

It Seems to Me
by
HEYWOOD BROUN

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—I hold no particular brief for the Aryans, although I believe my Aunt Mathilda married one of them. But it does seem to me that Adolf Hitler is making it too tough for the racial strain which he pretends to glorify. In the first place, his propaganda department must be highly ineffective. Surely there ought to be some bright man in Berlin who could have told Der Fuehrer in advance that Nazi supremacy was sure to take a terrible licking in the Olympics.

The triple crown won by Jesse Owens was a magnificent achievement, but it was hardly unexpected. No competent bookmaker would have quoted odds against him in any event in which he was entered. The same situation existed in the high jump. Both the leading contenders were American Negroes.

Hendrik Willem Van Loon informs me that the Finns aren't Aryan, either. They are Mongolian.

And so all the days of distance races should have given Hitler another holiday to stay home and get the results over the radio.

Of course, the easy out would have been for the German leader to take the whole thing a little less seriously. If he had said at the outset that track games are a sport and exciting to watch and good for the health, but of no import whatsoever in determining racial superiority, I for one would have agreed with him.

Running Not Only Thing

TO some extent, of course, this is defensive. I am not at all sure that I can run the 100 meters, but if I could make it my time would be something like a snappy 20 seconds flat. Just the same, I am not going to admit that anybody who can lower that record is necessarily a better man than I.

The trouble with Hitler has been that he has wanted to overemphasize the importance of German triumph in track and field and belittle those which do not fit into his ethnological preconceptions. As a matter of fact, the Germans have done surprisingly well in the Olympics, but in the wrong spots.

It seems to me exciting that Tilly (such is fame that her last name already escapes me) can hurl a javelin farther than any other young lady in the world has ever done officially.

Nevertheless, Tilly does not seem to fit very well into the Nazi scheme of things. It was my impression that the loyal German woman of today was to concern herself wholly with children, church and cooking. Now, Tilly must have strayed away from all these things in order to learn to toss a javelin so far.

Hurling Hitler

INDEED, I should think that Herr Hitler himself might be a little self-conscious in looking up at Tilly in order to congratulate her. If tossing the 110-pound dictator ever becomes popular along the Rhine, he is quite capable of hurling Hitler back where he came from.

And it was another German maiden who took a medal by throwing the discus. The discus is a flat plate. Suppose she should become a little absent-minded during an audience with Der Fuehrer! And suppose there was an open window.

It seems to me that Hitler himself is a standard event, and destined but dull. Yet even that will not be of much help to the New Germany. For, lo, these many years we ignorant Americans have always pictured the German as a man who came out in red tights, grunted prodigiously and lifted a dumbbell marked "650 lbs" over his head. He used to come on in vaudeville shows just ahead of the trained seals. And it was the custom of the audience to sit back languidly and say, "So what?" I hope that Adolf has thought up an answer.

My Day

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

HYDE PARK, N. Y., Sunday.—I felt extremely sorry for myself yesterday because I could not keep enough handkerchiefs about my person. My nose got more and more red and sore as the day went on, besides which I am so annoyed with myself for having a head cold in summer. It seemed so very useless.

However, like so many other disagreeable things, as soon as I was busy I forgot all about it and it is practically gone.

As usual, I spent a good part of Saturday at my desk, but at noon Mrs. Dorothy Roosevelt from Birmingham, Mich., came to lunch with her sister and Dr. Mary E. Woolley. Both Dr. Woolley and myself are so interested in foreign affairs we found ourselves discussing all kinds of possibilities while we waited for lunch. During the meal it was natural to drift into talk on the European situation and the anxieties that so many people who have relatives and friends in Spain are now undergoing.

In the afternoon we all drove down to Secretary and Mrs. Morgenthau's lovely place for their annual clambake. The tables were set under a gorgeous tree and much to our amazement we were told that the tree was protected by lightning rods, but the house was not. Their logic, however, is excellent, for said Mrs. Morgenthau:

"You can rebuild the house, but it would take generations to replace the tree."

To me the scene is always very lovely, with the hill forming a semicircle around us, the sky colored by the setting sun and as the evening shadows deepen the evening stars come out just to shine upon us. Down in the paddock three colts with their mothers were duly admired and then we all ate oysters, corn and chicken with great relish.

We sat out singing until it was absolutely dark before we went into the house to dance. Just before going home I persuaded the young people to try a Virginia reel. With a great deal of assistance from the President we managed to get through quite creditably. It exhausted a good many people, but I think afforded every one a very good time.

The President and I have been to church this morning and now about 15 members of his family are about to sit down to luncheon. It is wonderful how, on the Hudson River, one can collect relatives.

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New Books

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

COURAGE in the face of grueling hard work and hope despite maddening dullness make up the spirit of Danish pioneers in *TAKE ALL TO NEBRASKA*, by Søphus Keith Winther (Macmillan: \$2.50). Existence for himself and family is a struggle for Peter Grimsen made doubly hard by the misunderstanding between him and his sons in their adjustment to the hard land and unfriendly community.

The happenings of their everyday life with its few bright spots are told chiefly through the eyes of Peter and the sensible Mrs. Peter suffers when the rented farm which he had labored to improve is refused him. Morte, the mother, is all but defeated when her only daughter dies from lack of medical attention. But Peter finds another farm, and Mrs. Peter resolves to study English, that she may be an American mother to American children in this land which is still promising.

PARENTS or teachers seeking help in answering children's questions about religious matters will find *WHICH WAY FOR OUR CHILDREN* (Scribner: \$2) by Alice L. Nunke, both thought provoking and stimulating. Offending no creed or religious belief the author proceeds through questions and examples taken from actual experiences with children, to discuss such topics as: Introducing the child to God and the Bible; the meaning of prayer; the problem of death; the worship hour; the guidance of social relationships.

The author has also included a long list of books which will be of use to those who care to pursue the subject further and to those who have individual problems to solve.

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Second Section

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'WHY I TURNED IN TOM ROBINSON'

Girl Companion Tells of Adventures With Kidnaper of Mrs. Stoll

(Continued from Page One)

him up. Now I want to tell something about myself and relate all that took place in the 16 months that I spent with this boy.

I was born in New York 34 years ago and have lived here most of the time. I'm no angel. My life has been rather hectic. By the time I was eight both my parents were dead. I had a brother and two sisters a few years older than I. They did well to look after themselves. That worried him and he moved.

In the middle of the afternoon, Tom telephoned me suggesting that we go out again that night. I met him, we dined at the Village Inn, then drifted to Jimmy Kelly's and later to the Club Robinson.

Tom went on for a few weeks. Tom would drink every night, of course, and after several drinks would tell me where he was going. The next day he would move. He shifted from the Waldorf to the Lexington, then to the Ritz-Carlton and finally to the St. George in Brooklyn. When I realized that my knowledge of his residence worried him, I pretended not to know where he stayed.

During our nightly rounds I had noticed that Tom seemed to have an unlimited supply of \$5 and \$10 bills. Also I noticed that while he spent freely he did not tip proportionately. This suggested to me that he was not used to having a lot of money.

From the start, his Southern accent had made me doubt that he was from Chicago. I began to think something was wrong somewhere. In my mind I tried to connect him with some bank shortage or embezzlement in the South. His behavior suggested something like that.

About 1 o'clock we decided to join parties. The waiter moved our tables together. I sat next to the tall, dark-haired boy. He happened to be Tom Robinson. Of course, I had no idea of that at the time. He was introduced to me as Ted Warner. I do not recall the names of the two girls and the man with him, and I found out from Tom later that he had met them that night and had never seen them before.

Shortly after 3 I had enough of the party and decided to go home. "Ted" said that he had enough, too, and that he would go along. He called a cab for us and took me to my home at 11th-st in Brooklyn.

Riding home in the cab, we made an engagement for the next evening. I met him in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel at 7 o'clock. I didn't know where he was drinking.

We walked around the corner to Elsie's on 48th-st for dinner. We drank lots of champagne. Later we went to Leon and Eddie's on W. 52d-st, where he had more champagne and talked a lot.

He wanted to know something about me. I told him that I was accustomed to playing around and was getting rather bored with it. I asked him about himself. He said he was from Chicago, and that he had come to New York to escape some entanglements arising from a divorce action filed by his wife. He said he planned to remain in New York until it was over.

Later that night we ended this champagne party at the Ubangi Club in Harlem. Both of us were pretty tight. I remember then calling him a man who can't seem to get away from anything. I asked him for a cigarette and when he handed me

LET'S EXPLORE YOUR MIND

BY DR. ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM



FAITH BALDWIN, novelist, maintains in her usual penetrating fashion, in *Screen Guide*, that while screen stars appear glamorous and make the wife see her husband is comparing her with them, yet, as she says (paraphrased) glamour is expensive. Motion picture stars achieve it and enhance it because it's their stock in trade. They work at it and it costs a lot. They have to sing, dance, speak, ride, swim and exercise whether they want to or not. The shadow on the screen is shadowy, the wife in the audience is superior to these, if she only knew it. Mrs. Baldwin, a wife with several children, advises: "Don't wish you could exchange the substance for the shadow."

I CAN NOT answer for all cases, but in general there never was a time when a college education was a better bet. Nearly all last year's graduates of the Harvard Business School now have jobs and most of those of this year are stepping into jobs. In other college departments the record is not quite so high, but is very encouraging.

COULD you detect a burglar in a dark room? If you could neither see nor hear him.



Jean Breese, who loved Tom Robinson—but turned him in.

the case, his hands were cold and trembling.

"I want you to come clean with me," I said. "If you are not the one, then there is some person I have been seen with recently who is wanted. I would like to give that person the break I'm trying to give you now. I don't want to know your business or what you are wanted for—just tell me if they are after you."

Immediately upon receiving the call, I rushed to the St. George Hotel. I knew Tom's room number, but not the name under which he was registered. I found later that he had registered as Ted Wallace.

It was about 5 o'clock in the afternoon around Feb. 1 when I knocked on his door. He was dressing but opened the door.

"What did you pull off?" I asked as I entered.

"Why, nothing—nothing, at all," he answered.

Then I told him about this telephone call informing me that he was wanted. He continued to deny that he was being sought for anything. I asked him for a cigarette and when he handed me

to stay out of the South, and outdoors were a real treat to us after icy New York. We enjoyed every bit of it, and almost every day went horseback riding in Santa Monica Hills. Tom decided he needed a car and he wanted a Packard. He went to the Santa Monica branch distributor for Earle C. Anthony and looked over several models. After much debate and many trips, he bought a blue Packard club sedan.

Tom evidently had changed some \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills at the bank for larger denominations. He paid for the car in \$100 bills—thirty-two of them. In this car we went for long rides along the coast. We went from Ventura to San Diego. Tom was posing as a Chicago lawyer on vacation and we still had the name of Burgess.

We were invited to join the Del Mar Beach Club at Santa Monica by Mr. Alden, one of its officials, but declined for obvious reasons. We explained that we would be in California for only a short time. We made many acquaintances, most of whose names I do not remember. We saw the polo games and watched the late Will Rogers play. We went swimming and had a general outdoor life.

The next morning, which was Feb. 3, we landed at Burbank Airport, went into Los Angeles in the airport taxi and registered at the Ambassador Hotel as Mr. and Mrs. Burgess of Chicago. We stayed there two or three days while I did some shopping collecting a much-needed wardrobe. Then we moved to the Biltmore, using the same name. This was just a precaution in case the plane tickets were traced and it was learned we came to the Biltmore in the airport taxi.

A few days later we decided to rent a house. Tom and I called on Mrs. Anna Webb, a real estate broker at 1244 South Grand-av. We selected a house on 16th-st in Santa Monica. We stayed there about six weeks.

This house was a thorough de-

Mark Sullivan's column

is on Page 3.

(Continued Tomorrow)

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GRIN AND BEAR IT + + by Lichy



"Don't make a sound. Granpa—I'm trying to ambush Willie."

Fair Enough

by

WESTBROOK PEGLER

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—I don't do very well with university words, but could I say that there is something symbolic of politics in this country in the garbage story out of Eastport, Me., which the Republican National Committee picked up and used under its own name as campaign material against the New Deal?

This is the first time that a national committee has literally worked a garbage dump as a source of political arguments and the lesson of the incident is that you can't do that without getting it on you.

There is great indignation among the officers of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers on the Quoddydoo job. Engineers, after all, are blame for tossing a daily ration of 492 pies to the pigs of Farmer Ed Pottle, Perry, Me., who would have come back to them and the engineers are implacable accountants. When I was there recently they were spreading their surplus material around among other departments of the government, receiving due credit on the books for so many nails and so many bundles of envelopes and one little problem that remained to be settled was what to do with the old sticks of chewing gum, the broken lots of razor blades and candy bars which would be left over when they closed the canteen. There might be only a dollar's worth all told and to bundle it up, invoice it and ship it off to some Army post, or advertise it for public sale as government surplus would be something like building the Quoddy Dam to get the power to ring a door bell.

Lesson for Republicans

THE experience of the garbage miners ought to mess with the engineers unless they are sure of their facts. They have been nagging and pestering those boys a long time now, starting with the story of the love-seats and grandfather's clocks. It seems that in order to buy furniture for the dormitory at Quoddy Village, the engineer had to advertise for bids, giving detailed descriptions of the material required. This included two love-seats and two grandfather's clocks. A love-seat is just a two-passenger settee, which got its name from the furniture trade, and a grandfather's clock is just a tall clock. Both items are stock patterns in the furniture business and bidders wouldn't have known what was wanted if they hadn't been called by the right names.

Nevertheless, Republican publicity, obviously based on bad reporting, carelessness and misinformation, assumed that this committee was being provided for each of the family homes in the Quoddy Village and the engineers were ridiculed in print for gentling the Quoddy employees with luxuries. The truth is that the Quoddy bungalows are not furnished at all except with electric stoves and refrigerators. You would have thought the committee would send a good reporter up there to get things right.

And Landon Gets Hit

BUT the counter-propaganda was feeble because the engineers aren't humorists and they don't know how to top a gag.

They are sticklers for facts, however, and when the committee went for the garbage story about the pies for Ed Pottle's pigs, they laid it on the line. They are buying no pies and throwing no pies away and furthermore the garbage contract isn't held by Ed Pottle but by Martin Doyle.

Well, it is somewhat reminiscent of the old Chaplin custard comedies. The boys sling a pie at Mr. Big and just then he stoops over to tie his shoe and the whole gummy smear hits his Mr. Landon right in the face.

Merry-Go-Round

BY DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—It was probably the unhappiest half hour in Bill Green's life. Although he was seated in an air-cooled room, his face was clammy with perspiration. His hands shook with nervousness.

He was about to announce the suspension of the 10 insured unions—including his own United Mine Workers—from membership in the American Federation of Labor, of which he is president, if he continued that affiliation with John L. Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organization.

Opposite him stood a small army of newspaper men awaiting the news. They lost no time in opening on him.

"Mr. Green, does the action of the executive council mean that the suspended unions will not be able to vote in the federation's convention next November?"

"The convenience will decide."