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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

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RILEY'S ANNIVERSARY

INDIANA has been observing the anniversary of James Whitcomb Riley's birth so long that some who knew him less intimately than his fellow Hoosiers might think the years would dim the spontaneity of this annual tribute.

But the year just passed shows how the significance of the occasion grows, rather than lessens.

One of the most gratifying developments during the year was the purchase by the city of Greenfield of the birthplace and home of the Hoosier poet. The James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Park will be expanded to include the birthplace, which will be restored as nearly as possible to its condition during Riley's youth. The opportunity for collecting and preserving the poet's household possessions will be enhanced.

Fittingly, a WPA program to place 1000 markers at historical Indiana sites was opened by dedication of a marker calling attention to Riley's tomb at Crown Hill Cemetery.

The helpful work of the James Whitcomb Riley Hospital for Crippled Children grows yearly in importance. The Riley Memorial Association, which is sponsoring the traditional observance at the Lockerbie-st home today, has helped perpetuate the poet's memory and stimulated interest in his works.

Each year, Riley's cronies from the "Ol' Swimmin' Hole" days become fewer in number, but there still are many left to tell intimately of his love of children, his great capacity for friendship, his kindly humor, and his understanding affection for the men and women and children of Indiana he lived with and wrote about.

END THE SQUABBLE

APPROVAL of a \$138,181 PWA loan and grant for a new Marion County Detention Home is important news to Indianapolis. The present quarters at 425 E. Michigan-st are congested and inadequate. Construction of a modern building will permit abandonment of that place. Space will be available for all juvenile offenders and records.

But the squabble over selection of a site still is going on. Twice the Marion County Council has refused funds for a detention home because of this dispute. County authorities should end the controversy and clear the way for an early start on this much-needed building.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

IT is reasonable for the Republicans to come out strongly against monopoly and for Gov. Landon to become gravely concerned over the fate of "the little fellow" of business. The Lord made a lot of little fellows, and many of them have wives, sons, daughters and friends.

How are you now faring, Little Man, compared with the years when the Republicans were protecting you? According to Dun & Bradstreet, failures of commercial enterprises today are only 42 per cent of the rate of the "prosperous" years of 1925-29. Insolvencies in June, 1936, were the lowest since 1920, and liabilities the lowest since 1906.

And, Little Man, you can't have forgotten 1929, that fateful fulfillment of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover New Era, after which retail sales fell from 49 billion to 25 billion dollars a year, collections became almost impossible, prices tobogganed, credit faded and thousands of business houses closed their doors in failure. When President Roosevelt took office things were just about at low ebb. The effects of the change were immediate, for 125,000 fewer concerns failed in 1933, the first Roosevelt year, than in 1932, the last Hoover one. In 1935, says the Commerce Department, retail sales were 27 per cent above those of 1932.

You are at liberty to believe that Gov. Landon will fulfill his promise to protect "the average man against the aggressive exploitation by the strong," even if so many of the "strong" are also supporting him. But wouldn't it be the part of wisdom to compare the protection you got before 1929 with what you have now?

THE MUSE TAKES A HAND

IT'S a poor campaign that won't bring out some poetry, so it is not surprising that the Buchmanites who happen to be strong for Landon should come forth with:

Governor Landon, son of the sod,
Is able to govern when governed by God.
Listen to God. He'll give to you
His plan to see America through.

Whenever we read campaign poetry we think of "The Sweet Singer of Michigan." She was a favorite of Mark Twain's, by the way, and we always liked his tribute to her—"It is indeed as the Sweet Singer of Michigan says—irrelevantly of course, for the one and unfeeling great quality which distinguishes her poetry from Shakespeare's and makes it precious to us, is its stern and simple irrelevancy."

It is indeed too bad that the Sweet Singer might not be with us in these later years to lay a lift or two on one side or the other of our 1936 conflict.

"THE WRECKAGE"

COL. FRANK KNOX, vice presidential nominee, recently told fellow-Republicans in New York that he and his fellows were going down to Washington "and clean up the wreckage."

We do not know to what wreckage the Colonel referred, but the word revives unhappy memories of the near past. We recall the lurid finale of 12 years of Republican rule, and there was wreckage everywhere—wreckage of farms and homes; of banks, railroads, big and little businesses and industries; of the people's savings, their security, their hopes and even of their lives.

No, the Colonel's offer comes four years too late. The job is well under way. We need only read any daily newspaper to see how far the clean-up has gone.

Some Cyclones Do the Funniest Things!—By Talburt



Still Dragging the Dead Weight—By Kirby



Fair Enough

By Wesbrook Pegler

Series Wound Up With Typical
Taffy Pull Featuring Ludicrous
Effects in Solemn Circumstances

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—Our home-talent World Series wound up with a typical Yankees made seven runs in the ninth to win the closing game, 13 to 5, and the series four games to two. Although these games bring together the league champions under operatic conditions, as often as not they result in spectacular clowning due to the tension and the fatigue of men who have been training and playing for two weeks.

Joe Di Maggio of the Yankees lets a ball go past him for an error which ordinarily he would just pick up and old guys in their thirties show their tired and faltering way through antics much too strenuous. Will Terry, the Giants' manager, a great athlete in his time; Travis Jackson and Fred Fitzsimmons, the Giants' starting pitcher, seemed badly winded as the game dissolved into good-natured resignation on their side. Bill Dickey, the Yankees' catcher, looks as though his mind was on old canvas clothes and an Indian summer vacation.

The Giants still had a chance to win going into the ninth for they were trailing only 6 to 5, but the second-string was in the game at the time due to some emergency shuffling in the seventh when it looked as though they had a chance to do themselves some good. The second-string was not perceptibly worse than the variety except in one instance, where Harry Danning, the relief catcher, let a throw get away from him in a run-down. Thus Di Maggio scored when he should have been out and there is no telling but that this discouraging stroke choked the Giants' spirit.

DICK COFFMAN was pitching for Terry's side and his presence, alone, was an admission of despair. For Coffman isn't much, and he wouldn't have been there if there had been a better man available. Di Maggio and Gehrig greeted him with singles and Di Maggio soon scored as Dickey grounded to Terry and Danning dropped the ball in the play at the plate. Selkirk was purposely passed, filling the bases, and Jake Powell drilled a grounder through Dick Bartell at short, scoring Gehrig and Dickey.

GUMBERT relieved Coffman and walked Lazzeri so the bases were full again with nobody out and the Yankees' lead increased by three runs. Johnny Murphy, the Yanks' pitcher at the time, scored Selkirk with the fourth run of the inning and still the bases were full with nobody gone. It seemed that the bases would be loaded with nobody out until opening day next April, but the Yankees probably wanted to get out of their working clothes, collect their money and call it a season.

Rolfe forced Crosetti, Dickey, struck out in a listless manner and Selkirk ended the ignominy with a fly to center.

General Hugh Johnson Says—

Du Pont Dukedom of Delaware Governs State Very Well, but 'We Can't Afford to Have Any American Commonwealth So Controlled'

BETHONY BEACH, Del., Oct. 7.—The du Pont Dukedom of Delaware is a benevolent despotism. I doubt if it would be imagined in any other state. No other commonwealth which I know of is so distinctly monarchial. There are only three counties.

Judging from what remains of the original families dating to 1670, few migrated. Though not implanted so early, the du Ponts were as persistent as any.

Henry du Pont graduated from West Point at the outbreak of the Civil War. He distinguished himself as an artilleryman at the battle of Winchester and elsewhere. He came to be called "General" and attained considerable national stature and much local kudos. He, and then Coleman, began to "match" whatever the Republican organization could raise in the way of a war chest and, by reason of that munificence and bitter fights in the traditional Democratic ranks, it was not long before two results ensued:

(a) There wasn't any Democratic Party worth considering.
(b) Nobody could be a Republican candidate or appointee in the state of Delaware without the du Pont imprimatur. That wasn't so difficult when there were only nine seats in the upper and 21 in the lower house of the Delaware Legislature, but it remains highly true today.

CALLS SOME CAMPAIGN STATEMENTS RIDICULOUS

By M. G. French, Edwardsport

Candidate Landon tells us that Roosevelt has sold the farmer down the river. He also tells us that the farmer lost his foreign market under the New Deal. These statements are about as ridiculous as the one I heard two years ago about the Kansas farmer who, in 1932, swapped 500 bushels of corn for a set of false teeth.

Col. Knox offers a panic heresy when he says insurance policies and bank accounts are unsafe under the New Deal.

The Rev. Coughlin tells us that President Roosevelt is a liar and anti-God. This same so-called devout man told our President we would be swamped with business from the silver countries if we would raise the price of silver. When Mexico and China were "put on the hog" by our silver purchases, did any one ever read about the President's telling Father Coughlin, in ethical or unethical terms, that he is a prophet in reverse?

The present campaign is nothing more than a hodge-podge of generalities. The wounds now being made will be numerous. We know from past experience that co-operation between the majority and the minority is practically lacking. Candidate Landon tells us what he proposes to do if he is elected, but he fails to tell us how he will get it done. It is a foregone conclusion that the present large Democratic majority in the Senate will be shamed but little by this fall's election.

The editorial in The Times entitled, "Government by Confusion," is one of the best pieces of logic I have seen my privilege to read. This editorial ought to be placed in every voter's hand, regardless of his political affiliation. Refutation is impossible. If, as you say, a stalemate ensues in Congress, potency flies out of the window. If such a condition comes to pass the common folk might as well equip themselves with a tin bin so that they can compete for existence with the chickens.

ASSERTS WPA BITTER FILL FOR REPUBLICANS

By Hiram Lackey

Nothing gets under the thick skin of the elephant more than do Democratic statements that WPA is nonpolitical, unless it be the earnestness with which WPA officials strive to make WPA absolutely non-political.

Republicans know that, under our present political set-up, it would be impossible to have a WPA that would not exercise a political influence.

The G. O. P. sees that WPA is a successful solution of a difficult economic and social problem. Republicans, having had naught to do

(Times readers are invited to express their views in these columns, religious controversies excluded. Make your letter short, so all can have a chance. Letters must be signed, but names will be withheld on request.)

with its creation, naturally are alarmed at its political significance. WPA is a bitter pill to be swallowed by Republicans as a result of their having violated the health-giving advice of Abraham Lincoln.

WANTS LIQUOR BUYERS TO OBTAIN PERMITS

By H. L. Seeger

The increasing traffic toll on American highways may be attributed to the licensing of the sale of liquor.

The "dead drunk" is not so numerous in accidents as is the person who has had only a few drinks. No one drinks liquor merely for its taste, but for effects. Even the small quantity of alcohol in a glass of beer sets in action its effect as a "narcotic depressant" on the human system.

Timing of muscular action to prevent collision in driving is retarded, due to the effect of even such a small quantity of alcohol upon the eye muscles. For that reason our "moderate drinkers" become dangerous, not only to themselves, but to the sober driver.

Recognizing the public nuisance of drunkenness as a serious menace to public safety, the next Legislature should enact a law requiring all persons buying and using liquor to secure a personal permit.

IF I COULD—
BY VIRGINIA POTTER
If I could fill the empty place,
You left in this heart of mine—
If I could every tear erase,
And turn back for a time—

If I could live in days gone by,
Those days when love we knew—
Not a single frown or sigh,
Would I bring to you—

If I could have your faith again,
And claim your love sincere—
I know I'd be so different,
And I'd never fail you, dear—

How quickly we say the things that hurt.

Do things that bring no good,
And oh, how often we'd call back,
Words and deeds, if we but could.

DAILY THOUGHT
A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.—Proverbs 17:22.

EVERY time a man smiles, and laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life.—Stern.

The Hoosier Forum

I wholly disagree with what you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it—Voltaire.

to buy it. Such a permit should not cost less than 50 cents a week for the calendar year. Any one who can afford to drink can afford to pay. Permits to buy should be exhibited before every purchase from a licensed seller, and the permits of both the buyer and the seller revoked upon proof of sale to drunkards, or to those involved in accidents, due to use of alcoholic beverages.

If the state must be a partner in the nefarious traffic in liquor, through its licensing, then the state should guard the general public from the disasters of the unwholesome alliance.

Drinking permits should also have quota limits, as in Sweden, to stop the sellers' inducement to profit from the victims' loss of resistance. The state has no constitutional right to license the sale of liquor any more than to license gambling or white slavery.

MERCHANTS CUT OWN THROAT, BELIEF

By W. Scott Taylor

The progressives want to suggest to the merchants of Indianapolis that when they put up signs in their stores attacking the cost of living, they are only making it harder for small business to survive and expand, employ more labor and pay better wages.

In other words, they are cutting their own throats for the benefit of the money lenders who are trying to maintain an unfair and unearned advantage for those who have made their fortunes, at the expense of those who have yet to make them.

What is the significance of the fact that prices have not yet climbed up half the distance which they dropped between December, 1929, and June, 1932? They dropped 28.3 cents and have climbed back 11.9 cents. They are still 16.4 cents short.

Why should the money lender pay to the money lender an unearned bonus of 16 cents plus interest on every dollar borrowed as of December, 1929? The creditor is entitled to equal justice and no more.

The small business man can survive and expand and pay better wages and employ more men, only when there is a steady, gradual increase in prices to the point where justice is done between debtor and creditor.

Why assist with propaganda that tends toward business suicide for the small man, for the unearned advantage of others?

SMITH SPEECH A HONEY, SAYS WRITER

By K. Laitin, Winchester

The Brown Derby speech was a honey—a marvelous vocabulary—I, me and mine.

It Seems to Me

By Heywood Broun

Columnist Plans to Go Away for a While; He Wants Warmth, Excitement and Perfect Rest

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—I think that I'll pack my bag and go away for a while. Does any reader know a good place? I want a warm climate, excitement and perfect rest. I suppose the last two are the more important factors.

One of the worst ways to rest is to lie flat on your back and quarrel and complain and quibble. There must be some sort of movement in any rational scheme to rest.

For instance, I watched the Futurity at Belmont Park on Saturday. It was the first time I'd ever seen this big race, and it fitted in completely with the way I wanted to rest. There were fifteen or twenty horses all milling around at the barrier, and I was leaning comfortably against a wall waiting for them to run. It gave me a sense of power and character. Although I had bet \$2 right on the nose of five horses, making a total of \$10, I was cool as a cucumber.

No, I was interested, but in no sense drawn and haggard. All my horses were long shots, and I didn't expect any of them to win. The one which made the best showing for me was a colt named John P. War. And that's a pretty silly name for a horse. However, John P. War held up the start for six or seven minutes almost without aid. Still, he got off all right, and at the half-mile mark my 20 to 1 shot, John P. War, was a bang up fifth. As the finish line grew closer he began to recede with a high degree of rapidity.

STILL, I had had my \$2 worth just in the thrill of hearing him named once as among the contenders. "John P. War is charging up on the outside," said the man at the microphone, and my years and my ailments dropped from my shoulders. I quit coughing for the first time in 10 years. It wasn't just John P. War who was charging up on the outside. In a spiritual sense a stout columnist was moving along with him step by step and leap by leap. I don't know what got in our way, but for a fleeting second John P. War and Heywood Broun seemed in an excellent spot to top the Futurity.

And so once more I intend to go out and discover America. Particularly I want to follow the trail of Fonce de Leon. Maybe there is a fountain. The reader gets no guarantee that I will carry through my exile. When I get a short distance from home I may find it lonely and come clamoring back to the hospitality of Manhattan. Speaking of hospitality, I think I will endeavor to find out if it's true what they say about Dixie.

THE election is within a month now, and the obligation to drive ahead for a Roosevelt victory seems less vital. From where I sit the result seems to be reasonably sure.

I was taking a poll in the betting ring on Saturday at Belmont, and all the bookmakers seem to be agreed that Franklin D. was a 5 to 12 favorite. It seems to me certain that the price will be 3 or 4 to 1 before election.

Bookmakers, of course, are sentimental people. Their hearts rule their heads, and that's why they often give the customers a good break in the odds.

The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Old Friend of Al Smith's Gives 'Inside' Story of the Happy Warrior's Drift to Wall Street With John Raszkob and His Break With Roosevelt

By EDDIE DOWLING

Comedian and Broadway Producer (SUBSTITUTING FOR DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—This may be politics, which Drew and Bob say is barred from a guest column, but I am going to tell the story of how Al Smith drifted away from Franklin Roosevelt.

I am a Catholic, I am Irish, and I am an old friend of Al Smith. Like Al's mother and father, mine didn't have a cent. At 12 I was a cabin boy at sea, when Al was cleaning fish in the Fulton Market. I have known Al, rooted for him, raised money for him ever since the started up the ladder of politics.

Al has gone a long way since then, though not in the direction he started—and I am afraid I may have given him the first push that diverted him to the plush carpets and gilded elevators of Wall Street. It came about chiefly through John J. Raszkob.

AL SMITH was running for re-election as Governor and the Republicans were trying to smear him with the milk racket. Raszkob asked me about it, and I said: "Nobody like Al, with a bunch of kids of his own, is going to steal milk from the kids of New York City, and if you don't believe it, I'll take you up to see him."

Al always had Suite 2021 at the Biltmore during the campaign, and I went in the bedroom door.

Al was on the wire talking to the editor of The New York Sun.

"If you don't retract that slander about me and the milk racket," Al belted, "you'll have a libel suit cracked down on you that'll knock your presses on to the pavement."

"That convinces me," said Raszkob. "That's all I want to hear."

I WENT with Raszkob to the Houston convention that nominated Smith to run against Hoover. When we got to Houston, the convention managers wanted to lock Mrs. Smith in her room, so every day I took her out motoring. Raszkob did too. By this time Raszkob had done all kinds of things for Al, and one day Smith asked me what he could do for Raszkob to make it up.

"Make him chairman of the Democratic National Committee," I suggested.

"Do you think he'd accept?"

"Ask him and see," I said. So Al got him on the phone and Raszkob accepted like a shot.

AFTER Al lost out to Hoover he got a little bitter. In the same election, of course, Franklin Roosevelt had walked away with the governorship. The fact that his own New York State turned him down as President but elected Roosevelt Governor got under Al's skin.

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