

The Indianapolis Times

(A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER)

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Member of United Press, Scripps-Howard News- paper Alliance, News- paper Enterprise Associa- tion, Newspaper Informa- tion Service and Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Owned and published daily (except Sunday) by The Indianapolis Times Publishing Co.



Price in Marion County, 3 cents a copy; delivered by carrier. 12 cents a week. Mail subscription rates in Indiana, \$3 a year; outside of Indiana, \$5 cents a month. Address 214-220 W. Maryland-st.

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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1936

AL SMITH DEPARTS

AL SMITH at last has done what everybody predicted he would do. He has bolted his party's ticket and called for the election of a Republican President.

It is one of those things that people have known would happen, yet couldn't believe they would live to see it. For not only has Al Smith been an active and partisan Democrat all his life, not only has he been a Democratic officeholder during most of three decades, but he also has been the bosom friend for many years of the Democratic leader whose defeat he now demands. It was a friendship formed in battles for a common cause and ripened through common victories and defeats.

So even the expected is startling when we hear Al Smith say:

"I firmly believe the remedy for all the ills we are suffering from today is the election of Alfred M. Landon."

Decent respect for the opinion of those millions whom he is leaving naturally required Al to make known the reasons that impelled him to the separation.

And the pity of it is that everybody has been right about this also. Everybody has said that Al Smith is sore because he was denied the nomination in 1932; everybody has believed that his opposition to Roosevelt is the result of hurt feelings. If he told last night all that he has to tell, then everybody has been right.

He did not discuss the issues of this campaign. He did not discuss the record of Roosevelt in office. He did not discuss the character, the competence or the record of the Republican candidate whom he espoused. He did not discuss the Republican Party's record or its 1936 platform.

He did not discuss very much of anything, indeed, except Al Smith.

SERIOUSLY, with a complete absence of that sense of humor that once characterized him, he offered as proof of his assertion that the New Deal is not Democratic the fact that he had never been called to the White House for advice—which, he said, he was always ready to give.

It was a sorry exhibition of a great man gone sour.

JOHN WINANT, STATESMAN

THE resignation of John G. Winant, former Republican

Governor of New Hampshire, as chairman of the Social Security Board was typical. He did not believe that a member of an independent Federal board should take part in politics. But when Gov. Landon denounced the social security program, the duty of taking part in politics became more important to John Winant than preserving either his job or his party regularity. So he did the simple, honorable thing. He quit his job and took to the stump.

These excerpts from his first speech show how Winant feels about it:

"Under the Republican proposal all must pay, but the improvident chiefly will benefit; and the greater the degree of improvidence, the larger the benefit. Thus is thrift discouraged; family responsibilities broken down; real security lessened."

"Hazards of life, liberty and property stalk our land. A dependent childhood, unemployment and old age are common enemies against whom the nation should present a united front. An advance has begun—and no man has a right to call 'halt!'"

CROP INSURANCE

VERY few people, we think, will deny that the objectives outlined in President Roosevelt's letter to Secretary Wallace are worth striving to attain. Nor do there seem to be any insurmountable obstacles to the working out of a sound all-risk crop insurance plan.

The AAA program of voluntary, co-operative crop control has, by bringing supply and demand more closely into balance, resulted in a stabilizing of farm prices and income.

Extreme hazards of weather and prices have long made farming the most risky of our major enterprises. In this insecurity we find the causes underlying the spread of farm tenancy, the conversion of freeholders into transient paupers. We find also what is largely responsible for the ebb and flow of national prosperity.

There will be time enough when it is formulated to examine the proposed insurance program. But in the President's purpose there is economic and social vision.

A GREATER OBLIGATION

THE announcement of plans for the seventeenth annual Community Fund drive, Nov. 6-16, finds Indianapolis and its citizens in a better position to carry on this work of private charity than in recent years.

There are many signs of returning prosperity and less widespread distress. This means the battle against human misery should be increased, not slackened. It means a greater individual and local responsibility. It means that assistance neglected during the depression can be resumed. And it means the community can take over from the Federal government a greater share of the burden of caring for its unfortunate.

Indianapolis has met this obligation in the past, and will do so again this year.

PEACE ON THE PACIFIC

SHIP owners and maritime workers on the Pacific Coast have agreed on a 15-day truce, and efforts are underway to bring them together in a new understanding on hours, wages and other controversial matters. Thus, for a fortnight at least, the spectre of another tieup, similar to the costly and sanguinary strike of 1934, has receded.

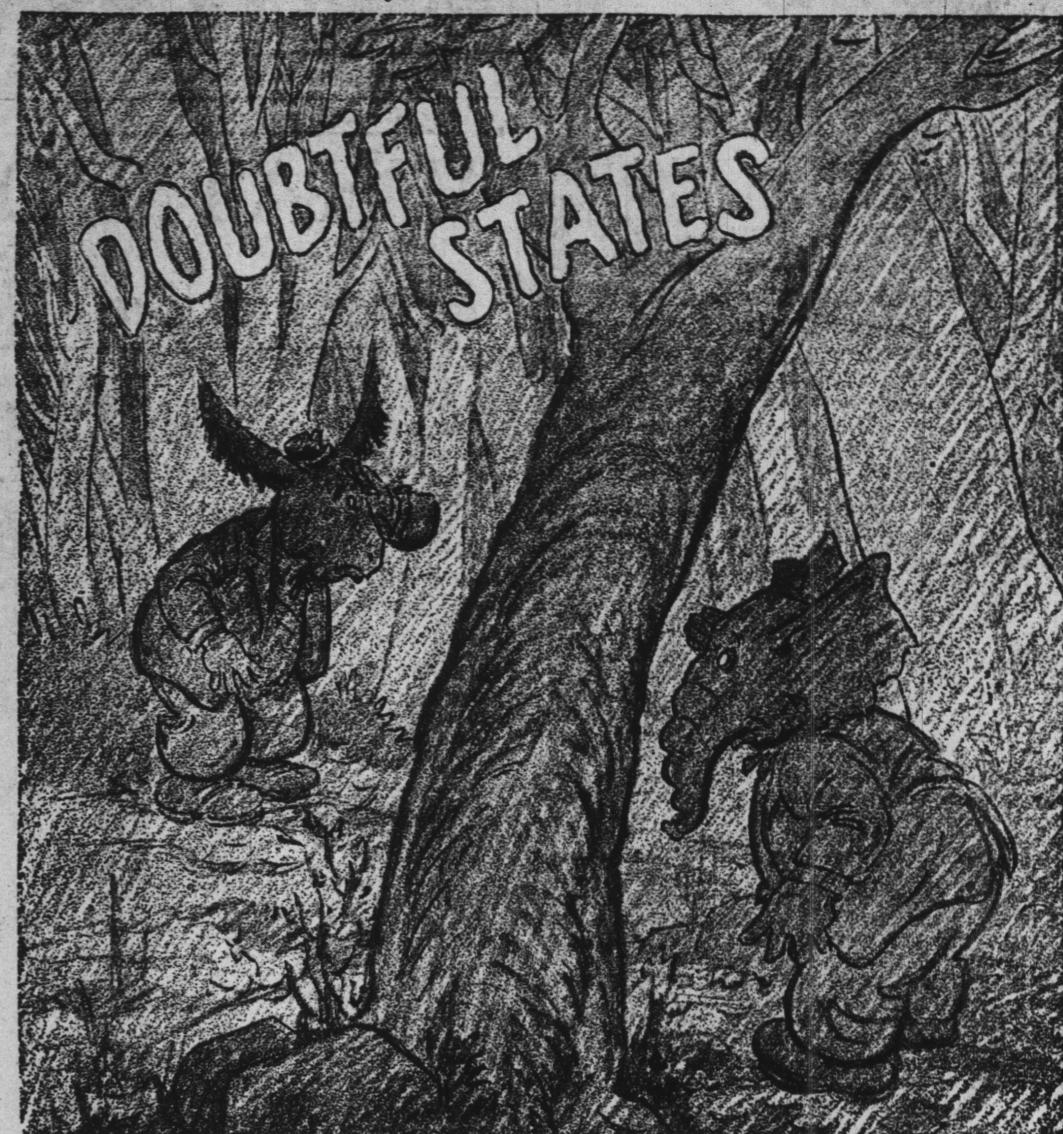
Credit for this breathing spell goes to the new Federal Maritime Commission, to Mediator Edward F. McGrady, to leaders of both shipmasters and the 37,000 workers involved. The entire nation will hope that in this short time the peacemakers will evolve a more permanent working agreement.

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

The Catch of the Season!—By Talbert



Autumn Haze—By Herblock



Fair Enough

By Westbrook Pegler

World Series Reminds Columnist of Col. Theodore Roosevelt Jr.'s Expedition After the Giant Panda

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—I would not jest about a solemn, sacred occasion, but the World Series, somehow, reminds me of the expedition to China or Tibet or somewhere, of Col. Theodore Roosevelt Jr. and his young brother, Kermit, in search of a giant panda. Every year, for weeks before the series begins, it is talked up by our citizens and our papers, and the most elaborate preparations are made to celebrate the event in a fitting manner. People



Mr. Pegler

down in Texas and Virginia and out on the West coast save their money for transportation, tickets and a little splash of night life.

The club owners send the ball players suits to the laundry and hang bunting in front of the field boxes. The ground keepers rake the grass and pat down the skinned part of the field with the palms of their hands and paint the foul lines with lime. Al Schanzer performs foolishness, the band plays, except when the songs is held in Philadelphia, when a phonograph plays a 10-year-old 75-cent record through a loud speaker. Judge Landis comes to town, with his trick hat, and the two leagues appoint four umpires to do the work of two.

At last the World Series begins. And then what does it turn out to be? It turns out to be a set of ball games no better or worse than the regular league ball games which are to be seen every day of the summer in the major league cities. I realize that baseball is the subject of the occasion, and do not exactly expect that they should toss Republicans to the lions or give us an earthquake, but in a way, it does seem droll to put on all this noise and mayonnaise for a few games of ball.

Young Teddy decided he wanted a panda, so he and Kermit and some friends got together and figured things out. They had to get passports from half a dozen vague countries where the people never wash their faces. They had to buy steamboat and train tickets and Boy Scout kits, flashlights, collapsible drinking cups, pistols and hatchets. They raised whiskers, they dressed up in short pants, they ate with chopsticks and slept in barns.

THE Roosevelt boys were away for about a year,

walking up and down mountains eight miles high in China and Tibet, and got things in their whiskers and nearly scratched themselves silly with the itch and the bite and all. Still they kept on, and at last they came up with a panda. The panda was asleep at the time, but it woke up and started to walk away when, bang! bang! the Roosevelt boys and their friends started shelling it. It fell down, got up, walked a few steps and fell over dead, and the Roosevelt boys brought it all the way home to New York, the only giant panda ever seen here.

But when a giant panda after you have got it, said it was a giant mouse, and others said it looked like a tomcat or a mop. As a matter of fact, it was nothing of the kind.

IT was something like a bear, but smaller, and something like a raccoon, but bigger, but if this one was a giant, then the ordinary panda with the standard wheelbase would be something on the order of a poodle, but less ferocious.

And can you imagine a fellow who would go half way round the world, mostly on foot, spending a year of his life and thousands of dollars, to kill a giant panda, criticizing the President for wasting money on useless or ill-advised public works?

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