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ROY W. HOWARD President
LUDWILL DENNY Editor
EARL J. MAKER Business Manager

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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

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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 conceded 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 make-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 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 blandly 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 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 tightly 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 starries 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 or thirsty. 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 Rhine 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 is 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 a 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.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

Our Town

By

ANTON SCHERRER

FORTY years ago Adolph Schellschmidt 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 cracked the fiddle almost immediately because the fiddle didn't appear to have any more future than it has now.

WHICH left the cello and clarinet, with the clarinet out in front, because 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.

FTER 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 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 have ever seen—men and women 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 respectful they will 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

RAINBOW'S END—WITH YOUR HELP

COOKIE DAY \$1.50

COOKIE