

## HIT-RUN TRUCK VICTIM DEAD; BOYS ARE HURT

Traffic Accident Toll Climbs  
to 61 in County Since  
Jan. 1.

Traffic accident deaths in Marion county since Jan. 1 reached sixty-one Sunday when Wilbur McDonald, 28, of 375 South Illinois street, succumbed to injuries incurred Friday night when he was struck by the truck of a hit-and-run driver. His skull was fractured. The accident occurred at Kentucky avenue and Drexler street.

Police have found no trace of the truck. McDonald, an orphan, is believed to have no relatives here. His foster parents are said to be residents of Shreveville.

Severe head lacerations was incurred by Donald Dunn, 59, Salvation Army hotel, when he was struck at Capitol avenue and Michigan street, by an automobile driven by E. G. Gerske, 45, of 5248 College avenue.

Ruth and Everett Stevens, twins, 1007 River avenue, were cut and bruised when an automobile in which they were riding, driven by Leroy Reuter, 24, of 2320 West Morris street, overturned at Oliver and River avenues, due to locking of the steering gear.

Cuts and bruises were incurred by two boys struck by automobiles.

Marvin Johnson, 6, of 1114 Eugene street, was struck by a car driven by Arthur Combs, 21, of 1009 West Thirty-sixth street, on Clifton street, near Thirtieth street.

The second boy injured was Robert Witzig, 5, People's Ill., who was struck by a car driven by Robert W. Quinn, 15, of 2380 Adams street, in the 2700 block North Davidson street.

William V. Weeks, 38, of 1033 East Ohio street, suffered injuries of his shoulders when the bicycle he was riding was struck by a Greyhound bus driven by Leonard Horner, Dayton, O., at Ohio and East streets.

### DESIRE TO SEE FAIR MAY CUT RIGHT ARM

Youth Says He Was Beaten, but  
Police Think He Slept Near Track.

Desire of Louis Schipley, 18, of Terre Haute to see the state fair will cost him his right arm, according to physicians at city hospital.

Suffering a compound fracture of the arm, a head injury and lacerations on most of his body, Schipley was found this morning at Thirty-eighth street and the Monon railroad by two boys, who sent him to the hospital in a taxicab. It will be necessary to amputate the arm, according to doctors.

Although Schipley told a story that indicated he may have been beaten, with robbery as a motive, police are inclined to a theory that he fell asleep near the track and was struck by a projecting part of a train.

### RECORD ATTENDANCE AT CELEBRATION IS SEEN

Southern Indiana Labor Day Rites  
to Be Held at Washington.

By United Press  
WASHINGTON, Ind., Sept. 5.—A record attendance was expected at the annual celebration of the Southern Indiana Labor Day Association here today.

The program included a parade in the morning followed by speeches during the afternoon and evening.

Speakers included Clifford Townsend, Marion, director of the Indiana farm bureau; H. W. Brown, Cleveland, vice-president of the International Association of Machinists; Representative Arthur Greenwood, Washington, and George A. Henley, Bloomington.

### MARION'S NEW LABOR TEMPLE DEDICATED

Replaces Old Structure Wrecked by  
Bomb With Loss of Three Lives.

MARION, Ind., Sept. 5.—The new Marion Labor Temple was to be dedicated today. Senator Arthur R. Robinson headed the list of speakers which included: Glen Griswold, representative in congress; M. J. Gilhooley, president American Flint Glass Workers' Union, and Louis Hart, Lafayette, vice-president of the Indiana Building Trades Council.

The old temple was wrecked by a bomb blast Oct. 3, 1929, which killed three men.

4,000 at Church Farley

By United Press  
WINONA LAKE, Ind., Sept. 5.—Bishop H. Fout of Indianapolis delivered the annual conference sermon of the St. Joseph conference of the United Brethren church which closed here Sunday. Nearly 4,000 members of the church attended the meeting, which was the eighty-eighth annual session.

Whose Brown Derby?

What Indianapolis man will be crowned with the BROWN DERBY at the Indiana State Fair on Sept. 8?

What man will win the plaque that goes with the derby?

Clip this coupon and mail or bring to the Indianapolis Times. Just write your choice on the dotted line. Vote early and often.

OFFICIAL BROWN DERBY BALLOT

Monday, Sept. 5, 1932

To the Editor of The Times:

Please crown

the Brown Derby as Indianapolis' most distinguished citizen.

## CAPT. RANDALL TO THE RESCUE

Leviathan Skipper Justly Famous for His Exploits

In responsibility and authority few persons in the world can fill exceed the capacity of a great ocean liner. With thousands of lives and millions of dollars' worth of property in their keeping, the masters of such ships enjoy absolute sovereignty aboard their vessels.

The captain's word is law, reinforced by a pontifical quality that no mere legal decree possesses. Only one who can meet those tests of character, training and general fitness can aspire to such command.

Outstanding among the men who have met such tests are the captains of half a dozen great liners running in and out of New York. In a series of articles, of which the following is the first, George Britt describes these master mariners and their careers.

BY GEORGE BRITT

Times Staff Writer

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"I WAS sitting up in the Elks Club, months later," said Albert B. Randall, the very Yankee skipper of the Leviathan and commodore of the United States Lines, "when I got one of the surprises of my life. Here came a letter from Josephus Daniels, commanding me for that Standard Arrow business."

Commodore Randall had been telling how he raced an oil tanker across the ocean during the war, and reached the Portsmouth naval base in England just when the oil supply was exhausted.

To hear him talk, there was nothing to it. He was waiting for orders in New York when the need arose.

The convoy had sailed at noon, and if the Standard Arrow waited until morning she couldn't overtake the others. She wouldn't be loaded, full, until after dark.

And there was a rule that no deep ship could be moved from Bayonne through the kills at night. The towing companies refused to take the risk.

"Sure, I'll try her," said Commodore Randall, undaunted by the thought of a ship drawing thirty-two feet of water in a channel only thirty-two feet one inch deep.

"Send me some tugs from the navy yard at 9 o'clock tonight, and put on the pilot."

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THE darkness made no difference, as it turned out. The tanker slid out of the harbor as if on a track and overtook the convoy two days later. The commodore laughed.

There's another war story he enjoys telling, about the time he was sunk on the President Lincoln, returning as a passenger after commanding a convoy of fifty-two ships safely across.

At the explosion his first reflex was to save the new uniform which he just had bought in London. He hung it carefully on a coat-hanger in his stateroom closet, put on an old uniform and took off a lifeboat.

One of his fellow oarsmen was "Cupid" Black, old Yale football player, then a navy ensign.

As the boats floated away from the wreck, the U-boat came to the surface amidst them. Commodore Randall shed his coat with the gold stripes of rank none too soon.

The U-boat drew alongside and handed over an American sailor picked up in the water. "Them Heinies ain't so bad," the sailor remarked later. "They give me two big shots of cognac."

"Where's the captain?" he looking for a captive souvenir.

"He went down with the ship," shouted Randall, and the others eagerly lying.

"Don't worry, Black," said the German; "we don't want you."

Black swore. The enemy he recognized as an old prep school classmate of his.

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DURING the war Randall stepped into Newport News and performed an act of friendly piracy for the navy, taking the freighter Theresa away from the shipping board by caper and assertiveness when red tape was holding things up.

As a boy sailor he froze stiff receiving the signal halyards through the lofty main truck of a sailing ship and had to be lowered to the deck by his shipmates.

He sailed before the mast on army transports in the Spanish war. He was with the navy auxiliary fleet for years. Once he was the black sheep of the merchant marine when it was charged he had passed up a fisherman in distress.

After his vindication, within a year he saw so many schooners and dories and coast guard cutters that they nicknamed him "Rescue" Randall.

An old tub, which bore the name of Powhatan the ship made her fame in a storm January, 1920, 500 miles off New York. First, the ash ejector from the fire room clogged and began shipping water. The furnaces were flooded, not only stopping progress, but cutting off light and heat.

Coal shifted in the bunkers and the ship listed heavily to starboard. It seemed a good chance the transverse bulkhead wouldn't hold, which would mean going to the bottom immediately.

For eleven days in winter storms various ships essayed towing the ship without loss of a life. The Powhatan. Almost miraculously she finally reached Halifax.

The 274 passengers were transferred in small boats to another ship without loss of a life. Commodore Randall admits now he was in a tight place on the Powhatan and knowing it at the time, but the passengers issued a statement attributing their safety to his "unfailing optimism."

"American" is the word for

Commodore Randall, and for

the Leviathan.

"No can do," grunted the Chinese bo's'n, when he heard the order.

"Sure can do," answered Randall.

OUT of uniform and talking easily, Commodore Randall fellow townsman, who loves the front porch of the country club, or for a crack insurance salesman or the boss politician of his home.

But one couldn't mistake him long. He reeks of the sea, just as much as his hard-cussing parrot, Barnacle Bill, who'd be damned if he'd say the Leviathan and so relate to Whitestone Landing.

Notable seafarers give him a kick. He enjoyed Dwight Morrow and the other delegates to the London naval conference, and Aimee McPherson cruising to the Holy Land.

But he insists he's no celebrity-chaser. To his table he invites old friends whose talk he enjoys.

Commodore Randall is frankly given to flesh. A good eater, a good laugh, he has plenty of shock-absorbing bulk, plenty of energy stored up there. His features are finely modeled.

He belongs to many lodges and to the Sons of the American Revolution. Family means much to him. His ancestors settled in Long Island 250 years ago, and more.

One fought with Paul Jones. Many were master marines. He carries the Randall and Corwin genealogies, bound volumes, on the ship with him. Proud, but not snooty.

ABOVE the mantel in his cabin

hangs an old-fashioned print of the three-masted bark Obed Baxter, 877 tons, on which he sailed as ordinary seaman at \$13 a month, down to Santos and back.

Before that—born 1879 at Brookhaven, L. I.—he had sailed his sloop, the Clara B., along Great South bay, many's the time. But the Obed Baxter, when he was 13, was his first ship. She was ice-bound, he froze on.

"A great school, the sailing ship,

if you can hold on," he remarked.



Albert B. Randall, commodore of the United States lines and skipper of the Leviathan, with Barnacle Bill, erstwhile seagoing parrot now turned landlubber. Inset, the bark Obed Baxter, on which he first went to sea in 1897, and below at left, the Leviathan, his present command.

and Mrs. Randall had it made into a light chandelier, in which guise it hangs in their home at Whitestone Landing today.

"As the saying is, one hand for yourself and one for the owner. What a ship teaches, really, is patience, economy and self-reliance—especially patience."

The way he earned his four stripes twenty-six years ago was an exemplification of those virtues, plus continued use of all the "American" elements in his make-up.

He strayed off in the Mediterranean and also amuck in the darkness amid the harbor currents of Singapore.

The engines of the towing ships broke down in midocean. Some days, the ships puffing ahead at full speed and the Dewey dragging back under adverse winds, the net distance logged would be forty miles or fifty-two miles backward.

The Atlantic crossing alone, Baltimore to Gibraltar, required fifty-seven days. The whole trip, six months and ten days.

But at length they were rid of the Dewey. Chief Officer Randall reminded the bo's'n.

"Can do one time," the Chinese admitted—maybe."

State Strongly Republican

The important political symptom in the Sept. 12 Maine returns will be how much stronger the Democrats have become, and whether the new Democrats have made much of a dent in the huge Republican majority.

In 1928, Maine gave Hoover 179,923 votes, to 81,179 for Smith and 1,068 for Norman Thomas.

In 1924, the state gave Coolidge 138,440; Davis, 41,964, and La Follette, 11,382.

In most presidential elections since 1900, Maine has been at least two to Republican.

But the state has shown some independence by electing Democratic Governors four times since the Civil War, in 1878, 1880, 1910 and 1914.

John Moran, one of the strongest of the Democratic candidates, is running for Governor, as he has in previous years, but for Congress.

He is opposed by the strongest of the Republican candidates, Representative John Nelson, who has represented the Second district for years.

Hoover Supporters Run

In the First district, Representative Carroll Beedy, a strong Hoover supporter, is opposed by Joe Connelly, who emphasizes the Democratic witness.

In the Third, Democratic Mayor Utterback of Bangor is campaigning against ex-Governor Ralph Brewster, who has been defeated by Republicans in two tries for the senatorial nomination in recent years.

The gubernatorial race is between Burleigh Martin, candidate of the regular Republican organization, and Louis Brann, Democrat.

Conventions of the Indiana Nurses' Association Will Convene Here Oct. 5 to 8

Convention of the Indiana State Nurses' Association will be held Oct. 5 to 8 in Indianapolis.

Members of the committee in charge of the program will be Miss Frances MacMillan, chairman, Miss Beatrice Gearin, Miss Rose Johnson, Miss Eva MacDowell, and Miss Helen Teal.

FEAR SON IS DROWNED

Boy, 11, Falls to Return Home After

Visits to River.

Fear that his son Richard, 11, was

drowned in White river near Riverdale park was expressed to police today by Theodore Hardesty, 219 East North street.

Hardesty said Richard and another boy went to the park Sunday and when they did not return, a search was made revealing the Hardesty boy's shoes had been left at the Thirtieth street bridge.

HEAVY LOSS IN BLAZE

Half-Million Damage Caused by

Blast at Lawrenceburg Plant.

By United Press

LAWRENCEBURG, Ind., Sept. 5.—

Plans for possible repair of the main plant of the Rossville Commercial Chemical Corporation here

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