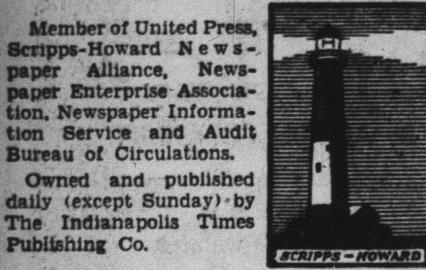


The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)

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Member of United Press,
Scripps-Howard New-
spaper Alliance, News-
Enterprise Association,
Newspaper Information
Service and Audit
Bureau of Circulations.
Owned and published
daily (except Sunday) by
The Indianapolis Times
Publishing Co.

Phone
Riley 5551

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 whimperings 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

ALWRENCE 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.

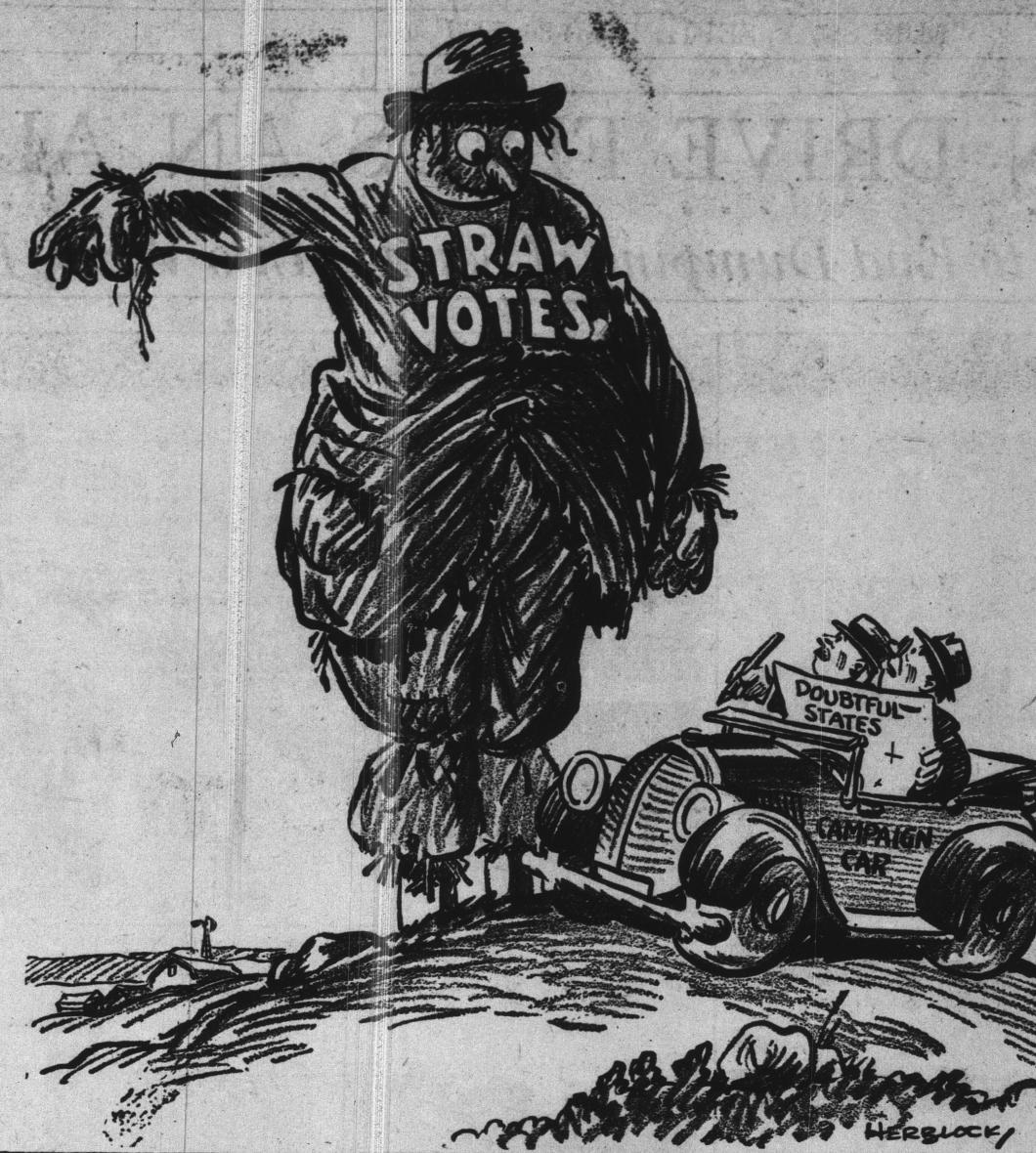
He probably did more in a practical way to reform the American Navy than any other one man. Among other things, he taught it how to shoot.

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.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

"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 he hit in 1914 before the development of the home and the time he showed 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 without being told that he had lost his job to Jimmy O'Connell, 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 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 teetotal prohibitionist, paid grudging tribute to tradition. In Mr. Griffith's first World Series, when prohibition was at its grimness, those who held special 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 a great national interest.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30, 1936

A Smashing Attack!—By Talbert



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-b if 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 of somebody's gift. "I wish I could take that easy down," I said to Connie, "but, of course, I can't. It would just be beneath my dignity to endorse anybody's gift."

"I wish you'd get so dignified you'd quit writing 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 recollect writing on a small scrap of paper, "Farrar and Mencken come out for Landon."

"THIS must have been a headline which I had ob-

served 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 Phillips' 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 quite naturally would be for Landon.

Geraldine had her own career. She was Butterfy and Carmen and Tosca. She played Butterfy quite in the tradition of Republican rugged individuals. 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 I 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?

BY J. Malone "It Didn't Get That Way on Maple Street—On—On—On."

Neither did it get that way on \$7.00-a-month "Anybody Can Bag a Stuffed Moose"—Cartoon by Talbert.

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—Psalm 13:3.

WANTON

BY HARRIET SCOTT OLINICK

Autumn breaks against the earth

In a flaming wave of blood;

Stripping slim trees of their worth;

Crimson fruit from fragile boughs.

Straining up her wanton frame

In an ecstasy of reaping.

Faison's fruit without dark shame;

Scorning winter and sleep.

SPENTS AT QUODDY

By J. Malone

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The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Mrs. Kahn Finds It Hard to Write Humorous Column in Midst of Hof

Campaign; Lauds California Youth for Taking Active Part in Politics.

As my son says: "During the campaign we eat in every language." How you would 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 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 pear trees until we rested here among the cypress 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."

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

IN the past week, from every vent associated with the anti-Roosevelt forces—the Liberty League, the old guard, Father Coughlin and Mr. Hearst, there has suddenly and simultaneously been vomited forth of the same poison—"Roosevelt Is a Communist."

Al Smith is a product of the people. His career rose through their gift and gratitude from the squalor of the Fulton fish market to the highest nomination in their power. His life has been an inspiration to every poor boy—not only in the United States, but in the whole world. His white plume has been a light unto the lowly to courage, hope and ambition.

SOME of Smith's following are almost blind in their devotion as Coughlin's. As an instrument of this conspiracy the father is, as usual, perverting the veneration of his people for his priestly office. If ever he was entitled to reverence and affectionate

Father Coughlin is beyond recall, but can't we ask a kindly heart to leave us at least Al Smith, to keep him from the bitterness and bigotry that once defeated his highest hopes and let his name be cited on our rolls: "At a time of madness in the world, he kept his country in the paths of sanity and peace."

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