

The Indianapolis Times

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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way Phone Riley 5551

MONDAY, JULY 20, 1936.

A CALL FOR LEADERSHIP

IF The Times tomorrow could publish the names of the 70 or 80 persons who probably will die in motor vehicle accidents in Indianapolis between now and the end of the year—

If The Times tomorrow could publish the names of hundreds of Hoosiers who—if the present rate continues—may die in that period; and if the press of America could print a list of the 12,000 to 16,000 who may be expected to die in highway accidents before Jan. 1, 1937—

There would be a clamor for traffic safety in the city, state and nation such as no anti-crime war or other crusade has ever inspired.

Unfortunately, the names of these probable victims will remain unknown until they are killed.

But that is no reason the fight to save them, or as many of them as possible, should be delayed. Seldom has the opportunity for community service been greater than it is today in this tragedy of traffic deaths. Citizens' groups, service clubs and public officials could win the everlasting thanks of the people of Indianapolis by banding together in an intelligent mass drive to curb the city's high fatality rate.

A. L. BLOCK

A. L. BLOCK, who died today after a long illness, was prominent in the business and civic life of Indianapolis for many years.

Coming here in 1898, he joined the late Leopold Strauss in the men's wear business. Twelve years later he bought the interest of Mr. Strauss and became president of L. Strauss & Co. Mr. Block also was president of the Circle Theater Co. and of Monument Realty Co. He participated in the civic and club affairs of the community.

His loss will bring sorrow to his many friends.

HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

THE people of the United States will watch with very special interest France's effort to "take the profit out of war." They have entertained hopes of doing the same thing over here.

It is notorious that munitions makers the world over meddle in politics, both domestic and foreign; that they promote war scares whenever and wherever they can; that in time of war their profits are unconscionable; that while the rank and file of citizens are dying for their country, a few drag down colossal dividends, riches coined from the blood of patriots.

France's Socialist Premier, Leon Blum, says that sort of thing has come to an end in his country. But it is going to be a difficult job, even for France. Totalitarian states can do it very well.

Germany, for example. It is said that 60 per cent of her workers are engaged on munitions jobs of one kind or another. Unless French taxpayers shell out enormous sums to keep their own munitions plants going full blast, France may soon find herself at a tremendous disadvantage. And French taxpayers haven't a reputation for willing and lavish contributions to the public treasury.

Russia, in complete possession of her industries, is well fixed. Italy, whose Duce has only to crack the whip to make everybody jump through the hoop, ditto. And Japan, whose military men run the government, will get what she wants.

BUT democracies, like France, Great Britain and the United States, will find things less easy. For some two years a Senate Munitions Committee has struggled with the American problem and got nowhere in particular. True, the seven members have submitted a report, with recommendations. But they divided on it, four to three.

Four—Senators Nye, Clark, Pope and Bone—suggested the government should take over the armaments business, more or less as planned in France. Three—Senators George, Vandenberg and Barbour—recommended, instead, rigid control of private plants.

The majority contended such regulations would prove ineffective, that outrageous profiteering, war-mongering and the peddling of American military inventions to potential enemies would go right on.

The minority said nationalization would create local political pressure to maintain government plants at full production regardless of actual need and that, in the end, taxpayers would be just as hard hit as they are now.

Nevertheless, the handwriting is definitely on the wall. Doubtless there is something to be said for both majority and minority opinions. But one thing is certain: The era when great wealth can be piled up by the few, reposing in safety and luxury at home, while the many are dying in their own gore for virtually nothing per diem in the filthy trenches of war, is drawing to a close. Sentiment is running ever more strongly against the system, whether it is in France, England or the United States.

Frontiering munitions makers may still have time to choose between voluntarily submitting to sane, but hog-tight, regulation and eventually having their plants nationalized. But all signs indicate that the time is short.

PARK AMPHITHEATER

CITIZENS who had a sample of outdoor symphony concerts this summer will applaud the announcement that a natural amphitheater to seat 15,000 persons will be built this fall at Garfield Park to provide for further concerts.

At the same time, Mayor Kern announces he will ask \$3000 in his budget to sponsor free music at the park next summer. One concert this summer drew a crowd of 4000; the second attracted 10,000. Apparently, Indianapolis will be assured a full series of such concerts next summer. City authorities should be commended for answering this popular appeal.

CAMPAIGN DEVELOPMENT

HENRY BRECKINRIDGE throws his support to Gov. Landon. Henry lives in New York. New York has 47 electoral votes. Those 47 electoral votes will be cast for the presidential candidate who obtains a plurality out of a total of some 4,650,000 popular votes, of which Henry controls one. On the basis of the showing he made in his campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination, he might be expected to bring three or four votes.

HEAT—AND TRAGEDY

FOR 10 days he had been sitting near a fan, drinking cool water, sleeping out to get what little breeze there might be, eating lunch at a cool restaurant—and complaining about the almost unbearable heat.

Then we read the story of Sam Copely, his wife and four children, ages 2 to 12. The mother had a bad cough and the family set out to hitch-hike from their Kentucky home to Colorado, hoping to cure her. The terrific heat wave caught them at St. Louis. They turned back, stopping at Indianapolis because of the intense heat. The summer torture was too much for the mother. She died.

We were proud of the way Indianapolis citizens came to the rescue of this stranded family. The father and motherless children were taken into a home by one couple. They were fed and clothed. A funeral home, a cemetery and others provided last rites for the unfortunate mother. Others gave money and bought transportation home for the survivors.

In their unselfish acts, all these persons no doubt forgot the scorching sun and—by contrast with their own more fortunate circumstances—probably felt some relief from the heat. There may be many more hot days this summer. But in thinking of this family and the thousands of others that have inadequate houses, too little ice and milk, and no electric fans, we're going to complain less about the heat.

THE PEOPLE AREN'T DUCKING

TIME was, not very long ago, when politicians tried to duck or straddle the prohibition issue—just as they have lately been doing with the constitutional issue. Prohibition was considered political dynamite.

Suddenly the politicians awoke to the uncomfortable fact that the people had moved far ahead of them; that the public wasn't afraid to deal with prohibition, even if the politicians were.

Right while the 1932 Republican convention was still trying to carry water on both shoulders and give offense to nobody, the die of repeal had already been cast. Public opinion had coalesced against the Eighteenth Amendment. Soon it was all over—and the landslide which brought repeal carried down to oblivion many of the politicians who had been afraid to take a stand.

Last week's poll of the American Institute of Public Opinion raises the question whether history isn't repeating itself—this time on the question of a constitutional amendment to enable the government to fix minimum wages. The constitutional question also has been considered political dynamite.

But the American people, if this poll gives a true indication, don't seem to consider it such; and they aren't afraid to express their opinions. Seventy per cent of them want such a constitutional amendment. Every party and every group favors it—even the Republicans by a very slim margin.

Despite recent Supreme Court decisions, despite all the talk about "regimentation" and "interference with business," despite the frantic appeals to preserve the freedom of workers to labor for a starvation wage, and despite the studied effort to picture constitutional revision as un-American—despite all this wave of propaganda against a change of the basic law to protect workers, America speaks overwhelmingly for such a change.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

IN the whither-are-we-drifting school may be found a lot of faint-hearted souls willing to make certain terms with progress. Such a one, apparently, is not Philip J. Fay of San Francisco, vice president of the United States Chamber of Commerce and one of the best of that vanishing type, the rugged, unregenerate Old Timer.

In a speech in Washington this Westerner called the country back from "alien philosophies of government control and foreign ideas of repression of the individual" to the days when business was free. Folks then went about their affairs "just about as they pleased," handling relief, business and social problems by local effort. In those happy old days, he said:

"If the individual sustained a loss, that was his bad luck. If he met with adversity . . . relatives or friends would help tide him and his family over. They helped him as a matter of right feeling or generosity or sense of family obligation, and not because somebody compelled them to do so as a duty. . . . No one owed any one else a living or expected that any one else owed him one. It all seemed to work pretty well."

We're afraid Mr. Fay suffers from the golden age psychosis. Like the bull buffalo of the zoo, who chews the cud of memory and dreams of his free days in the lush prairie, he forgets some of the dangers and hardships of that old life. A lot of people, we suspect, even in the days before social security, old-age pension, stock-market regulation and other money laws, found neighbors and friends cold to their adversity.

Take the corporations, for instance. Where was their fine family spirit when adversity struck in 1929? Did the strong ones help the weak ones "as a matter of right feeling or generosity"? They did not. They insisted that the government owed them a living.

Mr. Fay's is the honest philosophy of complete laissez faire, and is interesting as a relic. It may have "worked pretty well" before Alexander Hamilton started upsetting it in behalf of his wealthy friends. It hasn't even been tried since.

A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

"WHY should a woman support a big strong man in idleness?" Our hostess exploded the question as we discussed the laziness of cook's husband. The group agreed that cook must be stupid to work hard and divide her money with a loafer.

But not one of us propounded the counter-question, "Why should a man support a big strong woman in idleness?" which is precisely what a good many American husbands have been doing for some time. Nobody feels resentful about that. Mainly because we take the custom for granted, although the one thing is as preposterous as the other.

By this I do not mean that every wife must go out and work for wages, or drudge over the house-work or do all the family sewing. But certainly it is reasonable that the person who is supported should feel it her duty to pay in some way for her keep. If she can't do it by tangible means, she can by making herself amenable to the wishes of the man who supports her. Some wives earn their living by bearing and caring for a man's children, or by managing his household, or entertaining in the manner his social position demands. Others, in less affluent circumstances, toil in his kitchen practicing a thousand petty economies.

Certain men make a great deal of money. Often they are the type who want their wives to do nothing but dress well, look pretty and entertain them. Very well. If that's what they want, that's what their wives should be to them. These men are paying for something and should get value for their money.

The ladies who merit censure are those who, although supported in idleness and luxury, refuse to behave pleasantly or conform to the wishes of their husbands.

Our Town

By

ANTON SCHERRER

ROBERT HELVEY spent more time thinking up fancy names for girl babies than any other man of early Indianapolis.

Confronted with the task of tagging his own progeny, Mr. Helvey named them Bathsheba, Vine and Tairabogue. And there's no telling what he might have done in the way of boys' names had he been lucky enough to have some of his own.

He was denied this privilege and maybe it's just as well; because to beat what Indianapolis had in the way of boys' names, at the time, Mr. Helvey would have been pushed to the limit to think up something better than Azel, Obid, Padoc, Ellakim, Fenas, Bazil, Fimil, Absalom and Athanasius which were just ordinary names then.

Of course, this doesn't mean that early Indianapolis didn't have its share of names like John and Frank and Henry. It did, of course, but it didn't have them in the preponderant ratio that it has today. Which, if you haven't guessed it already, is the thesis of today's feuilleton.

THE reason so many Indianapolis men answer to the call of John nowadays isn't due to anything the early settlers did. Neither is it due to anything they didn't do.

As near as I can figure out, it's just another instance of the arithmetical rule that if you add something to what you already have—why, maybe you'll have something more than what you started with.

Anyway, it's amazing how the Johns add up. And it's all so simple when you learn that the Johns in Indianapolis, like as not, include all the Italians who started life as little Giovannis; all the Germans who began as Johanns, Johanneses and Hanses; all the Russians who started as Ivans; all the Latin-Americans who began as Juans; all the Czechs, Poles and Dutch who began as Jans.

What more natural then, that all these men, baptized in the various versions of John, should finally get together and accept the American equivalent—John.

THE German immigrants who came to Indianapolis as far back as a hundred years ago were among the first to adopt "American" given names.

The son of every Johann became a John and of every Franz, a Frank. Heinrich became Henry, Wilhelm became William.

Karl, for some strange reason, became Carl, a form of spelling practically unknown anywhere outside of America. Stranger still, in that form it began to be adopted by non-Germans.

Maybe, it's something else that needs looking into.

Ask The Times

Enclose a 5-cent stamp for reply when addressed to the fact or information to The Indianapolis Times, Washington Service Bureau, 1013 13th-st. N. W., Washington, D. C. Legal and medical advice can not be given, nor can extended research be undertaken.

Q—Name all the known major planets of the solar system.

A—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto.

Q—Do Mohammedan men and women in Turkey wear the traditional fez and veil?

A—Those Mohammedan customs have been discarded by decree of the President of Turkey, and the inhabitants were ordered to adopt occidental dress.

Q—What is a seminary?

A—An educational institution, specifically a private secondary school, or an institution for the training of candidates for the priesthood or the ministry.

Q—Does the sun contain helium gas?

A—By means of the spectroscopic, the element helium was identified in the sun before it was found on the earth.

Q—How many kinds of birds are in the United States?

A—The American Ornithological Union lists 768 species. There are also many subspecies.

Q—How is the continuous accretion of energy of the sun explained?

A—One explanation is that it is due to the shrinkage of the sun's bulk under the force of gravity. Astronomers calculate that a shrinkage of one mile all around in the sun's mass would require 50 years for completion. A straight drop of one mile in the mass of the sun toward its center would create enormous energy. Another theory to account for the sun's enormous heat is the theory of radio-activity, in which certain atoms seem to be undergoing disintegration.

VACATION

BY MARY WARD

Heat, wet a flowery scent
Came wafting by
As up the road we went
'Neath flawless sky—

My shadow faded along
So I say "I never go in
And never guiding wrong
Stayed close to me—

Sunshine fell on the land
Felicity,
We were free, understand,
Free as could be—

And to the hill we strayed
And sat us down
Where calm winds blew
That took us down—

EVOLUTION TOWARD DEATH



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. After our 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.)

WRITER DISCUSSES

RAIL PENSIONS

By L. N. Helm

An editorial in The Times the other day said:

"It is obvious that the 30 million other workers covered under the Social Security Act's thrift plan could not all be retired on government pensions. Why, then, should the higher paid rail workers and the railroaders, already benefiting from government bounty, receive such a boon as this?"

Or, what is more important, why should employees of the N. & W. Railway and other railroads who already have pensions without tax or other deduction be now compelled to give up 3 1/2 per cent of their pay? Or, why was the tax on the lower pay brackets set at a proportionally higher rate than for those receiving the big salaries?

Justice Jennings, sitting in District of Columbia Supreme Court, in holding unconstitutional the tax bill adopted to finance the railroad retirement act of 1935, said:

"The income tax is laid upon the amount of employees' salaries in excess of \$300 per month, and all

SWIMMING IS NATION'S

MOST POPULAR SPORT

By E. W.

The most popular sport in the United States is neither baseball nor football, golf nor tennis. It is, on the contrary, the age-old sport of swimming.

This finding is reached by statisticians of the National Recreation Association, who report that in 1935 no fewer than 46,500,000 people went to the public beaches and 38,000,000 to the outdoor swimming pools.

This compares favorably with a seasonal participation in baseball of 10,250,000 people and in golf of slightly more than 6,500,000.

Just what moral should be drawn from all this I do not quite know; unless, perhaps, it be that swimming, the most informal of all sports, and the cheapest, is also the most enjoyable. Or did you, as one of the 46,500,000, know that already?

SAYS ROOSEVELT

DICTATED TO INDUSTRY

By Rev. Lester Gaylor

The national platform of the Socialist Party in 1932 proposed to transfer the principal industries of America from private ownership and "crucially inefficient" management to social ownership and control. Only by these means, they contended, will it be possible to organize our industrial life on a basis of "planned" (dictated) and steady operation without periodic breakdown and disastrous crises.

Roosevelt began to fulfill the destructive Socialist Party platform immediately on going into office. There were "redistributions of wealth," plots and dictated "planned" or "regimented economy." The result is an army of Roosevelt-intimidated bureaucrats.

SEES PSYCHOLOGY ON

DOLLAR BILLS

By Jimmy Cateaux

Many folks may have noticed it. These again may not have noticed it. So for their benefit I would like to relate an interesting little observation.

Some time observe a dollar bill

issued about 1929—at the time of the Republican satrapy.

Then observe a dollar bill issued about 1934—during the Democratic regime.

It is an unusual study in psychology if not in some far more potent field.

This is what you will see: The 1929 dollar: "This certifies that there HAS BEEN deposited, etc., etc."

The 1934 dollar: "This certifies that there IS on deposit, etc., etc."

READER DOES NOT LIKE

MARK SULLIVAN

By John Robbins

Please permit me space in your paper to heartily approve of Pat Hogan's letter in The Times of July 9 regarding Westbrook Pegler and Mark Sullivan.

I have been a daily reader of The Times since its first issue. I have always liked the high ideals of The Times, as a home paper, particularly its editorials, which have always been fair and ably written.

I do not wish to say how you should run your paper; that is none of my business. But I, like thousands of Times readers, do most emphatically protest against the abusive articles of Mark Sullivan as a Times columnist. He has done nothing but hurl abuse at the present Administration since he became your columnist.

OWNS PAPER TELLING OF

LINCOLN'S DEATH

By Mrs. Burns Albright, Bloomington

In The Times of July 9 you printed an article which was very interesting to me. It was in regard to a copy of an old newspaper which a veteran had brought home with him from China.

I have a copy of this same paper, dated April 15, 1865, telling of the assassination of President Lincoln. Of course my paper hasn't been to China and back. I found it about 20 years ago while playing in an attic of my home. It had been placed in a family Bible. This paper is in good shape.

DAILY THOUGHT

Every prudent man dealeth with knowledge; but a fool layeth open his folly.—Proverbs 13:16.

WANT and sorrow are the wages that folly earns for itself, and they are generally paid.—Schubert.

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clarke



"You'll be able to entertain these visiting customers and make them see that you're the city."

Vagabond from Indiana

ERNIE FYLE

Ernie Fyle has interrupted his popular literary to make a quick trip into the drought country. After completing this series he will go back to his old wanderings.

PHILIP, S. D., July 20.—George Wobbe is Exhibit A to prove that people can get along in South Dakota. He is a homesteader who made good. Well, pretty good.

He came here from Missouri 30 years ago. He is 60 now. He has better than 500 acres. He has reared and educated five daughters, and he has an auto and a radio and a new gas cookstove and 60 head of sheep, and he won't have to go on work relief this fall.

I imagine he has a thrilling view from his porch in the spring when everything is green. The land sweeps, and rises, and falls away for miles around, and there's nothing to obstruct Mr. Wobbe's view as he stands and surveys, not even a tree.

"Everybody was rarin' to go West and homestead," said Mr. Wobbe, going back into his years. "So we came out here, three years after we were married."

"People wonder why we stay here in this God-forsaken country. People don't see how we can live without seeing trees. I wonder myself sometimes."

"They say it isn't right for us to bring up our children out here. I've raised five daughters, and not one of them ever saw a street car or a Negro till she was grown up."

BUT I'll tell you this. Every one of them can get in the saddle and ride like a man as far as you can see, and can drive a four-horse team, and can cook a good meal, if there's anything to cook with.

Every one of them went through high school. They're all gone now, married or holding good jobs. One works in the Statehouse at Pierre. They missed a lot that other girls learn, but they got a lot that other girls never heard of, too."

We sat in the kitchen, where the water bucket was, and talked about the drought.

"I had my life to live over

"I again," said Mr. Wobbe. "I'd come out here and I'd build me three or four good dams, and I'd plant some of the best fruit trees I could get, and I'd get a good bunch of sheep, and I'd never touch a plow to the ground. I'd live among the trees and I'd live easier and better than I could in this country."

Mr. Wobbe is not an educated man, as he said, but he sees things about the same way the "professors" in Washington are seeing them.

"This country should never have been plowed up at all," he said. "We've ruined it ourselves. We're to blame. Plowing is what caused all the trouble."

"And because we farmed part of it, that cut down the pasture for our cattle and sheep, so we had to overstock the pasture, and the grass was eaten right down into the roots, and now our old grass is ruined. Buffalo grass is about gone."

"In the spring we shear our sheep, and sell the wool for a thousand dollars, say. Then we take that thousand and put it all back in the land, buying seed, hiring machinery, buying machinery, and so on. We put the whole thousand back into crops, and then along comes dry weather and grass-hoppers, and the whole thousand is gone, and there's no feed for the sheep. Robbing the land to farm the land. It's criminal."

Mr. Wobbe's sheep look fine, but he said they can't pick around on this burned grass more than three or four weeks longer. He has made a couple of trips by auto, hunting pasture for the sheep. It's raining several times in the next month, he'll have to ship them far away to pasture.

"We've had some mighty good times out here," Mr. Wobbe said. "Why I've raised wheat that made \$80 to the acre. And the land itself wouldn't have brought over \$20. And bad times, too. Three years ago we burned corn in the stove all winter. I could take a load of corn to town and get \$20 for it. If I brought a load of coal back I'd have to pay \$35 for it. So we burned the corn. And it makes a good fire,