



The Indianapolis Times

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 "Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way"

Save the Schools

No court has taken away the chance of the people to rescue the schools from Coffinism. That opportunity for self government still exists.

The people should remember that the same sinister forces which gave the city a Duval and the misrule ended by indictments, confessions and convictions, took charge of the public schools. The same hatreds and the same greeds which captured the civic city also captured the schools.

The genius for misrule of that organization manifested itself in the schools as well as in the city government. And the contempt for public opinion, except when a retreat is necessary to evade complete annihilation, is shown by the fact that Coffinism hopes to keep its grip upon the schools for another four years and has its candidates for re-election to the commission.

The taxpayers are trying to obtain relief by appeals to the state tax board against extravagance. The deeper blight upon the spirit of the schools themselves and the taint upon the educational system can not be salvaged by any course except to take the schools away from Coffin and Shipp and the forces they represent.

The citizens' committee has brought a high and outstanding set of candidates into the field.

There are other candidates for the office who have been urged to enter the race. Some of them are most capable. Some of them, unquestionably, are as free from Coffinism as are the citizens' candidates. Some of them would serve well and have the highest of ideals.

There is the danger, of course, that a division of good citizens may permit the selfish, the sinister, the selfseekers of Coffinism to be elected.

It is to that danger which every good citizen who wishes to save the schools from Coffinism should address their attention.

It is very certain that Coffinism will vote as a unit and that the machine will not divide. Its followers will have no break in their ranks. They will vote according to orders.

The one hope left to them is that the good citizens, the men and women who have a decent regard for the public school system and are shamed by the thought that it is to become a political adjunct of a powerful political machine which has brought nothing but disaster, will divide their forces.

The one safe way to drive Coffinism from the schools, which would be some advance, is to stand solidly together at the polls for those who have pledged themselves to purge the schools of politics of all sorts.

Better Enforcement

The proposal to centralize prohibition enforcement in the department of justice again is to the fore. President Hoover has named John McNab, San Francisco lawyer, to study the administration of the dry laws and recommend changes. McNab will co-operate with the treasury and justice departments and the President's law enforcement commission.

Some months ago the President recommended that a joint committee from congress and the administrative departments make such study. Congress ignored the request and the President now is proceeding on his own. Congress must, of course, approve any changes that are made.

Now prohibition enforcement is under the treasury, in charge of an assistant secretary, who also directs the customs service and coast guard. There also is a bureau of prohibition under direction of a commissioner, who has immediate supervision of federal dry agents.

Prosecution of offenders, once they are apprehended, is carried on by the department of justice through its district attorneys.

Presumably the President's idea is to put the whole enforcement machinery in the hands of the justice department with the exception of the coast guard and customs, whose enforcement work is not their chief duty.

The suggested change appeals to common sense. The reason the treasury originally was charged with enforcement was that the internal revenue bureau always had administered the federal liquor laws. But since the matter of federal taxes no longer is involved, there is no particular reason why the treasury should be called upon to enforce this one law. The duty of the department of justice is to see that federal laws are obeyed and to prosecute violators.

A consolidation of enforcement and prosecution should make for greater efficiency and should expedite the trials of offenders. It should also make for economy, in that it will no longer be necessary to maintain two separate government establishments engaged in similar work.

President Hoover hopes to suggest the change to congress in December. This is wise, for whatever his law enforcement commission is able to accomplish, it is unlikely that results will be shown for a long time to come. If the government intends to make the sincere effort to enforce prohibition which dries say never has been done, the sooner it is undertaken the better.

Wasteful Economy

Modern industry has no greater foe than the executive who has short-sighted ideas about economy.

This is the conclusion reached by Charles F. Abbott, executive director of the American Institute of Steel Construction, in a speech before the National Industrial Advertisers' Association at Cincinnati.

Industrialists, said Mr. Abbott, must realize that true economy often lies in spending money freely,

while the worst waste is that caused by a tight-fisted and penurious policy.

"We must lift up an entire industry toward a higher average in tools, methods and business principles," he said. "We are willing to spend money to accomplish it—a great deal of money, individually and collectively. That is courageous and creative spending, the statesmanship of consumption, and genuine progress."

Not Bad—Just Desperate

In the Los Angeles police station an 18-year-old girl is being held to await trial on a charge of robbery.

She admits that she helped two young gunmen stage three holdups. And she tells questioners, "I'm not bad—I was just desperate."

Her story might interest you. Only 18, this girl was a mother with a small baby to support. Her husband had deserted her. She lost her job as waitress in a restaurant.

She tried to find work and failed. We don't know just how hard she tried, of course, or how long. Perhaps it was her own fault that she got fired; perhaps she wasn't a very good worker; we don't know. Anyhow, she was out of work and out of money, and she had a 14-month-old baby to look after. So as she says—"I got desperate."

She says: "I was at the end of my rope. I had to do something for Johnny."

So, when a couple of young poolroom toughies she knew asked her to join them in a series of filling station and drug store holdups, she agreed. Now she's in jail. Just what is happening to Johnny is not recorded.

Now this girl's story isn't especially out of the ordinary. Indeed, it is because her story has been duplicated so many, many times that it's worth noting. Think for a minute, of that remark—"I'm not bad—I was just desperate."

How many, many crimes that remark would explain! How many, many men and women, finding themselves at last in a prison cell with all prospects for a decent life wrecked, may not have said precisely the same thing!

We're not talking now about the crimes of big city gangsters. Those are another matter. We're thinking of this 18-year-old mother in Los Angeles; a little scrawny, if you wish, a careless little hussy, a girl who isn't fit to be a mother—but, after all, a girl who obviously was a little bit more sinned against than sinning.

"I'm not bad—I was just desperate." Who's to blame in an affair like that, anyway? The one who got desperate and lost sight of the standards of law and of conscience—or you and I?

Aren't we a little bit to blame, in this case and in every case like it? Isn't all of society pretty much responsible whenever one of its members gets driven to such a tight spot that crime seems the only solution? Haven't we learned, by this time, that we are, after all, our brothers'—and sisters'—keepers?

Not bad; just desperate. A remark like that is an indictment of the whole nation. All of us share in the responsibility.

They always attempt to keep the plot of a new play secret until the opening night. And they often keep it a secret afterwards.

It is generally believed that when a man gets married he sacrifices 50 per cent of his liberty. What liberty?

REASON By FREDERICK LANDIS

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., is unique in this: It is a despotism in the heart of a republic, and as our forefathers once petitioned Great Britain for concessions, the people of Indianapolis now petition Boss Coffin for a mayor after their own hearts.

Where our forefathers presented their entreaties to King George the Third, the Hoosier subjects humbly lay their entreaties at the feet of King George the First.

Some beg for a mayor who will favor both grand and petit larceny, some of the radicals implore His Majesty to give them a mayor who will not go in for larceny at all, while a few hopeless dreamers hold up the Declaration of Independence and exhort the serfs to rise and select a mayor for themselves, but many of them say they never heard of any such declaration.

It seems Indianapolis has taken King George not for better or for worse, but just for worse.

It looked for a while as if she might run amuck and divorce him, but the supreme court hit the city manager law where Nellie wore the beads, because it said the city clerk couldn't count 10,000 petitioners for the city manager thing in five days.

IF ANY court should say that about King George, he would regard it as a mortal insult, for he can count that many in five minutes.

Why, he could take the census of the United States and outlying possessions in twenty-four hours. And the fine thing about his counting is that he always adds and multiplies; he never stoops so low as to subtract or divide.

He likes to do his counting late at night after all the other returns are in.

Somehow, he can do it better then.

He likes to wait until he knows just what is expected of him and it is his proud boast that he never has failed to keep a date with an expectation.

The center of population is near Indianapolis and if you doubt it, just wait and see all the people George brings in on election night.

BUT while supreme, he is not vainglorious.

He does not wear a mustache upside down like Wilhelm, nor has he yet compelled the people of Indianapolis to goose-step.

Unlike Mussolini, he does not force the multitude to wear black shirts, nor give the Coffin salute.

Nor has he ever banished a foe, explaining simply that one cannot banish his taxpayer and eat him.

As Uncle Sam had to go to Europe and help England, France, Italy, and the rest to put the Kaiser in mothballs, it looks as if we would have to call our allies over to help put the rollers under George, for we haven't enough people here to do it and we can't use the navy, because it can't sail up White river.

It's probably better that it can't, for the morning after it arrived, it's ten to one George would appear on deck as admiral of the fleet!

It's all up to George and he can do as he pleases, for, like the Filipinos, the people of Indianapolis appear to be incapable of self-government, but as an outsider and a friend of man, we entreat him to be merciful.

M. E. Tracy

SAYS:

The Issue in the Shearer Navy Probe is Deceit and It Hits the Shipbuilding Companies.

FROM the questions thus far put to him, one gathers that the senate sub-committee is interested in nothing so much as taking William B. Shearer apart.

No detail of his career appears unimportant enough to escape the probe.

Was he arrested at such and such a time, did he take 730 pounds sterling on such and such an occasion, and so on, and so forth.

No, he never was arrested—not for bootlegging, at least, and as for the 730 pounds, it grew out of a misunderstanding over the commissions incident to betting on a horse race. Entertaining, perhaps, but what has all this to do with big navy propaganda?

Several shipping men already have admitted overestimating Mr. Shearer's importance.

The senate sub-committee does not need to.

For no reason in the world, it is converting this adventurer into a Garatantuan figure.

If it keeps on, his personality will come to overshadow the inquiry, and people will forget what its object was.

He's Small Fry

THE question is not whether Mr. Shearer could pass a satisfactory examination at the pearly gates.

His escapades and transgressions previous to 1926 should have no place in the examination.

His activities at Geneva hardly have a place in it, except as they may throw light on his services as "an observer" for American shipping interests.

As an individual, he had a right to be at Geneva, to ingratiate himself with naval officers, and to bamboozle newspaper correspondents, if he could get away with it.

Even as a paid agent of shipbuilding companies, he had a right to do such things, provided those concerned knew what he was doing and provided no deception was practiced.

The issue is deceit, and it touches the shipbuilding companies more closely than it touches William B. Shearer.

At best, he is little more than an irresponsible strutter.

The men who employed him, and who are now suing, however, cannot claim such an alibi. They, at least, are supposed to know the difference between verbal sabotage and straight reporting.

Toll Is Terrific

NINETY-SEVEN thousand people were killed in this country by accidents last year.

Automobiles accounted for 27,000, which seems appalling, until one learns that 24,000 died at their homes, and that 20,000 more died on the highways from other causes than the motor car.

Industrial accidents accounted for 20,000, while railroads, airplanes and miscellaneous accidents are chargeable with only 5,500.

It goes without saying that quite a few of the 97,000 killed by accident would have died anyway, but making allowance for that, we pay a dreadful price for speed, power and mass production.

The juggernaut of human progress is exacting a blood sacrifice which seems out of proportion with sound intelligence.

The massacre in Palestine which resulted in the loss of 200 lives sent a thrill of horror throughout the civilized world, yet that did not represent one day's toll in America.

We were very angry when the Vestris went down with the loss of 112 persons, but if the day were an average one in this country, nearly three times that number were killed through accident.

Foresight Is Logical

NOTHING proves the scientific character of the present age like the accuracy with which men can forecast important events.

In the old days when progress was largely a matter of trial by combat, whether as measured by two cave-men fighting over a woman, or two kings quarrelling over a throne, it required an astrologer to cast horoscopes, and if the astrologer failed to luck the winner, that was his hard luck.

Since logic has become a factor in the advance of human affairs, it is possible for men of average intelligence to foresee what will happen along certain lines.

In 1873, Elkanan Watson predicted that within a century and a half this republic would contain one hundred million people.

In 1886, an anonymous writer in a St. Louis paper prophesied the coming of airplanes, photophones, and the formation of a "League of Nations," which he called by that very name.

There was no mysticism in either forecast, any more than there was in those of Jules Verne.

Ever since scientific thought became the driving force in human advancement, men of intelligence have been able to take present day achievements, subject them to the law of probability, and foresee what would occur, with great precision.

Daily Thought

He that rebuketh a man afterwards shall find more favor than he that flattereth with the tongue. —Prov. 28:23.

Though flattery blossoms like friendship, yet there is a vast difference in the fruit.—Socrates.

Who holds the official world's record for the running broad jump? De Hart Hubbard, with a mark of 25 feet 10 1/2 inches, made June 13, 1925.

What is the meaning of the name Kenneth?

It is Gaelic in origin and means a leader.

Fall "Duds"



The Life Story of Dr. Hugo Eckener

BY HUGH ALLEN

CHAPTER XII
 AT LAST, the Graf Zeppelin, the crowning achievement of the great Zeppelin works, was completed. Test flights, one of which was over England, convinced Dr. Eckener that it was ready to demonstrate to the world the feasibility of long Zeppelin flights for peace-time purposes.

Careful plans were made for the first passenger flight across the Atlantic—from Friedrichshafen to Lakehurst. With his son, Knut, as one of the crew of forty aboard, and with twenty passengers in the comfortable cabins, the start for America was made on Oct. 10, 1928. Several tons of mail and freight also were carried.

A storm was swinging across mid-Atlantic and Dr. Eckener headed across France, Spain, Gibraltar, and as far south as the Madetras to avoid it.

But another small storm was following, unobserved, unreported, and this caught the Graf the second morning out almost without warning. The disturbance was so severe that great liners were three or four days late in making port that week.

The storm hit the Graf just at breakfast time and struck it like a boxer swinging to the chin. The nose of the ship pitched up, then down, throwing the helmsman off balance. The ship, after jolting two or three times more, settled down to even trim with no damage apparently except the breaking of the breakfast table dishes.

THE wind was still roaring, rain was falling, skies were overcast, but the ship moved forward easily and smoothly. However, a wrench of the ship had ripped loose a small section of the covering of one of the Graf's great fins and the wind was busily engaged in tearing off more of it, leaving a great gaping wound which was not discovered until later.

A mechanic in one of the egg-shaped engine cars at the rear of the ship was making his first trip as a member of the crew. His first thought was that there was a rope hanging down from the great horizontal rudder overhead. He called the attention of one of the older engineers to what he had seen.

"Rope?" the engineer shouted. "That's part of the fin covering." Already he was half-way up the ladder, swung in through the port-hole, dashed down inside, began running down the cat walk, caught Beuhrie, assistant chief, told him the story, and hurried on forward toward the control car.

Flemming and Lehmann looked on with the engineer broke in with his story.

"Cut the motors," roared Flemming, and signals flashed to the gondolas.

The roar of the great engines died down, the ship slackened speed. The passengers looked from one to another questionably.

NOW the fins on the Graf Zeppelin have a spread of eighty feet out from the ship and are thirty-five feet across at the widest part. The duralumin framework of the fins is built into the frame of the ship itself.

The fin covering of doped aluminum fabric is most difficult to attach securely over a fin because it is a flat surface.

The wind had worked its way under the fabric, tugged and jerked till it loosened a seam, then ripped off a section of it.

Knut Eckener, off duty, was aft in the ship when the news came. He was one of the first to reach the scene of trouble. It meant crawling between two of the great gas cells and out on the framework which connects the fins with the body of the ship.

Never in the history of 127 Zeppelin airships had an accident happened like this one.

SOME 400 square feet of covering had been ripped from the under side of the fin. Shreds and lengths of it were lashing back and forth pulling more of it loose.

Wind and a driving rain were roaring in through the aperture threatening the sides of the nearest hydrogen gas cell.

This threatened a new danger. The outer cover on an airship is

thick and strong. It takes the weather, protects the interior from snow and rain and gales. The cover of the gas cell, however, is more delicate. Its only task is to hold the lifting gas. If it were to be ripped as now threatened, thousands of cubic feet of hydrogen would rush forth, reducing the lifting capacity of the ship, necessitating the immediate release of tons of ballast.

"Get some covering to keep the wind away from the gas cell," shouted Beuhrie. "Get fabric, get anything you can. Take the blankets off the beds if necessary, but protect the cell. Knut and Ladwick climb out and tied some of those ends in."

Out on the slippery framework the men crawled. Beneath them was a sheer drop of a thousand feet to the ocean raging below.

By now a driving rain was beating into their faces, half blinding them. Out and out they crawled.

Wet strips of fabric lashed their faces, were snatched out of reach as they caught at them, were wrenched from their grasp as they tried to lash them to the metal frame.

They tapped the loose ends to the metal and the tape, wet, pulled out. They lashed them with ropes, hooked them in wire, only to have the fabric tear loose from its fastenings. Again and again, they had a sheet secured, only to have the wind snatch it free again.

The angry Atlantic seemed to be getting closer to them, yawning below, inviting a misstep. The rain grew worse. The ship with its engine idling was being blown with the gale at high speed.

THE ship's commander had returned to his control car. Every thing was being done that should be done. He knew the damage could be corrected sufficiently at least to permit the ship to continue through at reduced speed. He had ample fuel. The storm would not last forever. So he reasoned things out. But, as he was making his first trip as a member of the crew, Dr. Eckener ordered that the American navy department be notified and that naval vessels be asked to stand by.

Captain Flemming was watching his altimeter anxiously. The ship was flying at 1,200 feet when the accident was reported. Since then, under driving force of wind and rain on its back, it was slowly settling. It was less than a ship's length now above the Atlantic, still churned by the storm. (Airships have been known to smooth seas and taken off again like flying boats. But this was a rough sea.)

The ship had settled to an elevation of 500 feet.

Flemming went to the commander.

It seemed like hours as he debated, visualized. As a matter of fact, the delay was like that between the two ticks of a watch.

Duty comes first. He braced his shoulders, straightened up, looked Flemming squarely in the eye.

"Very well," he said quietly, "start your motors."

Idling propellers quickened into action. Two motors roared back to life. The ship began to move forward, began slowly to mount to safer altitudes.

Dr. Eckener climbed silently into the body of the ship, walked slowly aft. The boy, guessing what had happened as the motor started, gritted his teeth, took a fresh grip of a slippery duralumin girder, worked desperately on.

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