

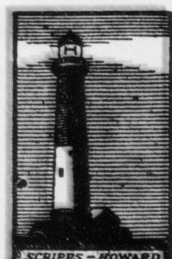
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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13, 1937

THE PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL CALL

WHEN he generalizes, no other man in our time is gifted with so much inspirational quality as is Franklin D. Roosevelt. His fireside talk last night was another of his generalizations—a broad statement of ideals, of his hopes for the country not only for today but for generations to come. As such it carried the usual thrill and commanded the customary respect.

His view of agriculture, as a problem which, like the problem of industry, must yield to the same law of supply and demand as does industry, to the same principle of adjustment of production against the dangers of oversupply—His conception of land use, land control and land conservation—

His vision of a national economy that will produce "a balanced abundance without waste," for labor, agriculture and industry—

His advocacy of the reduction of domestic as well as foreign trade barriers by a better earning power for those consuming groups which do not now make enough to maintain a "decent standard of living or to buy the food, clothes and other articles necessary to keep our factories and farms fully running"—

His remarks on the dangers of monopoly as a deterrent to increased business volume—

And finally what he had to say about war, and of peace being dependent upon acceptance by nations of certain fundamental decency in their relations with each other—

All that was an expression of far-sighted statesmanship in its truest and best form.

WE are glad that the extra six-week Congressional start has been provided by this call by the President. For we think that the time factor has been the greatest single obstacle to the actual fruition of the ideals which Mr. Roosevelt now expresses and has expressed before.

There has been too much bum's-rush legislation. Too much of what "I'd Rather Be Right," the new George Kaufman comedy, pictures in the cabinet scene when the President turns to the Attorney General and orders, "Cummings, take down a law!"

Too much surprise. Too many dramatics. An over-surge of hurry-hurry. Too little chance for study and debate on the part of those who, after all, are the lawmakers. Too much "here she is, pass 'er quick," as, for example, with tax legislation in recent sessions, and with the Wages-and-Hours bill, thrown hurriedly into the hopper late in May of a Congress already nearly six months old and already grown hot and tired and peevish.

May the Congress that is to convene be no longer under the sway of the go-getter philosophy expressed in another Kaufman play—"That we'll show 'em we can get a lot of things done around here without wasting any time thinking."

Instead may it approach its tremendous task of writing into law the ideals of the President with a thoroughness and a sincerity and an efficiency that will bring forth not confusion of tongues and of language, but clarity and wisdom and lasting results.

LET THE 200 DO IT

THE C. I. O.'s proposal for a peace conference with the A. F. of L. is wise.

We hope that the A. F. of L. will show equal wisdom by accepting that proposal.

If 100 picked men from each of these rival labor organizations do meet, it will be a lively session—perhaps the fightingest peace conference on record. But if their differences can be talked out and settled, that will be a most fortunate thing for labor and a fine thing for the country.

The only alternative seems to be open warfare, a widespread continuance of jurisdictional strikes, with each faction doing its utmost to hurt the other, and with the public getting punishment from both sides. The public won't stand for many more months of that.

HARD TO PLEASE

AS has been said before, there's no pleasing the ladies. There's Virginia Overshiner, a beauty contest winner of Peoria, who took one Richard Raymond—her eighth matrimonial experiment—for better or worse, and a few days later asked a divorce because she says he slapped her on their wedding night.

And there's Eleanor Bailey, a Hollywood movie chorus girl, who is suing Director Eddie Foy for divorce. He was "too polite and considerate," she complains. "We got on each other's nerves. It was too perfect."

Sir Walter Scott was right when he sang—
O Woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made.

MOBS AND MEN

RECENTLY near Ft. Walton, Fla., a group of armed and hooded men halted a sheriff, seized his 30-year-old Negro prisoner on the eve of his trial and riddled him with buckshot. It was Florida's third, the South's eighth, lynching this year.

From Villa Rica, Ga., comes another kind of story. Three men—one white and two Negroes—were in a railroad water tank 30 feet deep, painting the walls with tar. Suddenly there was a crackle of flame which spread with the rapidity of an explosion. A narrow, one-man ladder led to the top of the tank and safety. F. L. Hill, white foreman for the Southern Railroad, stood back and ordered his Negro assistants up the ladder. They got out without injury. Foreman Hill was overcome by fumes and burned to death.

There is a vast difference between men in mobs and men as individuals. As mobs they are emotional, brutal, cowardly; as individuals they act like F. L. Hill, hero.

That is why this country must have antilynching and other laws to punish mob anarchy. If ever this democracy is destroyed it will be by mobs.

Find the Man Who Has Contributed—By Herblock



Fair Enough

By Westbrook Pegler

Duke of Windsor Is Off to Poor Start if He Is Sincere in Making True Study of Labor and Housing.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—The Duke of Windsor has gone to Germany to study the condition of the working man, and he plans to come here later to inspect housing. On his first day in Berlin he was taken in tow by Robert Ley, head man of the Nazi labor front, the Hitler government's house union, and shown through a machine works. There, as the scene was reported by Fred Oechsler of the United Press, Doktor Ley in a jocular mood, slapped workmen on the back and exclaimed, "Well, how goes it? Are you happy here? Do you like your work?"

The workers grinned and said, "Yes," and Doktor Ley turned to the Duke and said, "See? We have here only happy, smiling faces."

But it is not necessary to wonder what would have happened if these workers had said, "It goes terrible here and we are not happy. The hours are too long, the pay is not enough to keep our families decently, food is scarce and we would like the right to quit our jobs or refuse to work but we know that if we did that we would be beaten and locked up."

If anyone had said that, Doktor Ley would have rushed the Duke around a corner and the worker who made these tactless replies would have been yanked off to prison at once.

THE Duke surely cannot be dumb enough not to know that, and he undoubtedly makes allowances for the error. But what can he possibly expect to learn about the condition of labor while he is being led around by the hand by a Government minister? Some of our people have been wishfully thinking of the Duke as a man who might become a great reformer here and in his own country in the belief that abdication and marriage had made a new man of him. Much emphasis is placed on his trips to the mines when he was still Prince of Wales, but it seems to be forgotten that his record of achievement there amounts to one famous utterance, "Something must be done," and that after these expeditions he invariably backed into the diversion of the night club.

He could be very useful if, after the unavoidable social flubdub immediately following his arrival in the United States, he should dissociate himself from the sort of companions with whom he ran when he was here before, and afterward in London, and become an earnest worker for the reforms he is said to have at heart.

BUT he starts on the wrong foot in Germany, and if he continues on the same course here he will find himself inspecting new dams and bridges and a few model apartments like any visiting fireman.

In Germany, of course, the problem was different. They put a ring in his nose and treated him as a semi-official state guest. Here, if he wants to, he can break with all that after a few preliminaries and show us an abdicated King-Emporer with an honest determination to turn square, make sacrifices and really work for reforms.

HE found an aldermanic board of 65 Charlie McCarthys who sat around a table once a week and voted the way their various Eddie Bergens told them to. He first denatured that system and then kicked it out in favor of proportional representation. When he took over, graft was considered an almost legitimate political picket. At a time when many more millions were being spent than ever—more loosely and for purposes new and strange, when graft would have been a cinch—he refused it to remote and petty pilfering—if any.

General Hugh Johnson Says—

New York Mayor Race Has Grown Beyond Confines of Local Issues; It's Case of Good Government Standing Opposed to Political 'Bossism'.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—As has been said here before, the election of a New York Mayor is not a local issue this time.

Mayor La Guardia is running without a combined party against Tammany and, if not against outright New Deal support of his opponent, at least against the Administration's local bosses, Jim Farley, Ed Flynn and Christy Sullivan. If he lacks all that, it will be a national noise—a slam at all "bossism" from Tweed to Tom Pendergast.

Why? Because good government is the only issue and Fiorelli is not an abstraction. For once a candidate simply can point to his record and not say another word. In the worst time to run any city, he ran the biggest and the hardest, and he ran it best.

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THE whole country now knows La Guardia—and also Tammany. Nobody's nose knows the difference better than the Administration. How can a sacrosanct New Deal permit its stand to remain doubtful for so clear a case of decency against so plain a case of stench?

The Hoosier Forum

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

MOTORIST TOLD MECHANICS CAN'T REPAIR CHILDREN

By George Matcolm-Smith in "The Travelers Protection."

Open letter to a motorist who drives too fast through our street:

I saw you barely miss a little boy on a tricycle this afternoon and heard you yell, "Get the hell out of the way. Don't you know any better than to ride in the street?" He didn't answer because he hasn't learned to talk yet. So I'm going to answer for him.

No, the little boy doesn't know any better than to ride his tricycle in the street. He has been warned not to, but little boys don't always heed warnings. Some adults don't, especially traffic warnings; for example, the one limiting the speed of automobiles in city streets.

I'm going to tell you something that little boy doesn't know. He has a mother who endured considerable inconvenience, anxiety and suffering to bring him into the world. He has a father who has worked hard and made many sacrifices to make him healthy and happy. The supreme purpose of their lives is to have their little boy grow up to be a useful and prosperous man.

Now stop a minute and think. I know your minutes are valuable and I know it will be hard for you to think. But try. If you should kill a child, how would you feel facing his parents? What excuse could you give them for having robbed them of their dearest possession? More important: What excuse could you possibly offer Him whose Kingdom is made up of little children?

Children, my hasty friend, were here long before you, or your automobile were ever thought of. All the automobiles on earth are not worth the life of one little boy on a tricycle. Any competent mechanic can put a car together, however badly it's smashed, but nobody on earth can put a child together once its life has been crushed out. We don't know what that little boy may some day be. But we know what you are, and it's unimportant. We could get along without you, but we can't spare a single little boy on this street.

EASY TO AVOID WAR, PRESIDENT TOLD

By W. R. Richards

An open letter to the President of the United States:

I heard your eloquent speech in Chicago and I am one of possibly 100 million who were horrified at your plain assertion that it is impossible for us to keep out of war. I can hardly believe that you know no better and yet I would hesitate to accuse you of prevarication.

If we go to war, it will be for no other purpose than to protect property and money of men who left the country of their nativity

(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.)

to live among a people that our country refuses to admit. These men have been warned and told to leave the danger zone, but on account of their investments there they refuse to do so.

There is one way to avoid this country getting into war. Let our Government notify Americans in China and Japan that our ships are there to bring them home and that the Government will reimburse them for any monetary loss they sustain. If they then refuse to leave, they will be left to take what they get. All war ships, soldiers and marines should be ordered home. Cut loose entirely from the fighting nations. Permit nothing to be shipped from this country to either belligerent, and if any individual loans money to help carry on their war, imprison him for life.

Inform the whole world that we will have nothing to do with the squabbles of Europe and if any of them want us to fight, let them come over here and meet a hot reception. With all our ships at home to guard our coasts, it is not likely we will be invaded, and if we were it would be a war of short duration for we have 40 million young men who would rush to defend our country.

It would take probably 20 million dollars to bring our citizens home and reimburse them, but if it be 100 million it would be cheaper than war, to say nothing of millions.

ONLY DREAMS

By VIRGINIA POTTER

A pair of eyes that say "I care," And lips that speak sincere, Arms that held me in embrace, I feel, yet they're not here.

"Only dreams," if they were real, And you were near to say, The things you whispered long ago, Or was it—yesterday?

Though you are gone and I'm alone Yet somehow it seems I live my life from day to day, Because of "only dreams."

DAILY THOUGHT

By the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.—Psalm 17:4.

NO MAN has a prosperity so high or firm, but that two or three words can dishearten it; and there is no calamity which right words will not begin to redress.—Emerson.

Another Tail That Would Wag the Dog!—By Talburt



It Seems to Me

By Heywood Brown

Fate of Feminist Movement Hung In Balance 100 Years Ago When First Coed Was Asked to Recite.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Oberlin College has dedicated a memorial to the first American coeds. Just a century ago four pioneer girls sat down in the same classes with the men to receive instruction. I wonder whether any witness wrote an account of that historic occasion. If not I recommend the theme to some enterprising author whose imagination might recreate the scene.

Still there is a danger in that. No story writer of any capacity whatsoever could fail to fetch up with something which would be fodder for Hollywood. Almost I can see in the neon light some such title as "Angels Tread," and the whole thing would be done in the spirit of moonlight and honeysuckle. I doubt very much if that was the spirit of the first coeds. They must have felt strongly some spirit of dedication and they may well have had an inkling of the historical importance of their expeditionary force.

Certainly the original announcement in the college catalog did not constitute an invitation to the prom.

ON the contrary, it was couched in forbidding language. "Young ladies of good minds, unblemished morals and respectable attainments are received into this department and placed under the superintendence of a judicious lady whose duty it is to correct their habits and mold the female character."

The important and epoch-making factor in the Oberlin experiment was the fact that the first coeds studied in the same classes with the young gentlemen. Again there ought to be some record of the first recitation by one of the newcomers in these strange surroundings.

If she stammered a little in her answer there was good reason for nervousness, because in a sense, the whole feminist movement hung upon her answer. Would she meekly mutter "unprepared," or in some other way fluff the opportunity, or would she in a cool, clear voice indicate that a woman is as good as a man any day in the week as long as she behaves herself?

It is my guess that the young lady in question was perfect. I seem to see the stern old professor of Latin turn toward her suddenly and say, "And now Miss Janet Rudd, will you please tell us into how many parts all Gaul is divided?"

Miss Rudd gulped once and then in a still small voice she answered, "Three, Professor."

The stars sang in their courses. In various trundle beds throughout the land girl babies cooed, assured that women would eventually vote and develop a punishing forehead.

And so last week a bobbed-haired junior in a tailored dress stepped forward to unveil the monument on which her great-grandmother's name is inscribed. And if I seem to jest in the heavy-handed way which is traditional among men, it is not in a spirit of mockery, for it seems to me that the emancipation of women is the very cornerstone of freedom.

The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Mr. Hull Still Skeptical of British Co-Operation in Far Eastern Crisis; Nye, Anti-New Dealer Facing Re-Election, Rushes to Greet Roosevelt.

By Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—While U. S. officials were delighted with Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's speech pledging Far Eastern co-operation, behind the scenes they still are skeptical. In the past the British have made too many glowing pronouncements of hands-across-the-sea and then failed to produce the goods.

Past British policy regarding the Far East has been to pat the State Department on the back, say in effect, "You're doing a great job against the Japanese, old man," and leave the United States out on a limb.

Behind the scenes during the last few weeks, Secretary Hull has been extremely irritated with the British. Much as he was aroused against the brazenness of the Japanese invasion of China, he was almost more aroused against the immobility of British diplomacy.

The British may have changed their tactics, but the State Department still has its fingers crossed lest the British again be edging toward their old trick of letting the United States pull their chestnuts out of the Far Eastern fire.

A LITTLE episode occurring during the President's stop at Grand Forks, N. D., was a straw showing how the political winds are blowing in that part of the country.

One of the hottest Administration critics last

session was Senator Gerald P. Nye. In votes and speeches the North Dakotan blasted the New Deal, particularly the National Labor Relations Board. Yet, when the President's train rolled in early one morning, Mr. Nye was waiting on the depot platform.

An hour later, when the President pulled out for a run through North Dakota, Mr. Nye was standing by his side on the back platform bowing and waving goodby.

At Grand Forks the official welcoming committee, headed by Governor Bill Langer, Mr. Nye's bitter political foe, started into the President's private car. Mr. Nye dashed away from the reporters and button-holed White House Secretary Marvin McIntyre.

"Can I go in to see the President, Mac?" he inquired. "Is it okay to go in with the others?"

Courteously but firmly Mr. McIntyre barred Mr. Nye's way, said he would have to wait until later to shake hands with the President.

MR. NYE faces a tough re-election fight next year—and knows it. Although the campaign is 12 months off, he already is busy electioneering for all he is worth.

Governor Langer has his ambitious eye on Mr. Nye's seat, and repeatedly has demonstrated that when it comes to vote-getting he is a miracle man. Still another menace to Mr. Nye is Rep. Bill Lemke, Father Coughlin's ill-fated white hope. Mr. Lemke also wants to go to the Senate and believe Mr. Nye is ripe for plucking.