

The Indianapolis Times

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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way Phone HI 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 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 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 is 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.

Profiteering munitions makers may still have time to choose between voluntarily submitting to some, 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 \$30,000 in his budget to sponsor free music at the park next summer. One concert this summer drew a crowd of 4,000; 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 swing three or four more.

HEAT—AND TRAGEDY

FOR 10 days we had been sitting near a fan, drinking cool water, sleeping outside 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 Cope, 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 congealed 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 overwhlemingly 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. One, a man apparently, is not Philip J. Fay of San Francisco, vice president of the United States Chamber of Commerce and one of the last 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 nosey 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 want 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 loafier.

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 housework 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, toll 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 benefactors.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

Our Town

By ANTON SCHERER

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 Tarabogus. And there's no telling what he might have done 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, Fadot, Elsikim, Femas, Bazil, Fimrl, Absalom and Athanasius which were just ordinary names then.

He was denied this privilege and maybe it's just as well; because to best 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, Fadot, Elsikim, Femas, Bazil, Fimrl, 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.

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.

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

came to Indianapolis as far back as 1900.

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, it that form it began to be adopted by non-Germans.

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

Ask The Times

Include a 2-cent stamp for reply when addressing any question of fact or information to The Indianapolis Times.

TWO serious dangers affecting the ears require particular care and attention of parents. One concerns the introduction of foreign bodies into the ears. The other results from immersion of the head in water.

A foreign substance in the ear canal seldom will cause much discomfort, unless it is a live insect. Cases are on record in which bugs of various kinds have gotten into ears and remained for many years.

They die and are surrounded by hardened wax.

There are cases in which people have been deaf in one ear for many years, as a result of such blocking of the eardrum. Then, when the wax is removed, the foreign body is washed out, the hearing returns.

Persons without experience should not try to remove foreign bodies from the outer ear, if the substances can not be washed out by use of a syringe. Several interesting techniques have been developed for this purpose. One involves the use of a probe with some adhesive material at the end, to which the foreign body sticks. Then, when the probe is removed, the foreign substance comes with it.

The aftermath of many a summer vacation is an earache. When the head is thrust under water, especially during a dive, water gets into the middle ear through the nose. Even a rubber cap over the head and rubber stoppers in the ears will not keep water from getting into the ears by way of the nose.

If a child, on coming out of the water, blows its nose and holds both nostrils shut at the same time, some of the water is bound to be forced into the ears.

SUNSHINE in bathing pools and near the shore frequently is germ-laden, the germs are carried into the ear and set up an infection.

Most foolish is the person who goes in swimming when he has an infection, with material discharging from the eardrum. He stands the risk of aggravating his infection by getting discharges material into the ear from both sides.

People with nervous colds or with sore throats should never go in swimming, because their noses, throats and sinuses are full of infectious germs at such times. They not only spread the germs to other people, but may force the germs into their own ears and thereby cause secondary infection of the ear.

Children should not be permitted to swim more than 15 or 20 minutes at a time. If they seem to have trouble with their ears, they should never be permitted to dive.

VACATION

By MARY WARD

Heat, yet a flowery scent
Came wafting by
Up the road we went
Neath flawless sky—Sunshine fell on the land
Pell-mell.
We were free, understand
Free as could be—And to the hill we strayed
And sat us down
Where oaks made serenades
Then back to town!

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. 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.)

WRITER DISCUSSES

RAIL PENSIONS

By E. 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 assured of government pensions. Why, then, should the higher paid rail workers and the railroads, already benefiting from government bounty, receive such a boon as this?"

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 18,000,000 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 it is that swimming, the most informal, inexpensive, the most informal, the most enjoyable. Or did you, as one of the 46,500,000, know that already?

SAYS ROOSEVELT
DIRECTED TO INDUSTRY

By E. Lester Gaynor