

It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROWN

NEW YORK, March 21.—Getting ready to go on a vacation is a fearful strain, because, first of all, there is that business of making up your mind. I wish it were possible just to go to a ticket window and say: "Send me on a vacation wherever this money will take me. Oh, and don't forget a return ticket."

At first I thought of making a two-weeks' tour of American race tracks, but it's a long jump from Miami to Hot Springs, Ark., and the next spot after that is Houston, Tex. Of course, the fortnight could be used to improve my mind, but I don't think I'll do that.

Unfortunately, it is wholly impossible to pick any date at which nothing is happening concerning which you think you ought to be writing. For instance, I'd like to get into the campaign to urge all American colleges to stay away from the Heidelberg festival. There is even less excuse for our being represented there than at the Olympic Games. A Yale correspondent tells me that Herr Rector Groh invariably wears a Nazi uniform when addressing what is still called the faculty, although 130 of the original 200 members have been replaced.

These Lewis' Confusing

AN assistant professor of economics at the University of Oklahoma has a right to feel that newspapers and newspaper commentators are doing less than their full duty in keeping their readers acquainted with happenings in the labor world. At any rate he writes:

"Occasionally I give my classes an incidental test on general information. The first thing on the test was 'Identify (1) John L. Lewis; (2) Sinclair Lewis; (3) Joe Louis.' Fifty papers were selected at random and graded. Every one of the 50 students knew rather definitely the identity of Joe Louis. Thirty-eight of the 50 identified Sinclair Lewis, most of them rather vaguely, but they at least knew that he was a famous American novelist. Only eight of the 50 had any recognizable idea of the identity of John L. Lewis. . . . I answered this by writing, 'John L. Lewis is a United States Senator with pink whiskers.'"

Now what right have I to be in Houston betting on race horses when potential readers near at hand, and college students at that, think that the president of the United Mine Workers of America has pink whiskers?

Ball Clubs Well Covered

I HAD thought a little of embarking down to Florida and watching the ball players at the training camps, but there would be no utility in that, since the doings of the players and their activities are more fully and ably reported than the activities of the labor leaders. Prof. Whitte of Oklahoma found that "many of the students gave minute details about Joe Louis. They knew his height, weight and color. They also knew how many fights he has had and how many of his opponents he has knocked out."

"It is not," the professor adds plaintively, "a reflection on college students so much as it is on our contemporary American civilization. We devote an enormous amount of time, energy and enthusiasm to trivial matters and neglect things that are really important."

I wish I had not come across that letter just before taking a vacation which originally was to include a few days for longshots at Hot Springs and maybe a week in Hollywood. For instance, if I were not going away just now, I could write a long column on a play which really is important. When I first saw "Saint Joan" I thought it was the finest play written by any living author. After visiting the revival I am confirmed in this opinion. Moreover, the play profits new by the performance of Miss Katherine Cornell as Joan, and it will be a long time before we will see a better piece of acting.

Roosevelt Appeal May Bring Results

WASHINGTON, March 21.—There are indications that President Roosevelt's appeal to business leaders to co-operate in their respective industries toward accelerating re-employment may bear some fruit.

Directors of the United States Chamber of Commerce, planning the program for the annual convention of the Chamber here next month, have placed re-employment at the head of the list of major problems to be considered. Without venturing into a detailed discussion of policy, the directors have joined in a formal declaration emphasizing the "growing necessity" of concentrating national effort and resourcefulness upon revival, in order to end continuing requisitions for relief. The directors recognized that this can not be accomplished either by government or by business management alone.

This declaration is a thin piece of meat for any one to sink his teeth into, yet it recognizes that business has a direct interest in attempting to bring about re-employment. So long as re-employment is deferred, the cost of relief is the penalty. If business can thus link up its pocket interest with the humanitarian interest of the government, a basis of practical co-operation may be found. At the moment it is a fragile link. Yet if the Administration and business can suspend their running exchange of epithets, and find a common area in which they can operate under a truce, both sides might find it to their advantage. But that will require more self-control on both sides of Lafayette Square than we have seen of late.

ONE important factor in judging the maneuvering of European powers over Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland is the opposition of French public opinion to war. This opposition is reported from a number of sources, official and unofficial—but not in press dispatches from European capitals.

French politicians sought to lash up public sentiment, but without success, so it is reported here. They are said to be convinced that French sentiment will not support a war over the rearmament of the Rhineland. Should Hitler cross as much as three feet into French territory—that would be something different.

This explains why French leaders, knowing that Hitler is preparing for war in the spring of 1938, are willing now to let the Rhineland question go into negotiation—this plus the pro-peace pressure of great Britain and the understanding that Soviet Russia would not come to France's aid unless Hitler attacked.

THUS it would appear that public sentiment is making a contribution to peaceful settlement of differences—in countries where it has an opportunity to function. In contrast is the situation in Germany where Hitler has supplanted public opinion with dictatorial propaganda and coercion. He offered a constructive 25-year non-aggression pact but accompanied it with ruthless scrapping of Locarno, reoccupation of the Rhineland—a piece of grandstand swashbuckling intended to further glorify him in the role of usurper in Germany. Now Berlin dispatches report that his March 29 Reichstag "election" will be a farce registered on ballots which provide no space for a negative vote. You vote for the Nazi candidate or not at all.

WHILE other seekers after the Republican presidential nomination are talking, cocksure of all the answers, Gov. Landon is holding his tongue and studying. One question to which he is devoting much thought is unemployment, and how industry can absorb the labor surplus. As part of this study he has just finished reading the new book "Rainbow" by Donald Richberg, former head of NRA.

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The Indianapolis Times

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1936

Second Section

Entered as Second-Class Matter at Postoffice, Indianapolis, Ind.

INDIANAPOLIS, THE CITY OF SMOKE

\$5,000,000 Wasted Each Year by Improper Handling of Furnaces

This is the last of a series of articles on smoke conditions in Indianapolis by Arch Steinel.

TAXPAYERS of Indianapolis spend \$2200 yearly to rid the city of a \$5,000,000 annual waste that pours out of its chimneys, lowering resistance to disease, injuring buildings, destroying realty values, depreciating merchandise, and increasing laundry costs.

The \$2200 is the salary paid to the lone city smoke combustion engineer, George R. Popp Jr.

Mr. Popp collects half his salary in fees. He supervised the installation of \$339,091 in new heating equipment in 1935.

Yet under the Indianapolis Smoke Code, as passed in 1925, Mr. Popp should have an assistant and four smoke inspectors aiding him in enforcing the city's ordinance, it is contended by Roy R. Johnson, secretary-manager of the Indianapolis Smoke Abatement League.

Smoke abatement experts of the nation declare that \$5000 should be spent for enforcement of smoke ordinances for every 100,000 persons. It is estimated by Mr. Johnson that between \$15,000 and \$20,000 should be spent to reduce the city's chimney-sweeping complex.

William F. Hurd, city building commissioner, and Mr. Popp's boss, agrees that \$15,000 would do much toward cleaning up the city.

BUT at this juncture Mr. Hurd and Mr. Johnson detour on the methods of attaining a smokeless city.

A check of officials of 78 American cities shows the following factors contributing to the discouragement of smoke abatement activity:

A careless operation of heating equipments; lack of proper fuel-burning equipment; poor fuel; lack of enforcement facilities; lack of information about proper methods of firing, public indifference and back-passing.

"And," said one smoke abatement expert, "all of these factors are present in Indianapolis."

Mr. Johnson urges stricter law enforcement, and adherence to the city smoke code. He seeks amendment of the present code to make the small home owner amenable to the crime of smoke violation which under the Indianapolis code imposes a fine of \$2 to \$500 for each violation.

He urges the incorporation of the Ringlemann chart as sufficing to determine a smoke violation.

Under the Indianapolis code, an unbrasscope, or series of shaded glasses, is used by Mr. Popp to detect a smoke violator.

THE Ringlemann chart, according to Mr. Johnson, would make all citizens complaining witnesses against a smoke violator and bolster the work of the city combustion engineer. He points out ordinances in other cities where the chart suffices for court evidence.

The charts are small cards showing the legal and illegal densities of smoke. Citizens watch the offending stack, comparing it with the chart, and fined 10 feet from them, and the emission of the illegal smoke.

Illegal smoke, roughly, is smoke of such density that the sky can not be seen 10 to 12 feet above the stack-top.

Mr. Hurd and Mr. Popp do not favor the chart. They say it is not accurate in that it depends wholly on the capability of the person checking the stack.

They disagree with Mr. Johnson on stricter law enforcement and sway toward the need of more education.

"We have not arrested any one since 1928 for smoke violation, and yet we believe we have reduced the smoke nuisance at least 25 per cent, if not more," says Mr. Hurd.

MR. POPP relates how it took two and one-half years to clean up one large smoke violator.

"It was done by educating him and helping him," he said.

"They've got to be shown that their smoke nuisance is wasting their own fuel and costing money," Mr. Popp says.

In an office at the Union Station sits a rough-and-ready Hibernian who speaks from experience behind a railroad engine and who is one of the railroad officials responsible for slicing engine smoke in the city's yards.

He is J. J. Liddy, superintendent of the Indianapolis Union Railway Co.

Mr. Liddy's engineers have won so many silver cups for abating smoke on yard engines that, as he says, "they ran out of silver, so they stopped giving them away."

In his efforts to aid in halting Indianapolis smoke nuisances he has been in several behind-the-scenes battles to win smoke violators to the side of pure stacks.

His method of halting smoking stacks on his yard engines he says could be followed profitably by a city.

"WE educated them and then if we found a bull-headed one, why we brought him up on the carpet," says the hard-hitting Irishman.

Mr. Liddy's carpet, as reported by observers, is full of blunt language and an offender may find himself being vacuumed into a three-to-five-day suspension without pay.

Telling of indifference at times to smoke-abatement pleas, Mr. Liddy recites how one industrialist said, "Say, I can't afford to do anything. I'm having hard enough time as it is without going to more expense."

"Then," continued the business man, "at least I'm working some and there's a lot of idle, you know. You know we could shut down."

"Well, why don't you give the idle people some of that money going out of your stack, then," retorted Mr. Liddy.

He views smoke regulation from a railroadier's viewpoint. He declares it is harder properly to fire a locomotive boiler than that of an apartment or factory.

"Factories don't get up full steam and run into a red block like an engine does in the yard," he explains.

EDUCATION of engineers and firemen of city apartment houses and business buildings to fire boilers properly is carried on yearly by the Smoke Abatement League and Mr. Popp.

The league is composed of 300 citizens and firms who believe smoke can be abated in Indianapolis and are willing to support efforts in that direction out of their own pockets.

Lectures are given in Cropley Auditorium to building custodians and others interested in firing. Examinations are given and diplomas tendered those who receive good grades.

Throughout the year Mr. Popp aids industries in solving firing and combustion problems. A gas analyzer is used to determine whether improper adaptation of fuel, improper equipment, or improper firing is resulting in improper combustion.

Indianapolis burns a highly volatile fuel, Indiana bituminous coal.

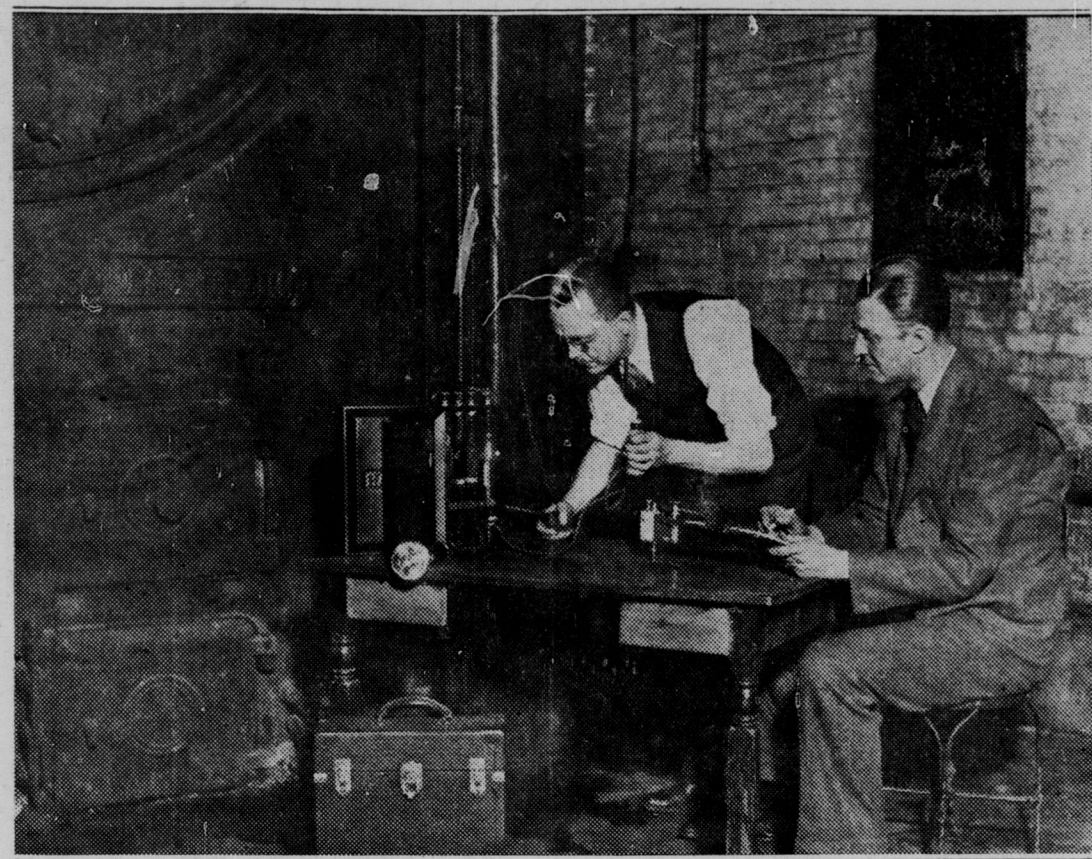
BUT Mr. Popp says the average homeowner and unskilled fireman builds a fire wrong nine times out of ten when using Indiana soft coal.

This is the correct way: Cover the grates with several inches' thickness of raw fuel. On top of this raw fuel place paper and a liberal amount of kindling. After the kindling is burning briskly, add a small amount of fuel, taking care not to smother the blaze.

When the coal below the kindling is well ignited, more fuel may be added with care that the blaze is never smothered.

If burning coke or anthracite, the common method of building a blaze of paper, kindling and fuel can be used.

W. A. Handley, engineering di-



Helping industries eradicate smoke nuisances, George R. Popp Jr., city combustion engineer, and William F. Hurd, city building commissioner, analyze combustion of boilers with a gas analyzer as shown in the above photo. Mr. Popp, the city's lone smoke inspector, is shown at the left, and Mr. Hurd, right, checking a factory's boiler for smoke, and gas proclivities.

rector of Eli Lilly & Co., in address to custodians and engineers, says the ideal fuels are, in order, gas, oil, coke, hard coal, soft coal, and wood.

"Coke can be burned almost smokelessly by unskilled firemen and with excellent economy by skilled firemen."

"When it comes to coal, particularly our Midwest highly volatile coal, I believe that you can't fire by hand without making considerable smoke. There is a way to fire Midwest coal that doesn't make smoke and satisfies everybody who mines Indiana and Illinois coal. It is to fire with a stoker."

COALES, he says, when put into a boiler or furnace goes four places: Up the stack if you crowd the fire, into the basement room, part of it into the building you try to heat, and the remainder into the ash pit.

"If you wish to get most of the heat from the coal into a building and not into the ash pit, up the stack, or in the boiler room you must feed Indiana coal with slow regularity," he says.

Mr. Hanley estimates that as high as 30 per cent of a fuel bill can be saved by the use of stokers. He points to Indianapolis school buildings using stokers as examples of fuel savings.

"It is to be regretted," Mr. Hanley says, "that every owner of an apartment building or public building does not know he is losing money in trying to burn ordinary soft coal by hand firing."

Using a stoker and Indiana coal, he can unquestionably save money in his annual fuel bill, save the feelings of his neighbors and the appearance of his and other buildings and prevent polluted air which is a menace to health and destructive to property.

Mr. Popp, in relating the many needs for diplomacy in enforcing the Indianapolis ordinances, tells how even the suggestion that a boiler should be fired with a stoker brings back the reply, "What stoker company are you working for?"

Mr. Popp points out how easy

it is to tread on the toes of industry and business in trying to help them prevent waste of their own fuel.

THE United States Bureau of Mines, in discussing smoke abatement, says: "Communities get just as much law enforcement as they desire. Until the public, thoroughly aroused, demands smoke abatement, no permanent improvement is possible. Smoke abatement can not be settled overnight and then left to care for itself without attention, but is something that must be watched year in and year out if high standards are to be maintained."

Smoke abatement campaigns are continuous in Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Louis, Nashville, Tenn., and other cities.

Paul V. Betters, executive director of the United States Conference of Mayors, says smoke abatement campaigns in Chicago in the last four years have reduced the city's dust fall from 300 tons per square mile per month in 1930 to 72 tons a month in 1935.

Indianapolis, outside of educational efforts of Mr. Popp and the Indianapolis Smoke Abatement League, has not carried on a strenuous, abatement campaigns since the depression began.

Mr. Johnson has filed three smoke abatement nuisance suits,

and in each case, he says, the suits were dropped and the violator rectified the nuisance.

Mr. Hurd admits his office did not desire to press industry during its lean years and equally contends that the city is much cleaner than it used to be. He sees in an increased force in the smoke abatement department a possibility of further educating the public and the home-owner in the proper method of firing.

COALES consumption increased in the winter of 1935-36 to the highest point in the last eight years.

Pneumonia death rates in Indianapolis in 1935 were 159 for each 100,000 population, the highest death rate for the disease since 1920.

Business indexes report increased industrial activity and factories increasing hours worked and hours in which boiler fires are kept lighted.

Department stores, hotels, building operators and homes report continued losses from soot damage that is conservatively estimated to reach \$5,000,000 in destruction and waste yearly.

—And the bill is paid, whether through a child's cold or the pocketbook of every citizen of Indianapolis.

THE END

SIGNAL TRAPS DECLARER

Today's Contract Problem

South's contract of four spades has been doubled and redoubled. After winning the opening diamond lead with the ace, what diamond should East return?

♠ 5 3 2
♥ 4 3
♦ 10 7 5
♣ 9 7 5 2
Q 4

♠ 7 6 3
♥ A 9
♦ A 10 6 3
♣ 7 2

♠ A K J 10 8
♥ K J 8
♦ K J 8
♣ A K J 10

N. & S. vul. Opener—♦ 4.
Solution in next issue. 14

♠ A 10 7 5 2
♥ Void
♦ A K Q 10 8 4 2
♣ 3

♠ 9 4
♥ Q J 6 4 2
♦ 9 5
♣ A 8 6 5

♠ 7
♥ 10 8 7 5
♦ J 7
♣ K Q J 9 7 2

♠ Q J 8 6 3
♥ K 9 3
♦ 6 3
♣ 10 4

Duplicate N. & S. vul.
South West North East
1 Pass Pass 3 Pass
2 Pass Pass 4 Pass
Opening lead—♠ A. 14

the suit-directing signal and, on his partner's ace of clubs, he played the king.

This play of an unnecessarily high card on partner's opening lead, especially when the dummy held a singleton, asked West to shift to the higher of the suits not trump, which in this case was hearts.

Of course, it was a little difficult for West to figure out why his partner wanted a heart shift; nevertheless, he called for it and a heart it was.

Declarer could have trumped West's heart return in dummy. If he had, it probably would have made his contract, as he now would not be able to get back into his own hand without first laying down the ace of trump, which would have caught East's singleton king.

But in this case declarer allowed West's heart lead to come up to his own hand, and then played the queen of spades. West flayed-carded with the nine spot, declarer took the finesse, and the contract was defeated.

If East had played the deuce of clubs on his partner's opening lead, he would have been asking for a diamond shift, while if an intermediate high club had been played, it would have directed West to continue with clubs, even though dummy could ruff.

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Fair Enough by WESTBROOK PEGLER

PARIS, March 21.—It gives me pain to have to throw ashes on anybody's slide, but I have been observing the contrast between romance and reality in the foreign department of American journalism and believe it is no more than fair to expose the facts of life to the young reporters at home who may look with envy on the lucky corps of overseas correspondents.

It is a shocking experience to a young and tender soul to come aboard on a big, fast steamboat, spending a week's time and six months' savings in the bar in the company of buyers, promoters and the halfwit scions of rich American families, to land in the strict routine of office work in a foreign country.

Reality sets in the minute the boat makes fast to the dock in Europe, and this reality consists not only of monotonous toil, but of a night, but of close economy as well. The American dollar is down nowadays, and there aren't many dollars in the envelope, anyway.

Just an Ordinary Mug

ONCE ashore our hero discovers that he does not belong to the class of gaudy, itinerant Americans who are always passing through town with money to spend on duck dinners and wine and suits at the Grand Hotel, but is a member of the working classes too poor to smoke his wonted brand of 12-cent American gaspers because they cost anywhere from 60 cents to a dollar abroad. He may have owned a car of some kind when he was home, but that would be a fantastic luxury in his new condition, and it does not take long to learn that he can't afford to belong to the so-called American colony.

More often than not this is a break for him. However, because the average American colony in a foreign capital is dominated by a type of pest, male and female, who undertake to interfere to their foreign friends a land which they have shunned for many years and who blush for other Americans as being too American.

Our subject will discover that his day off is just a humorous figure of speech and will lie awake nights doing little problems in mental arithmetic to reckon how much back pay he would have coming if American journalists enjoyed the same legal rights as their Italian colleagues who draw double pay for working on the seventh day.

There was a time after the war when the American service abroad was highly enchanting, and that era produced some very spectacular barflies, who have now vanished from the scene, however, leaving the field to working types whose existence is neither picturesque nor even prosperous.

The picture of Europe today as presented to American readers is not observed in the backbar mirror of a saloon or through the bottom of a glass, and the scene in a bureau is merely that of young reporters and desk men doing their job a good deal the same as similar tasks are done at the other end of the cable. It takes a lively imagination to perceive in this work of preparing copy and shoving it along the romantic allure of the foreign service which exists in the vision of the journalism student at Columbia or Ohio State.

Good-By, Adventure

OF course there must be stars who can bounce nimbly around from Geneva to Paris, to the Rhine, to London and Madrid, covering specific emergencies, but these jobs, too, whether conferences, revolution or mobilization, are treated nowadays more as tasks than adventures, and the stuff goes through as news.

This is not to deny that some of the daredevil journalists of what might be called the camel corps phase of foreign correspondence had experiences thoroughly worth the telling. But very often such adventures take more time and money than they are worth as pure reading matter, and the tendency now is to tell who, what, when, where and why and leave the bang-bang stories for the book.

I hope I haven't snapped any string in the souls of students of journalism at home, but it might spare them disenchantment to warn them that by and large the foreign service is only Toledo in Paris.

Art in Indianapolis

—BY ANTON SCHERRER—

THERE are two kinds of irony: the Socratic kind which is pretended ignorance, and the Russell Aitken kind which is pretended sophistication. Prize example of Mr. Aitken's irony is a brilliantly glazed ceramic figure titled "The Futility of a Well Ordered Life," now on view at the Herron.

Designed as a burlesque of Salvador Dali's surrealist paintings, Russell Aitken's figure represents a naked, but not unadorned, lady with a porcelain-white complexion and turquoise blue hair. In her left hand she holds a fried egg; in her right, a pickled herring. Around her stomach is a girdle of snarling, meadow mice. A pair of 12-ounce lamb chops dangle from her ears, and for want of brassieres, she wears a pair of clock faces. (The air was full of lunatic-toddles the day we were there.)

Mr. Aitken's figure carried off the Special Award for Sustained Excellence last year at the Cleveland Museum's annual show. It proves that the judges got around to examining the lady's back. On her right shoulder is the imprint of a man's foot and lower down is the mark left by a horseshoe. The lady has plenty to talk about if she wants to.

Like most burlesques carried too far, Mr. Aitken's joke goes sour in the telling. Less obvious and much more to the point are his slick little figures of animals which constitute the better part of his exhibit. They manage to stay funny without running into a contretemps, or whatever it is that sophisticates are forever running into.

RUSSELL AITKEN has done more fantastic things than even Richard Halliburton. At the age of 9, he was modeling recognizable clay robins. A little later, he took to the skinning skunks to learn what make short legs go. To study ceramics, he went to Cleveland Art School, later to Europe.

He paddled through Germany in a canoe, crossed Austria on skis and fought saber duels with university students. He escaped without a scar. He also survived an initiation by the Ojibway Indians of Ontario who thought enough of his skill to adopt him with the tribal name of a horseshoe.

meaning Lone Wolf. Between escapades, he finds time to teach sculpture.

To be sure, Russell Aitken has not yet crossed the Alps on an elephant, but give him time. He will be 26, come next Michaelmas.

CLIFTON WHEELER was caught smelling the pictures at the Indiana Show. He picks up trade secrets that way. . . . Elmer Taftlinger calls the Roosevelt mural painters "the Depressionists." . . . Beginning Monday, to run two weeks, Emile Grupp will show a collection of 19 oils at the H. Lieber Gallery. . . . Frederick Polley spent the greater part of last week compiling statistics on last year's Christmas cards. He sent 350, got 234 in return. . . . Mrs. Polley spent Tuesday planting sweet peas. . . . Only seven more days to see the Indiana Artists' Show at the Herron. After which, we can transfer our spite to the baseball umpires. . . . And, another thing that calls to High Heaven for reform is the present practice of referring to the five children of Architect Howard (Bully) Foltz as "the grandchildren of Herbert Foltz."

BENNY

