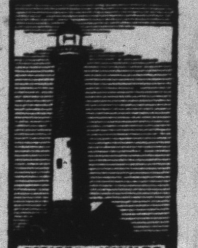


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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1936.

A PRESIDENT UNAFRAID

YOU could be proud, if you were listening last night, that you were in America. For over the air came the voice of America unafraid. The voice of the President of the United States, saying, "These things we have done; these things we will continue to do; we are not quitting."

That was the essence of the Roosevelt speech, though not the words. That was the message he gave to the millions who turned to him for leadership in 1932, the millions of the submerged whom he has rescued and who are grateful, and the message likewise to a much smaller number whom he also rescued—and who are not grateful.

It was the voice of courage and confidence, courage and confidence of such degree that it sounded a new note in a campaign that had threatened to establish a low mark in political mediocrity. For, until now, his enemies have had the air and the newspapers pretty much to themselves, and the air and the newspapers have been filled with whimpers and mean fears. The President cleared the air, at least. He revealed anew that a man's sized man is still at the controls in Washington, doing the man's sized job he was chosen to do, wholly unbothered by the yelpings of the panicky minority mentioned above.

There is a political candidate in the field against the President. His campaign to date has not been inspiring. He has obviously sought to be two things, a man in whom the masses of the American people, the farmers and the laborers, could put their confidence, on the one hand, and a man to whom the privileged few of the past could look for reassurance that their day would come again. He has presented a blurred picture of himself and his program. He has but a few short weeks in which to undo the damage he has done himself and his candidacy, in which, to say, to present a negative that has not suffered from double exposure.

The President has cleared the air, has let a flood of light into the campaign, revealing that he knows where he is going and is moving resolutely on his way. In this light his opponent will have to reveal not only where he stands, but the direction in which he proposes to move—whether east or west or in a circle.

MOVING JUNK-HEAPS

"MY brakes didn't work," or "my headlights were out of order," have been standby excuses of negligent automobile operators. The day is coming when they won't be accepted.

When Chicago recently adopted compulsory auto inspection—it now is a traffic law violation there not to have an inspection "sticker"—the Keep Chicago Safe Committee estimated 10 per cent of all automobiles in larger cities, at least, were unfit for use and should be junked.

And the inspection drive, which has spread to many cities and is receiving some consideration in Indianapolis, also focuses public attention on such matters as wheel alignment, brake equalization, rearview mirrors, steering accuracy, headlights and tail-lights. Since Memphis nearly three years ago started America's first compulsory auto inspection system, the plan has worked to reduce accidents in Evanston, Ill.; Des Moines, Billings, Mont.; Knoxville, Seattle and other places.

Delaware and Connecticut have made compulsory inspection statewide. Maryland has a system of private inspection. Ten other states have more or less effective inspection legislation.

The keeping of unsafe automobiles off the roads by compulsory inspection should be considered by the next Legislature, along with a more stringent drivers' license law providing for examination of drivers.

THE SIMPSON CASE

LAWRENCE SIMPSON, American, has been sentenced to three years in a German prison. This should put a period to at least one phase of an affair which has obtained considerable publicity on false pretenses.

Simpson was widely pictured by sympathizers in this country as an ordinary American seaman trying to make a living for himself at his job, who suddenly had been yanked off an American ship in a German port and thrown into a Nazi prison for no apparent reason.

The trial brought to light an altogether different picture. By his own admission Simpson has been working hand in glove with German communists, smuggling in anti-Nazi propaganda and otherwise engaged in activities which he and his associates hoped might overthrow the Hitler regime.

We hold no brief for Nazism, fascism, communism nor any other ism hostile to democratic government. But when an American citizen uses the American flag to camouflage his meddling in the affairs of foreign governments, he is betraying the best interests of his own country. And Uncle Sam's obligations to him are distinctly limited.

REAR ADMIRAL SIMS

IN the language of the soldier and the sailor, Rear Admiral William Sowden Sims, U. S. N., retired, has gone West. Commander of the American forces in European waters during the World War, he has gone to join most of the other leaders in that great conflict.

Rear Admiral Sims never let the barnacles collect on his mind. To the end of his three-score-years-and-six, he remained keen, progressive and constructive.

He probably did more in a practical way to reform the American Navy than any other one man. Among other things, he taught it how to shoot.

He was only a lieutenant when he convinced himself a lot of things were wrong with the Navy and risked reprimand or dismissal by going to the top. He told what he thought should be done and he produced facts to support what he said. And he won out. And time and events were to prove him right.

The Navy, the Army and American public life generally need more men like the gallant scrapper who today lies dead.

"Where Do We Go From Here?"—By Herblock



Fair Enough

By Westbrook Pegler

Notes Social and Literary Phases of Series and Especially Parties for Writers and Heroes of Past

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—The social and literary phase of the World Series has developed into an occasion of such magnitude that it will not be amiss at this hour to leave the technical aspect of the impending festival to the more expert authorities and discuss the lighter side. There are two great sport events in this country compared to which all others are secondary. These are the World Series and the heavyweight championship prize fight.

They bring sport writers and customers from everywhere and the World Series, by reason of its continuity and integrity of the game, must be conceded precedence.

The gate receipts are threatening to rise above the boom-time record of \$1,207,000. Moreover, the boys are moving in from other cities of the major and minor leagues in large numbers to cover the ball games and induce in the social frivolity which has become a fixed tradition of the show, along with those wrinkle-necked, thick-fingered forgotten men, the heroes of occasions past.

A Hank Gowdy will recall the home runs which he hit in 1914 before the devaluation of the homer and the time he stepped in his mask going after a foul in a World Series 10 years later and staggered around with the cage on his foot to lose the game.

And a Casey Stengel, who hit two home runs to win the only game the Giants did win in 1923, the last time they met the Yankees, will remember that when the team broke up into first and second squads to play their way home from Texas in the spring of 1924, he himself put his name on the second string roster. He knew O'Donnell, the recruit from California.

THIS year, perhaps, Babe Ruth, after a full season of oblivion, will pull up a chair and set awhile over a noggin, relating just what he said to the Cubs' bench in 1932 when, with two strikes gone, he pointed to the flagpole and, on the next pitch, knocked a home run precisely where he had pointed.

The custom of providing a chafing dish meal and beverages for the old ball-players and the inmates of the press coop goes farther back than I do in World Series and it has sometimes been honored in the breach.

THE hospitality of the Philadelphia Athletics always was bleak and meager, for the owners are not festive men and old Mr. Clark Griffith, as a testamental prohibitionist, paid grudging tribute to tradition. At Mr. Griffith's first World Series, when prohibition was at its grimmest, those who held social credentials presented themselves at the mysterious room in a hotel and received each a Canadian quart which was duly recorded on his ticket with a conductor's punch.

The writers, the old-timers as well as the kids who are constantly coming along to cover their first World Series, always wrench and strain to compose literature consistent with the magnitude of the occasion. Some do and make a mess of it through over-trying, but there is no other approach to the story. You can't just relax and let it write when you are covering an event of great national interest.

General Hugh Johnson Says—
Al Smith to Go Into Lemke Areas and Attack President Roosevelt as Communist, Hoping to Switch Enough Votes to Lemke to Elect Landon

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30.—Al Smith is about to go into those areas where Father Coughlin and his stooge Lemke are the strongest. There, at a cost to somebody of \$50,000 or more, Mr. Smith will make radio speeches attacking Mr. Roosevelt. The strategy is exactly the same as that of the radio priest, who called Roosevelt anti-God and screamed to inflamed followers to wipe out government by bullets if their ballots fail. That strategy is to call Roosevelt a Communist.

Communism is ruthlessly against religion. People of every creed are shocked and scared by news of violence to their cherished beliefs in Russia, Mexico—and more lately and most terribly in Spain. Every pulp is thundering against Communism. If, then, Father Coughlin and Al Smith can convince a few simple trusting idolaters of theirs of the hideously cynical truth that "Roosevelt is a Communist," they hope to switch enough votes to Lemke to elect Landon.

The effect, and I think the purpose, in each case is the same—by trick to translate the flood that falls from a hundred thousand pulpits condemning Communism to an unconscious and unintended condemnation of Roosevelt. The political purpose is to swing 3 per cent to 5 per cent of the most trusting away from Roosevelt in close-fought and pivotal states where even so small a margin means defeat or victory.

MORE SCHOOL BUSES NEEDED, WRITER SAYS

By Anell Ellis, R. R. 7

I think that you would do more good in your safety drive if you would just take a trip through the country and see how the school-children have to ride to school.

They are jammed in busses like cattle in a car. I think it high time that the people of the county stand up on their hind legs and speak for themselves in regard to this matter. Township trustees can spend money for things that amount to nothing. I think they should spend a little money for a few extra busses to stop crowding the kiddies in like sardines in a box.

CRITICIZES BEER SALES AT FAIR

By W. V. Crawfordville

While I was seeing the sights of the Indiana State Fair, I also was doing some thinking. While I was eating some fine food prepared by one of the city churches, a man in a stand behind me kept telling the virtues of his ice cream.

A little later I noticed that the exhibit of a state college was directly over a beer stand. Then I thought of a story in the Bible about two houses, the one built upon a rock and the other on the sand.

I don't want to say anything against the college. The saloon belonged to the underworld, and perhaps it was fitting and proper that it was so placed. I also thought of another passage of Scripture which says not to be overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good.

If the church and the school continue to do their best, some day we may be able to drive out the institutions which degrade and demoralize our citizens. But when beer signs are seen in so many places on the fairground and in our eating places, people will wonder where we are drifting and what our foundations we are building.

SPRINGER'S POLICIES HELD SCHOOL DANGER

By Herb Cook

Benjamin Franklin once had a sad experience in which he spent all his pennies for a whistle. It taught him a lesson. I wonder if the teachers of Indiana know enough about business to profit by Franklin's experience?

Gov. Alf Landon passionately declares that school teachers should not be required to swear allegiance to the Constitution. By the way, isn't that a little inconsistent for one who parades himself as one of the defenders of the Constitution?

The totally ridiculous side of the picture is the fact that Kansas grade teachers draw an average salary of \$37.79 per month and high school teachers only \$77.07 per month.

In the first place, the difference between high school and grade school teachers is too great in Kan-

The Hoosier Forum

I wholly disagree with what you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it—Voltaire.

(Times readers are invited to express their views in these columns, religious controversies excluded. Make your letter short, so all can have a chance. Letters must be signed, but names will be withheld on request.)

old-age pensions, dismiss all the officials, from the township advisory boards up, and contribute his own salary, he still would have a deficit. The statement is an insult to the intelligence of the adult citizenry of Indiana.

HAILS LABOR SPLIT AS GODSEND

By Pat Hogan

The breach in the so-called American Federation of Labor, although alarming and regrettable, is the greatest godsend in 50 years for the labor movement in the United States.

In a strict sense, it has not been an American Federation. It has been a mere infant of a federation, become antiquated by the march of progress. Still we learn that the governing body, biased by oxcart philosophy or pure selfishness, would seal itself up, turtle-like in its shell and defy the march of progressive action.

The underlying fear which expressed its action in suspension of the C. I. O. is that the craft unions will be lost or swallowed up by a great industrial union. This is equally as absurd as the belief that a river is lost or undrinkable because it flows into the sea.

The crying need in this nation today is just such a movement as John L. Lewis and his assistants are advocating. In a land where more than fifty million men work with their hands, it seems incredible that less than four million are affiliated with labor unions; the regrettable thing is that those who most need the guidance and protection of a mighty union, those who actually do the hardest work and are most exploited, are those who are not now members of any union.

The one sure cure for depressions, for Hearst, the du Ponts, Mills, Mellon, Morgan and the other greedy industrialists is a powerful national union that will force capitalism to pay a decent living wage. America is indeed fortunate in having a dauntless leader like John L. Lewis to sponsor the movement. Lewis is a Lincoln at heart, and the heart and soul of every red-blooded American are with him.

Within five years William Green and his handful of followers will be begging for admission into Lewis' union, regardless of what he calls it.

RECALLS \$7,000,000 SPENT AT QUODDY

By J. Malone

"It Didn't Get That Way on Maple Syrup"—Cartoon by Talburt.

Neither did it get that way on \$7,000,000 of tax money—Quoddy.

"Anybody Can Bag a Stuffed Moose"—Cartoon by Talburt.

No, they can't. The New Deal could not bag one with over \$7,000,000 of the taxpayers' money—Quoddy.

DAILY THOUGHT

But I have trusted in Thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation.—Psalms 135.

FAITH lights us through the dark to Dixie; faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death, to break the shock that nature can not shun, and lands thought smoothly on the further shore.—Young.

A Smashing Attack!—By Talburt



It Seems to Me

By Heywood Broun

'Farrar and Mencken Come Out for Landon' But Columnist Has Trouble Remembering Mencken.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—Here it is, way past the dead-line and I'm trying to dictate a column to Connie. It doesn't rest me at all when she says, "How do you spell it?" I'm not supposed to know how to spell words. I'm a creative artist. Or at least I used to be before I started this resting business and quit interrupting my train of thought by yelling "period!" at me. I'll punctuate this column in such a way as to bring out those idiosyncratic nuances which please me.

"Couldn't you maybe do a column about C-a-t or an R-a-a until you get a little stronger," suggested Connie. I'm afraid I couldn't, because if I start out with rats I'm sure to finish up with labor spies, and I'm supposed not to excite myself.

But on this particular afternoon I had begun with an idea. The dry rot of the resting mind had consumed it. I sought to bring it back. One barrier was an annoying letter in the current mail. It was an offer to send me a check if I would sign an endorsement for somebody's gin. "I wish I could take that easy dough," I said to Connie. "but, of course, I can't. It would just be beneath my dignity to endorse anybody's gin."

"I wish you'd get so dignified you'd quit drinking it," she said with that annoying irrelevance which puts a man off his stride, particularly when he is resting.

And now it all came back to me. I remembered the subject which I had chosen for a column. I remembered the subject, but its pertinence now escaped me. Very distinctly I recollected writing on a small scrap of paper, "Farrar and Mencken come out for Landon."

THIS must have been a headline which I had observed in one of the newspapers, probably the Herald Tribune. Now Farrar I could identify easily enough. She would be Sid Farrar's little girl. Sid played first base for the Phillies way back in the B. G. (Before Clark Griffith) period. They were calling them out on the first bounce in those days, and the Farrar crowd would naturally would be for Landon.

Geraldine had her own career. She was Butterfly and Carmen and Tosca. She played Butterfly quite in the tradition of Republican rugged individualism. Hers was an enterprising Japanese lassie who could knock the block off Pinkerton at any time she was so minded.

So far so good. But who was Mencken concerning whom I had made the note. Most distinctly it had been, "Farrar and Mencken," but even if I thought of it as "Mencken and Farrar," that didn't seem to help out, either.

THE worst of it was that I had, and still have, a distinct impression that somewhere or other I have heard the name Mencken. Of course, if it goes all the way back to Sid Farrar's time I have a great deal of territory to cover, but I don't think this Mencken was a ball player. He or she might have been something musical around the opera house. Am I correct in thinking that there used to be a famous phonograph record called the duet of Mencken and Farrar?

The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Mrs. Kahn Finds It Hard to Write Humorous Column in Midst of Hot Campaign; Lauds California Youth for Taking Active Part in Politics.

BY FLORENCE P. KAHN

Congresswoman from California (SUBSTITUTING FOR DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN)

DEAR BOYS—I had a great idea: A pinch-hitters' league composed of those stars, writers, actors, singers, noted and notorious, who have been doing all columnist's work while you cagey birds lolled on the beaches.

Did you ever try to write a column in the middle of a campaign, a fight to the finish? Or rather, did you ever try to run a campaign in the midst of writing a column? Come on, be a good sport, and run mine. Be "a candidate just for a day."

Have you any idea in these days of complicated living, unpaid war debts (and other), drought, conservation, taxes, trouble in Spain, and a real election fight, what running for office means? And you ask me for something light and humorous. Just can't be done.

BUT withal, this campaign is vital, and it is interesting. And one realizes the cosmopolitan character of San Francisco more than ever. A dinner in Chinatown, a meeting with the Slavonians, a most fascinating entertainment by the Folies, a dance given by the Russians.

As my son says: "During the campaign we eat in every language." How would you enjoy it?

I wonder if the youth of the nation are taking hold elsewhere as they are in the San Francisco political situation. Not only taking hold, but building organizations for future control, developing a real leadership. The enthusiasm, the earnestness, the willingness to work and to sacrifice are the most encouraging signs I have seen in many moons.

There is no resentment at the burden we have put on their young shoulders. They are carrying it, not shirking it. They are facing their problems with a great courage, determined to solve them.

I AM finishing this column at one of the garden spots of California. Starting out from home this evening, our itinerary was simply to go places we had not gone to before.

I saw miles and miles of lettuce stretching far into the horizon, glowing green against the background of rich black earth. It didn't seem possible that there were enough people in the United States to eat that lettuce. Then through lanes of apple orchards and pears until we rested here among the cypresses of Monterey on the shores of the Pacific.

The son has just paid me a great compliment: "I love to go places with you, mother. We have such a good time."