

The Indianapolis Times

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Give light and the People Will Find Their Own Way Phone KI 4561

FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1936.

UP FROM THE GRAVE

THE rescue of Dr. D. E. Robertson and Alfred Scadding from the dark and silent depths of their Nova Scotia mine where they were buried since Easter Sunday was a triumph of the human will.

It was a great and dramatic story, as all such burials are, because of the element of suspense. It was greater than drama because it showed humans—not only the pair buried alive but also the rescuers who shied no hardship or risk—in roles of stout heroes.

It is a tragic thing that men acting collectively fall so far short of the nobility they display as individuals. Last year, according to United States Bureau of Mines estimates, 1241 men lost their lives in American coal mines alone and hundreds more were killed in other mines. Fully half of these deaths were from accidents due to falling materials, and fully three-fourths of these accidents from falling materials could have been avoided by the proper timbering of mines.

These hundreds of deaths in the mines were not blazoned in the press. They were just part of the routine of a great industry. If society showed a fraction of the same zeal in safeguarding life that is shown when rescue becomes necessary, hundreds who died last year still might be living.

THE GIRL SCOUTS

MAINTENANCE of Camp Dellwood and the Little House the coming year will hinge largely on support given the Girl Scouts tomorrow in their annual cookie day sale. The cookies will be on sale at 42 downtown booths and at dozens of booths in other parts of the city.

Half of the 1400 Indianapolis Girl Scouts use Dellwood for summer or week-end camping and for hikes. Most of the city's troops have girls there during the summer. Since the Little House opened last October, 844 adults and 646 Girl Scouts have used the building for meetings, training courses, examinations, parties and teas.

The cookie sale is the one occasion of the year when the Girl Scouts appeal for aid. Helping them will help continue two worthy projects.

THE RELIEF DILEMMA

FEW deny that the Federal government must finance the bulk of relief for the next fiscal year. Fewer challenge the President's relief cost estimate of \$1,500,000,000 for the relief bill.

Great difference of opinion, however, exists, first, as to the wisdom of borrowing all this money and thereby adding to the debt and deficit, and next as to the best way of spending it.

Soon we must quit this carefree borrowing against the future and begin paying as we go. The adding of more billions to the unprecedented public debt may be justified in emergency, but unfortunately relief is getting to be altogether too much a routine business.

Then there may be ways of getting more and better relief for our tax dollars. Let us examine various suggestions.

The least expensive form of relief, it is said, would be the creation of production-for-use cooperatives among the unemployed. This is the plan urged by Upton Sinclair in California, and tried on a limited scale through FERA in Ohio. Under such a barter system, it is estimated, the relief cost would be less than one-third the present. But it would set up a collectivist economy within our profit structure. The American people never would accept such a dual setup—even if it would work. So that way seems to be out.

The next cheapest in dollars would be the dole—cheaper if food and clothes were bought direct from producers and passed out through government commissaries, and slightly more expensive if purchased through retail channels. Handouts, whether in kind or in cash, are comparatively economical as to cost—estimated at around \$316 per family per year—and simple of administration. But it is contended such a dole system would prove more costly in the long run, in damage to the morale of those who receive it. It is contended that the high morale among the millions of American jobless today, after six years of depression, is due largely to the Administration's policy of taking idle men from bread lines and giving them jobs.

Slightly more expensive is the modified dole—combination of gifts and work relief. This was tried extensively in the year between the end of CWA and the beginning of WPA.

THE average cost was \$475 per family. It proved to be an unsatisfactory compromise, and was abandoned, amid widespread criticism of the general uselessness of the made-work projects, and of the damage to the self-respect of those so employed.

Next in order of expense is the WPA plan, now in operation on a wide scale, and the mainstay of the administration program for the year ahead. WPA undertakes to provide employment at slightly better than subsistence wages, but less than wages paid in private industry. In determining projects, WPA takes into account capabilities of those on relief. Such WPA projects as country school-houses, farm-to-market roads and wooden bridges, employing hand labor, are generally applauded as sound. But other so-called white-collar projects, such as the employment of jobless musicians in public concert bands, are widely assailed as "boondoggling." On the whole, WPA projects have furnished an average of 1500 hours of work a year a man at an average overall cost of \$975.

Most expensive and probably the best of all plans for creating employment is that of PWA. The millions spent by Mr. Ickes have provided a great stimulus to private industry, have provided self-respecting employment at prevailing wages for thousands of men who might otherwise have been forced to go on relief, and have resulted in the construction of enduring public works. But the expense is great. Jobs created under PWA have cost the Federal and state governments an average of \$2200 per man employed. A substantial bloc in Congress now insists that \$750,000,000 of the new relief appropriation be earmarked for PWA. That would leave \$750,000,000 for Mr. Hopkins' WPA. The question which Congress must decide is: Can we afford it? The earmarking

of half the relief appropriation for PWA would mean that before the fiscal year has ended, PWA would be out of funds and back at the doors of Congress asking for a new appropriation. Congress then would have to appropriate more borrowed money or leave several hundred thousand families to starvation.

Standing out like a sore thumb in all this relief mess is the need for a socially scientific policy, financed within our taxable means, in place of the various improvisations of the past and present. Congress well could write into the relief appropriation a provision creating a Federal relief policy board to evolve a long-range program.

Meanwhile, we have to make a choice of the least of several evils.

POTENTIAL PRESIDENT

A FEW days ago we stressed the importance of paying early and earnest attention to the question of the vice presidency, instead of following the usual course of apathy, with the Vice President being selected as an afterthought.

Here is a forcefully expressed view of a reader on the subject which we think will be worth your time:

"America faces greater problems than those which led to the Civil War. Our school text-books, glorifying one side or the other, never have properly informed the people what an awful, needless disaster that was, one from which we never have recovered. A nation which can stumble, as we stumbled into such a disaster has no ground to be blantly optimistic over its ability to handle safely the present situation.

"Slavery was a problem comparatively simple of solution compared with the one we confront today. The need of giving the worker sufficient purchasing power to absorb the products of the machine and the unwillingness of the owning classes to adjust their minds, remove the prejudices of the age of scarcity, so that they can meet this imperative need. We are gravely in danger not of another five-year Civil War but of something infinitely worse—the danger of entering upon a long period of sporadic struggle, in which freedom and orderly processes are suspended.

"In the face of such a situation can we not summon patriotism to rise above petty politics so that each party will nominate for second place a man actually believed fit for first place—a man fit to be captain of the ship in stormy weather?

"Along with getting a potential chief executive for the vice presidency, a real job should be given him, probably as a member of the Cabinet."

KAMERAD!

ARE you one who turned to this page today expecting a pontifical discourse on the new Federal tax bill? Do you say that it is our duty to shed light on matters of such moment?

If so, then we say: Hold your breath and read these 46 words lifted from that tax bill:

"If the undistributed net income is a percentage of the adjusted net income which is less than ten per cent, then the tax shall be a percentage of the adjusted net income equal to one-tenth of the percentage which the undistributed net income is of the adjusted net income."

And, furthermore, we say to you that the tax bill contains a total of some 62,000 words laid end to end in similar sequence.

Meanwhile, perhaps we can agree on one point: That the English language as used by our lawmakers does not contribute to the simplicity of existence nor to sympathetic co-operation between citizens and their government.

A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

THERE is something about bus travel that fosters friendliness. Riding last week through a section of the drought-stricken Middle West, the passengers chattered together like magpies. All except an Indian, who sat alone and apart. He was wrapped tidily in a white sheet beneath which showed glimpses of a shiny serge suit. A red feather adorned his felt hat.

It was impossible to guess how many years he had lived. His face held the same agelessness that statures one sometimes in the faces of new-born babies, a kind of "neverness" seen in the countenances of the very young and the very old.

Only once—when the conversation got around, as it generally does in this country, to Dr. Paul Sears book, "Deserts on the March"—did the Indian speak. I wish I could make you feel his attitude of remoteness from such mundane matters as seed time and harvest, and reproduce for you the cadences of his voice. Its tone was that of one who utters prophecies. A quick silence fell over us when he said:

"Many moons ago, when I was young, the great Chief of the Leni Lenape told us of the coming of all these things. His eyes could see into the future. He spoke of the day when the sun would be blotted out by dust and the grass would grow no more on our prairies, and our horses would be dead of thirst. He told us of the White Man.

"The White Man is filled with many follies. He is a destroyer. He has been unjust to the Indian. He is greedy and the Great Spirit, Him you call God, is angry with the White Man. He will be punished. Now you say the government soon will plant more grass on these prairies. The government can not do that. The buffalo grass is killed. Other seeds will not take root. The soil is gone. No one can put it back. The White Man will suffer for his folly."

After that the Indian spoke no more. Now it may be merely a strange coincidence, but the fact is that when I reached my destination I bought a newspaper and read what certain of our modern soil experts were saying about the plains country. They merely repeated what the old Indian had told us. With the native grass gone it is unlikely any other can take root there. Assuredly the white man is being punished for his folly.

HEARD IN CONGRESS

REP. CREAL (D., Ky.): Mr. Chairman, they say it never rains but it pours. Hitler occupied the Rhineland and upset the world. Queer actions of a minor star disturb astronomers. The Supreme Court plays havoc with beneficial legislation. Extreme winter weather did millions of damage to the highways. The floods brought national disaster. And now, to climax the list of catastrophes comes the startling news that there are no more Kentucky colonels. The weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth is heard around the world.

Rep. Creal (D., Ky.): The Kentucky colonel as fancied and pictured by the world, and not far from correct in detail, was about 6 feet 4, erect, gray hair and mustache, a pistol in belt and able to draw and hit the center of a dime at 50 yards with the swiftness of a sleight-of-hand action. His home was hospitality personified, with a barrel of aged liquor for which the state was famous, a pack of fox hounds, and occasionally a violin, which had been in the family for generations. He was gentle yet firm, diplomatic yet positive, never sought to hunt trouble, but quick to resent an intended wrong.

Our Town

By

ANTON SCHERRER

FORTY years ago Adolph Schell-schmidt was the only cellist in Indiana. Today he is one of a million and the only reason he hasn't taught everybody to play is because he didn't start early enough.

He wasted the first nine years of his life learning to read and write. After that, his father took a hand. His father, a music master by trade, came to town in 1854 and did more to spoil the leisure of Indianapolis boys than any two pioneers put together. With some boys he had luck. In the case of his own he wrought a miracle.

Before anybody was on to it, he had young Schellschmidt playing the violin, cello and clarinet, a combination that brought all known muscles of the time into play.

Mr. Schellschmidt chuckled the fiddle didn't appear to have any more future than that it has now.

WHICH left the cello and clarinet, with the clarinet out in front, brought with funerals, dances and torchlight processions turning up as regularly as they did then, the clarinet was the better money-maker of the two.

No funeral in the eighties was complete without a clarinet and old-timers recall that it was nothing for Mr. Schellschmidt to toot his way from Garfield Park to Crown Hill without even once complaining about his feet. Fact is, he made money with every step he took.

He couldn't have done it with a cello.

Just about the time the funerals were at the noisiest, J. M. Courier scoured the country to find musicians for his 52-piece New Orleans Exposition Band. Sure he found his clarinetist right here. Mr. Schellschmidt went South and started his first adventure away from home. He was the baby of the band.

While down there where nobody could watch him, he picked up the piccolo.

AFTER that he went abroad to enter the Cologne Conservatory of Music. This time he took his cello along. Also two union cards—one for the cello and one for the clarinet. Nobody ever asked to see them.

In Cologne he drew Louis Heyges for a teacher. Before anybody was aware of it, Heyges had Mr. Schellschmidt playing in the first production of Tine's "St. Francis."

And it wasn't long before he played the cello right under the eyes of Richard Strauss in the premiere of "Tod und Verklärung."

Musicians played as well 50 years ago as they do now—maybe better, says Mr. Schellschmidt. Which is why he doesn't go nuts over the Sunday radio performances the way the rest of us do.

Mr. Schellschmidt harbors no grudge against the radio, however. He keeps one for Amos 'n' Andy.

MR. SCHELLSCHMIDT

returned to Indianapolis with a Continental reputation and the same flowing tie he now wears. He looked so picturesque at the time that his mother paid to have his photograph taken.

Back in his old haunts he started teaching everybody to play the cello. On the side he found a music school, organized the De Pauw glee club, joined the Schlieffen quartet and conducted the College Avenue M. E. Church choir.

In his spare time he composed pieces which are still heard.

Generally speaking, he has been interested in everything musical connected with the town. He still is, for that matter, but he's taking it easier now.

At one time he had 23 cellos scattered around the house. He's down to eight now, because he always loses a couple around house-cleaning time.

TODAY'S SCIENCE

BY DAVID DIETZ

NEW YORK, April 24.—During the next few years you will hear much discussion of the neutrino, which some physicists in a spirit ranging from amusement to derision, have named the cosmic clown. Does the neutrino exist or does it not? That is the question which physicists must answer and either answer puts them in a bad way.

If they agree to the existence of the neutrino, they must admit the existence of something which they never have seen or otherwise measured. Perhaps cosmic ghost would be a better name for it.

If they refuse to admit the existence of the neutrino, then they must abandon the most fundamental law of all science, the law of the conservation of energy and its corollary, the law of the conservation of momentum. The neutrino is assumed to be a particle the size of the electron. The electron, one of the constituents of the atoms of matter, is so small that 500,000,000 could rest upon the period at the end of this sentence. The electron has a negative electric charge. Exactly like the electron in weight, but positive in electric charge, is the positron. The neutrino fits between the two and is electrically neutral. It is the fact that neutrino has no electric charge which has made it impossible for physicists to detect its existence.

RAINBOW'S END—WITH YOUR HELP



The Hoosier Forum

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

(Times readers are invited to express their views 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.)

BELIEVES SWIMMERS ARE OFFENDERS

By Mrs. Nellie Fleck

Recently I read an article in the paper announcing that in Warsaw, Ind., which is near summer resorts, they are not going to allow women and girls to parade the streets wearing shorts and bathing suits. If they do they will be arrested. I say Hurrah for Warsaw! I wish Indianapolis had such a law. We do not have many summer resorts, but plenty of nudeness.

It is the most disgraceful thing I ever have seen—women and men half-naked walk out in front of their homes, climb in an auto before any one, without being the least bit embarrassed. Then if a man says the least little thing to them they are ready to find fault.

If women today will keep their place—act, talk and dress decently, men will respect them. If they at least want to be half-way respectable they would cover themselves with a bathrobe. But very few do, which proves they want to expose their persons.

It isn't cute. It isn't smart. It is vulgar.

ASSERTS YOUNG VOTERS BACK HOMER ELLIOTT

By George M. Dickson Jr.

A survey among the younger Republican voters in Indianapolis has revealed a gratifying response to the

candidacy of Homer Elliott for Congress from the Twelfth District. They feel that they would rather be represented at Washington at this critical period by a man with a proved record of public service, than by one who still is an unknown quantity.

While recognizing the vital need for young men and women in politics, they have seen enough of the experiments of the young men whom President Roosevelt has gathered around him to convince them that the present crisis demands in Washington men of mature judgment and plain "horse sense," which comes only with years of practical experience.

They see in Mr. Elliott a man unusually well qualified to represent Indiana in Congress.

MILLIONS ARE SPENT; PROBLEM LIVES

By E. B. Swinney

The lavish expenditure of billions of our good money will go a long way toward securing Roosevelt's reelection, even though his recovery program miserably has failed to reform our economic machinery.

Not even the first step has been taken to remove the underlying cause of this depression, which wrought widespread havoc during the last six years. What improvement has taken place is due entirely to natural causes, and the Administration deserves no credit.

The wild land racket that swept the country before 1929 inflated values to the point where labor and capital no longer could function.

Watch Your Health

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEN

MUCH foolish advice is circulated on the value of massage during the expectant period. It is contended that massage will prevent scarring and will preserve the figure. But massage is unnecessary, and should never be used except by advice of a doctor and under his immediate direction.

If, for any reason, a woman is compelled to remain in bed for several weeks, she may require light exercise in the form of passive motion. This means merely that her legs and arms will be moved for her by an attendant. But even passive motion under such circumstances must be prescribed by the doctor.

The prospective mother must learn to rest frequently. If she has not been taking a nap in the afternoon she should develop the habit at this time, lying down for a half hour if circumstances permit.

Even if she is not able to sleep, the reclining position rests the heart and relaxes the system generally. If possible, she may remove her usual clothing and take her nap in bed.

Another pernicious notion is the idea that bathing during this time may be harmful. Cleanliness at all times is necessary for the health of the human body. This does not mean excessive bathing. The skin should be kept clean because it is more active during this period than normally. The body is

called on for increased elimination and excretion of waste substances, and the skin is one of the important organs of the body involved in removal of such waste.

THERE are many kinds of baths, including the shower, sponge, or tub varieties, and those given in bed. Very hot baths cause fatigue. The best temperature of water under these circumstances is between 85 and 90 degrees Fahrenheit.

Even those who are accustomed to a cold plunge every morning will find it best to increase the temperature of the bath during the expectant period. Certainly a warm bath daily is a requirement for the expectant mother.

If the mother-to-be finds it difficult to sleep, she may take the warm bath at night, because it is relaxing and promotes sleep. If the warm bath is taken in the morning, at least an hour should elapse before the woman goes outdoors, so that her body may become accustomed to the change in temperature.

Tub baths should be avoided and the sponge or shower bath substituted during the last months. This helps the prospective mother avoid infection.

Extraordinary types of baths, such as cold showers, ocean baths, and particularly Turkish and Russian sweat baths, should not be taken except under the advice of a doctor, because they are exhausting.

IF YOU CAN'T ANSWER, ASK THE TIMES!

Inclose a 3-cent stamp for reply when addressing any question of fact or information to The Indianapolis Times, Washington Service Bureau, 1015 Indiana St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Legal and medical advice can not be given, nor can extended research be undertaken.

Q—What does the name Guglielmo mean?

A—It is the Italian form of the name William, derived from the Teutonic, and meaning "defender."

Q—Does an automobile traveling a given distance at a speed of 60 miles an hour consume more gasoline than one running the same distance at the rate of 30 miles an hour? If so, how much more?

A—It would consume approximately 20 per cent more at 60 m. p. h.

Q—When was the Federal child labor law declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court? Was the decision unanimous and who delivered the opinion?

A—The decision was rendered May 15, 1922; the opinion of the court was delivered by Chief Justice Taft and was concurred in by Associate Justices Joseph McKenna, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William R. Day, Willis Van Devanter, Mahlon Pitney, James C. McReynolds, and Louis D. Brandeis. The only dissenting opinion was delivered by Associate Justice John H. Clarke.

Q—Do all clerks and other Federal employees have to take an oath of allegiance when they take a governmental position?

A—Yes.

Vagabond

from

Indiana

ERNE PYLE

EDITOR'S NOTE—This roving reporter for The Times goes where he pleases, when he pleases, in search of odd stories about this and that.

TAXCO, Mexico, April 24.—The first American to come to Taxco was William Sprattling, an Alabamian with sensitive tastes. He is still here.

He bought a house in Taxco eight years ago. He was here two years before there was anybody to talk English to. He'll probably live here a long time, because he likes it. Sprattling is only one of about 15,000 Americans in Mexico. But he's about the best known of the 15,000. He has achieved a sort of fame by reviving native handicraft in these parts.

When you hear, back home, that some expatriate American is trying to restore the lost artistry of the Aztecs, you picture a man with long hair and a great glassy zeal in his eyes, doing a "work" for God or posterity or something. I am happy to report that no such fire burns in the head of el Senor Sprattling.

THE truth is he hired six Indians and set them to hammering out silver ornaments for the good old American reason that he had to make a living. And pretty quick, too. For he had just \$40 left when this idea hit him two and a half years ago.

It turned out to be quite an idea. It has now flourished into a business, and is practically overwhelming him. He employs 78 Indians, and makes a lot of money, and doesn't have time to do the things he really wants to do.

He really wants to write. He's a good writer, too. He published a beautifully sensitive book on Mexico about five years ago. Illustrated it himself.

AND that's another thing. Sprattling is an artist. It seems to me he is a great artist, but of course I only know what I like. He doesn't draw any more, either.

And that isn't all he can do. He's an architect. Studied it in school, and taught it in New Orleans for many years. "But," he says, "I escaped from that."

So that leaves him an unusual mixture of literati and common every-day working man. He's a nice fellow, too.

IT'S QUEER about this native handicraft business. Sprattling copies a design from an Aztec relic, and shows the Indians how to make it. They're just copyists. They don't have any ideas themselves. Nothing has been handed down in the way of design tradition. If he turned them loose, they'd copy something out of a magazine.

Sprattling would like to do some modernistic designing of his own in silver, but he knows that for psychological reasons he must keep it native. His boys make silver pendants, bracelets, pins and so on. They also pound out tin candlesticks, picture frames and ash trays. It takes one of them all day to make a little ash tray.

SPRATTLING is somewhere near 40. He is medium-sized and thin. His black hair is graying a little, he has a small mustache, and an exceptionally long chin. He wears no coat or tie. Of course he speaks Spanish like a native.

He drifted into Mexico via two or three summer vacations, and then just didn't go back. He monkey around all over Mexico and wrote his book, and then did an unbroken three-and-a-half-year stretch of simply sitting here in Taxco doing nothing. He didn't get tired sitting, but he got hungry. So he started his shop.

He likes the Mexicans, and the town, and the life. But he doesn't go clear overboard, the way expatriates do in novels. He knows it isn't perfect here, by a long shot. But he likes it.

He goes to New York once in a while, but is glad to get back.

He took me to his house for lunch. It was 1 o'clock and he said he absolutely had to be back at the shop by 2. After lunch he said he guessed he'd take a little nap. So I did too, and it was a quarter after 4 when a Mexican boy came to wake us up and say the shop had been full of American tourists for two hours waiting to buy things, and nobody could speak English to them, and what the hell was he to do.

Viva Senor Sprattling. Viva life in Mexico!

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"I like this new refrigerator fine, ma'am, but it's freezing ice cubes faster than we can use them."