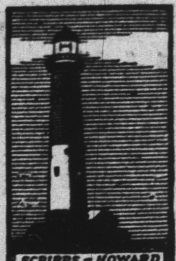


The Indianapolis Times

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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 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 under way 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 Catch of the Season!—By Talburt



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 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 Schacht performs foolishness, the band plays, except when the series is held in Philadelphia, when a photograph plays a 10-year-old 75-cent record of the speaker. Judge Landis comes to town, with his truck and the two league's 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 to me 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 whippers, 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 bites 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 shooting 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 what is a giant panda after you have got it? Some of the Roosevelt boys' friends, meaning to be facetious, said it was a giant mouse, and others said it looked like a tomato 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?

Mr. Pegler

NEW GOVERNMENT MODELS' HELD NEEDED

By Chalmers Schlosser

In his speech at Des Moines, Gov. Landon said: "Like the automobile manufacturers, the Administration believes in bringing out a new model every year." We accept the compliment.

Why do manufacturers present new models? It is because such new models are better than the old models, finer looking, faster, safer and more economical.

When Roosevelt was elected one thing was certain—he could not use the old Hoover model.

He must have greater speed in relieving the distress of the poor, the hungry, the naked, the shelterless, the failing banks, insurance companies, industry and farmers. Landon agreed with him then. In fact while running for Governor of Kansas he tied himself to Roosevelt's coat-tails and hung on for dear life.

He was elected Governor by a small plurality. Even by approving Roosevelt then he did not obtain a majority of the votes. This was due to the fact that Landon does not run well, is not a vote-getter. You see, in 1930 Landon ran for precinct committeeman and was overwhelmingly defeated.

He has to have coat-tails to hang to.

To this year he is trying to hang to the coat-tails of William Randolph Hearst. Believing that Hearst was wearing full dress, he grabbed low and to his horror found that Hearst was wearing only a dinner jacket. But he kept on grabbing right and left until he finally grabbed hold of the financial pants pockets of the du Ponts, manufacturers of powder, and obtained \$60,000,000.

ASSAULTS LABOR STAND OF LANDON CHAMPION

By Edgar A. Perkins Jr.

In his talk to Republican editors at Wawasee, former Gov. Allen of Kansas compared President Roosevelt to Kerensky and John L. Lewis to Lenin. Mr. Allen was the headliner for the occasion, so it is presumed the assembled knights of the quill were in entire accord with their guest, past and present and at least for the immediate future.

This is the same Mr. Allen, who as Governor of Kansas gathered some notice as sponsor for what was known as the Kansas Industrial Court. This was the brain-child of the Governor, but he did not write the bill. The bill was written by one of the names of Huggins, who, according to his own admission, was peculiarly fitted for the job.

In the Allen political organization was a young man by the name of Alf Landon, who was of sufficient importance in the setup that he became private secretary to Gov. Allen. Gov. Allen thought so much of the young man's abilities that he is in this year one of Mr. Landon's principal sponsors for the job of President.

The Kansas Industrial Court found instant favor with the laboring element of the country and Mr. Roosevelt, who had been appointed by Gov. Allen to administer it, was taken to the bosom of the

employers' association and allowed to make many addresses telling of the wonderful method Kansas had devised to compose industrial unrest.

As the method devised by Gov. Allen received unanimous approval of all those who sensed the menace inherent in trade unions, it would be unnecessary to go into any great detail as to the context of the law.

It is not always the wording of a statute that defines its real purpose. More often it is the construction that may be read into the law. Judge Huggins believed that labor organizations were inimical to our institutions. He thought that the strike, the boycott, the lockout and the blacklist should all be put under ban and made felonies. So the real purpose of the Kansas Industrial Court was to cripple trade unions.

As Huggins wrote the bill at the instance of Gov. Allen and as Allen appointed Huggins to administer the act, it must be presumed that Allen and Huggins were one in the matter.

However, the matter finally reached the Supreme Court of the United States, where, perchance, the law was completely devalued.

Now the only point in all this is what it has to do with the present Republican candidate for President. Mr. Landon grew up in the atmosphere of Huggins and Allen and the Kansas Industrial Court. He was not on the sidelines, he was sitting on the inside. Can it be that his vague and rather insipid utterances regarding his attitude toward labor are tinged by those conclusions reached by Allen and Huggins 15 years ago?

As a rule, men do not change their opinions except there is some self-serving purpose intervening. In the case of Mr. Landon there has been none of this. And his years have lengthened, and he and his life have been thrown with that element of our social being which looks with disfavor on organizations of labor. This element has as much right to its views as the others, but this is what makes the contest. The economic urge is widely diffused.

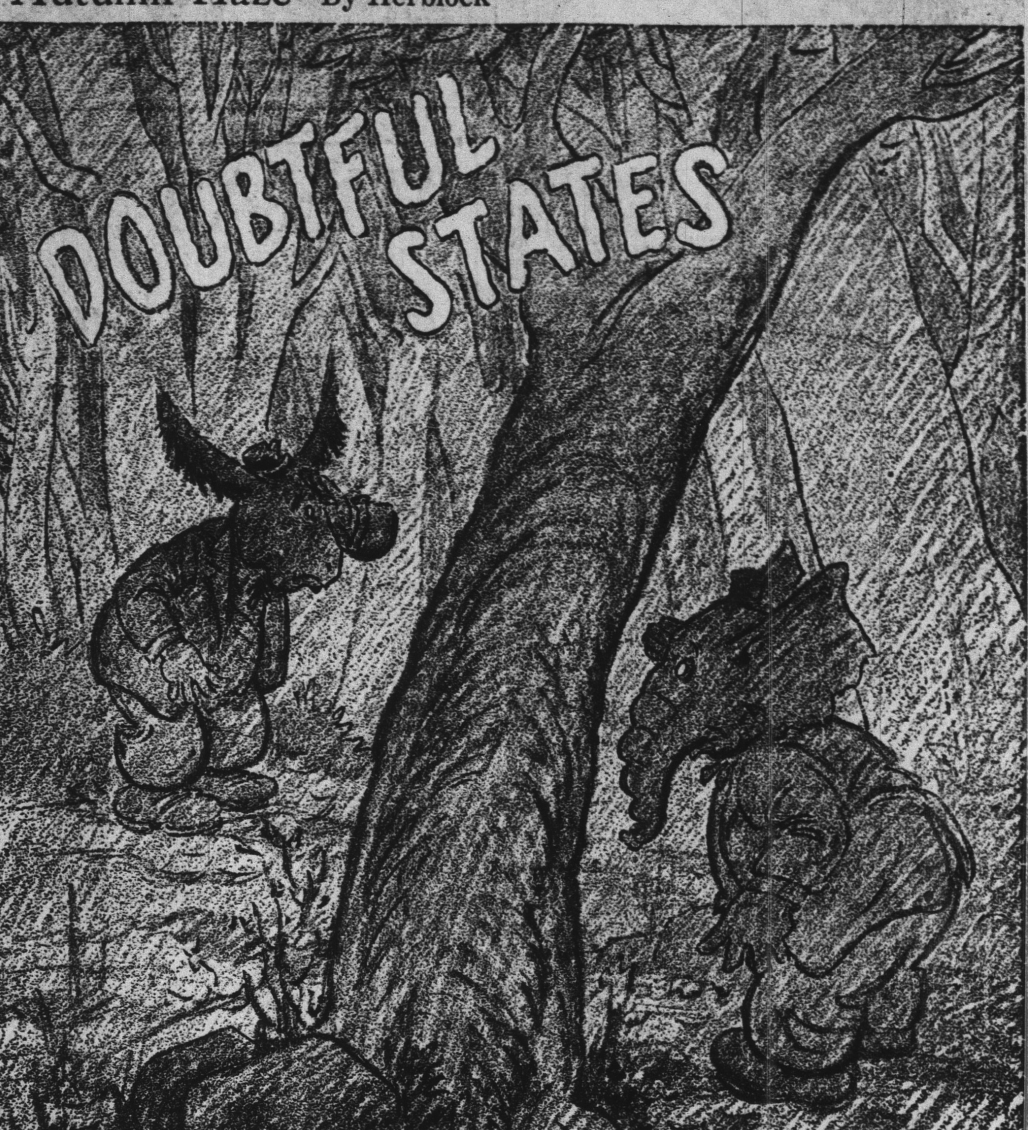
Abraham Lincoln said he thanked God we lived in a country where men could strike. Gov. Allen sponsored a law which would make a strike a felony. Gov. Landon was one of Allen's chief lieutenants. Gov. Allen is now one of Gov. Landon's sponsors. Without dipping to class hatred, can it be disputed that the Liberty Leagues and their kind are active in Mr. Landon's cause? Or can it be disputed that all this element is opposed to the theory of collective bargaining that John L. Lewis stands for?

This is the difference between the Allen and President Roosevelt. The President believes workmen have the right to organize and that it is the business of

DAILY THOUGHT
How much more abominable and filthy is man which drink-eth iniquity like water?—Job 15:16.

IN my youth I thought of writing a satire on mankind; but now in my age I think I should write an apology for them.—Walpole.

Autumn Haze—By Herblock



The Hoosier Forum

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

It Seems to Me

By Heywood Broun

Sad Plight of Daring Young Man
Who Saws Woman in Half
Attracts Columnist's Sympathy

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—Such a small item would generally be lost in the welter of world events, but I was trying to make the paper last me out through a sleepless night. And thus I came across the Montreal date line and the brief account of the tragic fate of Georges Lalonde, 28 years old.

According to the brief account in the paper, Georges Lalonde was a magician employed by a traveling circus. Indeed, he is still a magician, and it is to be hoped that his wizardry will heal the wound under which he languishes at a Canadian hospital.

It was his custom each evening to come out in the latter part of the show and after a little preliminary conversation and a few local gags to proceed to saw a woman in two.

I must use my imagination slightly in dealing with this part of the idyl. The young lady who assisted Mr. Lalonde in his act was named Mildred Counihan, but for stage purposes she was Martha Morgenthau. Martha and Georges had married in April. They were to be married as soon as the outdoor season ended in Canada, and fall is usually early in that part of the country.

This year it has been a late autumn, which accounted for the show's playing one night at the little town of Shawville, a typical farming community. As I've said, Georges, the magician, and Martha, the lowest common denominator, were inseparable.

IF you knew their background it came as something of a shock to realize that these two who meant to be one as soon as the first frost fell would be compelled to be three for the sake of art and a living wage.

Of course, this highly multiplied condition existed only in the imagination and only for the moment. Pierre Blondel, the old clown who owned the circus, says that he himself almost broke into tears every night when Georges would explain, after completing the illusion, "Shall we join the ladies?" and in a trice Martha would be standing beside him.

This evening they had been very happy. They had dined at the little roadside inn of La Belle Helene, and Georges had had his quart of champagne and Martha her glass of beer.

BACK in the tent Lalonde and Morgenthau were ready for their cue as usual. The only possible departure from the set routine may have been in a slightly acid tone in the announcement of Georges. Because he loved Martha so very much he was lured into a slight brusqueness in speaking of her in front of the farm audience. "I am going to saw this woman in two," he said curtly.

Then Georges leaned for his prop saw, leaving a sharp sword on the table in front of him. Suddenly he felt a horrible pain. A voice in his ear roared, "Canaille!" According to the local police, this is the French equivalent for our word "loafer." In the confusion all the lights went out, and so the Royal Mounted are conducting a search, on the blind clue that they must find some farmer who has sentimental objections against sawing a woman in two.

In the meantime Georges Lalonde lies gravely stricken in a small Canadian hospital. He has met the fate meted out to other masters in their several crafts. It is hard when the artist fails to convince his public. It may be even worse when he wins them utterly. Georges is very ill because he was too sick for his own good. The people believed him.

General Hugh Johnson Says—

If Great Industrial Satrapies Were Run by Men Like E. T. Weir, We
Would Have Nearest Thing to Economic Utopia World Will Ever See

BETHANY BEACH, Del., Oct. 2.—Mr. E. T. Weir writes in Fortune magazine, "I am what Roosevelt calls an economic royalist." The argument runs thus: Mr. Roosevelt should not call any business man an economic royalist; first, because Mr. Roosevelt was himself born with a silver spoon in his mouth; second, because Mr. Roosevelt never ran a business, had to meet a pay roll or ever knew what a terrible struggle it is to build up a big business unit.

Next, Mr. Weir tells the adventurous story of how, from a three-dollar-a-week job as an office boy, he built up a one hundred and seventy-five million dollar corporation, a large town, gave jobs to thousands, and served the nation with an immense production of steel and tin plate. He cites how others—Ford, Chrysler, Edison—did exactly similar things. He concludes that Mr. Roosevelt is wrong in thinking that the door of opportunity is closed to youth or that these industrial baronies need any Federal regulation to protect the common welfare.

He says that by thinking these things, and saying some of them, Mr. Roosevelt has earned the antagonism of practically all business and professional men, and, therefore, he ought to go back to Hyde Park and not to the White House.

MR. WEIR is about the last man on earth whom I would call a royalist. If each of the great economic satrapies of the United States were run by an Ernie Weir or a Walter Chrysler, then, without any regulatory law at all, you could get them together once a month in a space no bigger than a good-sized hotel room and have the nearest thing to economic utopia that the world will ever see.

I think Mr. Weir himself once flirted with some such roseate dream. In its first faltering steps, the New Deal, so far as I was concerned, had no wiser or more dependable counsellor and, I believe, supporter. That was before some uppity underling in the Labor Board began to push Mr. Weir around.

NATURALLY his defenses went up, naturally he fought in the courts and naturally he won, because he had been right from the beginning.

Mr. Roosevelt doesn't believe that the door to opportunity has been closed to youth, or that business must be broken up into little pieces, or run from Washington by Prof. Tugwell. As I understand him he only believes that, in our competitive system, there are too few E. T. Weirs.

The Washington Merry-Go-Round

The Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith Is All Washed Up as Townsend Movement
Big Shot and Young Has Received Word to Apply the Ax, Writers Say

By Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen
WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—The Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith is all washed up as a Townsend movement big shot.

The big, bellowing disciple of the late Huey Long hasn't been apprised of the fact yet, but the "old Doc," as Dr. Francis Townsend is called by his associates, has decided to dispense with his service.

Gilmour Young, able and self-effacing "brains" of the organization, has been given the word to apply the ax.

Whether the job will be performed publicly or done quietly has not yet been decided. Some of the inner Townsendites, who opposed Smith's intimacy with Townsend from the very start, want the outer executed with a bang. Others favor a discreet operation.

This was the case at the Townsend convention, where an appeal by Smith resulted in several baskets full of lumber.

But since then his returns have been meager while his expenses bear some resemblance to the Roosevelt debt.

ONE of Smith's chief boasts is the great power he wields in Louisiana. He loves to tell listeners how close he was to the late Kingfish, what influence he exercised in his councils.

A Townsendite to whom he was telling all this inquired: "Well, Gerald, if you are such a big shot down home why don't you go to Louisiana and put over the Townsend plan there?"

"It's this way," Smith replied. "Down in Louisiana, if you make a speech they will talk about it for two years. They are still talking about the speeches I made there last year. I am not due back until next year. Once every two years is enough for me to keep them talking."

NOTE—Also headed for the guillotine is George Mains, another Huey Long henchman, who worked his way to a high position in the Townsend organization.