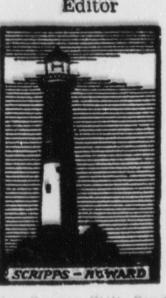


The Indianapolis Times

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RILEY 5551

Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1940

WORDS—AND ACTS

EARLIER this week a titanic struggle was waged in the Democratic National Convention's Committee on Resolutions.

Senator Wheeler of Montana, Senator Clark of Missouri and other members of the so-called isolationist bloc were battling for a platform plank that would curb what they have regarded as the dangerously belligerent tendencies of President Roosevelt.

Senator Pepper of Florida, the President's loyal supporter and the Senate's most vociferous advocate of "Stop Hitler now," was resisting their demands.

Well, the isolationists were appeased by being permitted to win a victory in the committee, and the platform as reported out and adopted by the convention contained this pledge:

"We will not participate in foreign wars and we will not send our army, naval or air forces to fight in foreign lands outside of the Americas except in case of attack."

The next night Mr. Roosevelt, addressing the convention by radio to accept the third-term "draft," outlined the foreign policy he has pursued in an effort, as he said, to prevent war and to awaken this country to the menace of aggression. This, of course, is the identical policy which Senator Wheeler, et al, have viewed with alarm—the one which they have feared would involve the United States in war. Said Mr. Roosevelt:

"So long as I am President I will do all I can to insure that that foreign policy remain our foreign policy."

We do not say that Mr. Roosevelt intends to participate in foreign wars. We say only that the hours spent by the resolutions committee in wrangling over the language of an anti-war plank were hours of shadow-boxing. The victory won by the isolationists was a victory of words. The President has made it clear that he will continue to act as he thinks best.

The Chicago convention went through the motions of adopting a platform. But, as we have said before, the real platform of the Democratic Party is not that document. It is Franklin D. Roosevelt.

JIM FARLEY

THE Democratic National Convention closed not to the swing of "Happy Days Are Here Again," but to that melodious tune, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

No greater tribute has been paid to a politician than was given freely to Jim Farley, in Chicago. The delegates gave him everything but their votes; it was too much to expect that men in politics for what they can get out of it would let sentiment or conviction stand in the way of self-interest. No one knows better than Jim what makes a politician tick, so he gave the delegates free rein by announcing, "I never ask any man to do anything for me he doesn't want to do."

And cynical newspaper correspondents, who had seen many national chairmen come and go, gave Jim a farewell testimonial party that brought mist to eyes long dry.

Remember eight years ago, when F. D. R. and the bright young men around him were hailed as white-plumed idealists, and there was much shaking of heads at the thought that they were handicapped by the grubby materialism of "Jobmaster" Farley?

With the suns that have risen and set, and the water that has flowed down the rivers, skeptics have learned more and more about that smart young man who talked idealism while reaching out for more personal power, and have learned more and more about unpretentious gum-chewing Jim Farley, who never boasted a doctor's degree nor a thesis on the nebular hypothesis nor presumed that his code of ethics was higher than that of any other honorable man.

Jim has scarcely any hair on his head, but the bright young boys got into it. They poached on his preserve, mused on his domain, undermined his chief's confidence in him, and finally left Jim on the outside of the White House looking in.

By the time the curtain fell, the P.I. D.'s of high and noble purpose had been revealed as men of greedy ambitions, and Jim Farley was no longer called "jobmaster," but "Mr. Postmaster General," the most efficient head of the postal service since Benjamin Franklin, and "Jim," the politician who never broke his word, who never failed a friend. And he made his last stand on the simple democratic principle that in a nation of free men, and in a party dedicated to liberalism, delegates should vote, each according to their own conscience.

NOW IT'S UNANIMOUS

EVERY one of the 48 states now has a state law enforcement agency, a police force or highway patrol. Creation of such a force in Wisconsin makes the roll-call of states complete, the International Association of Police Chiefs notes.

The first was the famous Texas Rangers, organized 103 years ago to combat cattle rustlers and alien-smuggling. Pennsylvania's state police, organized in 1905, was really the pioneer of the "auto-age" forces. Indiana's force dates back to 1929.

Interstate transport and travel by road, as well as the increasing traffic problem on all rural roads which followed the universal use of the auto made this inevitable. Generally speaking, state forces of this kind have been effective because free from the local influences that hamper city police.

Again the state as laboratory is evident, the system whereby other states may profit by the experience of one, adopting such measures as have been found good in some neighboring state. Thus, slowly and without central compulsion, we arrive at as much unity of procedure among the states as seems desirable and good.

Fair Enough

By Westbrook Pegler

Governor Jones Who Did a Real Job in Cleaning Up Louisiana An Unsung Hero at Convention.

CHICAGO, July 20.—While the Democrats were mocking the spirit of democracy under the social auspices of the politico-underworld local branch of the party of humanity, a miracle-worker was surveying the proceedings with a cold and knowing eye.

We had in our midst here this week Sam Houston Jones, the man who beat Huey Long's brother, Earl, for the Governorship of Louisiana and whose first legislature has just repealed most of the worst of the late Huey's dictatorial laws.

The notorious Louisiana highway police have been reorganized and deprived of the powers by which Huey converted them into a state O. G. P. U.

Huey's national guard law, pushed through one of the many special sessions of the gang of menials which served as a legislature, also has been wiped off the books, and the state troops now may be called out only in the presence of a legitimate emergency.

HUEY called out the soldiers on one occasion to intimidate his political opposition at the state capitol in Baton Rouge and mounted a machine gun in front of a local hotel.

Another time Huey ordered his adjutant general to proceed with a force of men to the office of the New Orleans Times-Picayune, the paper which eventually destroyed the surviving power of his crooked and ruthless dictatorship, seize the plant and install an officer as editor because he was displeased with an editorial. Huey was drunk at the time, and some of his subordinates shut him in the bathroom of his hotel quarters, doused his head in cold water and talked him out of his intention.

The law which permitted him to call the soldiers into service for the suppression of American liberties, including their own, of course, was probably the most dangerous of all innovations, and it may be noted that at no time during Huey's reign or after did any of the bleeding heart New Dealers, who were so sensitive about the civil liberties of the C. I. O. Communists in Jersey City, express any interest in the civil liberties of the Louisiana people.

UNDER Governor Jones' urging, although he had only a minority in the lower house of the legislature, about 70 of the dictatorial laws have been repealed and, of almost equal importance, 176 state commissions and boards, which Huey established to provide thousands of mock or nominal jobs for members of his gang, have been consolidated into 20 or abolished. The Governor reports that the survivors of the gang in the legislature have surrendered, so to speak, to a new public opinion in the state, and that even Huey's crooked judges and state legal officers have shown a tendency to turn square.

The reforms have proceeded quietly, although quickly. Publicity must fight its way out of Louisiana in the best of times, and in times such as these the clang of national politics and world affairs drowns out good news from down yonder. They are important basic reforms, but other reforms and retribution seem to be on the way.

Inside Indianapolis

Humorous, Kindly Chris Coleman Is Bridge and Flower Enthusiast.

PROFILE OF THE WEEK: Christopher Bush Coleman, who is not only one of Indiana's best known historians, but one of the most enthusiastic bridge players in captivity.

With Edward W. Harris, Lee Burns, Herbert Feltz and Frank A. McKibbin, Mr. Coleman has been playing duplicate bridge almost every Saturday night for the last 15 years. And although "Chris" Coleman takes his bridge seriously, he is not quite so avid that he doesn't get a big kick out of it.

Now in his 60's, Mr. Coleman is nearly 6 feet tall, keeps a youthful figure and walks with a springy step. His reddish brown hair is starting to thin and gray a little.

Born in Illinois, he was ordained to the ministry as a young man, but decided to devote his life to history, instead. He came to Indianapolis in 1909 as a youthful professor at Butler and 12 years later became Vice president of that institution. In 1920, he left to go to Allegheny College, but came bounding back four years later to become director of the Indiana Historical Bureau and secretary of the Indiana Historical Society. And that's where he's been ever since, gray as can be.

His FAVORITE HOBBY, aside from history, of course, is his garden. The Coleman home at 4314 Central Ave., has a well cared semi-formal garden in its spacious back yard, a garden that is the delight of both Colemans. It contains many rare, imported species, but "Chris" Coleman likes the common garden flowers just about as well as the fancy ones.

He is an inveterate pipe smoker and a connoisseur of tobacco. His cronies say that he treats his extensive collection of pipes "like babies."

He is what might be called a "conservative" eater. He likes to find little, out-of-the-way restaurants where he can eat lightly and then sit comfortably puffing away on his pipe.

He likes people and he gets real pleasure out of simply talking to folk. Some of his friends say you can sit with "Chris" Coleman for hours without either saying a word and without being self-conscious about it.

ONE OF HIS ENTHUSIASMS is the tulip poplar, the state tree. He is one of the leaders in an incipient movement to have tulip poplars planted in every county in the state. Mr. Coleman envisions the day, a half century hence, when Indiana will be as distinctive for its tulip poplars as has been Holland for its windmills.

He has a calm, philosophical frame of mind and seldom lets anything upset his affable disposition. About the only thing that ever disturbs him is somebody doing something which he considers not quite cricket. Then he's outspoken.

His colleagues know him as a man who interests himself in their affairs. He likes to help others and he will go to no end of trouble to assist them when they are in need.

They know him, too, for his dry sense of humor. One day one of his fellow workers placed on his desk an advertisement for "Burke's Peacock."

Mr. Coleman glanced at it, tossed it into the waste basket, remarking, straight-faced:

"I guess I can't use this. So far as I know, I have no peers."

A Woman's Viewpoint

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

THE American Association of University Women has begun a campaign among its members to place in their homes the children of British Federation of University Women for the war's duration.

This is in line with the general effort now being made to cut the red tape of our immigration laws in order to permit wholesale acceptance of England's bond afflicted babies.

As usual the cry for help is addressed to women—who seem unable to stop war, but are always expected to lead the work of picking up the pieces. When such appeals come, however, one is proud to belong to the sex which furnishes the inspiration and the action for these humanitarian endeavors.

However, here is another project which should make us resolve to keep tab on our temperatures.

I believe with my whole heart that the United States should open its doors to democracy's infants but unless home conditions are perfect, it would be better to shelter them in groups.

The evacuation of children from one continent to another is the most appalling event in human history, the most horrible man-made catastrophe. These pitiful waifs of war, whether they come to us or not, offer living testimony that we are not merely moving into a period of barbarism; we are already there.

Surely the cries of these little ones will rise continuously to Heaven, indicating Hitler and all his kind—that is to say, the men and women who, moved by greed and ambition, encourage hate rather than love, and instill strife within the hearts of common men.

Mrs. O'Leary's Cow



The Hoosier Forum

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

OGLE TERMS CRITICS' REMARKS IRRELEVANT

By Kenneth Ogle

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

If the two persons named above will confine their remarks to this subject, let them take any position they like. At least, they will keep focused on the only issue that counts and not permit like or dislike of other peoples to tempt them into irrelevant remarks.

To me this shows only one thing: that the youth of America, persons like this same young man, as well as the older generation, know a good thing when they see it.

It is my firm conviction that if the U. S. gets into this war again on the side of Britain she will be holding the sack like Norway and France.

It is positively nauseating to hear Mr. Churchill sound off about how the British are fighting for democracy, when in the name of decency didn't they fight in Norway and France, where they had all the chances in the world to prove their contentions instead of taking a runout powder and let Norway and France hold the sack?

It is positively nauseating to hear Mr. Churchill sound off about how the British are fighting for democracy after the way the British Army returned back to their boat's like frightened rabbits on a number of occasions and let the French bleed themselves to death, holding the Germans back to allow the British Army to execute glorious retreats (military sagas is the British term for that sort of thing) and then brag about it.

I have been in the U. S. Army since 1912, was a captain of infantry during the World War and it is my conception that running away and leaving a friend in the lurch, at the same time running around in the world crying for help and sympathy, is nothing to be proud of.

RESENTS INCREASE IN MOVIE ADMISSIONS

By Carl Forsythe

It is whenever a new tax is passed on the people of our country, a certain few have to put out their hands and benefit for themselves? For instance we don't mind giving the extra three cents every time we go to the movies to help our Government re-arm, but we see red when our neighborhood theaters decide it's a good chance for them to get two cents on each admission and give us pictures that have played in downtown theaters as long as eight years ago. I for one will stay away before I'll give them anything more than their old price.

MIDSUMMER

By OLIVE INEZ DOWNING

The skies are cloudless, of azure blue, brilliant sunshine spreads golden hue.

Sibylline softness of wind's mild glee Whispers through boughs of the stirring trees. There is the purple of distant hills—

The song of the lark, the far valley fills And fields are aglow with full-ripened wheat, Alfalfa, red clover show dress so elite—

When hollyhocks lean o'er the garden wall, And nod and beckon about it all— When at nightfall the fiery meteors glow.

Then enchantments of fair July we know.

DAILY THOUGHT

Whoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.—Matthew 18:4.

EVERY CHILD born into the world is a new thought of God, an ever-fresh and radiant possibility.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.



Gen. Johnson Says—

Wallace's Nomination Distasteful To Many But Squares With Custom On the Selection of Running Mates

CHICAGO, July 20.—As was painfully evident at the convention, a lot of people actively dislike Henry Wallace and a lot more dislike the way he was rammed down the throat of the party by the President.

On the first point—not liking Mr. Wallace—you've got to know a man to make that choice and Henry isn't easy to know. He is shy, not very articulate, and has as little political oomph as anybody in the Fourth New Deal. But if, as has been my privilege, you get really close to Mr. Wallace, you will discover a very fine specimen of what John L. Lewis oratorically calls the "genus homo."

He is simple, honest, studious and kindly. There is no side or pretense in his make-up. He has a good mind, if not a brilliant one. He is incapable of the clever little schemes that have so characterized and discredited many acts of the Fourth New Deal. I disagree with almost every angle of his philosophy and program and I doubt if he has the qualities of leadership appropriate to a great crisis, but I would trust his sincerity of purpose as far as that of any man I know in Government.

THE spectacle of a President so openly forcing his own choice for Vice President of his party, especially in such dangerous times as these, is highly distasteful, but the effect if not the particular methods here used, seems to have become a custom. Mr. Garner was Mr. Roosevelt's choice in 1932 and 1936. It is true that the first time it was by reason of a trade, without which Mr. Roosevelt himself could not possibly have been nominated, but it is also true that Mr. Roosevelt's delegates, at his bidding, made good that bargain.

It is no secret that Mr.