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THE CYCLE OF SMITH

WE admire him for what he was, and always shall, no matter where he goes from here. For his record as Governor of our greatest state; for the reforms he effected in behalf of the rank and file; for his fight against the Bourbons and the special interests which opposed him when he occupied his high office; for the combination of courage and personality that made it possible for him to win against constantly hostile legislators those measures that brought a more livable life to the multitude.

We believe that, despite what has been happening of late to take him off the path on which he originally set foot, Al Smith will go down in history as a statesman.

So it is not in anger but in sorrow that we discuss what we consider to be the underlying reasons for Smith's change of heart and state of mind.

WE believe that it is due to two major forces. First, bitterness at the unfair part which religious bigotry played in defeating him in his supreme ambition; a bitterness grown so great that he now fails to see that he is translating it into ingratitude against his own party associates who stood by him then.

Second—the old, old story of what age and material prosperity do to a man.

Al Smith is following a cycle that is the rule, not the exception; one from which few who gain success with their bare hands ever escape—

Youth, lean, hungry, hard, radical. Then, getting ahead at last, in middle age, to prominence and power. Next, accumulation, and the "good things of life," wealth and the joys it can bring, and hence to that to-hope-and-to-hold process of rationalization, which makes the flaming soul of yesterday the ultra-conservative of today, when age comes on and the road leads over the hill to the sunset. It's the way of all flesh. It explains the drama of Al which might well be entitled "From the Bowery to Wall Street." It tells the tale of the span of the brown derby, which now gathers rust in an uptown penthouse, far as the stars from the fish market.

WITH that in mind it is not so hard to understand why Al appears as leading man in a cast of five self-confessed "best minds" who, canes in hand, are "taking a walk."

The consistency which Emerson said is the hobgoblin of small minds is no bogey to these. Pausing at the door on their way out they invoke shades of Jackson, Jefferson and Cleveland to bless a "must" program that might well have been conceived by Harding and Coolidge and Hoover, with the help of Grundy and Smoot and Hawley.

"You must," they say to the party which once honored them, "stop the inflow of foreign goods, lest American producers lose the American market." It is no hobgoblin to them that Jefferson espoused complete free trade, or that Jackson put through the greatest tariff in American history, or that Cleveland abhorred the protective idea. Nor are they bothered by the fact that the inflow is in reality a mere dribble compared to what it once was and what it will have to become again if American producers are ever to recapture foreign markets upon which the prosperity of so many depends.

"YOU must," they say in the next breath, "insist upon a chief executive who will collect the moneys due us from defaulting governments." No mention of the fact that those debts were already written in red ink by Hoover moratorium before Roosevelt became President. No mention that higher tariffs would make the debts even less possible to collect. No reference to the fact that one of the walkouts-out, Colby, was the Secretary of State when many of those sour post-war loans were made, and that Jim Reed, another of the pedestrians, voted for the Liberty loan laws that authorized the credits.

"You must," they warn, turn your back on the rest of the world, become completely isolationist. This, to the party of Woodrow Wilson and the League of Nations, the party which in 1928 nominated the then Happy Warrior on a platform pledging "full, free and open co-operation with all other nations for the promotion of peace and justice throughout the world."

The most and perhaps the least which Messrs. Colby, Reed, Ely, Cahanan and Smith merit for their stand is the thanks of those who wrote the Republican platform for 1936.

As for four of the five, the nation will soon forget. But something more than forgetfulness is involved for the man who has wandered so far astray.

SHADES OF POOR RICHARD!

PITY the shade of Ben Franklin as he walks through the narrow streets of his home town this week!

The discoverer of electricity and inventor of the lightning rod, wanders bewildered through a great city whose two million souls are heated, cooled, lifted up and down skyscrapers, transported and given light and communication from the mysterious element he snatched from the clouds with his kite and key. As he enters the convention hall where the Democrats hold levee he hears a speaker whose voice goes out to millions over the ether telling of such gigantic power projects as TVA, Boulder Dam and Grand Coulee.

The one-time printer's devil, who laboriously hand set type, letter by letter, watches 1500 correspondents flashing reams of copy to the earth's corners for almost instantaneous transformation into news-papers of many languages.

And what a ghostly headache for this thrifty soul will be in what the New Dealers and their chroniclers talk about! As he ponders their spending and their 34-billion-dollar debt we can see him sorrowfully sit down on a curb and read again from his well-thumbed "Poor Richard's Almanack" these old-fashioned maxims:

"He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing."

"Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt."

"A patch on your coat and money in your pocket is better than a wrin on your back and no money to take it off."

"A penny saved is two pence clear."

"A pin a day's a great a year."

EARLY RESIDENTS DIE

DEATH has come frequently in recent weeks to prominent early residents whose careers were tied closely with the life and growth and tradition of Indianapolis.

Latest of these was Gustave A. Schnull, president of Schnull & Co., wholesale grocers, who died at 74 after an illness of six months. The grandson of a pioneer Hoosier, Jacob Schnull, who came here 101 years ago, Mr. Schnull followed his father in the wholesale grocery business. Many well-known families, related to the Schnull family by blood or marriage, are directly touched by the death of a man who spent an active lifetime in the business, civic, charitable and religious activities of the community.

Mrs. John P. Frenzel Sr., a civic and social leader for many years, who died at 78, was another in this procession. Still another was Joseph A. Kebier, whose death at 75 closes a career marked by hard work for civic betterment, by his presidency of the Board of Trade, his part in organizing the Indianapolis Kiwanis Club and his 35 years of service in the Knights of Columbus Council.

These men and women were links with a past which Hoosiers recall with considerable sentiment. We join with their families and many friends in the sorrow at their passing.

SUMMER MUSIC

IF there was any doubt that Indianapolis wants high-caliber, outdoor summer music, that doubt was removed Sunday night when 10,000 persons went to Garfield Park to hear the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra in its second and final free park concert of the season. Lack of funds prevents further concerts this summer.

The experiment was a distinct success. Even the fears of outdoor crowd disturbances did not materialize. The audience was attentive and orderly. The amplifiers were adjusted better and an appreciative crowd enjoyed the fine program given by Director Ferdinand Schaefer and his orchestra.

The demonstration of public interest at the two performances should lead to a regular series of popular concerts next summer. Other cities with symphony orchestras supply such entertainment. City officials, in planning next year's budget, should not overlook this community desire and need.

ANOTHER McCARL

NO job in the government is quite so saturated with the personality of its occupant as the comptroller general is saturated with that of McCarl. When we think of the presidency we do not think alone of the magnetic Mr. Roosevelt, but we get a kind of composite of all the 31 who have held that office.

But when we think of the Comptroller General, we think of John Raymond McCarl, watchdog of the Treasury.

The reason we think of the Comptroller General as McCarl, of course, is that we have had only one Comptroller General. McCarl has been Comptroller General longer than any man has been or is likely to be President. His 15-year term will end next month. The law says he can not be reappointed.

Because the country has grown used to McCarl being Comptroller General, and seems to like having a person of this sort as the No. 1 "No Man" of the government, the public doubtless will look with unusual interest at President Roosevelt's selection of a successor.

We shall be disappointed if the President picks out a second-stringer, even a promising second-stringer, to be Comptroller General.

The times demand a new Comptroller General who can carry on this McCarl tradition. Not a politician who regards the Treasury as a pork-barrel, not an auditor with a vision too narrow to comprehend the need of elasticity in experimental government undertakings, not a bureaucratic hide-bound in red tape, yet a man who will enforce the spirit and letter of the law in the spending of the taxpayers' money.

KIWANIS AIDS SCOUTS

THE Indianapolis Kiwanis Club does the community a distinct service in its improvement, year after year, of the Boy Scout Reservation. A new Kiwanis tent-cabin was dedicated at the reservation Sunday. This year the club raised enough additional money to build a new gateway entrance to the reservation and a roadway to the camp.

The gifts are particularly timely this year because of the need for expanding Scouting here. Boy Scout executives point out that lack of facilities, funds and trained leaders is delaying the establishment of Scout troops in many sections of Indianapolis where they are much needed. The Boy Scout membership expansion program for 1936 merits wide support.

A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

IDA WISE SMITH, national president of the W. C. T. U. is not daunted by defeat. She doesn't, in fact, admit defeat. The matter of repeal to her is only a detour for the organization she heads in the American journey toward teetotalism.

Two facts have cheered the small determined woman who, once started, can talk for hours end about the aims and achievements of the white-ribbed women. First, she is perfectly sure they are right. Second, the opposition is getting jittery.

"And," says Mrs. Smith, "when the brewers and saloon keepers begin to quake, you can be sure there are definite signs of a right-about face back to common sense."

She can point out for you all sorts of places where the jitters are evident, notably in the wet propaganda which expresses a constant fear of W. C. T. U. workers.

"The decent people in this country," Mrs. Smith declares, "are not going to stand much longer the high-handed methods of the forces which are leading our children to destruction, contaminating our cities and making a shambles of our highways. National health, society itself, is jeopardized by whisky. There is no argument against that. Drunken women and girls, cocktail orgies that are a disgrace to enlightened people—even the wets are becoming alarmed over these signs of social decadence. Don't think for a minute Americans will stand such sights forever without making a fight."

"Absolutely, yes," she finally replied to our direct question about the future aims of the organization. "We shall certainly work for another prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution and for state laws outlawing whisky traffic. Educational methods alone can't cope with the liquor problem, although our program along this line will be strengthened. Without losing sight of the spiritual significance of the question, we shall concentrate more upon the health aspects and the dangers of drinking as it affects public welfare. Liquor traffic touches every phase of our lives: political, economic, social and domestic."

Here Mrs. Smith gave a defiant gesture with her gavel which was tied with a perky white bow and is made of wood taken from the house in which Francis E. Willard was born. Her blue eyes flashed, her strong little chin challenged denial.

"We've just begun to fight. And good is never really defeated."

Our Town
By ANTON SCHERER

FATHER'S DAY, last Sunday, wasn't anything to brag about. To tell the truth, it was as big a fizzle as any and the only reason it wasn't a complete flop was because our daughters did their part. Our sons, most certainly, did not.

And no wonder.

I always have had my doubts concerning Father's Day. At any rate, ever since the day a group of American men, willingly and voluntarily, exchanged the prerogatives of fathers for the privileges of pals. Which is to say, ever since the day they subscribed to the delightful but deceptive theory that a father should make a pal of his son.

Not that I have anything against the theory, drivel as it is. It is good enough in its way. The trouble is that it isn't good enough to serve its purpose and support the idea of Father's Day at the same time.

For, if the truth be told, you can't make a pal of your boy and have Father's Day, too, any more than you can have your cake and eat it. It's an anomaly and the sooner everybody finds it out, the better it will be for Father's Day.

THE reason isn't hard to find. Indeed, it's so apparent that it isn't necessary for me to dwell on it today. Anyway, I'm not interested in today. What interests me is the future of Father's Day.

The only way of making Father's Day into something like the significance of Mother's Day is to start all over again and re-establish the old-fashioned status of father.

By that I mean, of course, the kind of father who spoke like the Voice from Sinai and behaved like a policeman. That's the kind of parent Father's Day was made for.

All of which brings me to what I wanted to say in the first place, namely: That if you haven't read "Life With Father" by Clarence Day it's high time you were getting around to it. A reading of it will convince you, if anything can, that the old-fashioned type of father is something worth rescuing.

Father is so violent and unreasonable that a lonely reader, in his haste to gulp, will miss some of the phases of this strong, affectionate, humorous, kind-hearted man whose loud "dams" did not make his wife wince, and whose tyrannical dealing with his sons did not spoil their admiration for him. (Which, if you've lost the thread of this thesis, is the point I'm driving home.)

Only when you sit among people who are continually giggling and crying for more, will you get the bouquet and fragrance of the 30 stories and realize how lavishly full they are of the living details that make the charm of the funny episodes.

After you've read "Life With Father," look up "God and My Father," an older book by Mr. Day. It's even better.

Ask The Times

In case of a 5-cent stamp for reply when addressing any question of fact or information to The Indianapolis Times Washington Service Bureau, 1013 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Legal and medical advice can not be given, nor can extended research be undertaken.

For which novel did Sinclair Lewis receive the Pulitzer Prize?

The prize was awarded for "Arrowsmith." He stated his reasons for refusing it as follows: "The Pulitzer Prize is cramped by the provision that it shall be given for the American novel, published during the year, which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood. This suggests not actual literary merit, but an obedience to whatever code of good form may be called for by the judges."

Q—Where did the term "blue stocking" originate?

A—As explained in Boswell's "Life of Johnson" the term is derived from "the blue stocking club, given in that time to the conversation held by ladies with literary lions, because Mr. Stillingfleet, a popular conversationalist, who attended them, always wore blue stockings."

Q—Who played opposite to Dick Powell in the screen play, "Twenty Million Sweethearts"?

A—Ginger Rogers.

Q—How many Congressional Districts and Representatives in the United States Congress has New York State?

A—Forty-three Representatives from districts and two Representatives-at-large, elected from the whole state. The state will elect 45 Representatives in the election in November, 1936.

Q—How much did the population of the United States increase between 1930 and 1935?

A—The official census count for 1930 was 122,778,046, and the estimated population in 1935 was 124,425,000, an increase of approximately 3,650,000.

Q—How is poppy oil obtained and what is it used for?

A—Poppy oil is a fixed drying oil obtained from the seeds of the opium poppy. If expressed cold, it is colorless or pale yellow, and is used as a salad oil and in cooking; if expressed with the aid of heat, it is dark colored and inferior and is used in paints and soap and as fuel.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

PARK SYMPHONY CONCERTS END

LACK OF FUNDS



The Hoosier Forum

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

READER REVISES G. O. P. CAMPAIGN SONG

By S. W. R.

WY there should be any contention because the United States Supreme Court justices are not unanimous in their vital opinions on New Deal legislation is certainly not readily apparent.

Experts in all fields of knowledge almost invariably have disagreed. Is it logical to assume that an important body such as the Supreme Court, composed of men of varying experiences, should reach unanimity in everything it does?

Chief Justice Hughes himself said recently, in an address before the American Law Institute: "It is not possible that in the interpretation and application of complicated principles of law they (the justices) should be all of one mind, or be able, on demand, to rise above their

environment so as to function in a higher region of icy uncertainty."

Divided opinions merely testify to the infinite complexity of the legal process as modern civilization has devised it.

READER REVISES G. O. P. CAMPAIGN SONG

By V. D. V.

Four long years!

Full of bunk and cheers

Full of bunk and cheers

And Herbert and his highbrow band