

# It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROWN

NEW YORK, July 27.—Alfred M. Landon spoke to fellow Kansans, but he lifted up his eyes to the tall towers of lower Manhattan, from whence cometh his strength. He forsook the liberal follies of his youth and pledged his faith to the extreme right wing of the Republican Party. It was a candid and a sincere bit of autobiography which he introduced into his address when he said:

"Now, I know that many of us, at one time or another, have become dissatisfied and impatient with the efforts of our local and state administrations to solve our difficulties. At such times it has seemed to us that only a larger, more powerful unit of government could meet the need. For those who have followed such a line of reasoning I have the understanding that comes from experience."

"As a young man I was attracted to the idea of centralizing in the Federal government full power to correct the abuses and bringing out of a more complex social order."

When the people rejected this alternative I was as disappointed as any one. But in spite of this rejection I have lived to see many of those abuses substantially corrected by the forty-eight state legislatures in their fields and by the Federal government in its field of interstate commerce."

It is fair to assume that Gov. Landon refers to a period of almost a quarter of a century ago when he espoused the cause of Theodore Roosevelt and the Bull Moose Party.

## Back From Armageddon

COL. ROOSEVELT was impatient with a system which made conservation of natural resources all but impossible. He was not content to wait until the most backward state passed adequate legislation to do away with child labor. Indeed, he advocated the recall of Supreme Court decisions by popular referendum. And in the days of his youth Alf M. Landon shared the bright dream that a forthright nation could set about within the hour to reshape itself for joy and justice.

But Alf has become Alfred. He has been through the political mill. He has felt the tug of campaign expediency at his elbow. He can not fly in the face of his supporters. Possibly he is not utterly a reactionary, but he has come to be a very tired liberal, which is the next worst thing. And so the best which he can offer now to man or woman or child who toils from sunup till sundown is, "I look forward to the America that is to be."

The Governor means that we must have faith in Mississippi and wait until Georgia has grown weary of lynching and Arkansas is willing to protect its sharecroppers. Indeed, Alfred M. Landon has grown increasingly conservative since the Cleveland convention itself, and he forgot to take up that section of his program which he once believed was necessary to amend the Constitution in order to protect the states themselves in the right to pass welfare legislation.

## A Change of Sides

THE Governor seemed to indicate that if he had 1912 to live over again he would no longer be guilty of Progressive heresies but would stand with the Old Guard beside William Howard Taft. And it was fitting, therefore, that he should take his notification at the hands of Bert Snell and be in constant consultation with Charlie Taft.

But what becomes of the theory promulgated at Cleveland that the G. O. P. had passed from the hands of the old leaders into the control of a simple Kansas idealist? The recantation of Alfred M. Landon was complete. Not only did he apologize for having been a liberal more than 20 years ago, but he identified the drive for effective welfare legislation in which he once believed as despotism, usurpation and a violation of the American system of government.

His promise to be definite was hardly made good throughout the speech, but he was clear as crystal in his remarks on the subject of despotism, as paraphrased in the recent full page advertisement issued by the Steel Institute.

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## My Day

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

CAMPOBELLO, N. B., Sunday.—I am beginning to get some happier letters, and today one came which was very nice.

Some time ago a young woman wrote me of the difficulties she and her husband were having, and her letter sounded so genuine that I felt I must do something. I sent her a letter to an actress friend of mine in Hollywood and she began to happen. My friend, liked her and the necessary \$100 was found. Several other women got interested and gave her a layette and a bassinette for the expected baby; sheets and blankets to start housekeeping again. Now her letter has come giving me current news. He may be slightly less disinfected than he would have been in a Los Angeles hospital, but he will see home, sky, trees and happiness and his vacancy will be filled by some baby who could not get here."

They say the pioneer spirit is gone from amongst us. Well, this looks to me like courage for a new adventure.

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## New Books

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

THE latest in travel sagas begins with the phrase, "nonchalantly uttered, 'When I was in Finland...'" and it is to you that is the place of Laps and Santa Claus and Sibylla, you will want to read Agnes Redberg's delightful book, FINLAND, THE NEW NATION, published (most appropriately) by the Viking Press (\$3). You will really see this little far-land, between the Arctic and the Baltic, its mainland approached through islands thick as stars and firmly established upon the oldest rock formations of our planet, its vast forests and beautiful harbors, its lakes splashed so plentifully over the central terrain that an aviator sees there a covered of wide meshed lace over blue silk.

You will admire its 3,000,000 people, who excel in stature and sturdiness, in love of culture and clean habits, who honor their living artists, insist that their cities shall be clean and quiet, and, not least of their virtues, pay their national debts.

THE title WHERE LIFE IS BETTER (Reynal; \$4) is used ironically by James R. K. H. The answer is that nowhere is it better, or likely to be better, so far as America is concerned.

For seven months he toured the length and breadth of the country, interviewing politicians, business men, unemployed, labor leaders and relief administrators. And here he reports what he heard of the "class war," of the struggle against starvation, of inadequate and bungling government relief.

The passion with which Mr. Rorty writes is that of despair. For to him the most hopeless element in the situation is that only 5 per cent of the people are even aware of what questions are involved in the economic chaos of the present. As for the other 95 per cent, they are likely to say: "The only thing that will get us out of the mess is a war."

# The Indianapolis Times

MONDAY, JULY 27, 1932

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## INDIANAPOLIS' HOUSING PROBLEM

### 500 Shacks to Be Ordered Razed as Fire Hazard, Marshal Says

(Continued from Page One)

orders are to be mailed daily, as inspectors find and condemn the buildings.

The fire hazard factor can more nearly than any other be measured in dollars and cents. Mr. Scherer said insurance rates on improved property next to one of more of these derelicts often were as much higher than normal as \$2 for each thousand dollars' worth of insurance. He pointed out that they almost invariably are in congested districts and once afire might damage property now useful.

Real estate men say that when these conditions start in a neighborhood, they spread, like a bad spot in a bushel of apples, until values of all properties have been depressed.

Almost every one of these dwellings officially has been branded by the City Health Department as "insanitary and uninhabitable for human beings."

LOSLEY, "insanitary and uninhabitable" as defined by the City Health Board means that the structure has no city water supply; that the well on the property from which tenants must get all water, is polluted; that there is no inside sanitary toilet, and that the outside toilet is unprotected from flies, that windows and doors are not screened; that there are rats and other disease carriers; that the roof and walls do not keep out rain and cold.

To a stratum of Indianapolis society which is a numerical factor in the community health, these houses represent a refuge from the elements. They represent a place to rear children. They represent the only place they can afford to make their homes.

That's why, Mr. Scherer said, he can not order as many as 1000 more of them torn down—even though they are just as insanitary, uninhabitable and dangerous to property and health—because the tenants have no place else to go.

Hundreds of families in Indianapolis right now are living in houses officially branded by the City Health Department as not fit for human beings.

DR. HERMAN J. MORGAN, City Health Board secretary, who has charted epidemics in Indianapolis for many years, says he can peg epidemic sources on a city map fairly accurately before his inspectors gather information.

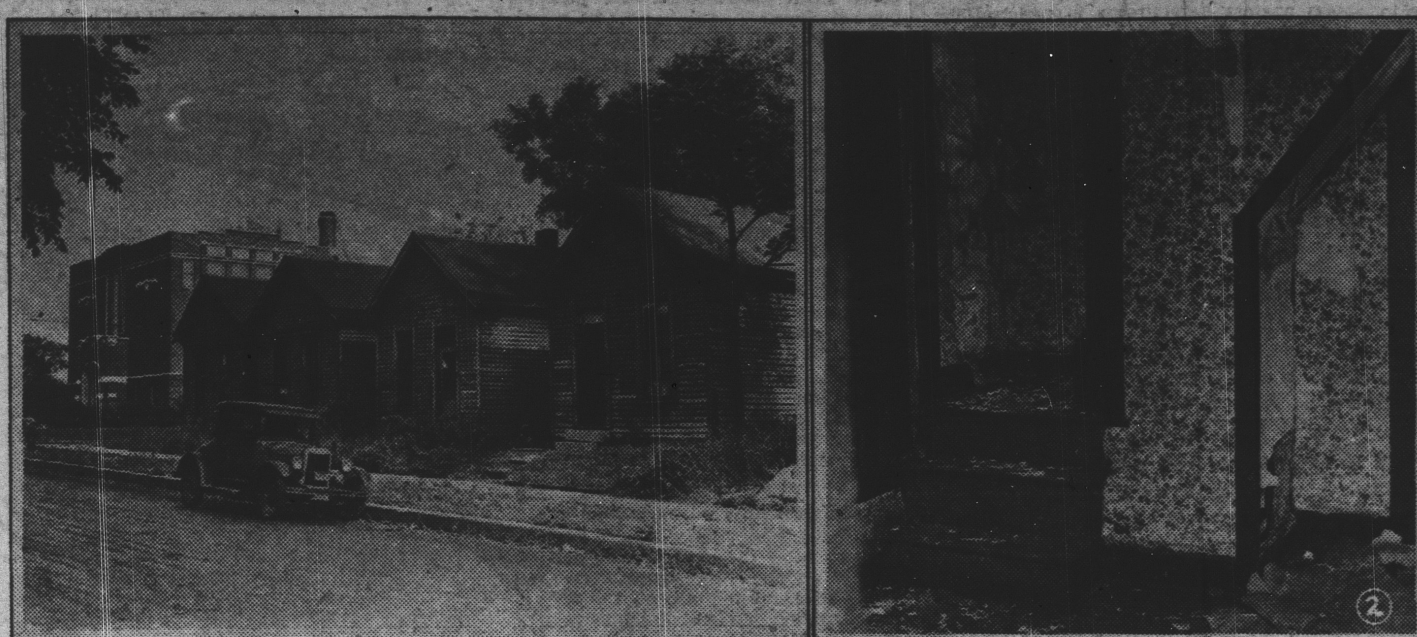
Since he became interested in the health of Indianapolis the epidemics invariably have come from sections in which housing has degenerated into a squalid cluster of such hand-me-down shacks as his inspectors now describe as "insanitary and uninhabitable."

There was a time, not so many years ago," Dr. Morgan said, "when Indianapolis had about 30,000 of these structures. They had dug wells, outside toilets as close as 15 feet to the water supply, and they were spawning grounds for disease."

"In those days typhoid mortality ran as high as 70 for each 100,000 population and the infant death rate was 135 to each 1000 infants under one year of age."

WE began to make real progress in cleaning up the situation when we passed an ordinance in 1916 requiring properties within specified city areas to install sanitary, inside flush toilets.

THE city health—I mean North Side health—without question suffers from these very conditions. Flies habitate the places and invade North Side



Marked for destruction, because they constitute a fire hazard, are the houses shown here. No. 1 is a row of houses at Kansas and Illinois sts. Joseph Scherer, chief inspector for the state fire marshal, already has entered correspondence about them with the owners. No. 2 shows the inside of one of the doomed structures. No. 3 is a property on S. East—st—a mere skeleton—that creates a fire hazard and a value hazard for the property in the background, which is being improved.

wherever sewage and city water connections were available within 100 feet of a corner of the lot.

"The typhoid mortality rate in Indianapolis now is less than two to 100,000 population and the infant mortality is in the 40's for each 1000 under 1 year, with the exception of 1935, when it was 58."

"During the depression, when real estate values were down, my department found it wise sharply to curtail orders for installations of sewer and water connections. The property wouldn't support it, and we found property owners begging the city to take over the property rather than compel them to make expenditures they had no funds for."

Now that real estate values are tending to appreciate, my department has begun to issue these orders in a greater volume. We are down now to the last, tenacious strata of such properties that will be hard to deal with.

THE houses don't bring rent enough to warrant the expense to the owner. Some rent as low as \$1 a month. Many of them bring no more than \$5 and \$6 monthly. All should be replaced.

"But there are people in Indianapolis who can afford to pay no more than \$5 and \$6 a month rent. And I doubt if there is any way to build structures that are inhabitable and sanitary for little enough to make them profitable at such rentals."

"The health problem of Indianapolis today is more than a little wrapped up in that economic problem. And if you tear down their homes, ramshackle, insanitary, horrible as they are, where are these people to live?"

"Living in them, they are a great expense to the community. They people City Hospital for medical care. The infant mortality rate, I can say conservatively, can be farther reduced with the elimination of more of these insanitary conditions."

THE city health—I mean North Side health—without question suffers from these very conditions. Flies habitate the places and invade North Side

kitchens. They are germ carriers. We have traced North Side typhoid to carriers who live in these areas. You brush these people, unfortunate enough to be able to afford no better living conditions, in your downtown business life and frequently in your recreational life.

"The graves of Indiana are full of persons who died before their time because of diseases that were nurtured in and spread from its slums."

"But where are the people who can afford no better than slums going to live if you tear down the slums?"

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## Gov. Landon Close to Same Position F. D. R. Held in 1932, Sullivan Says

(Mr. Sullivan Writes Thrice Weekly.)

BY MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, July 27.—Curiously, Gov. Landon, after making his acceptance speech in 1936, is close to where Mr. Roosevelt was after his acceptance speech in 1932. Mr. Roosevelt laid down in 1932, and Gov. Landon lays down in 1936, a program of reform, of cure for business faults and economic excesses. The Democratic platform which Mr. Roosevelt accepted in 1932, and the Republican one which Gov. Landon accepts in 1936, have much of this in common. Both stress prevention of monopoly.

So sound was the Democratic platform of 1932, so much did it promise what the country wanted, that the Republicans as they approached their platform making this year, gave thought to copying much of the 1932 Democratic platform verbatim. Their notion was one of political strategy to call attention to how far Mr. Roosevelt had departed from the platform of his party. But there would have been logical basis for the action in the identity of thought between large portions of the two platforms.

The most conspicuous similarity between the Democratic platform of 1932 and the Republican one of 1936 lies in what both seek. Neither contained any thought of basic change in the American tradition of government or the American pattern of society. The Democratic platform of 1932 was a program of energetic reform, but wholly within the framework of the Constitution. When Mr. Roosevelt in his 1932 acceptance speech, accepted that platform "one hundred per cent" he had no thought of more than the platform contained. Had he held to that pledge and that platform he would have made a record much like the domestic record of Woodrow Wilson in his first term, one of robbing civil liberties in our economic institutions, but doing so without violation of our traditions. And if Mr. Roosevelt had held to that platform and pledge he would be today rather more certain of re-election than Woodrow Wilson was in 1916.

JUST where did Mr. Roosevelt get off the track? When and because of what circumstances did Mr. Roosevelt extend his program to what he later described as a "new economic order rising from the integration of the old?"

The reason lies partly, of course, in Mr. Roosevelt's temperament, his impulsive responsiveness to proposals that are novel and a little startling. But from what quarter did the proposals come which Mr. Roosevelt later described as "a permanent readjustment of many of our ways of thinking and the reform of many of our social and economic arrangements?"

They came from some members of the brain trust, that gathered round him during his campaign. Not from all—some of them were completely devoid of any revolutionary notions, were devoted only to simple reform of the American system. Prof. Moley, who during the 1932 campaign was a semi-official head of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers, was so far from having fundamental change in mind that today, disturbed by much that Mr. Roosevelt has done, he is almost a critic of the Administration. The much-discussed Prof. Frankfurter is not, I think, a critic, but one of Mr. Roosevelt's

## OUR COLUMNISTS

The Times may or may not agree with our columnists whose writings appear on this and other pages. Their columns are published because they express diverse and interesting viewpoints, and not because they express The Times' editorial policy.

## GRIN AND BEAR IT

by Lichty



"What's wrong with me? All the boss does is compliment my work!"

## Fair Enough

by  
WESTBROOK PEGLER

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 27.—Salem, N. H., less than an hour's drive from here, is the place where the needle went in which planted the gambling virus in the New England temperance and set the mill-hands and the honest New Hampshire hay-shakers to talking the hoodlums' jargon about the morning line, past performances and long-shots. Salem, on the New Hampshire side of the Massachusetts border, is the site of Rockingham Park, a race track built on a long chance by John W. Gates, the plunger, in 1908. In its first season, Rockingham offered free admission, free meals and free drinks to the customers, but seldom drew more than a couple of hundred and folded up.

After that, Rockingham Park went to weeds and ruin until 1916, when the place was used for a cavalry training school and after the war the weeds and ruin moved in again.

But hard times are hard on the morals and when a few years ago the State of New Hampshire found itself in urgent need of cash money, the tempter showed up again. He came to New Hampshire offering a percentage of the pari-mutuel receipts, a market for the honest hayshaker's hay and seasonal employment for a small number of New Hampshire boys in the service of Satan as tellers, hostlers and ticket takers. In this difficult situation, the New Hampshire Legislature faltered and fell, passing a law to permit the doing of the Devil's work at Salem provided the Devil kicked back 3 1/2 per cent of the gross and other taxes.

And Satan Laughed and Laughed

SATAN laughed and laughed, for honesty is not in him, and all the time he had a hidden intention to poison the soul of New England with the gambling habit. The customers came a running from Manchester, Nashua and Exeter, from Boston, Haverhill, Lawrence and Lowell, and even from Providence. And so the evil spread until at present there are horse-parks operating in Massachusetts and Rhode Island and racing goes on almost continuously from May 2 until snowfall in November.

That was what the Devil wanted all the time. He wasn't fixing to capture the right-living Yankees of New Hampshire and be content with the tragedy of that. He reckoned that given a taste of that which the goddess in their folly are pleased to call high life, the Yankees of Massachusetts and Rhode Island would set up a clamor for racing in their own communities.

Soon after Rockingham Park reopened there appeared in New England a crew of sinister characters from Broadway, New York, who dressed in fancy clothes, played golf like stylish millionaires and posed as sportsmen. The truth was, of course, that they were conducting machinations in secret and they may be machining still, although it appears that other sinister characters sprang to life in Boston and ran them out of the territory which they had pioneered. The machinations are now said to be largely in the hands of the sinister Bostonians not only at the Massachusetts tracks, but at Narragansett, in Rhode Island, too. Nobody bothers to machine much at Rockingham, any more. The Boston and Providence horse parks are the big stores and Rockingham receives just enough racing duty to keep the franchise alive.

## New Hampshire a Faded Beauty

THERE are signs that the New Hampshire Yankees are disenchanted now. For a while there in the stores it was all a body could do to buy a new hay-rake or a spool of thread, the clerks were so engorged in talk of odds and selections. But all is not gold that glitters, and the gambling has about as much extent. Then people didn't win as much as they lost, a common experience.

But in Massachusetts and Rhode Island the new vice is raging in the soul of the Yankee and there is agitation now for racing in Connecticut. New Hampshire, the first to be seduced, is a faded beauty in the eyes of the tempter and thinking of repentance.

## Merry-Go-Round

BY DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN

WASHINGTON, July 27.—The tempest in the tea-pot that broke about the Secret Service shadowing Justice Department G-men was only a small part of a very important situation.

The real fact is that the New Deal has set up the greatest espionage system ever seen in Washington. The New Dealers don't seem able to trust themselves. Chester Davis had wire-tappers used on his own AAA men, later threw out several, including Jerome Frank, now adviser to RFC and FWA.

Both the Secret Service and Justice Department G-men have done a little shadowing of each other from time to time.

The greatest believer in Czarist-Soviet-OGPU espionage is Louis Glavis, recently eased out as chief of the bureau of investigation of the Interior Department.

There was almost no one Louis did not have shadowed, including the President's secretary, Marvin McIntyre, and L. C. (Chips) Roberts, then assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

Glavis didn't stop there. Believe it or not, he even shadowed his own boss, Harold Ickes, chief of the end of prohibition. That left a lot of bureau huff and dry army with no more snooping to do. Also, it trained a whole army of snoopers, who didn't know what else to do but snoop.

Some of those around the President say that he is much concerned about the way all his helpmates are trying to get the goods on each other, and this is why he has been toying with the idea of one big secret service.

MRS. ROOSEVELT went through the last social season with seven evening gowns, but juggled them around so adroitly that she got credit for having more.

The gowns she wore during the social season were a blue satin, worn at the Navy Relief ball, a two-toned velvet of purple and red, worn to the Vice President's dinner to the Roosevelts; a scarlet velvet which she wore to the Cabinet dinner; also a deep blue chiffon trimmed with lace, which she wore to a departmental reception. Her favorite is a prune-colored velvet with full skirt, train, bodice, cape, creamy chiffon bertha and all the trimmings. This she wore to the diplomatic reception, to the judiciary reception and on a number of other occasions.

In midseason she bought a cream brocade with train and fichu of rare white lace, which she wore to the President's birthday ball.

Sports clothes are more in Mrs. Roosevelt's line. She goes in for homespun ensembles—gifs and purchases from her Val-Kill factory on the Hyde Park estate. Among her sports outfits are a light tan and gray homespun skirt with white blouse, a henna homespun with cream silk blouse, a coat with brown collar, and suits of burgundy velvet, brown homespun and blue pin-stripe.

Mrs. Roosevelt's "in-between" wardrobe of luncheon and afternoon frocks includes a brown crepe dress with wide cuffs, a black satin with blue collar, and a tailored black crepe with long sleeves set off with a large white necker collar piped in black.

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