

INDICT ONLY 3  
AND BLAST RED  
'BONUS PLOTS'

Jurors Ignore Judge's Plea,  
Refuse to Put Blame  
on Communists.

By Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance  
WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—Three  
overseas veterans, including a  
wearer of the Distinguished Service  
Cross, remained in district jail here  
today as ironic refutation of the ad-  
ministration's charge that "Com-  
munists" inspired the bonus army  
disturbances, which led to their  
evacuation by federal troops.  
They will be tried in October on  
charges of assault with a dangerous  
weapon.  
The indictments were returned by  
the grand jury ordered by President  
Hoover to investigate alleged Com-  
munist inspiration of the bonus  
marchers on the day of the July 28  
battle.  
In instructing the jury, Justice  
Oscar Lurhing expressed the hope  
they would find that "Reds" rather  
than the four soldiers instigated the  
so-called riots.

No Reference to Charges

The grand jury report made no  
reference to charges by Hoover, War  
Secretary Patrick Huley and Major-  
General Douglas H. MacArthur,  
chief of staff, that Communists led  
the bonusers, and threatened "in-  
surrection" and overthrow of the  
government.  
The inquiry lasted two weeks, and  
the jury listened to evidence from  
district commissioners, Police Chief  
Pelham Glassford and his men,  
government agents who spied on  
the camps for two months, and by-  
standers.  
Witnesses who asked to be al-  
lowed to testify for the veterans  
were not summoned.

Communist Suspects Released

Meanwhile, every bonus marcher  
arrested in a round-up of alleged  
Communists has been released by  
the police and government agents.  
The trio now in jail are almost  
the only members of the 15,000  
bonusers left in the capital. They  
will remain in jail until October,  
unless they can raise \$3,000 bond.  
All were indicted for alleged as-  
saults in the brick fight that oc-  
curred four hours before the ar-  
rival of troops. All denied they  
were Communists, or sympathized  
with communism.

The apparent explosion of the  
"red scare" simultaneously  
with renewed charges by adminis-  
tration spokesmen that "radicals"  
necessitated the President's call for  
troops.

Representative Royal C. Johnson  
(Rep., S. D.), told an American Le-  
gion post at La Crosse, Wis., Mon-  
day night, that he could prove the  
bonus army had dynamite, guns  
and ammunition in its camp. The  
war department and local police de-  
nied this.

Magazine Assails Veterans

The Republican, which is pub-  
lished weekly by the national Re-  
publican committee, summarized  
Huley's official justification of the  
use of troops.

It declared less than one-third  
were veterans, although Major-  
General Frank T. Hines, veterans  
administrator, has records showing  
that 90 per cent or more had been  
in the army.

An editorial entitled "Plotting  
Against the Republic" linked "reds"  
among the bonus marchers with an  
alleged soviet attack on the banks.  
The three indicted are John O.  
Olson of Nebraska, Bernard McCoy  
of Pennsylvania and Broadus Faulk-  
ner of Kentucky.

Olson served overseas in the Six-  
teenth infantry, first division, and  
was decorated with the D. S. C. by  
general Pershing for extraordinary  
heroism in rescuing wounded com-  
rades under fire at Cantigny.

In Trouble Over Flag

McCoy enlisted in the navy, and  
once was ordered to Rear Admiral  
William A. Moffett, chief of the  
navy air service. He lost an eye  
from the explosion of a shell being  
unloaded from an Austrian ship  
captured at Heligoland. Faulkner  
served thirty months overseas in the  
Third hundred eighth labor bat-  
talion, and was gassed.

Olson, who lived at the Anacostia  
camp, was on his way downtown,  
he said, when some veterans came  
across a lot carrying an American  
flag.  
"The police rushed at them, and  
tried to tear away the flag," he  
said. "Just as I went into action,  
that's all. And I'd do it again if I  
see the American flag being  
mutilated."

McCoy said he also rushed in  
when the police attacked the flag,  
only to find six bluecoats sitting  
on him almost immediately. Faulk-  
ner said he was arrested while try-  
ing to get his mail, and that he  
simply "grabbed a cop's stick" be-  
fore he was hustled into the patrol.

SLEEP WALKER INJURED

Toppled Out of Second Story Win-  
dow; Two Ribs Broken.

Condition of Richard Barth,  
Pennsylvania hotel, member of the  
classified advertising staff of The  
Times, who was injured in a fall  
from a second story window at a  
Syracuse, Ind., hotel early Sunday,  
was reported as improved today.  
Barth suffered two fractured ribs  
and bruises when he fell while  
walking in his sleep. He left In-  
dianapolis Saturday to spend his  
vacation at Syracuse.

CYCLIST BADLY HURT

Hurled From Rear Seat of Motor  
Bike As It Hits Auto.

Fracture of his right wrist and  
severe head injuries were suffered  
by Raymond Shelby, 20, of 702  
North Bellevue place, Sunday.  
He was hurled from the rear of a  
motorcycle driven by his brother  
Howard when it collided at Bright  
and Michigan streets, with an au-  
tomobile driven by Fred Harris, 19,  
of 227 Hiawatha street.

Another Grandson for Baker

CLEVELAND, Aug. 17.—Newton  
D. Baker, former secretary of war,  
now has three grandchildren. A  
son, was born Tuesday to Mr. and  
Mrs. Newton D. Baker III in Ma-  
ternity hospital here. Baker's  
daughter, Mrs. John P. McKean,  
has two sons.

Striking Iowa Farmers Repulsed  
by Police in Raid on Stock Yards

THE FARMER "STRIKES!"



Left (above)—Governor Dan Turner of Iowa who  
may be called upon to provide national guard escorts  
for farm-to-market traffic.  
Lower (left)—The pledge signed by striking farm-  
ers in their fight to force higher prices for their  
products.  
Right—Samples of the literature used in their  
campaign for farmer members. Leaders of the move-  
ment, meeting in Des Moines, announced plans to  
extend the strike to eight midwestern states by  
Sept. 1.

This Is THE Day! Rush  
Your Brown Derby Votes

The Great Race Starts and  
It'll Be Mad Rush Un-  
til Sept. 3.

\$3,000 Contest

"What didja get up early today  
for, Big Boy? Got a date with a  
pretty blond?"  
If this question was asked of you  
this morning, then there's but one  
answer. That is, you know that as  
this is being read you'd have your  
first opportunity to vote for the  
King of the Brown Derby in 1932.  
In this very edition you hold in  
your hand, and every edition from  
now on of The Indianapolis Times  
until Sept. 3, you'll find a Brown  
Derby ballot ready for your pen-  
manship to scribble the name of  
the city's most distinguished citi-  
zen.

Then the Big Night

Then on the night of Sept. 2, as  
legislators of the state celebrate  
Governor's day with citizens, at the  
Indiana state fair, your candidate  
—if he wins—will be crowned with  
the dun-colored top piece and re-  
ceive from The Times a plaque,  
engraving his name in the hall of  
fame as the city's third winner of  
the "derby."  
It is a contest of masculinity. It  
is an election without fear of femi-  
ninity grabbing off the throne  
through a chignon-showing coup.  
Any one can vote. Years or the  
number of kindergartens you have  
attended are no bar. All you need  
to do is to be able to write your  
candidate's name in some language  
near enough to English so that the  
derby's staff of linguists can read it.

Who? Oh, Who?

Your candidate need not have the  
biggest head in town or the most  
obscure haircut to win. A phre-  
nologist has been hired to keep the  
craniums within hat-band size or  
lo! who would there be to wear  
this noble crown?

Cast votes as many times and in  
as many speakeries, beauty shops,  
or barbering emporiums as you de-  
sire. Get your ballots anywhere  
you can and out of any street car,  
sofa-seat, or restaurant table you  
may be near.

Police Chief Mike Morrissey has  
requested that derby voters keep  
violence at minimum in fighting  
over rights to paper ballots.

One hundred ballots will put your  
candidate's name in the first list of  
standings to be printed in Satur-  
day's edition of The Times.

Don't wait until the last minute,  
for the judges of the contest will  
be announced next Monday, and  
when they get their head-measur-  
ing stick out there's no telling who  
will be crowned with the required  
votes are not in the derby bag.

Get today's ballot and start your  
writer's cramp. It's the big ballot  
in this paper with a Brown Derby  
done up in black ink. Mail or  
bring them to The Times.

All right, Eddie, let's go. Pass  
the shears, not the beer, and let's  
clip 'em out, for dear old "Derby's"  
sake.

Never in the history of this  
contest have so many elaborate  
entries been placed before  
judges.

Then on the night of Sept. 2, as  
legislators of the state celebrate  
Governor's day with citizens, at the  
Indiana state fair, your candidate  
—if he wins—will be crowned with  
the dun-colored top piece and re-  
ceive from The Times a plaque,  
engraving his name in the hall of  
fame as the city's third winner of  
the "derby."

It is a contest of masculinity. It  
is an election without fear of femi-  
ninity grabbing off the throne  
through a chignon-showing coup.  
Any one can vote. Years or the  
number of kindergartens you have  
attended are no bar. All you need  
to do is to be able to write your  
candidate's name in some language  
near enough to English so that the  
derby's staff of linguists can read it.

Who? Oh, Who?

Your candidate need not have the  
biggest head in town or the most  
obscure haircut to win. A phre-  
nologist has been hired to keep the  
craniums within hat-band size or  
lo! who would there be to wear  
this noble crown?

Cast votes as many times and in  
as many speakeries, beauty shops,  
or barbering emporiums as you de-  
sire. Get your ballots anywhere  
you can and out of any street car,  
sofa-seat, or restaurant table you  
may be near.

Police Chief Mike Morrissey has  
requested that derby voters keep  
violence at minimum in fighting  
over rights to paper ballots.

One hundred ballots will put your  
candidate's name in the first list of  
standings to be printed in Satur-  
day's edition of The Times.

Don't wait until the last minute,  
for the judges of the contest will  
be announced next Monday, and  
when they get their head-measur-  
ing stick out there's no telling who  
will be crowned with the required  
votes are not in the derby bag.

Get today's ballot and start your  
writer's cramp. It's the big ballot  
in this paper with a Brown Derby  
done up in black ink. Mail or  
bring them to The Times.

All right, Eddie, let's go. Pass  
the shears, not the beer, and let's  
clip 'em out, for dear old "Derby's"  
sake.

Never in the history of this  
contest have so many elaborate  
entries been placed before  
judges.

Then on the night of Sept. 2, as  
legislators of the state celebrate  
Governor's day with citizens, at the  
Indiana state fair, your candidate  
—if he wins—will be crowned with  
the dun-colored top piece and re-  
ceive from The Times a plaque,  
engraving his name in the hall of  
fame as the city's third winner of  
the "derby."

It is a contest of masculinity. It  
is an election without fear of femi-  
ninity grabbing off the throne  
through a chignon-showing coup.  
Any one can vote. Years or the  
number of kindergartens you have  
attended are no bar. All you need  
to do is to be able to write your  
candidate's name in some language  
near enough to English so that the  
derby's staff of linguists can read it.

Who? Oh, Who?

Your candidate need not have the  
biggest head in town or the most  
obscure haircut to win. A phre-  
nologist has been hired to keep the  
craniums within hat-band size or  
lo! who would there be to wear  
this noble crown?

Cast votes as many times and in  
as many speakeries, beauty shops,  
or barbering emporiums as you de-  
sire. Get your ballots anywhere  
you can and out of any street car,  
sofa-seat, or restaurant table you  
may be near.

Police Chief Mike Morrissey has  
requested that derby voters keep  
violence at minimum in fighting  
over rights to paper ballots.

One hundred ballots will put your  
candidate's name in the first list of  
standings to be printed in Satur-  
day's edition of The Times.

Don't wait until the last minute,  
for the judges of the contest will  
be announced next Monday, and  
when they get their head-measur-  
ing stick out there's no telling who  
will be crowned with the required  
votes are not in the derby bag.

Get today's ballot and start your  
writer's cramp. It's the big ballot  
in this paper with a Brown Derby  
done up in black ink. Mail or  
bring them to The Times.

All right, Eddie, let's go. Pass  
the shears, not the beer, and let's  
clip 'em out, for dear old "Derby's"  
sake.

Never in the history of this  
contest have so many elaborate  
entries been placed before  
judges.

Then on the night of Sept. 2, as  
legislators of the state celebrate  
Governor's day with citizens, at the  
Indiana state fair, your candidate  
—if he wins—will be crowned with  
the dun-colored top piece and re-  
ceive from The Times a plaque,  
engraving his name in the hall of  
fame as the city's third winner of  
the "derby."

It is a contest of masculinity. It  
is an election without fear of femi-  
ninity grabbing off the throne  
through a chignon-showing coup.  
Any one can vote. Years or the  
number of kindergartens you have  
attended are no bar. All you need  
to do is to be able to write your  
candidate's name in some language  
near enough to English so that the  
derby's staff of linguists can read it.

Who? Oh, Who?

Your candidate need not have the  
biggest head in town or the most  
obscure haircut to win. A phre-  
nologist has been hired to keep the  
craniums within hat-band size or  
lo! who would there be to wear  
this noble crown?

Cast votes as many times and in  
as many speakeries, beauty shops,  
or barbering emporiums as you de-  
sire. Get your ballots anywhere  
you can and out of any street car,  
sofa-seat, or restaurant table you  
may be near.

Police Chief Mike Morrissey has  
requested that derby voters keep  
violence at minimum in fighting  
over rights to paper ballots.

One hundred ballots will put your  
candidate's name in the first list of  
standings to be printed in Satur-  
day's edition of The Times.

Don't wait until the last minute,  
for the judges of the contest will  
be announced next Monday, and  
when they get their head-measur-  
ing stick out there's no telling who  
will be crowned with the required  
votes are not in the derby bag.

Get today's ballot and start your  
writer's cramp. It's the big ballot  
in this paper with a Brown Derby  
done up in black ink. Mail or  
bring them to The Times.

All right, Eddie, let's go. Pass  
the shears, not the beer, and let's  
clip 'em out, for dear old "Derby's"  
sake.

Never in the history of this  
contest have so many elaborate  
entries been placed before  
judges.

Then on the night of Sept. 2, as  
legislators of the state celebrate  
Governor's day with citizens, at the  
Indiana state fair, your candidate  
—if he wins—will be crowned with  
the dun-colored top piece and re-  
ceive from The Times a plaque,  
engraving his name in the hall of  
fame as the city's third winner of  
the "derby."

It is a contest of masculinity. It  
is an election without fear of femi-  
ninity grabbing off the throne  
through a chignon-showing coup.  
Any one can vote. Years or the  
number of kindergartens you have  
attended are no bar. All you need  
to do is to be able to write your  
candidate's name in some language  
near enough to English so that the  
derby's staff of linguists can read it.

Who? Oh, Who?

Your candidate need not have the  
biggest head in town or the most  
obscure haircut to win. A phre-  
nologist has been hired to keep the  
craniums within hat-band size or  
lo! who would there be to wear  
this noble crown?

Cast votes as many times and in  
as many speakeries, beauty shops,  
or barbering emporiums as you de-  
sire. Get your ballots anywhere  
you can and out of any street car,  
sofa-seat, or restaurant table you  
may be near.

Police Chief Mike Morrissey has  
requested that derby voters keep  
violence at minimum in fighting  
over rights to paper ballots.

One hundred ballots will put your  
candidate's name in the first list of  
standings to be printed in Satur-  
day's edition of The Times.

Don't wait until the last minute,  
for the judges of the contest will  
be announced next Monday, and  
when they get their head-measur-  
ing stick out there's no telling who  
will be crowned with the required  
votes are not in the derby bag.

Get today's ballot and start your  
writer's cramp. It's the big ballot  
in this paper with a Brown Derby  
done up in black ink. Mail or  
bring them to The Times.

All right, Eddie, let's go. Pass  
the shears, not the beer, and let's  
clip 'em out, for dear old "Derby's"  
sake.

Never in the history of this  
contest have so many elaborate  
entries been placed before  
judges.

Then on the night of Sept. 2, as  
legislators of the state celebrate  
Governor's day with citizens, at the  
Indiana state fair, your candidate  
—if he wins—will be crowned with  
the dun-colored top piece and re-  
ceive from The Times a plaque,  
engraving his name in the hall of  
fame as the city's third winner of  
the "derby."

It is a contest of masculinity. It  
is an election without fear of femi-  
ninity grabbing off the throne  
through a chignon-showing coup.  
Any one can vote. Years or the  
number of kindergartens you have  
attended are no bar. All you need  
to do is to be able to write your  
candidate's name in some language  
near enough to English so that the  
derby's staff of linguists can read it.

Who? Oh, Who?

Your candidate need not have the  
biggest head in town or the most  
obscure haircut to win. A phre-  
nologist has been hired to keep the  
craniums within hat-band size or  
lo! who would there be to wear  
this noble crown?

Cast votes as many times and in  
as many speakeries, beauty shops,  
or barbering emporiums as you de-  
sire. Get your ballots anywhere  
you can and out of any street car,  
sofa-seat, or restaurant table you  
may be near.

Police Chief Mike Morrissey has  
requested that derby voters keep  
violence at minimum in fighting  
over rights to paper ballots.

One hundred ballots will put your  
candidate's name in the first list of  
standings to be printed in Satur-  
day's edition of The Times.

Don't wait until the last minute,  
for the judges of the contest will  
be announced next Monday, and  
when they get their head-measur-  
ing stick out there's no telling who  
will be crowned with the required  
votes are not in the derby bag.

Get today's ballot and start your  
writer's cramp. It's the big ballot  
in this paper with a Brown Derby  
done up in black ink. Mail or  
bring them to The Times.

All right, Eddie, let's go. Pass  
the shears, not the beer, and let's  
clip 'em out, for dear old "Derby's"  
sake.

Never in the history of this  
contest have so many elaborate  
entries been placed before  
judges.

Then on the night of Sept. 2, as  
legislators of the state celebrate  
Governor's day with citizens, at the  
Indiana state fair, your candidate  
—if he wins—will be crowned with  
the dun-colored top piece and re-  
ceive from The Times a plaque,  
engraving his name in the hall of  
fame as the city's third winner of  
the "derby."

It is a contest of masculinity. It  
is an election without fear of femi-  
ninity grabbing off the throne  
through a chignon-showing coup.  
Any one can vote. Years or the  
number of kindergartens you have  
attended are no bar. All you need  
to do is to be able to write your  
candidate's name in some language  
near enough to English so that the  
derby's staff of linguists can read it.

Who? Oh, Who?

Your candidate need not have the  
biggest head in town or the most  
obscure haircut to win. A phre-  
nologist has been hired to keep the  
craniums within hat-band size or  
lo! who would there be to wear  
this noble crown?

Cast votes as many times and in  
as many speakeries, beauty shops,  
or barbering emporiums as you de-  
sire. Get your ballots anywhere  
you can and out of any street car,  
sofa-seat, or restaurant table you  
may be near.

Police Chief Mike Morrissey has  
requested that derby voters keep  
violence at minimum in fighting  
over rights to paper ballots.

One hundred ballots will put your  
candidate's name in the first list of  
standings to be printed in Satur-  
day's edition of The Times.

Don't wait until the last minute,  
for the judges of the contest will  
be announced next Monday, and  
when they get their head-measur-  
ing stick out there's no telling who  
will be crowned with the required  
votes are not in the derby bag.

Get today's ballot and start your  
writer's cramp. It's the big ballot  
in this paper with a Brown Derby  
done up in black ink. Mail or  
bring them to The Times.

All right, Eddie, let's go. Pass  
the shears, not the beer, and let's  
clip 'em out, for dear old "Derby's"  
sake.

Never in the history of this  
contest have so many elaborate  
entries been placed before  
judges.

Then on the night of Sept. 2, as  
legislators of the state celebrate  
Governor's day with citizens, at the  
Indiana state fair, your candidate  
—if he wins—will be crowned with  
the dun-colored top piece and re-  
ceive from The Times a plaque,  
engraving his name in the hall of  
fame as the city's third winner of  
the "derby."

It is a contest of masculinity. It  
is an election without fear of femi-  
ninity grabbing off the throne  
through a chignon-showing coup.  
Any one can vote. Years or the  
number of kindergartens you have  
attended are no bar. All you need  
to do is to be able to write your  
candidate's name in some language  
near enough to English so that the  
derby's staff of linguists can read it.

Who? Oh, Who?

Your candidate need not have the  
biggest head in town or the most  
obscure haircut to win. A phre-  
nologist has been hired to keep the  
craniums within hat-band size or  
lo! who would there be to wear  
this noble crown?

Cast votes as many times and in  
as many speakeries, beauty shops,  
or barbering emporiums as you de-  
sire. Get your ballots anywhere  
you can and out of any street car,  
sofa-seat, or restaurant table you  
may be near.

Police Chief Mike Morrissey has  
requested that derby voters keep  
violence at minimum in fighting  
over rights to paper ballots.

One hundred ballots will put your  
candidate's name in the first list of  
standings to be printed in Satur-  
day's edition of The Times.

Don't wait until the last minute,  
for the judges of the contest will  
be announced next Monday, and  
when they get their head-measur-  
ing stick out there's no telling who  
will be crowned with the required  
votes are not in the derby bag.

Get today's ballot and start your  
writer's cramp. It's the big ballot  
in this paper with a Brown Derby  
done up in black ink. Mail or  
bring them to The Times.

All right, Eddie, let's go. Pass  
the shears, not the beer, and let's  
clip 'em out, for dear old "Derby's"  
sake.

Never in the history of this  
contest have so many elaborate  
entries been placed before  
judges.

Then on the night of Sept. 2, as  
legislators of the state celebrate  
Governor's day with citizens, at the  
Indiana state fair, your candidate  
—if he wins—will be crowned with  
the dun-colored top piece and re-  
ceive from The Times a plaque,  
engraving his name in the hall of  
fame as the city's third winner of  
the "derby."

It is a contest of masculinity. It  
is an election without fear of femi-  
ninity grabbing off the throne  
through a chignon-showing coup.  
Any one can vote. Years or the  
number of kindergartens you have  
attended are no bar. All you need  
to do is to be able to write your  
candidate's name in some language  
near enough to English so that the  
derby's staff of linguists can read it.

Who? Oh, Who?

Your candidate need not have the  
biggest head in town or the most  
obscure haircut to win. A phre-  
nologist has been hired to keep the  
craniums within hat-band size or  
lo! who would there be to wear  
this noble crown?

Cast votes as many times and in  
as many speakeries, beauty shops,  
or barbering emporiums as you de-  
sire. Get your ballots anywhere  
you can and out of any street car,  
sofa-seat, or restaurant table you  
may be near.

Police Chief Mike Morrissey has  
requested that derby voters keep  
violence at minimum in fighting  
over rights to paper ballots.

One hundred ballots will put your  
candidate's name in the first list of  
standings to be printed in Satur-  
day's edition of The Times.

Don't wait until the last minute,  
for the judges of the contest will  
be announced next Monday, and  
when they get their head-measur-  
ing stick out there's no telling who  
will be crowned with the required  
votes are not in the derby bag.

Get today's ballot and start your  
writer's cramp. It's the big ballot  
in this paper with a Brown Derby  
done up in black ink. Mail or  
bring them to The Times.

All right, Eddie, let's go. Pass  
the shears, not the beer, and let's  
clip 'em out, for dear old "Derby's"  
sake.

Never in the history of this  
contest have so many elaborate  
entries been placed before  
judges.

Then on the night of Sept. 2, as  
legislators of the state celebrate  
Governor's day with citizens, at the  
Indiana state fair, your candidate  
—if he wins—will be crowned with  
the dun-colored top piece and re-  
ceive from The Times a plaque,  
engraving his name in the hall of  
fame as the city's third winner of  
the "derby."

It is a contest of masculinity. It  
is an election without fear of femi-  
ninity grabbing off the throne  
through a chignon-showing coup.  
Any one can vote. Years or the  
number of kindergartens you have  
attended are no bar. All you need  
to do is to be able to write your  
candidate's name in some language  
near enough to English so that the  
derby's staff of linguists can read it.

Who? Oh, Who?

Your candidate need not have the  
biggest head in town or the most  
obscure haircut to win. A phre-  
nologist has been hired to keep the  
craniums within hat-band size or  
lo! who would there be to wear  
this noble crown?

Cast votes as many times and in  
as many speakeries, beauty shops,  
or barbering emporiums as you de-  
sire. Get your ballots anywhere  
you can and out of any street car,  
sofa-seat, or restaurant table you  
may be near.

Police Chief Mike Morrissey has  
requested that derby voters keep  
violence at minimum in fighting  
over rights to paper ballots.

One hundred ballots will put your  
candidate's name in the first list of  
standings to be printed in Satur-  
day's edition of The Times.

Don't wait until the last minute,  
for the judges of the contest will  
be announced next Monday,