

NEW YORK, July 4.—Senator Key Pittman, in a short speech in Philadelphia, referred to Jim Farley as "a simple and guileless man." A wavelet of sardonic laughter swept the gallery. And yet it was a moderately accurate description.

I think both the enemies and the friends of Farley ought to be able to agree that he is far from subtle. They say that Jim was a pretty fair baseball player as

a young man. He was first baseman for Stonybrook, as I remember, and a consistent hitter, but he never showed big league class because he couldn't handle the low throws. In like manner I gravely doubt those tales which would build Jim up as a master of intrigue and a sinister figure bent upon creating a political machine unlike anything ever known before in this country.

Jim Farley is not as smart as that. He is intent, of course, upon saving the best jobs. Farley, the same thing has been done by every Republican Postmaster General. It is a bad system, but I have never heard any Republican politician make any private cracks about the honesty of Farley.

The issue of "Farleyism," in so far as it is mentioned by Republicans, is wholly insincere. If Landon is elected, laborers in the vineyard will expect their rewards, and John D. M. Hamilton is not likely to rebuff them.

**He Likes to Make Speeches**

AS a matter of fact, I wish Farley had a greater talent for politics. He is a good organizer chiefly through his enormous capacity for work. A non-smoker and non-drinker, he is always in tip-top physical condition. But he has one distressing bad habit which he shares with Hamilton. Both gentlemen like to make speeches. Jim has a good voice and presence, but, like a nitroglycerin salesman, he always makes his listeners a little nervous. Whenever I see Jim walking up to the speaker's stand I always wish that he were in a little smoke-filled room conferring—somewhere in Massachusetts, perhaps, or, better yet, in Albany.

Jim has done a good deal of traveling in the last four years. His manner is pleasant and affable. Speaking as a newspaper man, it seems to me that Farley is more skillful and fairer in his contacts with the press than any national chairman I have ever seen in operation. If he has a story he says so, and if there is none he says that.

There was a convention at which I wrote of Farley and his candidate that if Mr. X were nominated he would be "the corkscrew candidate of a crooked convention." The next day I had to see Farley, and I knew he was familiar with the remark because his opposition had made liberal use of it. He answered all my questions civilly and without show of rancor.

**Mr. Hamilton May Have Learned**

MR. HAMILTON may have learned some of the tricks of his trade by now. In Cleveland he was still a little green about the edges, and he nearly bit my head off when I asked a perfectly proper question as to whether the Landon forces had sought advice from Mr. A. not a delegate, on the problem of the platform. Later he became annoyed at the queries of reporters from a radical daily and announced that all questions would have to be submitted in writing at the beginning of a conference.

But as I started to say, Jim Farley, the nitroglycerin salesman, can cause explosions. He doesn't blow himself up, but he can send certain listeners right through the roof. He isn't good in the grass-roots. I admit that folk in those regions seem to be hypersensitive. Jim certainly had no intention of furnishing ammunition to the enemy when he spoke of "the Governor of a typical prairie state." I must admit that for the life of me I can't see anything insulting in that, either. But obviously it was the wrong thing to say.

If I like Farley it may be because we have so much in common. Both of us might do well to work hard and keep our mouths shut.

**My Day**

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Friday.—We awoke to gray skies and steadily falling rain, but the weathermen said showers, so we put on linen dresses for a picnic at the top of the Sky Line Drive, which was a part of the day's schedule.

I had breakfast on the porch and read the papers. Mrs. Scheider came in early and sorted the mail and did some necessary telephone work. Then we came that the President was ready to start, and at 10 a. m. a cavalcade of motors carrying the official party, 110 men and the baggage wagon with the lunch, filed out of the White House grounds. As usual a little knot of people had gathered at the gate to look, and to wave, at the President.

The drive is a beautiful one, most of it was familiar to me, but the actual Sky Line Drive is new. The CCC boys have done a wonderful piece of work, and at the top of the hill there is a wonderful picnic ground, where we all ate our luncheon. The view on both sides is perfectly gorgeous, over miles and miles of forest and farm country in the valley.

After lunch we drove the last 12 miles to the site of the deer hunt and fortification for us, though the clouds gathered again. We had a good weather through the ceremony. This will be a great recreation area, and if it has the same effect on all visitors that it had on us many of them will be thinking of the good times of their youth.

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**New Books**

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

IN this era of synthetic materials, the resources which nature provides seem inadequate to cope with the ever-varying demands of mankind, and the chemist comes to the rescue. For an important section of the synthetic field the newest and most comprehensive book is *CHEMISTRY OF SYNTHETIC RESINS*, by Carleton Ellis (Reinhold; \$19.50; 2 volumes).

It describes the resinification process; gives chemical formulas, composition, and properties of the thousands of different resins now available; tells the methods of production and molding, and the fields of application for door-knobs, buttons, and chess men to varnishes, organic glass, and treatment for plant wounds.

A valuable feature is a complete list of trade names of the various synthetic resins and plastic products, including composition, names of manufacturers, and uses.

JOHN PATON, for many years a leader in the Independent Labor Party of Great Britain, is one who came from the ranks to a position of prominence in the party.

NEVER SAY DIE (Longman; \$2.50) is the story of his rough-and-tumble boyhood in Aberdeen, Scotland; of his struggle to make a living as a barber, a peddler of false teeth and dairyman; and of his progress toward a socialist philosophy.

His difficulties were increased by his protests against the dishonesty of his employers and by his affiliations with the labor party. Finally, at 33, he abandoned his business career to become a professional labor agitator.

John Paton writes with a contagious appreciation of the sturdy though sometimes uncouth Scots among whom he lived and worked, and with a humor which plays upon himself as well as upon others.

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## Second Section

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## INDIANA DISCOVERS HER PARKS

### Turkey Run Has Long History; Shakamak Is 'Neighborly'

(The fourth in a series)

BY TRISTEAM COFFIN

IN the deep glades at Turkey Run State Park is the timeless peace of millions of years.

For centuries Sugar Creek has worn through the rock. Moss grows now in the cool glens where the sun rarely filters through the thick foliage.

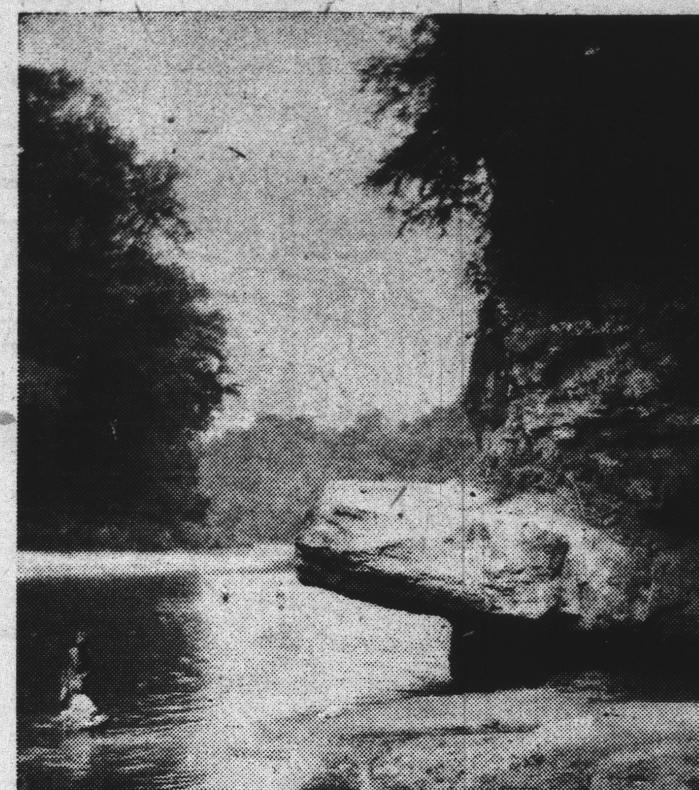
Before the white men drove them out, the Kickapoo, Piankashaw and Wea Indians lived along Pungosecone Creek, their name for Sugar Creek.

Started by the picturesque rocky beauty of Sugar Creek, Capt. Salmon Lusk, an Indian fighter from Vermont, in 1821 brought his bride by horseback to what is now the state park.

Still visible is the mill race he cut from the rock. Products of his mill floated each spring by flatboat to the Wabash River and down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

FARMERS from the neighborhood came to trade at this new settlement at The Narrows, and in the taverns stories said boats and cargoes were assembled away.

The great Sugar Creek flood of 1847 swept away the mill and nearby buildings, and The Narrows as a trading post died. When Capt. Lusk and his mother died, the estate passed on to John Lusk, the great-great grandfather of



A rocky cliff and trees tower over peaceful Sugar Creek (above left) in Turkey Run State Park. Small children are seen in the background

tulip or yellow poplar logs. The old log church, used 75 years ago, is on the ridge above Turkey Hollow.

GOOSE ROCK on Trail One resembles a goose head, and it is told that Johnny Green, last Indian of Bloomington Glens, was shot at as he fished there.

Once, years ago, flocks of wild turkeys gave the area its name—Turkey Run. Later the turkeys disappeared.

camp, play tennis and picnic. An annual swimming meet was instituted last year.

GROWING each year in popularity, Shakamak has increased its attendance rapidly in the last two years. Meals and refreshments are served at the pavilion.

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