BAKER Business Manager



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THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE

"IT IS one thing to meet such a devastating emergency (the depression). It is a far greater thing to prevent such catastrophes in the future. Such is the purpose of this social security legislation. The cost is small when compared with the enormous cost of insecurity which we have just experienced."

Such is Gov. McNutt's summing up of the social security issue in his message to the special session of the Legislature.

He has charted the general plan to follow in enacting this legislation. He has told the state's lawmakers in what ways they must conform to Federal laws. Wisely, he has warned them that they must stay within the state budget.

Democrats and Republicans alike have a share in the building of adequate pension laws. Social security is not a party problem. It is for the common good.

Every thinking voter doubtless is hoping for swift, co-operative action to bring Indiana within the framework of Federal security benefits.

A LAWYER REFORMS

WILLIAM L. RANSOM of New York and Florida, president of the American Bar Association, is a pretty good lawyer. He can make an effective argument and he did it the other day. He stirred the members of the Federal Bar Association, meeting in Washington, with a warning against the destruction of local self-government. We gotta look out, he declared, or we'll see all our states' rights going floozy. Of course, he didn't put it quite that way; he used the more involved language of the law.

What gets Mr. Ransom down is "remote and bureaucratic centralization of power." He hates to see Washington expand and the state capitols shrink in importance.

Mr. Ransom seemed quite sincere about all this, so it must be that he is planning to reform. Because—

As attorney for large utility interests, he has spent much of his time traveling into the various states to fight rate reductions and other rulings of state utility commissions. For example he appeared in Indianapolis to battle against a decrease in the rates of the Indianapolis Water Co., a property owned in Philadelphia. The Indiana Public Service Commission, apparently converted to the states' rights theory earlier than Mr. Ransom, had ordered the rate cut.

Mr. Ransom must blush now when he recalls what he did in that case. He took it straight into Federal Court, one of the instruments of that remote and bureaucratic centralization of power that Mr. Ransom now bewails. Don't blame him for that. All the utility lawyers have been doing it. In fact, they've been doing it so much that Congress last session passed a law requiring them to use the state courts, before seeking the aid of Federal courts.

We've an idea that Mr. Ransom will go even farther than Congress requires, since he is the head of the bar association and will wish to set a fine example. We think he may even abandon this type of litigation entirely and advise his utility clients to accept the rulings of state commissions.

For he believes in state rights.

ONE SUGGESTION

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT says he doesn't like tax-exempt government securities, but doesn't know what to do about them. He might try not issuing so many.

"TAKING A WALK"

IF Al Smith, as Tammany delegate to the Democratic National Convention, carries out his threat and takes a walk when the convention renominates President Roosevelt, he will be following an American tradition.

Walker-out have been numerous in this country's politics.

The New York Democrats of 1848 set an early precedent. Two factions disputed the state's delegation that year—the Barnburners and the Hunkers. The convention divided the seats between the two factions, satisfying neither. The Barnburners walked. Eventually they joined the Free Soil convention which nominated former President VanBuren.

The urge to walk next developed in the American ("Know-Nothing") Party in 1856, and the dissenting elements contributed to formation of the Republican Party on a national basis.

One of the most dramatic walks in political history took place in 1860, and once more a Democratic group did the walking.

The convention that year met at Charleston. Its platform rejected the extreme Southern view of slavery, and, as a result, a number of Southern delegations left the convention. The remaining delegates could not agree on a candidate and eventually adjourned to meet later in Baltimore.

At this second Democratic convention of 1860 there was more walking, on the part of anti-Douglas delegates. The convention chairman himself joined the bolters. In the end Douglas was nominated and the two sets of walkers-out met and nominated Breckinridge on a second Democratic ticket. Whether or not they wished to bring about the election of Lincoln, rather than Douglas, they accomplished that result.

ANTI-GREELEY Democrats refused to support their party ticket in 1872 anti-Blaine Republicans followed suit in 1884.

In 1896 there was plenty of walking. Thirty-five Republican silverites walked out of the Republican convention when defeated on the platform. Silver and radical prohibitionists walked out of the Prohibition convention. Gold Democrats stayed in their convention, but refrained from voting after the platform went against their wishes. Separate tickets were placed in the field by silver Republicans, gold Democrats, and silver prohibitionists.

The next historic walk occurred in 1912 when Theodore Roosevelt left the Republican convention in Chicago for a hastily organized Progressive convention of his own.

Roosevelt had won nine of the twelve Republican primaries that year and claimed a large number of other delegates. Taft contested Roosevelt's claims in all but the primary states. The Republican National Committee decided practically all contests in

favor of Taft, and the convention, including the men whose seats were at stake, voted to uphold the committee. The subsequent walk across the street to the Progressive convention was probably the largest and most impressive in American history.

Al Smith was the cause of the next party schism. His nomination at Houston in 1928 made many drys and many Southerners acutely unhappy. They did not leave the Democratic convention, but they refused to support the ticket.

Four years later Smith found the tables turned. After the nomination of Roosevelt, which he bitterly opposed, he refused comment and, with his supporters, took a train for New York before the closing session of the convention at which Roosevelt spoke.

So Al's bitterness now is something he has been storing up since 1932 as a defeated candidate for the nomination.

ROAD TO WAR

SENATOR GORE of Oklahoma hasn't written a book about the road to war, but he watched his country travel that road against his own counsel.

A Senator during the hectic pre-war days, he sought unsuccessfully to prevent Americans from traveling on belligerent ships except at their own risk.

The Lusitania was sunk. American lives were lost, we entered the conflict, and Senator Gore found himself defeated because of his anti-war attitude. Ten years elapsed before he returned to the Senate.

So when he suggested that the neutrality law be amended to bar American citizens from the armed ships of belligerents he acted from experience. His amendment was defeated, but not before Senator Gore gave his description of this road to war. Although blind, the Senator sees such things better than many of his colleagues. He said:

"We can never keep out of any foreign war so long as we permit our citizens to travel upon armed belligerent ships, because whenever our citizens take passage on an armed vessel of a belligerent power its enemy will sink that ship if it can."

"That dramatizes the death of an American citizen."

"Feelings run high. Passions of war take the place of reason. Then, if there be sinister interests which have the sordid purpose of urging this country into war, they do not avow that purpose openly. They take advantage of the aroused passions of the American people, they appeal to their patriotism when our citizenship is unconscious of the fact that patriotic emotions are being turned to sordid purposes, and the country is plunged into war."

"It is mob psychology, after all, that makes a war a practical possibility. Wars would seldom be resorted to as a mere matter of reason when passions are not running high."

FARMERS A LA FORTUNE

THE AAA decision has put the farmer on the taxpayer's neck and neither the Democratic nor the Republican Party will ever pry him off, the magazine Fortune, for March, contends.

Only a major European war might change this situation, it concludes.

It puts the blame on protected industry, which left the farmers operating on an abundance economy, while the manufacturers set up an economy of scarcity behind their high tariff walls.

"The Supreme Court has put the American taxpayer into the farming business to stay," Fortune says. "Every Federally taxable citizen will help to feed the pig and pay the interest on the 40-acre mortgage from now until he dies."

"There are 15 million farm votes that can be beautifully organized on a farm issue, and neither party will dare bid less than the farmer has actually been receiving under the AAA."

"Both parties will therefore start with a reorganization of Federal responsibility for the farmer's ills. And the upshot is that, regardless of the outcome of the election, the Federal government will pick up the farmer where the Supreme Court set him down and carry him considerably farther than he was carried by AAA."

"Since Lincoln's time, industry has won every engagement in its struggle with agriculture, particularly in its fight for a tariff which would give industry a closed market."

This situation, Fortune asserts, created the inequity which ended in collapse of agricultural economy and brought forth the AAA.

"The American farmer will continue to live partly at the public expense until American farming on a 'plenty' basis finds again the constantly expanding markets which such a producing system means," it adds.

A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

HERE is a tidbit of wisdom from a young friend who graduated last June from a famous law school.

"I learned in college how law ought to be practiced," he said. "Now I've got to spend several more years learning how it is practiced."

All graduates are faced with the same task. Whatever knowledge they may have acquired must be supplemented by practical experience before they can hope to succeed, even in a small way.

One is often struck by the vast numbers of young men and women who, after years of grinding study, actually can do nothing. Thousands of boys know everything in the books but are helpless when the time comes to put their knowledge to use. Thousands of girls, with a smattering of this, that or the other, haven't enough gumption to earn a dime.

Those emerging from high school are in an even worse case because most of them have to compete at once with older heads and are wholly unprepared to do so. They are the individuals who later will be found in the trades, on the farms and in domestic service.

And whatever may be the reason, whether our system of education or home training or the general atmosphere of the times is at fault, the fact remains that most of them feel smug toward common toil. They dawdle about, dreaming of sudden success, while they miss all the golden opportunities which life offers them.

The essential point in all education, it seems to me, is to teach the child to want to do the task at hand as well as possible. A man ought to feel a pride in his work, whatever that work may be.

On the feminine side, we can not stress this enough. For at the moment we see too many dissatisfied women and girls behind the counters of department stores, in the shops and offices, who spend their time dreaming of marrying millionaires, and are too preoccupied with those dreams to attend to their jobs efficiently. And what can we say about the housewives—the multitudes of them—who are ashamed of every honest day's work they do in their homes?

FROM THE RECORD

REP. RICH (R., Pa.): Mr. Speaker, may I quote the following poem, and if I knew who the author was I would give him credit for it, but to me it is very apropos at this time:

I'm tired, oh, so tired, of the whole New Deal; Of the juggler's smile and the Barker's spile; Of the mushy speech and the loud bassoon; I'm tired of all of our leader's croon. . .

Squaring the Circle

With

THE HOOSIER EDITOR

I DON'T suppose I ever actively worried about it, but I have given fleeting consideration to this problem more than once, when legislative matters came up:

Where do the Senators sit when they convene with the Representatives in the House chambers to hear a message from the Governor?

Well, they sit on little camp stools placed by attendants in the aisles alongside the massive desks and upholstered swivel chairs of the Representatives—and try hard to look comfortable and important. They scream as soon as they can.

AFTER looking over the legislators as they roamed the corridors of the State House, as they sat at their desks, as they gathered in little political knots and talked about goodness knows what, I've at last learned why the distribution of campaign cigars has all but disappeared. Reason: They smoke them all themselves.

THERE are the following ways Representatives dutifully in chamber and at desks have to amuse themselves while the business of the state is being transacted on the floor:

Smoke.
Play with a letter opener.
Read something.
Take cat-naps.
Talk to deskmates.
Take quick, guilty, little looks at the galleries.

THE central building of the Public Library is open from 2 to 6 o'clock Sunday afternoons, but books may not be taken out. Last Sunday a young man searched the shelves feverishly, found his book, and approached a librarian.

"Isn't there some way I can take this out?" Desperation was in his voice.

The librarian assured him regretfully that there was not, but she was curious enough to inquire the name of the book. It contained detailed instructions on how to play chess.

"I sat up all night playing chess, you see," he said, "and I lost. We're going to play again tonight and I've simply to know more about the game."

He compromised by studying his book in the library until closing time. Librarians haven't heard the score.

A YOUNG fellow went to work in the composing room of an Indianapolis newspaper plant. To everyone's distress but his, not even the noise of the linotype machines softened his unusually strident voice.

One day the foreman came up to him and said softly: "Young man, we have these machines out here to make the noise. It didn't help any, though."

CORRESPONDENCE:

"Dear Sir: "The other day you wrote of attending Charlie Chaplin's 'Modern Times'."

"I came upon this note among my few jottings. You will pardon the McIntrinsiness—a clerk in Carter's hat and shirt shop is a dead ringer for Charlie Chaplin, of course without the mustache."

"Some time while passing you might take a running peek. (Signed) EVERETT C. SMITH. I'll have to look into that."

GEORGE DENNY, former Times reporter, left a few days ago in his travel bag a pamphlet for a long camping trip through the southern part of the country. When he left he also left zero temperatures.

Today I got a card from him, posted in Fairhope, Ala. It reads: "If the sun doesn't stop shining in my eyes I may have to roll over. I'm awfully anxious to hear how it came out."

THERE's the story of the taxicab driver who had Louis Hutchinson, administrative assistant to Pat Mahoney, state director of the National Emergency Council, as a passenger the other morning. As they passed the Indiana Wheel and Rim Co., 40 W. North-st., Hutchinson saw the fire that eventually destroyed the place. He is believed to have been one of the first to see it.

So he ordered his cab to stop and he stepped out and pulled an alarm box. Then he returned to the cab and asked how much his fare was. "Nothing at all," the enchanted cab driver said. "Won't charge you a cent. This is worth it. Why, man, you're a hero."

TODAY'S SCIENCE

BY DAVID DIETZ

WE sometimes call the Twentieth Century the age of specialization. That must make other Nature smile for specialization is one of her oldest tricks. Prof. A. S. Pearce of Duke University cites a sample case.

"At the mouth of the Menam in Siam," he tells us, "there are three species of gobioid fishes which live together on the muddy beaches. They do not occupy horizontal zones but skip together when the tide is out, hunting for food."

"On examination the largest gobi was found to subsist chiefly on fishes and crabs, and the length of its intestine averaged about two-thirds that of its body. The gobi of medium size had an intestine nearly three times as long as its body and ate little but algae. The small gobi fed mostly on insects and had an intestine shorter than its body."

"The parasites of the gobies were also quite distinct and characteristic. Though the three species of gobies were occupying the same area, each was adjusted quite differently to the environment."

Animals tend to become specialists in their relations with their environment, Prof. Pearce says.

"There are bees which find food in only one species of flower, during a limited season of the year, and only during certain hours of the day," he continues. "There are ants which starve unless they can feed on one species of fungus. There are parasites which can exist in only one species of host."

DON'T MISS IT!



The Hoosier Forum

I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire.

(Times readers are invited to express their views in these columns, religious controversies excluded. Make your letters short, so all can have a chance. Limit them to 250 words or less. Your letter must be signed, but names will be withheld on request.)

DECLARES SOCIALISM ANSWER TO PROBLEM

By Subscriber

I agree with Mr. Seegar that we are equipped to produce a comfortable living standard for all, but unable to function. Higher wages alone would not solve the problem. Capitalism demands a certain profit above cost and wages, so we would have the same thing we have now but on a higher scale.

Private industry is installing modern machinery to reduce the need of hiring labor, the owning class benefits by increased profits at the expense of labor.

The problem of production is solved now. Why not solve the problem of distribution by having the working-class control government, force basic industries to produce for use and not for profit? Common sense should tell us that human rights should come before property and that right makes might.

Socialism points the way to obtain these rights by peaceful means. United action by labor with a political party of its own is badly needed.

By the way, socialism is a new economic system and there is nothing in its program that would take public money and lend it to a privileged class to prolong the misery of wage workers.

REPEATS ATTACK ON CITY GAMBLERS

By Still Distracted

Last November you published in your Forum an article written to you by me and referring to petty, yet important to some, gambling within this city. You supplemented

my article with your editorial, which I think was quite kind and timely. You and I know that our public officials read or were told about those items in your paper. Yet nothing has been done about the conditions.

All dives have even been improved to offer better accommodations to the suckers that visit them for their regular indulgence in craps, poker, pool tickets or a little wager on a favorite horse. Brazen "salesmen" direct weak husbands, sons and fathers to "safe places to gamble."

Their only code is to see that suckers go home with no more than car fare one way.

Soon ex-soldiers will collect on their adjusted pay service certificates. Shall the petty operators collect their bonus? Certainly they will if they continue to operate.

Do we have a Tampa where packages of cigarettes, chewing gum, nips and sips taken right in the public eye are tolls sufficient for our law enforcement officers to close his eyes to gambling?

Public officials with records of "omission" where duties are to be performed, are no longer to be respected and elected simply because they have kept scandal from our doors. The agreeing, yet silent, public is keeping tabs these days.

TERMS HAGOOD REMOVAL NECESSARY, JUST

By Frank S. Caprio, M. D.

Discipline constitutes the backbone of the United States Army. Loyalty to one's country, honor and obedience are military traditions that form the "Rock of Gibraltar" of our country's national defense against enemy invasion.

Removal of Hagood from command of the Eight Corps area for assaulting the WPA before a House Appropriations Subcommittee is an example of President Roosevelt's attempt to prove that the "traditional

discipline of the United States Army" shall be preserved, irrespective of the offender's rank.

An officer bearing stars on his shoulders, pledged to serve and protect the interests of his country, who publicly and deliberately denounces the policies of his own commander-in-chief, should be forced to walk the gallows.

While freedom of speech is an a la carte luxury on the political menu of this country, no military officer wearing the American flag as symbolized by his uniform, has the right, on the strength of his high rank, to verbally free-lance his derogatory political views concerning the administration of his country.

COMES TO DEFENSE OF FATHER COUGHLIN

By Reader, Noblesville

If I were the gentleman who wrote to the Forum the other day, I would hesitate to write such articles as he did about the Radio Priest. Fond relatives sometimes clip such articles for their scrap-books.

I suspect there are quite a few such articles about Lincoln; but you can't imagine any descendant being proud of them. Can you?

I think all us "servant girls" should tender Rep. O'Connor a vote of thanks in appreciation of his recognition of our improved intellect; any one who listens regularly to the Radio Priest knows that he seldom uses less than a three-syllable word and that from six to nine syllables isn't unusual.

I have known teachers who advised their pupils to listen to the Radio Priest, even if they didn't agree with his principles, in order to note his perfect diction and composition.

Our aristocratic employers had best take heed, because, according to Mr. O'Connor, we soon will be above that "strong back and weak mind" strata.

MYSTIC MOON

BY JAMES D. ROTH

Oh silvery shimmering sphere,
Lend your smile on lovers' tryst.
Let no tides fail or veer,
As the sailor rides the mist.

Our faith in you we pledge,
Though clouds obscure your path.
Pray spare the ships a rocky ledge,
Send not your tides with wrath.

Vagabond from Indiana

ERNIE PYLE

OCALA, Fla., March 6.—There seems to be less hullabaloo about the vast digging on the Florida Canal than about such jobs as Norris Dam and Passamaquoddy.

I suppose that's because here the work necessarily is stretched out, while at the big dams it is spectacularly concentrated.

The 6500 workmen here are scattered over 20 miles. You seldom see more than 200 in a bunch.

Also, the different "items," or holes in the ground which they're digging, don't all run together. In other words, you can't stand on the bank and see a ditch running as far as the eye will carry, like a canal. It may run only a quarter of a mile. Then it may be a mile to the next hole. That's because they haven't signed up all the land yet.

Even when they're going full tilt, there'll be no great concentration. If the appropriations keep coming through, they expect to reach peak activity in two years. That will mean 12,000 men at work. That's a lot of men. But there are about 40,000 in Florida on work relief now, so the canal will never take care of all of them.

OCALA, where the work is centered, hasn't become a typical boom town. It is a pleasant and up-to-date city of 7000. About the only resemblance it has to the traditional Florida town of the travel literature are the warm winter days and a few palm trees.

Canal workmen don't flock into Ocala to spend their money. Their camps are from five to 15 miles away, and they have no way to get into town. The government, while setting up no restrictions, doesn't go out of its way to provide transportation.

Business is good here. There is not a house available in town. There are a few empty stores, and the rents have gone up. The leading stopping places for travelers charge some pretty fancy prices, but if you look around you can get a good dinner for 50 cents. Ocala is wet. They sell beer at the workmen's camps, too.

Tourists, incidentally, have a pretty tough time trying to see any of the canal. A tourist who braves that hippety-hoppy road alongside the canal is a tourist indeed.

THE little city known as Camp Roosevelt, set among the tall pines, houses the administrative force of the canal—the white collar workers. They are the drafts-men, the clerks, the land buyers, the engineers, the head inspectors. There are 340 in the force.

The United States Army Engineers are building this canal. Yet to my surprise I found only six commissioned Army officers here. All the rest are civilians. There are no enlisted men. They say that's the way the Engineers always work. A few commissioned officers at the top; all the rest civilians.

I WAS much interested in how they get the land for this canal.

In the first place, the State of Florida buys the land, and gives it to the Federal government. Florida recently voted a \$1,500,000 bond issue for this purpose.

Land through here isn't worth a tinker's dam. You couldn't raise a fit on it. The average price paid is \$4 to \$5 an acre. A great deal goes for \$2. The very best brings only \$20. A lot of it bears the stamp of having been sold to suckers in those rosy days back you remember when.

So far, the government hasn't got the deed to a foot of land. How, then, can they actually be working on the canal? Well, they have options on quite a bit, and the owners just gave them permission to go ahead and start digging, so they did.

Homor Rodeheaver, Billy Sunday's famous choir leader, had 2000 acres in the path of the canal. He got \$2 an acre for it.

DAILY THOUGHT

When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them: he forgetteth not the cry of the humble.—Psalms 9:12.

SENSE shines with a double lustre when it is set in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.—Penn.

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"Surely SOMETHING must have gone on at the office today. You people don't just sit there without saying a word to each other."

IF YOU CAN'T ANSWER, ASK THE TIMES!

poet, who was killed in the World War in 1916.

Q—Who was the youngest President of the United States when he assumed office?

A—Theodore Roosevelt.

Q—When was the Department of the Navy established?