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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' Swimm' 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 officers 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 seasonable 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 fatal 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 unfailing 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.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

Some Cyclones Do the Funniest Things—By Talbert



Still Dragging the Dead Weight—By Kirby



Fair Enough

By Westbrook 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 World Series taffy pull yesterday when the 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 from February or early March right up to October. The young ones, full of the varsity spirit and youthful zeal, often err from over-exertion, and the old ones feel the drag of weariness, a combination which makes for some ludicrous effects under solemn circumstances.

Col. Know utters a panic heresy when he says insurance policies in bank accounts are unsafe under the New Deal.

The Rev. Coughlin tells us that President Roosevelt is a liar and anti-God. The same old-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 shaved but little by this fall's election.

The editorial in The Times entitled, "Government by Confusion," is one of the best pieces of logic it has been 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 folks might as well equip themselves with a tin bill so that they can compete for existence with the chickens.

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.

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

The Hoosier Forum

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

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 is 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.

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President Roosevelt is a liar and anti-God. The same old-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?

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ASSERTS WPA BITTER FILL FOR REPUBLICANS

By Hiram L. 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 a absolutely non-political organization.

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

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 literally true today.

Even among Delaware Republicans and in defiance of the dukedom, there is revolt against that idea this year.

Part of the tenantry is up in arms. There is an independent Republican ticket in the field, with the sole purpose of tossing Delaware to the Democrats and an excellent prospect of doing it.

DU PONT DOMINATES DELAWARE

By 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 manorial. There are only three counties.

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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 at

least as long as Coleman reigned, there was

very little despotism. "Too much du Pont" was

his veto when his cohorts became too enthusiastic

and Coleman never failed to consult "the boys."

The present patriarch is Pierre. In his own proper

person he is not only tax commissioner which pre-

vents rude inquisitions into family books, but also

liquor lord of dukedom. "The boys" are no longer

content. They hear and obey.

In fairness, I must hasten to add that there is no

better governed state. Pierre is said to have vowed

to make it the model state and, knowing him, I have

not the slightest doubt that he intends exactly that

or that he is capable of doing it.

If we were George Washington and were able to

I decree Utopia, we can't afford to have any Ameri-

can commonwealth so controlled.

The Delaware philosophy of government by

the good, the just and the benevolent is responsible for

the Liberty League's belief that wealth, if only it is

honest and well disposed, ought to be allowed to

grow.

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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 Fury 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 and I was walking around at the barrier, and I was walking comfortably against the wall, waiting for them to run. It gave me a sense of power and character. Although I had bet \$10 on the half-mile mark 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 \$10 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 ailements 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. There was 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 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.

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