

Our Town

Every once in a while somebody around here starts a panic by observing that Indianapolis has too many doctors for its own good. Well, I looked into that, too, and discovered this: when Dr. P. H. Jameson hung out his shingle in 1849, Indianapolis had exactly 25 doctors to handle a population of 7000. Which is to say that every doctor had a potential practice of something like 500 patients if you figure in the tributary country.

Fifty years later, that same Dr. Jameson was one of 300 doctors around here. The town had grown like everything—to 160,000 as a matter of fact. Curiously enough, however, the ratio of doctors to population remained the same.

Believe it or not, it's the same today. All you have to do is to multiply the number of doctors names in the telephone directory by 500 and you'll come as close to getting the population of Indianapolis as the Government will next year. If you're optimistically inclined, you'll include the names of dentists and chiropractors, too.

An Epidemic of Doctors

I hope that ends the panic. It raises another question, however—that scared look Indianapolis doctors have when the subject of their competition comes up. It's inherited, and to account for it you have to start with the beginning of things.

Indianapolis started off with a doctor and got along surprisingly well. In the course of the next six months, however, it had five doctors and nobody knows how it happened or where they came from. They turned up all at once and they hardly got

By Anton Scherrer

settled when the big epidemic broke loose. To this day nobody knows for sure whether the epidemic was the cause or the effect of their coming.

Be that as it may, the epidemic started that scared look. As a matter of fact, it started the day Dr. Jonathan Cool got Dr. Isaac Coe's job. Dr. Coe came here in May, 1821, loaded down with a big supply of Peruvian bark and several barrels of rich ripe wine which turned out to be exactly the kind of medicine his clientele needed.

Drastic Action Indicated

At any rate, Dr. Coe's practice got to be bigger and bigger and it drove Dr. Cool to the point of composing a cruel couplet which, unlike poetry of the time, had the merit of coming to the point quickly. Said Dr. Cool to Dr. Coe:

"Oh, Dr. Coe, oh Dr. Coe,

What makes you dose your patients so?"

Its effect was immediate and so demoralized the profession that it moved Dr. Samuel Mitchell to act at once. Dr. Mitchell, the acclaimed dean of the profession at the time, said Dr. Cool's behavior came perilously close to violating the *Orth of Hippocrates*, to say nothing of the Biblical injunction. And anyway, it was rotten poetry, said Dr. Mitchell.

Which was why the Indiana Central Medical Society was organized in 1823 with Dr. Mitchell as president and Dr. Dunlap as secretary. It was a purely self protective measure and spent most of its time looking for poets in the medical profession.

(Ernie Pyle Is On Vacation)

It Seems to Me

By Heywood Broun

NEW YORK, July 7.—The New Yorker, a magazine, is so self-assured and Winchellwise—that it is comforting to find it has a heel. Indeed, I had suspected as much. In a recent issue the weekly took a swing with a short piece on child psychology and fell upon its nose. If the old lady from Dubuque were a reader the last laugh would have been hers.

Granting the wit and wisdom of Manhattan's smart gazette, I sometimes find it not quite up to its usual standard at times as it attempts to discuss labor, politics, the medical movement. But it ventures forth with even less impedimenta of information when it attempts to discuss babies—just babies.

The average writer for the New Yorker marries only sporadically and leaves few hostages to fortune. Indeed, the latest statistics show that there is something less than one-third of 1 per cent of child per contributor, which leaves the sheet trailing somewhat behind the recorded fertility of old Bostonians and graduates of Vassar.

Mother Knows Best

Imagine, then, my surprise at finding the leading item in a recent issue to be a purported transcript of a free verse poem made up entirely out of the head of a 4-year-old boy. The mood of rebellion against parental authority is familiar enough and undoubtedly authentic. But I strongly suspect that the child's original chant has been vastly touched up by the doting mother—a literary lady, I assume—before she made a fair copy and sent it to the editor. Of course, it may be that the infant in question is a prodigy or that he has been brought up wholly on "leaves of grass" instead of spinach.

However, I ask leave to offer in evidence the first half of the poem as Exhibit A:

He just do nothing at all.

Washington

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON, July 7.—It's all right now, for President Roosevelt finally got his monetary powers extended. But during the last few days of suspense there have been some Administration officials who must have regretted the day nearly two years ago when they interfered in the Senate leadership fight and forced the selection of Senator Barkley of Kentucky over Senator Pat Harrison by changing one vote.

From that time on, Senate resistance to the White House has been growing. Under every President, a struggle for power develops between the White House and the Senate, it already was under way when the White House forces aggravated it by forcing the Senate to set up Barkley as Majority Leader. Time and again the feeling has blazed forth, as when Senators caught the Administration secretly facilitating the purchase of airplanes by the French. It flamed out in the court bill fight and in the reorganization bill struggle.

Last week it burned more fiercely than ever over the monetary bill—centering around the question of renewing the President's power to devalue the dollar. The issue in itself was not particularly momentous. In the present uncertain foreign situation, it seems the better part of wisdom to give the President flexible power over the dollar, but the point does not appear to be of overwhelming importance.

Deal Crude, but Bold

However, it was seized upon as the vehicle of a fight to lay a heavy blow on Mr. Roosevelt. The Senate would take away one of his powers in a spectacular way that would show the country who was boss.

Anti-Roosevelt Democrats were glad to participate

in this and Republicans took the initiative in making the deal with the silver Democrats, voting them a fat slice of bacon by boosting the price of silver. Thus, sturdy old hard-money boys like Vandenberg of Michigan and Austin of Vermont were at one and the same time demanding a return to sound money and voting an additional Treasury grab for the silver crowd.

It was a crude deal, but a bold one, so transparent that they would hardly have had the nerve to attempt it against an Administration leadership that was the equal of Senator Barkley. It is said, was oblivious to what was going on in the cloakrooms until only a few minutes before the vote. Even then he may not have realized the extent to which the sound-money-silverite deal had reached. If he had, he would not have allowed the Senate to vote at that time, but would have sought a delay in order to break up the combination.

Well, It's a Free Country

Furthermore, during debate Barkley played into the hands of the wrecking crew by stating that the powers were not extended by midnight on June 30, they would expire and completely new legislation would be required.

Later, after the deadline passed without action, he was compelled to reverse himself and to take exactly the opposite position, namely that Congress could still vote a continuation. This involves a question of legality which may be a subject of prolonged controversy.

The net of a week of schoolboy politics is that some conservative Republicans are going to have to explain why they were caught in cohorts with silver-price fixers, the Administration leadership of the Senate has barely squeaked through after a humiliating experience, the silverites managed to trade all around the place and grab another half a loaf out of the confusion, and Mr. Roosevelt has retained the powers as asked.

This certainly is a free country, all right.

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

NEW YORK CITY, Thursday.—Yesterday afternoon, Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Gray and I went up for a little while to the old house at Tivoli, N. Y., then on to a friend's house for a swim and dinner. Early this morning, at 7 o'clock in fact, I left in my own car for New York City and went straight to my mother-in-law's house to go with her to the steamer.

I always like to go on board to see where my family is going to be ensconced during a trip of any kind, but I never like to stay to see the steamer actually leave. Even when people are going for pleasure and you want them to go, the actual moment of parting is never very pleasant and I much prefer not prolonging it by watching either a train or steamer pull out.

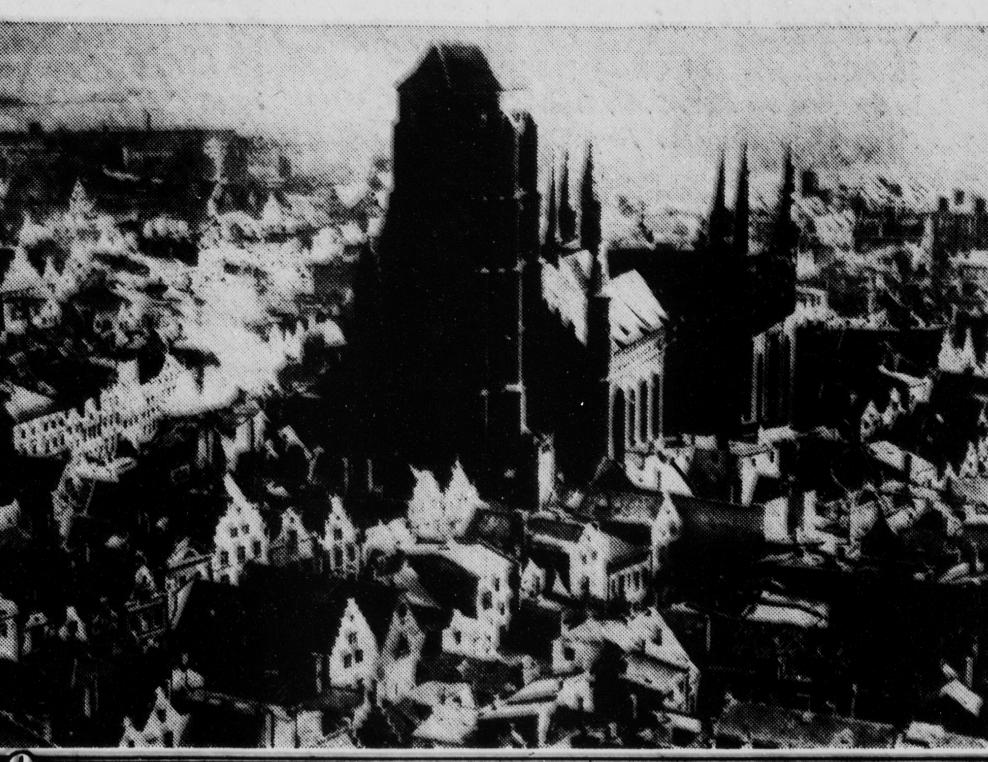
I left Mrs. Roosevelt about 11 o'clock and went down to my apartment. From there I went to see a dear friend who has been ill for some time. As it was my first visit in many weeks, I was very happy to feel that he was able again to enjoy seeing any one.

Then an hour with the dentist and a drive out to the World's Fair. Mr. Grover Whalen had arranged that the Encyclopaedia Britannica Inc. would present a set to the Arthurdale, W. Va. school, and they asked me to receive this set, which I was very

glad to do. Then I proceeded on my way, back to Hyde Park for supper with my guests, whom I had deserted for the whole day. A set of the encyclopaedia has also been offered for the White House Library and word has been sent to the President. Someone in Washington will be ready to receive it.

I was tremendously interested yesterday to read the resolution passed by the American Youth Congress. The effort which has been made to brand the Congress as Communist-controlled and the final effort which was made to stampede them into doing something which would have been completely undemocratic, has been, I think, wisely handled. On the whole, the leadership of the Congress seems to me to be very sane. It may be a little idealistic, but then if we can't have ideals in our youth, what will happen to us when we are old? The Congress may have hopes for accomplishments which may not be realized but, without hope and faith in the future, we would all of us die. I hope that the action now taken, and the evidence of sincerity which these meetings have shown, will bring to the American Youth Congress and the various groups which constitute it, not only the support of youth, but the support of many older people.

My husband and I were both very much grieved to receive the news of the death of Mr. T. Jefferson Newbold of Boston, who was one of our oldest friends. He was somewhat younger than the President, and he and his parents were our next door neighbors in Hyde Park.



Storm CENTER OF EUROPE

By Lee G. Miller

Times Special Writer

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The Free City of Danzig is overwhelmingly German in population. It is of lessening economic importance to Poland, which in the last 15 years has built on Polish soil nearby the great and growing port of Gdynia. Its people unquestionably are pro-Nazi.

Then what is all the shooting for? Why is all Europe, and perhaps the world, threatened with a war over this little area which, if the right of self-determination were acknowledged, should properly be handed over to Germany?

An answer is available in the words of Adolf Hitler himself.

"We start anew where we terminated six centuries ago. We reverse the eternal German migration to the south and to the west of Europe and look eastward. . . . If we speak of new soil, we can think first of Russia and her subject border states."

And the road to Russia's grain-rich Ukraine lies across Southern Poland.

If Herr Hitler got Danzig, and annexed it to East Prussia, that province would be separated from Germany proper by a mere 15 miles at the narrowest point of Pomorze—the Polish corridor.

German artillery on German soil could then rake every inch of that Polish bottleneck and of Gdynia.

Poland's strategic position would be desperate.

Herr Hitler told the Reichstag in April that he sought from Poland only the return of Danzig and "a German route through the corridor" in return for which he would agree to freeze the Polish-German boundary and sign a 25-year non-aggression pact.

He described this offer as "the greatest imaginable concession in the interests of European peace," and called Poland's rejection of it "incomprehensible."

But the Poles might have reminded him that last Sept. 26 he said: "I repeat here that if this problem (Sudetenland) is solved,

there will be no further territorial problems in Europe and Germany." And he told Neville Chamberlain at Berchtesgaden, according to Mr. Chamberlain, "that after the Sudeten German question is settled, it is the end of Germany's territorial claims in Europe."

So the Poles ask what good is a promise that Danzig and a corridor across-the-corridor would bring rather than what the Führer's territorial appetite.

They ask also what good a non-aggression treaty would do. Herr Hitler signed a 10-year one with Poland in 1934, but tore it up this year.

Pomorze and the ports of Gdynia and Danzig are "the air and

sun of our national life," President Moscicki of Poland said last week.

In short, the Poles do not honor the word of Herr Hitler, and even if they did they would not want to cede any part of their sovereignty.

ENGLAND and France are not going to bat for Poland because of any sentimental, ideological or idealistic reasons. Poland is a dictatorship, it is often guilty of mistreatment of Jews and of other minorities, and it is not above a bit of banditry of its own—witness the seizure of the Teschen area during the breakup of Czechoslovakia.

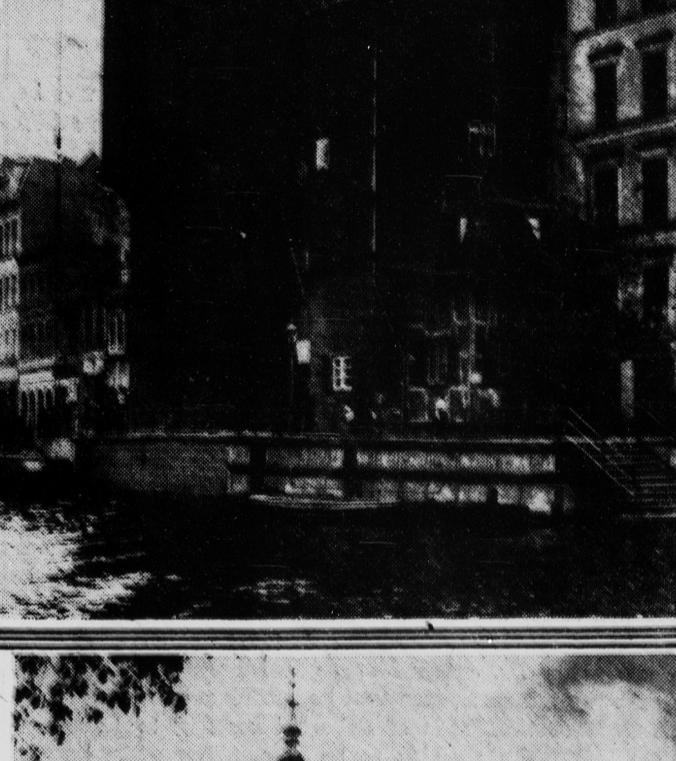
The interest of the western democracies is entirely in the balance of power—or rather the correction of the imbalance created by Herr Hitler's swift territorial and military expansion.

If Germany were handed Danzig and the corridor, as she was handed the Sudetenland, the eventual demolition of all Poland would follow as surely as did the partition of Czechoslovakia, in the opinion of Herr Hitler's experts.

The Poles are a splendid little army and air force, the crushing of Poland would wipe out a powerful army of perhaps five million men under arms or in reserve, plus something like 2000 first-line planes.

If Germany is to be stopped at all, the Anglo-French strategists reason, she must be stopped while Poland is still there to fight.

And so they regard Danzig as not simply a fine old city and a splendid harbor, but as a key to the whole balance of power in Europe, a balance which they are straining every sinew to tip back in their own direction.



TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

1—Of which State is Olympia the capital?

2—Whom did Joe Louis defeat to win the world's heavyweight title?

3—Where is the Aisne River?

4—What does the Irish phrase "Erin go bragh" mean?

5—Should olives be eaten with the fingers or a fork?

6—Are Justices of the Supreme Court of the U. S. required to be lawyers by Constitution or by statute?

7—Who won the 1939 National Open Golf championship?

Answers

1—Washington.

2—James J. Braddock.

3—Northern France.

4—Ireland for ever.

5—With the fingers.

6—No.

7—Byron Nelson.

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I guess we might as well get used to it—there'll be no more home cooking till our families get back from the country in September."