

# Vagabond

FROM INDIANA

By ERNIE PYLE

DENVER, Sept. 30.—Looking back, over the little things. Funny how you don't think about them at the time, but later on when you're lying in bed or driving silently along and thinking, they come snapping into your head, and make you chuckle, or want to cry. Just little things.

In Rapid City, S. D., the other day, we happened to run smack into President Roosevelt's drought party, week-ending there. We were in the same hotel, and our fourth-floor room looked right down upon the hotel entrance. Sort of a grand stand seat for the President's arrivals and departures.

It was Sunday, and the street had been roped off, and a large crowd of Rapid Cityans had gathered by 11 o'clock to see the President leave for church. They were held back by ropes, on the opposite sidewalk. They cheered him as he drove away.

Then I lay down for a nap, and was presently awakened by clapping in the street. It was the President returning from church. An hour had gone by. The crowd was still there. I watched from my grand stand window.

Now there have been, out of what I have always felt to be a fine sense of consideration, few mentions in print or in picture of the President's partial paralysis. But it seems to me there can be no violation of good taste in relating anything as beautiful as what happened at Rapid City that day.

The crowd stopped clapping, and stood silently watching, as the car stopped at the hotel entrance. It was a seven-passenger touring car, with the top down. The President's two sons and his daughter-in-law got out ahead of him.

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**Reaches for Seat**  
THEN, while everybody waited, the President reached for the spare seat, and pulled it down in front of him. Then he reached to the robe rail, and with his powerful arms slid himself forward on to the spare seat. Then he turned a little, and put his legs out the door, and over the running board, with his feet almost to the curb.

Gus Gengerich, the President's bodyguard and personal assistant, stood ready to help. But it was not needed. You could almost have heard a pin drop. The President put both hands on one leg, and pushed downward, locking the jointed steel brace at his knee. He slowly did the same with the other leg.

Then he put his hands on the side of the car, and with his arms lifted his body out and up and on to his legs. He straightened up. And I have never seen a man so straight.

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**Crowd Applauds**

AT that moment the tenseness broke, and the crowd applauded. The President's back was to the crowd, and he did not look around. It was brief and restrained applause.

I don't know, but I doubt that that has ever happened to the President before. It was the tenderest, most admiring tribute to courage I have ever seen. It was such a poignant thing, so surprising, so spontaneous. It was as though they were saying with their hands "We know we shouldn't, but we've got to."

When I turned from the window there was a lump in my throat, and there would have been in yours, too.

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**Mrs. Roosevelt's Day**

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—I came to New York late Monday afternoon in order to attend the opening of Todhunter School Tuesday morning. Since my first association with the school I have never missed the opening day, and I was particularly anxious not to miss it this year on my small granddaughter's account. If children know that you have an obligation, I think they are very quick to sense whether you make an effort to carry it out or not.

Since I first became a part of the management of the school there have been one or two amusing incidents in connection with my being there on the opening day.

For instance, in 1928 I was at the state convention at Rochester, N. Y. At that time I was supervising work for the Democratic National Committee, women's division, under Nellie Tayloe Ross, Gov. Alfred E. Smith was running for the presidency. At the state convention there seemed to be a deadlock on the nomination for Governor.

If I was to go to the opening of the school I would have to leave on the midnight train. All that afternoon and evening Mr. Raskob and Gov. Smith had tried unsuccessfully to reach my husband by telephone in Warm Springs, Ga. Finally they put it up to me to get him. I felt they really had a right to talk to him, regardless of what his final decision might be.

Fifteen minutes before my train was leaving for New York City, I reached my husband and turned the wire over to Mr. Raskob. I made my train and never knew the decision which had been made until I got off the train in the morning in New York City and bought a newspaper which reported that my husband had agreed to run for Governor.

It is interesting to see a group, ranging from little girls up to young girls in their last year in school, starting out on the morning in New York City and come back reluctantly, regretting losing the freedom of summer; some of them get a certain excitement out of starting something new.

As one looks at them, one hopes that the next year will bring them the realization that the benefit of whatever we do lies in the effort we put into it, and that all achievement is really measured by our own effort.

Now I am starting for Syracuse. I am too late to join my husband's train in Poughkeepsie, but I will be in Syracuse by 5:41, where I will join him on his car and be at the evening session of the convention. (Copyright, 1936, by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

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**Daily New Books**

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

THE dead end of a river-front street within whose narrow confines you can almost see the whole pattern of New York life is the scene for Sidney Kingsley's play, **DEAD END** (Random House, \$2). There is a white iron gate leading to a green terrace and on a back of a towering garden apartment; a tall red tenement falling to decay, but swarming with people; and across the wharf, in imagination, hundreds of sewers emptying their refuse into East River.

This setting forms the background for the action of the gang of boys who swim in the sewage-strewn river and terrorize the passersby with speech that is a shocking jargon. The play is simple, direct, and rather heartbreaking, giving a realistic picture of the environment out of which emerges the gangster.

THE book, **MURDER ISN'T EASY** (Putnam, \$2) is the new opus by Richard Hell Sampson, that mystery story writer whose first work, "Murder of My Aunt," was characterized by Christopher Morley as "the most viciously humorous detective story of recent years."

The same might be said of Mr. Sampson's latest, which relates the great trouble each of three partners in an advertising agency takes to plan and carry out the murder of his two associates. Naturally each must have a perfect alibi, and each seems convinced that he and he alone is the brilliant member of the firm and the only person needed to carry it on, making the doing away of his partners an absolute necessity.

During the course of the planning and execution of the murders, there is much ironical comment on advertising methods and advertisers in general, as well as sly and scathing characterizations.

# The Indianapolis Times

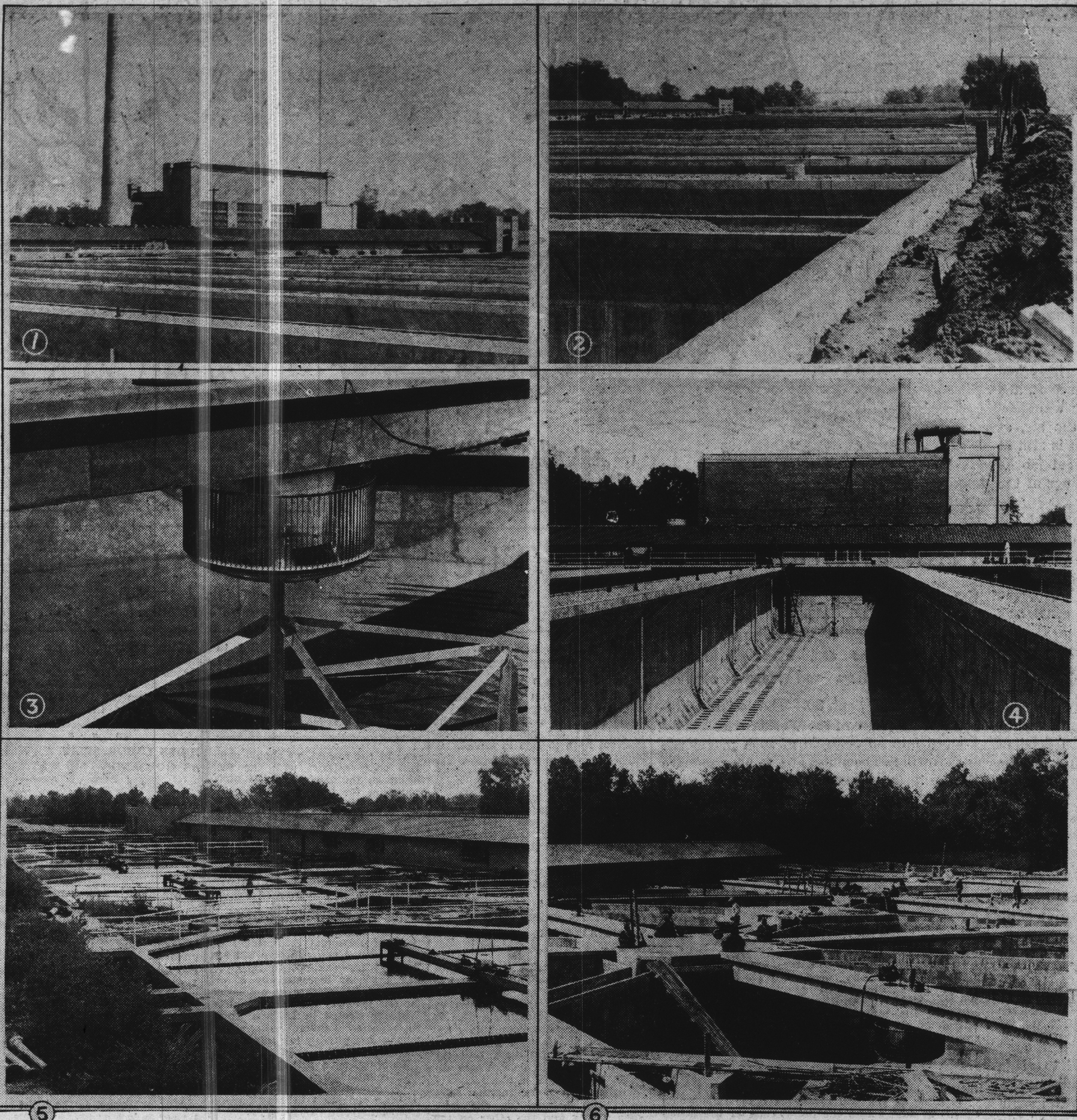
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## POLLUTION DRIVE FINDS AN ALLY

Plant Improvements to End Dumping of Sewage Into White River



Additions to the city sanitation plant are expected to increase its capacity from 65 per cent to 100 per cent. Emptying sewage into White River is to be discontinued when additional units are placed in service.

Constructed at a cost of approximately \$530,000, the new plant provides Indianapolis with one of the most modern sewage disposal plants in the world, officials claim.

1. The sanitation power plant in the background and aeration tanks. 2. Construction is almost completed on the new aeration tanks shown here.

3. Part of the agitating mechanism in one of the new settling basins.

4. On the left are air lines which force sewage to rotate in the aeration tanks. Air is forced through apertures in the floor and through the sewage which is treated in four similar tanks at the plant.

5. Final settling basins now in use. These basins have been taking care of 65 per cent of the disposal. Additional basins being completed will make the plant 100 per cent effective.

6. Putting final touches on the settling basins which are to be in service soon.

## Social Ills Need Scientific Approach, Says Prof. Millikan

BY SCIENCE SERVICE

CLEVELAND, Sept. 30.—The future of mankind depends on man's learning to use the method the scientist uses in solving his problems.

This was the message of physics to medical X-ray science as conveyed by Prof. Robert A. Millikan, California Institute of Technology, head and noted cosmic ray investigator, at the meeting of the American Roentgen Ray Society here last night.

"Man must learn the scientific mode of approach before he will ever solve the worst of his social or governmental ills," Prof. Millikan declared.

Prof. Millikan surveyed the field of radiation and described the ranges of particular interest to medical men. Among these is the whole range of X-ray and gamma ray frequency, the main use of which is "combating mankind's most terrible scourge, cancer." This runs from a frequency in electron volts of about 12,000 up to 1,200,000 electron volts, which is the highest frequency which has been generated by an X-ray tube and used continuously for cancer treatment.

THESE high potential X-rays are particularly appropriate for deep-seated cancers. Prof. Millikan reminded the doctors, the low potential tubes being successfully used to treat superficial cancers.

"With the range of about 2,000,000 electron volts we end the highest frequency of radiation being regularly applied for therapeutic or other useful purposes, but Dr. Lauritzen at the California Institute of Technology has recently discovered the existence of nuclear disintegration gamma rays which carry a frequency of artificially produced radiations up to 17,500,000 electron volts and this figure begins to overlap the enormous energies which we find in cosmic radiation, which, however, is completely unknown from any terrestrial sources.

## POLITICS AS SULLIVAN SEES IT

BY MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—Mr. Roosevelt's speeches this week may permit the campaign to become one of major issues. Not that Mr. Roosevelt wants the campaign to be on major issues. As a matter of strategy it is not up to the President in office to put forth the major issues. His role is defensive, and it is to his advantage if he can confine the necessity of defense to merely minor matters.

It is up to Gov. Landon to set up the major issues, and to attack. So far, Mr. Landon has done comparatively little in the way of strong assault; he has mainly expounded policies of his own. As for Mr. Roosevelt, he has practiced a most adroit strategy of making attack before they come, and, generally, of keeping the campaign on a minor key.

THE country gets stirred up about reduction of food supply, high prices for food, and import of food from abroad. Thereupon the Administration becomes very much concerned about the drought. It is the drought, and only the drought that caused it. Triple-A, and the plowing under, and the paying to not raise crops, and the slaughter of young pigs—all that must be forgotten. The country must be made "drought conscious."

Mr. Roosevelt makes a trip into the drought territory. He calls a conference of Governors of drought-stricken states at Des Moines.

And William Hard declares that a drought report by a committee of Administration officials was written, in substance, before the committee departed from Washington.

MR. ROOSEVELT hears that Mr. Hearst is going to print articles charging him with having the support of Communists—and Mr. Roosevelt, a day in advance of the anticipated publication, gives out through his secretary a statement that the expected charge will be "conceived in malice and born in political spite."

And if there is public suspicion that the Administration may be too intimate with Russia, how better dissipate that impression than by having the Secretary of the Treasury spectacularly attack the Soviet government upon a charge that the Russians are trying to sabotage a currency stabilization agreement recently effected by Mr. Roosevelt with Britain and France?

A MEETING of Jeffersonian Democrats is held at Detroit to urge Democrats to oppose the New Deal—and Mr. Roosevelt asks the greatest anti-New Deal Democrat of all, Sen. Carter Glass, to visit the White House.

That sort of thing, the strategy of indirection, has created the atmosphere of the campaign so far, without the public realizing how it was being done. It has prevented the country from thinking about home matters upon which the Administration is glaringly vulnerable. If the campaign is to be fought on the really serious issues, some one opposed to Mr. Roosevelt must develop a strategy superior to the latter's. Gov. Landon may accomplish it through sheer earnestness, even though he utterly lacks Mr. Roosevelt's agility. Perhaps ex-Gov. Smith may help with his speeches beginning next Thursday night; he knows Mr. Roosevelt's curves.

(New York Herald-Tribune Syndicate)

## Our Town

By ANTON SCHERRER

IT'S rank apostasy to claim that the summer of Anno 1936 was mostly a matter of tragedy. Of course, we had the heat, drought and locusts, but to even up matters we also had a kind of humor—grim, to be sure, but nevertheless funny enough to make our summer what it was.

For example: On Sunday, Sept. 13, J. Edward Clemens, favorite son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. George Strassner, sat on their front porch in Princeton-pl, discussing this and that—I haven't the least idea what—when along came a big black crow and perched itself on the porch railing.

The crow surveyed the intimate family group, lit on Mr. Clemens' knee and started acting mighty familiar-like. Pretty soon it spied a gold-headed pencil in Mr. Clemens' coat pocket. Sure—the crow grabbed the pencil and headed straight for Crows Nest.

Item II: On Wednesday, Aug. 5, or thereabouts, Mrs. Anton Vonnegut decided to give a waffle party, which means just what it says, namely, that everybody was going to eat waffles. Mrs. Vonnegut remembered a certain restaurant somewhere in town which made the best waffles she had ever tasted and so she set about to get the recipe. The restaurant people were very nice about it but said that under no circumstances could they give their secret away. Said the recipe was patented or something.

On the other hand, they said they'd be more than willing to meet her half way and give her all the waffle batter she needed—for nothing, of course—if Mrs. Vonnegut in return would tell her guests the source of her inspiration. What's more they delivered it, too.

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**Party Huge Success**

WELL, Mrs. Vonnegut's waffle party was a huge success. I'm dying to tell you where Mrs. Vonnegut got her waffle batter, but it wouldn't be ethical. Anyway, you know if you went to Mrs. Vonnegut's party.

Item III: On Wednesday, July 15, the druggist in my neighborhood stocked up on Gibbon's the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

On Saturday, July 18, it became pretty evident that Franklin Roosevelt was going to run again for President. The very next day, which was Sunday, the wells on the South Side took a turn for the worse and decided to run dry. Garbage collections on the North Side had been running low for a week or more.

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**Pour Water Into Tree**

ON Monday, July 27, Luther Dickerson, with all the resources at his command called up frantically to find out what in heaven's name was the matter with the tree in Mrs. Louis Levey's front yard. Seems Mrs. Levey's gardeners were working day and night—in shifts, of course—pouring water into the tree.

It had everybody guessing, even the water company. I put all the botanists to work for me and didn't get to first base because the botanists couldn't even agree on the kind of tree Mrs. Levey was trying to save—let alone anything else. And anyway, Mrs. Levey was out of town.

On Friday, Aug. 7, a chewing gum manufacturer took over the "March of Time" and the same night the word "audition" became an intransitive verb.

On Thursday, Aug. 20, the day everybody's tongue was hanging out, Indianapolis women got interested in furs.

On Friday, Aug. 21, Miss Grace A. Speer bought a pair of skis.

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**Hoosier Yesterdays**

SEPTEMBER 30

IN the late 1820's and early 1830's, northern Indiana was in the process of settlement. Hundreds of people passed through Indianapolis and other towns on their way to the Wabash country.

"Nothing is more common," wrote the Rev. George Bush, Indianapolis, corresponding secretary of the Home Mission Society, in the fall of 1828, "than to see 15 or 20 wagons passing in a single day, each carrying the little belongings of the family that trudged along by its side. Indiana is now teeming with the hordes of immigration. As many as 30 wagons camp together for the night."

About 200 families, it was reported, passed through Centerville for the Wabash country in September and October, 1827. From 1829 to 1835 the immigrants poured along the roads that passed through Indianapolis. Leaving Indianapolis, they proceeded along the Crawfordsville, Logansport or Terre Haute trails.

The movement to build canals, begun in 1827, increased the crowd. Sales of canal lands along the route attracted speculators, city builders and settlers. Lago, Peru, Miamisport, Pittsburg, Logansport, Lockport, Lafayette, Williamsport, Elletts, Attica, Covington and other towns sprang up almost overnight.

The Rev. Bush, who was something of a booster, wrote in the Indiana Gazette in 1827: "Their (the settlers') destination is the Wabash above Terre Haute. We wonder why a merciful providence keeps this country hid from civilized man, or why he did not create an especially gifted race for its occupation." By J. H. J.

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**Watch Your Health**

BY DR. MORRIS FISHBEN

Editor, Amer. Medical Assn. Journal  
WHEN a wound is infected, the physician will open the abscess, if he is able to find one, to provide drainage of the pus or infectious material that is retained in the tissues.

If, however, the infection is not localized—that is, if it has accumulated as an abscess in one place—it must not be desirable to open the area. The care taken after such a wound has been opened and drained, is of the greatest importance.

If the hand or leg is held motionless in a bad position for too long a time, scarring may take place which will make it impossible to move the finger or toes, and may perhaps cripple the infected individual.

Abscesses affecting the lips and nose are now sometimes treated with the X-ray.

Small wounds are usually treated in the home with some of the common antiseptics. In discussing materials to be included in the family medicine chest, I mentioned tincture of iodine and mercurochrome.

Other antiseptics include the saturated solution of boric acid, and solution of metaphen, in addition to the solution of chlorinated soda and cresol. Very strong antiseptics should not be used, except on the advice of a doctor.

Wounds must be washed thoroughly with soap and water. Then the disinfectant may be applied. After that the wound may be covered with sterile gauze and the gauze suitably fastened to the wound. Sometimes it is best to use adhesive tape. One must be careful, however, in putting a bandage of adhesive tape around a limb. Make certain that the circulation is not greatly cut off as to increase the pain and prevent healing.

Some types of wounds represent unusual emergencies. When a small splinter of wood or metal gets into the skin, it is best removed by use of a needle. Large splinters may be removed with a knife blade sterilized in a flame, or with forceps or tweezers, similarly sterilized, if they are available.

Whenever there is a serious wound of the skin and tissue caused by gunpowder, nails, splinters, or substances which may be contaminated by manure, soil, or clothing, doctors are likely to suggest the immediate injection of some antitoxin against lockjaw.

Lockjaw, or tetanus, is a serious condition with a high rate of fatality. It is better to be safe and take the antitoxin, if there seems to be any danger that the wound has been contaminated with lockjaw germs.