

It Seems to Me by HEYWOOD BROWN

CLEVELAND, June 13.—It is a pity that Reinald Werrenrath, the most interesting performer at the Republican convention, did not sing "The Road to Mandalay" at the end of the session rather than at the beginning. In that event he might have used the logically revised version which runs, "Ship me somewhere east of Suez where the best is like the worst, where there ain't no Ten Commandments and our ticket's Hearst and Hearst."

Before the conclave opened I suggested that in common gratitude Mr. Hearst deserved a place on the national ticket. But I had no idea that he would get both. It will be necessary at the moment to suggest that San Simon may have carried more weight than Topeka in bringing about the nomination of Alf Mosman last year. The case of Col. Knox is something else again. To some extent the good gray colonel owes his choice to the spirit of sportsmanship in the Republican Party. There was no crowding or pushing around the door of the lions' den. On the contrary, all the candidates, even the small fry, were eager to get up and withdraw in "the interests of nimity."

In the final session the race to avoid the laurel became a panicky rout. All the eligibles except Col. Knox seemed to regard the vice presidential wreath as so much poison ivy.

Hearst Not Mentioned

NEVERTHELESS, all previous new lows were shattered on the final morning sessions of the Republican national convention. Whenever the lightning seemed about to strike a potential vice presidential candidate he promptly ducked under the bed. That is, all but fearless Frank. The most telling argument advanced in favor of his candidacy was that "he followed Teddy Roosevelt up San Juan Hill." In the light of yesterday's events it would seem that Frank was a fool ever to come down again. But having pursued Theodore Roosevelt up the hill, Col. Knox must indubitably die come down. Indeed he came down sufficiently to gain the post of general manager for all the publications of William Randolph Hearst. By some oversight this was not mentioned in the nominating or the seconding speeches for Frank Knox. In fact, the good taste of San Simon's squire was 100 per cent throughout the Republican convention. Not once did he send any direct orders to the delegates and his name was never mentioned.

This was no convention in which the decisions were reached in a smoky and smoke-filled room. On the contrary, the issues were stated in a large California chateau within a huge room constructed in rough imitation of Westminster Abbey.

"That's All for Today"

THIS time the Harding technique was completely reversed. John Hamilton, the small town slicker who has been hailed prematurely as a new political genius, would get off in a hideaway somewhere with William Allen White and a few others to decide the problems of high strategy. But when they came up for air they would discover that the whole thing had been settled otherwise and elsewhere without their knowledge. Thus, in the final session, while John Hamilton was out in the corridor firmly convinced that Vandenberg had been drafted something went on in the twinkling of an eye and he found Frank Knox sitting in his lap about as welcome as a Morgan midget.

When the choice of the Chicago publisher became official the din of the demonstration was so terrific that one could hear the booming of a but-terfly. A young soprano, singing to the delegates and visitors by singing that excellent ditty, "The Calaisers Go Rolling Along." You remember it, "In and out roundabout—"

"Keep 'em rolling," sang the little lady as if her throat would break. They just wouldn't roll. But in far-off California, a gentleman put down the telephone, smiled pleasantly at his secretary and said, "That will be all for today."

My Day

BY MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

FORT WORTH, Tex., Friday—Such a changeable day! Bright sun this morning, and I never saw a prettier sight than the stratum in the Dallas fair-ground. Dresses and hats and every color we may see anywhere in summer. However, here we had parades of varied hue to make the whole stadium look more like a garden of flowers in full bloom.

One incident marred the morning for me. Out in the heat and dust from the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps. Suddenly I saw a boy being almost carried out to car on the sidewalks by two of his comrades. I knew how badly he would be dropping out, but I was even more afraid he might be really ill. My husband stopped long enough on the way out to ascertain that he was feeling better.

After lunch we started out for Fort Worth. Soon the clouds began to gather and there was a hot and quite a heavy rain. This was a great disappointment to many people. I know, but through still lined the sidewalks and cheered the President. I only hope no one is the worse tomorrow for a drenching. At least it is deliciously cool now.

We are about to go out and spend the night with our son, Elliott, and his wife and baby. It is rather pleasant to have a family dotted around in various places, for one always has an added interest in the locality where a child is living.

In this case I have Elliott's home before, but his father has never been here and I know Elliott will want to show him everything. Since I was here last autumn he has made certain improvements—and then grandchildren do grow so rapidly I expect I will hardly know Ghandi and his wife.

Every one seems to think that my husband will be too tired to really enjoy this short interlude in an official trip, but I think he really thrives on the feeling that he is seeing an improvement in conditions wherever we go. He certainly shows no sign of fatigue.

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New Books

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

KIM-SAN, a beautiful Japanese girl, is sold into bondage to the Yoshiwara by her starving family. Rescued by a Christian army officer and teacher, she falls in love with one of his university students, Shigeo, the son of a rich merchant whose mistress she has been. Forbidden to marry by old family traditions, Kim and Shigeo find their only possible solution in shinju—love suicide.

In the love story TO THE MOUNTAIN (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50) Bradford Smith, a university professor in Tokyo, has interwoven the problems of modern Japan, with its conflict of Oriental and Western ideas, of Christianity and Shintoism, with its political upheaval, Communism and Manchurian warfare. Especially enlightening are his pictures of the various classes in Japan—the destitute, the merchant, the farmer, and the student.

WE are never bored," says Patience. Neither will any reader be as he follows the adventures of the three delightful children of James E. Abbe, international photographer, and Polly Platt, his beautiful wife, formerly an actress. The entertaining and hilarious account of their travels, is recounted chiefly by the 11-year-old daughter, "I. Patience," in **AROUND THE WORLD IN ELEVEN YEARS** (Stokes, \$2). Co-authors are her brothers, Richard and John. Their wife of life in France and Germany, give a vivid touch to their sojourn in Russia; take the family to America via England and land them finally on a ranch near Denver.

Their reactions to the people and the life in each place they lived is told with a youthful frankness that is sometimes breaking by an adult; yet their naive and original observations are often pointed and very wise.

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'SCHOOL'S OUT' FOR THE TEACHER Mary Brigham Has Decided to Build Some New Homes

This is the last of a series of articles on Indianapolis school teachers who retired this month.

"I NEVER thought of doing anything else."

That's Miss Mary K. Brigham's explanation of a teaching career that ended this month after 33 years.

"My mother taught and I just naturally followed in her footsteps," she said.

Not so her brothers and sisters, however. In the Brigham family, which made its home in Howell, Mich., there were two boys and three girls. One boy became a farmer, and one a railroad man; one girl is a housewife, one a teacher and one a doctor, "because," explains Miss Brigham, "she didn't want to be a teacher."

But if Miss Brigham had to live the last 33 years over again, she would still be a teacher.

The first of next week will find her in her car and headed for Michigan and home. And by home she means a real home, for she's going to build it herself. Real estate, her one-time hobby soon is to be her profession.

SHE owns seven lots in Michigan which she purchased during "boom" times and she thinks now is the time to build. She confessed that if she didn't own the lots she probably would travel, but she can't let seven lots go to waste, she explained.

Her family? It's opposed to the venture, but Miss Brigham isn't discouraged.

She intends to build a small house, Cape Cod style, live in it until sold and then build another. They're to be landscaped personally by Miss Brigham, for gardening has been one of her hobbies.

Her interest in building first was aroused in 1917 when she was designing and supervising the erection of a summer cottage at Whitmore Lake, 10 miles from Ann Arbor, Mich. She and other members of the family lived in it for four summers. Then it was sold.

Fir trees, lake breezes, and the happy hours spent at the cottage were recalled. Although she likes fish, she admitted she wouldn't have anything to do with catching them.

MISS BRIGHAM started teaching at Livingston, Mich., remaining there six years. The next two years were spent in

study at the University of Michigan. She next went to Huron, O., for two years, teaching the fourth grade. She came to Indianapolis in 1904.

She taught fourth and fifth grades at School 7, fifth at Schools 61 and at 86; moved to department at School 50 and to junior high at School 72 where she concluded her teaching career.

Geography, civics and history were the subjects she taught in the high school.

"A one-room schoolhouse? Of course I taught in one. Every one had to get his teaching experience there," she explained.

There's a very marked change in teaching, said Miss Brigham, confirming the opinion of the other retiring teachers.

"THE pupil and the teacher are more interested in the subject more interesting," she said. "Everything used to be so out and dried, but not so today. The radio, the newspapers, movies and theaters have helped to make teaching problems easier."

She has traveled a good bit about the United States, but when she contemplated a trip to Europe a sister asked her why she didn't see more of America first. This same sister journeyed to Europe several years later. Her report was: "I can understand now why you were so anxious to go abroad." They were agreed on the beauty of the scenery and the evidence of old cultures.

Miss Brigham intends to spend the winter in California with a friend. She may even remain there.

She's excited about the trip already. She's got the route all mapped out, straight out 66. And if she gets tired she'll stop over and do some sight-seeing.

THE END



Miss Mary K. Brigham ... teaching came natural.

'BEST TICKET UNDER CONDITIONS,' SAYS MARK SULLIVAN

CLEVELAND, June 13.—Under the conditions, it is extremely close to the best ticket the Republicans could have nominated.

I say, "under the conditions." One of the conditions is that the candidates must be young—young, that is, in a sense which includes being new in national politics. Few realized until we came here how thoroughly Republican voters throughout the country were in a mood of looking for new leadership. It was not that they had any feeling against the old leaders. On the contrary most of the old leaders were respected.

It was more like the common process of nature, a new generation growing up, passing out of the tutelage of elders, evolving new ideas of their own and proceeding to function, to take over the world and its institutions as new generations must. What happened at Cleveland was not a revolution; there was no violence or heat in it. It was precisely like the orderly succession of generations—one group reaching the age of senescence and retirement, another reaching maturity and dominance.

THE evolution from old to new, as represented by the ticket, would have been more complete, and the symbolism of it more obvious, had Senator Vandenberg been made the vice presidential nomination instead of Col. Knox. Senator Vandenberg is slightly more on the side of newness—in the Senate, after he came there a few years ago.

But Senator Vandenberg had a perfectly sound reason for counseling against giving the vice presidential nomination to himself. In the Senate are two outstanding aggressive Republicans, almost the only two who function well as fighting debaters. One is Senator Hastings of Delaware. His term is coming to an end and he appears determined to retire. The other is Senator Vandenberg. Had Mr. Vandenberg been nominated for Vice President and elected, the Republicans would be without any aggressive leadership in the Senate.

In years Col. Knox is not so young! He fought in the Spanish War. But in every other respect he reflects the young and the new. He is new as a figure in formal politics; he is a high leader in the American Legion, which is a new force in politics, and he was one of the 10 or 12 men closest to Theodore Roosevelt when the latter, in 1912, made his Progressive bid for what meant, then and still, new ideals in politics and public life.

AS for the head of the ticket, Gov. Landon, he completely represents the new. And he is literally the best possibility for the presidential nomination. The nomination had to go to the new, and Gov. Landon was the best of the new. It is self-evident that the older group of Republican leaders, conceding aggressive leadership, almost better-known to the public, but the convention, and the country as a whole, was determined to turn to the new. It was not in hostility; it just had to be; it was the course of nature.

Nothing could better illustrate the mood of the convention than what attended Mr. Hoover's speech. He received far the greatest ovation the convention gave anybody. Rarely has such a tribute of pride and affection been given any one. The convention endorsed 100 per cent the ideas in Mr. Hoover's address, and these ideas are basically the ideas of the convention and of the Republican Party in this campaign.

The convention had not the faintest notion of nominating Mr. Hoover for the presidency. It did not occur to them. Inexperienced observers and much of the distant

radio audience may have thought when they heard the ovation to Mr. Hoover, that he might become a possibility for the presidential nomination. The convention made no slightest gesture in that direction, did not give a thought to it. The convention was as certain to turn to the new as a generation reaching maturity is certain to function in its own way.

OF the new, the wholly normal new, the new in the precise sense in which every tomorrow must differ from every today, the old not being overturned but merely taking on inevitable modification—of the new in that wholesome sense, Governor Landon is the perfect epitome and symbol. He is at once as old as the Bible and the Constitution, and at the same time as new as the radio and the automobile. He has ability without the vice of "cleverness," without smartness. In no solitary respect does he remind any one of a politician of the old type.

Mr. Hamilton seemed an example of the new, the best possible new not only in politics but throughout all American life. One characteristic of this whole new American generation is insistence on reality, quiet distaste for what-ever seems to them sham or posturing or sentimentalism. This quality in Mr. Hamilton, this admiration for whatever is devious or adroit or "clever," infused every line of Mr. Hamilton's speech putting Gov. Landon in nomination. Mr. Hamilton's speech was a remarkable performance. Not once, as I recall, did he mention President Roosevelt's name. He talked only of Gov. Landon. But in every sentence in which he told the kind of man Gov. Landon is, he seemed to add, in an unspoken parenthesis, "this, you will observe, is the opposite of Mr. Roosevelt."

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Roosevelt Still 'Is Favored for President by A. F. of L. Head

BY HERBERT LITTLE
Times Special Writer

CLEVELAND, June 13.—President William Green of the A. F. of L. still favors Franklin Roosevelt for President.

"There has been no change in my attitude," he said today at the home of his daughter here, when asked if the Landon nomination affected his statement of last month approving Roosevelt's policies and candidacy.

As to the official attitude of the A. F. of L. itself, Mr. Green said no action had been taken. Efforts are being made to check on the labor policies and record of the Kansas Governor.

The indicated plan of the A. F. of L. is to draft a statement comparing the Roosevelt and Landon labor records, and to make it public at the July meeting of the A. F. of L. executive council in Washington.

This is counted upon to guide the four to five million union men and their families in casting their votes.

"We always wait until after the platforms are made," Green pointed out.

HE expressed bitter disappointment, however, over the Republican platform, which failed to include the major recommendations made by Green and his A. F. of L. delegation early this week.

"I think I can say that, as far as labor is directly concerned, the plank does not meet the expectations and hopes of labor," he said.

Among the Green proposals rejected were those for the child labor

amendment, a Federal housing program, anti-injunction legislation, and a constitutional amendment to curb the Supreme Court.

GRIN AND BEAR IT + + by Lichty



"How about a little help, Pietro? This gentleman has to catch a train."

Fair Enough by WESTBROOK PEGLER

CLEVELAND, June 13.—The hoarse and weary are scattering toward their homes at this writing and the hall where they ratified the instructions received by phone from the hotel rooms is now in the hands of the wreckers and sweepers. From now on the patriots will apply themselves to the task of selling Alf Landon's personality and explaining the state of mind of Kansas and the historical and other influences which have produced it. Mr. Landon is the first nominee from his fork of the creek and although he seems hardly likely to turn the rascals out this time his campaign should serve to acquaint the East with the nature of a hardbitten, horny-handed breed of insurgents who have always been left wing in the Republican Party.

The Kansan of the present has a much more accurate measure of the Eastern American than the Easterner has of him. Kansans go East, but Easterners never go to Westbrooke Pegler Kansas except by necessity.

It has been a long time since there was frontier anywhere in the East, but the grandparents of the present generation of Kansans were sod-hut people, many of whom were born without the assistance of doctors, and the population still knows by personal experience a number of inconveniences which are only newspaper talk to the East. Blizzards, drought, the scorching heat of summer, cyclones, dust storms and grasshoppers are some that come to mind.

Cow \$5; Steak \$4

A FEW years ago, in Washington, your correspondent discovered on the menu of the hotel a steak listed at \$4 the same day that a letter came from a friend in the town of Soldier, Kas., telling of a Kansan who had just been compelled to sell a whole cow, complete with cowhide in good condition, steaks, tripe, stew meat, liver and one set of horns for \$5 because there wasn't enough water for her. True, the steak in Washington was a two-passenger steak, but still there was a rather unreasonable markup between the producer and the consumer. Chickens were a nickel apiece in Kansas at the time and chicken salad was \$1.50 in a large hotel in New York.

During the convention your correspondent renewed old friendship with Mr. Jess Harper, the old Notre Dame football coach, who preceded Knute Rockne. Mr. Harper is a Kansas farmer and he was all for turning the rascals out of Washington next fall, even though he had been in receipt of certain checks from the United States government for preventing wheat on his acres.

Good Fellow Not Wanted

THERE was another Jess in the sport industry some years ago who was faithfully interpreted Kansas to the East and made few friends because he wasn't a good fellow. That was Jess Willard, who made two fortunes in the ring and established a reputation for frugality second only to that of the man who beat him last, Luis Angel Firpo. Mr. Jack Skelley of Yonkers, N. Y., who trained Willard for the Firpo fight, reported afterward that his reward had been nothing more than the gloves Willard wore in losing the fight. He thought he should have had more, but Willard's idea of the value of a dollar had been acquired on a Kansas farm and he looked on the task of training an ex-champion as mere recreation.

Mr. Willard wasn't a good fellow, but he was a real Kansan. Mr. Landon may not be elected, but he might be and your correspondent therefore hopes he is not a good fellow either.

The champion political good fellows of the present generation have been Jimmy Walker, Warren G. Harding and James A. Farley. The citizens will be paying for their open-handedness for many a year.

Merry-Go-Round

BY DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN

WASHINGTON, June 13.—All week a pall was on Capitol.

The chambers of oratory were still, the galleries vacant, the elevators idle. Even the Negro barbers, whose free fringes Senators so immensely popular, lounged around reading the comics.

Cleveland stole the show.

The only voices heard in the building have been the monotonous of Capitol guides, conducting straggling sightseers through the ancient marble corridors.

Even the office buildings were silent. The normal subway car between the Capitol and the Senate office building droned back and forth with a single passenger each trip.

The list of committee sessions fell off to three for both House and Senate combined. The only heavy labor done was by the conferees in ironing out the tax bill.

It was a concurrent resolution that caused the Capitol to be left like a death house. Since neither the Senate nor the House may adjourn for more than three days without the consent of the other, both joined in giving consent. The great mace was removed from its marble pillar in the House to be locked up in the office of the sergeant-at-arms. The Republicans went to Cleveland. The Democrats went fishing.

But now the banks of the Potomac are beginning to look alive again.

A GROUP of Indiana delegates called on Senator Borah at his hotel suite before the nomination said: "Senator, we want you to come into the state in the campaign and make a speech." "But you are for Landon, aren't you?" he asked. "Yes, but we admire you and want you to make a speech in Indiana." "Well, gentlemen," replied Borah with a smile, "that is very hospitable of you. I shall keep you invitation in mind, but I warn you, I don't think you will like the speech I make."

Practically every delegation in Cleveland made a special plea to Landon managers to send the G. O. P. candidate into their state, promising that if so he would be sure to carry it. Said tall, stately Menauls Lankford of Norfolk, Va.: "If you need the Old Dominion to win we will not fail you, sir." Frank Knox had the largest picture poster at the convention. It stood eight feet high and was six feet wide.

Headquarters of the Pennsylvania delegation was directly across from Senator Lester Dickinson's campaign offices. One night some of the Pennsylvanians snatched into the Iowa headquarters and spread the report, sotto voce, that they might swing over to him. Immediately the Dickinsons sent down stairs and rushed up several boxes of good cigars. The Pennsylvanians helped themselves and departed.

SENATOR ARTHUR VANDENBERG is angry at the Michigan newsmen covering the convention. He expected them to rally around him the way the Kansas press did for Landon, but after the first day of his arrival they practically boycotted his headquarters.

Clint W. Hager, former United States District Attorney from Georgia and one of the state's delegates, had a very embarrassing experience. Attired only in his shorts he called on H. H. Turner, alternate from Atlanta, who had the room next to him. But when Hager tried to re-enter this room, he found the door locked. Just then a maid came down the corridor. He appealed to her to open his door. "Sorry," she replied pertly, "how do I know that's your room? You'll have to go to the office."