

Vagabond

FROM INDIANA

ERNIE PYLE

HAWTHORNE, Cal., Jan. 9.—The greatest all-around athlete the world has ever known is today, at 48, just about as well off as the average husky longshoreman.

Jim Thorpe is the man. He hasn't anything, except a nice family and enough bit work in the movies to get by from week to week.

Thorpe was the Indian who was the sensation of the 1912 Olympic games. It was the King of Sweden who first termed him the world's greatest all-around athlete.

Thorpe was an active athlete from 1908 to 1929—more than a fifth of a century. In 1929 he rode out to Los Angeles on C. C. Pyle's "Bunion Derby" as master of ceremonies.

The Bunion Derby promoter left him stranded here, and he has been here ever since. He says Pyle still owes him money.

For the past seven years he has been doing bit work in the movies. He plays the part of Indian chief, and of athletic coaches. On a good streak, he'll make as much as \$300 or \$400 a month, but the whole year doesn't consist of good streaks.

Thorpe's last athletic endeavor was in 1933, when he managed and coached a touring professional ball team. He didn't get all his pay from that, either. He has quit taking regular exercise. His weight is up to 225 now, and it should be around 190. He has a stomach. But he's still a fine figure of a man.

Thorpe was out in the back yard burning trash when I got there.

He's Sauk and Fox

THORPE is a Sauk and Fox from Oklahoma. He says he's about five-eighths Indian. He has an Indian face, but speaks without an accent. He can speak Sauk and Fox fluently, and a little of three or four other dialects.

A good many directors know him, and send a call when they have a part. He enjoys film work. "But it has killed going to theaters for me," he says. "I go to sleep watching a movie now."

"Indians aren't good actors anyway. An actor has to exaggerate. It's against an Indian's nature to exaggerate or be emotional."

In his off time, he reads magazines or fishes. His house is a couple of miles from the ocean, and he drives down and fishes off the pier. Once in a while he goes coon hunting at night, all by himself.

Thinks Ohio Beautiful State

HE thinks Ohio, where he lived so long, is the most beautiful state in the Union. He reads some of the sports news in the papers, but doesn't follow it religiously. He goes to football games occasionally, but gets disgusted with the way they play and the way officials favor one side over the other.

Thorpe would like a football coaching job somewhere. "When I was young," he says, "I wanted to be an electrician. But in school I got into athletics, and decided I wanted to be a coach. But I was so good in so many sports I just kept on playing, instead of coaching. Now I think it's about time I started using my brains."

Thorpe was wealthy once. He made big money in his professional days. At one time he was worth \$100,000 and owned three homes. "But you know it is," he says. "Easy come, easy go. Thought it would last forever, I guess. He isn't gloomy about it. Just matter-of-fact."

Mrs. Roosevelt's Day

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

WASHINGTON, Friday.—I saw Katharine Cornell not long ago for the second time in "The Wingless Victory." And it is, of course, a more finished performance than when I saw it down here for the first time. The entire cast is exceptionally good. I have, of course, heard criticisms of the play.

In fact, some people behind me kept murmuring: "Why should she choose such a play?" I wanted to turn around and say: "Because it requires some perfectly superb acting." She is perfectly remarkable in the second and third acts.

I had a young girl with me who is studying for the stage and when she saw Katharine for the last time she was dissolved in tears. And even I, hardened old play-goer that I am, was stirred more deeply than I had been the first time.

For sheer cruelty, our old Puritan ancestors can hardly be beaten, but I regret to say I think in spite of the years that have passed, we are still capable of subtle types of cruelty. Many of Maxwell Anderson's lines are just as applicable today as they were in the Salem of the 1800s.

I cannot imagine anyone will come out from that theater feeling that he has wasted his time, but I can imagine that he will feel that he has seen a play that is always palatable and it sometimes thrusts tragedy upon us just when we want to be amused.

I intended to fly back from New York this morning, but there was so much fog that the airlines told me that I would probably be able to leave on the 10:30 plane, so I left hurriedly on the 8:10 train, and found myself sitting opposite my cousin, Archie Roosevelt, who was coming down to be one of the honorary pallbearers at Admiral Gleaves' funeral.

We were late and both of us hurried to go home back to the White House with me. I turned him over to the usher to have his wants attended to, while I dashed upstairs and made rather hurried preparations for luncheon with Mrs. Wallace, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture, picked up my personal mail and rushed out again to the waiting car. I kept the ladies waiting and had to apologize, but they were very understanding and we had a delightful luncheon. Mrs. Wallace is a sweet and charming hostess.

New Books

PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

WHEN, at the beginning of the World War, the Austrians marched against the Serbs, the little girls in the school at Belgrade were hastened out of the city and taken for safety to the monastery of St. Roman.

Ten-year-old Dasa, who "could ride a horse, fire a pistol, milk cows, dig potatoes, sow and harvest, cook, take care of babies," is the central figure of **BALKAN MONASTERY** (Stokes), by Stephen Graham.

The children, sometimes mistreated, later neglected, and finally left to starve, or else to beg and steal their food, were not all so wretched as Dasa to take care of themselves. Left alone at the monastery when the Bulgars advanced into the country, they called forth at least a measure of concern from the Bulgarian priest, and he found them homes of sorts among Bulgarian families.

Some of the children were not heard of again. Perhaps, half-starved and weak as they were, they died. Young Dasa, of tougher fiber, at length made her way back to the monastery; and the last part of the book tells of her reunion with her father and brother.

Intimate details from the lives of four women, representing as many generations in the upper class English family of Wrothman, from the theme of **FAIR COMPANY**, by Doris Leslie Macmillan.

Reconstructed from old letters and diaries by a descendant of the family, the resulting novel is a vitalized panoramic view of England from the Regency to 1834.

Such familiar personages as Byron, Shelley, the Godwins, Queen Victoria and Albert, Lady Caroline Lamb, Napoleon, Wellington, Bismarck, "George the Beloved," pass vividly before the reader's eyes. Gay social functions and frivolous pastimes of the upper classes contrasted with pitiful conditions in the lower classes, the Manchester riots in which a radical member of the family lost an eye, hunger strikes among women suffragettes causing two Wrothmans to be thrown into jail, the Crimean war with Great Aunt Sabrina as a nurse, and finally the days preceding and immediately following the great war, intermingled to furnish the background against which these women of the House of Wroth live, love, and die.

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BUILDING TRENCHES IN THE SKIES

Foreign Planes Could Run Circles Around U.S. Ships, Williams Says

(Last of a Series)

By MAJOR AL WILLIAMS
Times Special Writer

EUROPE builds airplanes to fight—America builds them to fly passengers and express.

We are not prepared for the new kind of war. And when that war comes it will catch us flat-footed.

To begin with, this is an exceedingly trying story to write, because many of the air power comparisons are discreditable to the United States and shocking to the sense of national pride. But I carefully inspected the war wings of Europe, country by country, and I know—as an airman who has flown in the military service—that ours haven't yet begun to sprout. I made it a cold-blooded business of looking at the equipment and programs, and we just don't stack up.

It's a story of motors. For war strength three specific types of motors are needed: we have one of those types. The air-cooled radial engine is used by our transport ships and by our military planes. It's all we have. The two other types are the liquid-cooled engine for stream-lined planes, the only real defense against invasion by bombers, and the Diesel engine, the power plant for long-range bombers and the engine of future commercial aviation as well.

We had no tried and proved aircraft engine when we went into the World War. A major conflict today would find us facing the same condition. We are five years behind Europe in the matter of having anything like a full quota of aircraft engine types for our air defense. And this is 10 times more serious than merely lacking airplanes.

Some years back America side-tracked everything but the big, blunt air-cooled radials which stand out like a sore thumb in stream-lined ships. Into discard went the liquid-cooled engine, so admirably adapted to streamline designs.

AMERICA has spent millions trying to reduce air resistance as it persists with radial motors, and has accomplished much. But even so, our ships are unable to compete with the performance of the stream-lined, liquid-cooled Rolls Royce, the Italian "Fiat," the French "Hispano-Suiza" or "Lorraine," or the new German "BMW" motors. None of our fighting ships of any classification is able to do an honest 300 miles an hour. The European fighters clip merrily along at 370 with a full quota of ammunition and bombs tucked aboard.

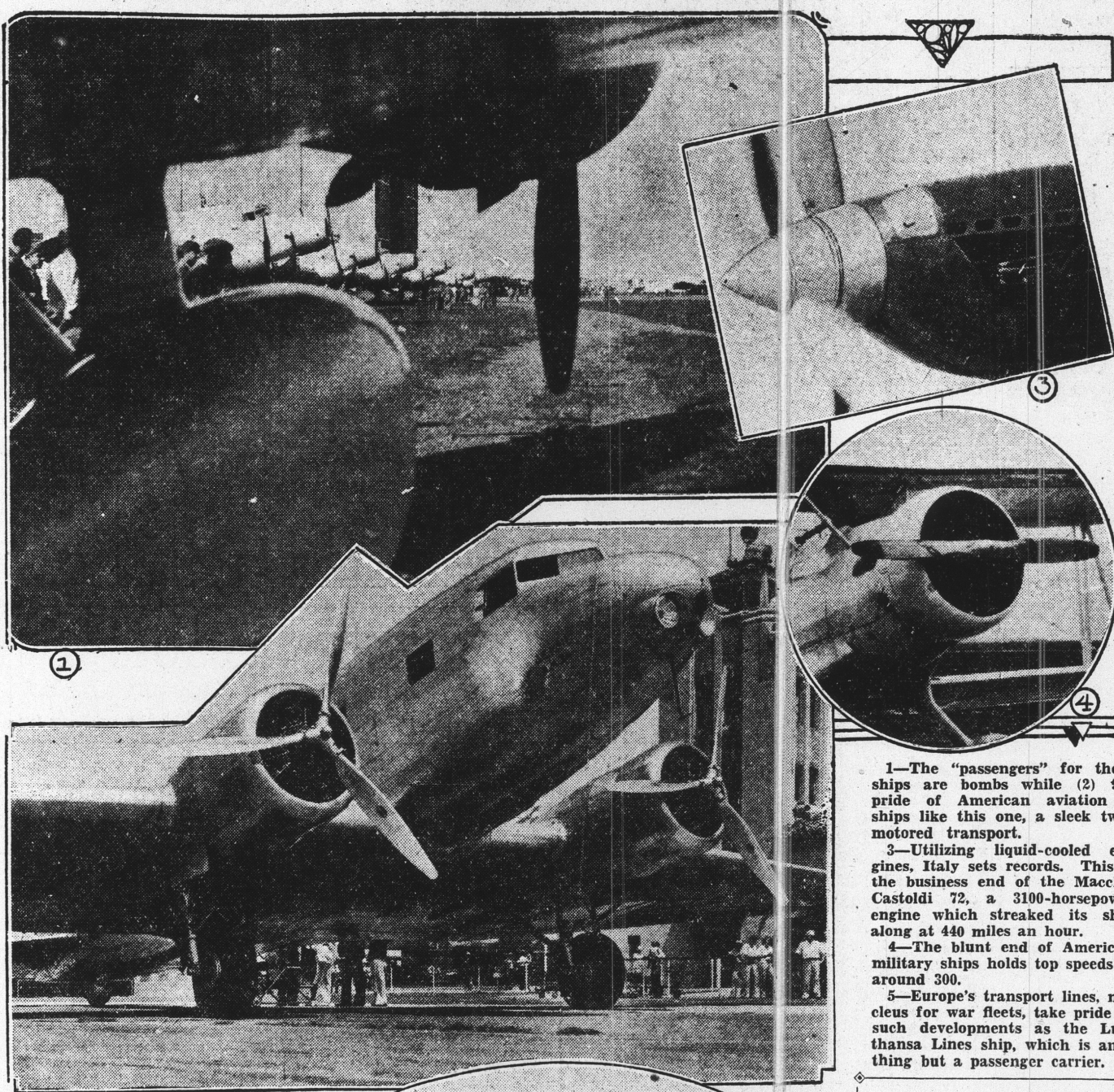
Even more woefully, America hasn't even envisioned much less made plans to utilize—the Diesel engine. Twenty per cent more economical in point of fuel consumption than the gasoline engine, the Diesel can fly 20 per cent farther on the same fuel load. That makes it the ideal engine for the bomber, which must fly long distances and drop its bombs. Every ounce saved in fuel weight means that more motor explosives can be tucked on board—and that's the bomber's "pay load."

The Germans recently flew a twin-engine transport, equipped with Diesels from Dessau, Germany, to Bathurst, Africa, a distance of 3625 miles—at a speed of 181 miles per hour, nonstop. The hourly consumption of fuel was about 40 gallons of low grade oil—about half the volume of fuel which would have been consumed by gasoline engines.

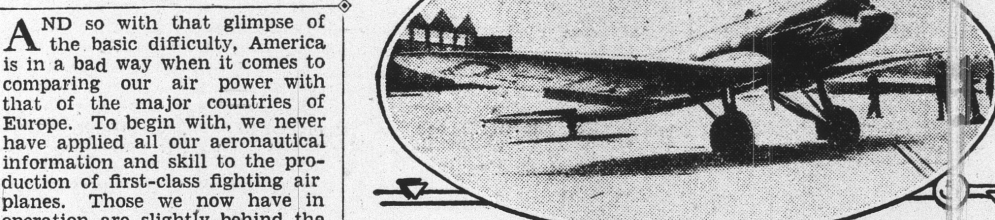
Designers and sponsors of the aircraft Diesel, the German Junkers Co., has made a real engine of them. Just to be sure, I went to the Diesel plant in the Junkers factory, and its performance surpassed anything I'd ever seen before.

France, Italy and England have purchased manufacturing rights of this particular engine, and even though they haven't put them to use yet, when they do finally wake up they'll at least be able to get in the air show. America failed to buy its ticket.

America has no bombers of the type the next war is going to demand—and she hasn't yet begun to worry about it.



1—The "passengers" for these ships are bombs while (2) the pride of American aviation is ships like this one, a sleek two-motored transport.
3—Utilizing liquid-cooled engines, Italy sets records. This is the business end of the Macchi-Castoldi 72, a 3100-horsepower engine which streaked its ship along at 440 miles an hour.
4—The blunt end of American military ships holds top speeds to around 300.
5—Europe's transport lines, numerous as they are, take pride in such developments as the Luftansa Lines ship, which is anything but a passenger carrier.



2—The German Luftansa Airline, the first scheduled airline operation in Europe, served Germany from the first as a substitute for the air force denied her by the Versailles Treaty. And this is an excellent example of the dual role of an European air line, which was organized at the instigation of the German government and heavily subsidized.

Italian and German strategists repeatedly explained to me the basic theories of the "next war" as they see them. The fighting and bombing airplane marks a more radical change in war plans than did the advent of gunpowder centuries ago. The long-range bomber can carry the war to the civilians—the people who pay for wars and who call them off once they grow discouraged and give up. Those who scoff at the damage a squadron of bombers might do should pause. Last spring a flood washed into Pittsburgh and the city got a terrible taste of what an air raid might bring. Water cut off, lights out, milk shortage, communications cut off. No, you don't have to blast away at the skyscrapers to cripple a city. All you've got to know is the right nerve centers at which to aim your bombs.

Our talking point is commercial aviation. The American air transportation systems are superior by far to any others in the world. Our 18,000 miles of night-lighted and radio-equipped airways, operated by the Federal Government, are the envy of all countries. Our great transports, with high cruising speeds, passenger comfort features and silenced cabins, are the best and most efficient ships in the world for their particular service.

The European nations appreciate these facts, and the new weapons awakened many to the possibilities of such ships. But not only for passenger service. Many of the lessons of American aeronautics are bringing results in European bombers. They think in terms of fighting craft.

This military tendency even shows up in the passenger lines. Pilots take off, fly, and with big transports as though they were pursuit ships or bombers. If we happened to be traveling a bit too fast it seemed to be the thing to tip the ship over on one wing and side-slip to kill our speed. That's the way I saw a Hawk single seater, but it's the way I want to be flown in a commercial transport.

ANOTHER practice of European transport lines—one I will never understand—is the business of loading passengers into a ship which has been standing in the open for hours and whose motors are as cold as a grave digger's shovel, and then taking-off with only a 10-second warm-up. From dead to wide-open running is such a fast for me, no matter who builds the engines.

After a bit of European transport flying, I quit and took to the trains. The factors which influence the destinies of European air transportation are complex and involved. With the exception of Holland, these countries have been permitted to a portion of their aeronautical efforts toward the purely commercial business of operating an airline.

Holland possesses little in the way of an aircraft manufacturing industry, because of the fact she needs little in the fighting air force. The airlines were, therefore, purchased American-built aircraft.

The German Luftansa Airline, the first scheduled airline operation in Europe, served Germany from the first as a substitute for the air force denied her by the Versailles Treaty. And this is an excellent example of the dual role of an European air line, which was organized at the instigation of the German government and heavily subsidized.

The Italian air lines are more completely under the control of the Government. And whether they make a profit or not (and they do not) they are maintained in operation, for obvious reasons.

IN 1935, the airlines of America flew approximately eight times the distance, and more than eight times the passenger mileage of the British airlines, while our air subsidies were a little less than eight times those of Great Britain. During the same period France subsidized her airlines with about one-third the sum of money expended by the United States Government, and flew only one-tenth the miles and one-twentieth the passenger miles.

But when talk turns to air power, then it is not the time to discuss passenger miles nor point to sleek transports which turn out to be a waste of money.

I have seen the fighting aircraft of all the major countries, and I've seen the factories and plants where the great fighters are built. They are being turned out like fury when the order comes. It's to be a race with the world at stake when the air war comes, and the factories which turn out the greatest number of the best ships are going to have a head start. There's more than a grain of irony in the fact that America, home of mass production, may have to shop around for ideas and tricks of the trade.

Bombers now being built abroad are capable of long flights—even across oceans. They're built to return after a mission, but they might not care about that.

ONE disillusioning fact about the economy. Reorganization of administrative machinery will improve its functioning. It can effect some savings. But not great ones.

Improved administration will not reduce the interest on the public debt which now runs up toward one billion dollars a year. It will not reduce the cost of national defense which is close to another billion. It will not reduce materially the cost of pensions, which is more than half a billion. It will not get us back to the good old four billion dollar budgets of the thrifty Coolidge.

Coolidge couldn't bring back those neat little four billion dollar budgets now. We are asking more of the Government than we used to. No amount of efficient management will wipe out the cost of CCC, of social security, of stock market regulation, and a dozen other new activities which are here to stay.

Our Town

By ANTON SCHERRER

UNLESS I am misinformed, Monday is the day set apart to receive the dentists of Indiana. They're coming here to have their annual meeting, or something. They couldn't have picked a better time because it just happens that at the moment I am a mine of information concerning them.

The earliest practitioner of dentistry around here was Dr. Joshua Soule, son of Bishop Soule of the early as 1832, maybe earlier. Anyway, he was town clerk in 1835 and 1836, and in 1837 represented the Second Ward in the City Council. As a matter of fact, he was president that term. I mention Dr. Soule's extra-curricular activities because of the general belief that dentists don't, as a rule, have many friends.

The next dentist of whom any distinct record remains was David Hunt, who came here about 1840, and had an office in the southwest quadrant of the Circle till his death in 1846. His brothers, Andrew and George continued the business after his death, and were the principal dentists up to somewhere around 1850.

Dr. G. A. Wells came then. So did a lot of others, apparently, because by the time the first (1857) directory was published, Indianapolis had no less than nine "resident" dentists. Counting the itinerants who stopped off here to pick up business, there's no telling how many dentists we had at that time.

First to Make False Teeth

DR. DAVID HUNT (circa 1842) was probably the first man in Indianapolis to make false teeth, singly and in series. He called them "dentures." I haven't the least idea how Dr. Hunt went about his business, but I suppose he practiced a technique not unlike that of John Greenwood in the East, who made most of the dentures for George Washington. I dug Mr. Washington into this piece because, besides being the Father of his Country, he was the only early American considerate enough to leave us sufficient dental data to pursue the subject.

Washington's false teeth are scattered all over the country. His first set is somewhere in New York in the possession of the heirs of John Rudd Greenwood, great-grandson of Washington's favorite dentist. The set has a hole in the plate to fit over Washington's last remaining tooth. It was made in 1789. Washington was 57 years old at the time.

Another set, probably the second, is at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. A third set is owned by Mrs. Charlotte R. Mustard of Baltimore. It's a full set, upper and lower, the bases of lead held together by steel springs. It weighs a pound today, and there's every reason to believe that it weighed just as much in Washington's mouth. All these sets were made by Mr. Greenwood.

Wore Set for Portrait

A FOURTH set was made by James Gardette which Washington wore for a 1796 Stuart portrait. And then, of course, there is the set that was worn by George Washington. Anyhow, that's the way Dr. Bernard Weinberger, one-time professor of Dental History and Literature at New York University, has it figured out. Dr. Weinberger got so interested in the subject at the time of the Bicentennial of 1932 that he dug up enough material to write a book about Washington's teeth.

That's about all I know about early dentistry, except maybe I ought to tell you that in 1879 the Indiana Dental College was established here, with quarters in the Aetna Building on N. Pennsylvania St. We never had a shortage of dentists after that.

A Woman's View

By MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

A SCHOOL teacher has been named her city's most useful citizen for 1936—and a woman teacher at that.

There's hardly a town in the United States but has one such woman to whom credit and honor and public praise are due, although it is too seldom given. Behind the present expression of civic gratitude lie long years of patient work and unselfish love, as well as wisdom of action, which is the foundation of every good teacher's character.

Agitation about the higher education is almost perpetual with us. A vast sum is spent on universities and colleges, yet the pupil is made or marred in the lower grades. If the real function of education is to teach the individual how to think, certainly the process will probably never be done. Unless someone along the line has "followed the gleam" and pointed it out to the child; unless he has had at least one teacher who can inspire him with a desire for learning; it will be a waste of time to expect him to do anything but mental inertia.

The grade and high schools are running over with poor teachers. This is true, I imagine, largely because the good ones get so little reward, vocal or otherwise. We have managed to raise the salary of a school teacher to the good-mother category—by expecting her to do her best merely for the joy of working.

Yet the beneficent children get from her are immeasurable; in a good many cases, perhaps in the majority of cases, she has quite as much to do with training her children as we do.

One of these days I hope we will build a great monument to such women—the unselfish, kind, ever cheerful teachers who, even more than parents, dedicate their lives to the young.

Your Health

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

Editor, American Medical Assn. Journal

IF you were asked what you consider to be the most important organ or tissue of the human body, you would probably mention the heart, the brain, the lungs, the liver, or even the kidneys. In any event you would be wrong, because unquestionably the most important tissue in the human body is the blood—most necessary and vital of all the substances that go to make up the human organism.

From time immemorial the blood has been known to be essential to life. The story of the gradual changes of opinion concerning the blood is one of the most fascinating stories in science. The early knowledge of the blood is mixed with magic and strange superstitions which were destroyed only by the development of the microscope and the growth of modern physiology. Now we determine not only the nature of the blood and its variations under different conditions, but also the manner in which it circulates and brings nutrition and life to every part of the body.

The man who, in 1822, first recognized the disease called pernicious anemia, apparently did not look at the blood, but concerned himself only with the general symptoms of the disease as it affects the body as a whole.

Most of our modern knowledge of the blood depends on the work of the great investigator, Paul Ehrlich, who first discovered salvarsan, or "606." Previous to that great discovery, he had described stains which are applied to specimens of blood withdrawn from a vein and dropped on a glass slide. The stains bring out the various elements within the blood cells and enable us to count the cells and to determine their number and variety.

The manufacture of blood goes on constantly in the human body. In some diseases, such as pernicious anemia, the cells may be destroyed rapidly or may fail to form as they are needed. In some diseases the blood becomes too thick; in others it is too thin.

The number of white blood cells is increased when there is infection, and greatly decreased in certain diseases. Today the study of the blood is a technical medical specialty. An actual knowledge of the state of the blood in many cases may mean the difference between life and death.

WYOMING MAKES MONEY OUT OF WHOLESALE MONOPOLY ON LIQUOR

By ROSCOE B. FLEMING
Times Special Writer

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Jan. 9.—Wyoming appears to have succeeded both in making money out of the liquor industry and in keeping a tight grip on it from the standpoint of social welfare and control.

Wyoming is the only state that operates a wholesale liquor monopoly with private retailing. The state not only collects a tax on liquor but also makes the usual wholesalers' profit, and that profit has been very satisfactory. For the first full year of operation the state's net income from liquor was \$507,000, or \$2.30 per capita.

Indications are that the current year's net return will be up about 20 per cent, or a total of \$2.76 per capita—one of the highest in the country.

Retail sale of liquor is by private persons. NOT only is Wyoming making money, but her wholesale monopoly gives state enforcement authorities the strongest possible

weapon against violators—shutting off their supply of liquor. This has already been done in two cases, says Oscar O. Natwick, liquor director.

After an unsuccessful post-repeal period when legal sale of liquor was by prescription only, the Legislature passed the present law effective April 1, 1935.

Control was put in the hands of a liquor commission composed of the Governor, the Secretary of State and State Treasurer, who appointed Mr. Natwick.

Mr. Natwick has charge of all three functions—sales, tax collection, enforcement.

There is some bootlegging. The law closes all liquor establishments from 1 to 6 a. m., and all day Sunday. Some illegal selling occurs in these closed periods. And in the remote areas of the state some liquor ships in without paying tribute to the state monopoly.

The Wyoming law sharply limits the number of licenses that may be granted per capita. No town of less than 500 in Wyoming may have more than two licenses. One additional license may be granted for each 500 population over that, but in no case more than 20 in any city or town.

Local authorities may charge a license fee from \$300 to \$1500. Average is about \$750. Local authorities cannot tax liquor.

THE Wyoming retail liquor establishment is frankly a bar room, made so by law. It must be in one room, and that room must be on a main street or highway. No woman may be employed in such a room, no booths are permitted, nor any gambling. Nothing can be sold except drinks and tobacco—specifically, no food.

Budget Message Expected To Dispel Financial Fears

By Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—Horrendous fears about the state of Government finances, which Republicans were parading before a few months ago, are being dispelled when President Roosevelt's budget message is expected.

The answer appears to be that, strange as it seems, a 1937 budget itself into prospect. You can't do it as an individual, but a Nation can. The family doesn't stand as a perfect when applied to Government finance.

In a word, the difference between the fact that Government promotes business and Government revenues.

RUSSELL C. LEFFINGWELL, a Morgan partner, says it this way: "A private businessman may be unrestrained by motives of kindness and good will and so, in hiring and firing and in raising prices and reducing curtail his business or not, it runs at a loss."

"Government cannot do that," he says. "It is bound by the obligation of public service, and it must raise prices and reduce curtail his business or not, it runs at a loss."

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