

SARATOGA, Aug. 22.—There is something about this place which seems vaguely familiar. Every time I put my hands into an empty pocket I have the strongest sort of impression that I have been here before.

To some Saratoga is the playground of the nation, but I am here on a mission. Once a year the turf writers hold a banquet to discuss the question, "Whither are we going?" Most of the year they

are employed in studying the problem of how to improve the breed of horses, but annually they leave this theme to take up the subject of how to improve the breed of turf writers.

Seemingly, not very much has been done about it. Accordingly, the organization is seeking new members. My name is up for consideration. And it's about time. Perhaps the excuse for the delay will be that there is nothing very impressive in past performances.

Before this column is printed (one should always fear the worst) I will have undergone the ordeal of making a speech to the race writers. It has been the custom in the past to limit these little talks to more or less frivolous subjects.

I might, for instance, get up and say: "This new Indianapolis coachman is a little trying for the novice better. In the old days, we merely had to worry as to how your horse would run. Now you must also figure out how he is going to screen." But I guess I won't say that. I have a sneaking notion that I said that last year and it didn't go very well.

His Audience Was Tedious

NOTHING went very well last year except the brass band. It was one of the few times that I ever have seen an audience which was a little more tedious than any of the after-dinner speakers. Every time I started to slide gracefully into an epigram a large gentleman at my right elbow would exclaim: "That's good, old Heywood. Sweetish fellow in the world."

So if and when I get the floor my theme and my demeanor will be deadly serious. My mission at the moment is to discuss genetics. After all, why should the improvement in the breed of horses be taken up so much more seriously than the improvement of human beings? Millions are spent every year throughout the world in order to find a horse that can do six furlongs or the mile a fraction faster than these distances ever have been accomplished before. And the strange part of it is that the records around a race track stand up pretty solidly against all competition, while men and women in track and field games set new marks whenever any great number of skilled participants are gathered together.

Make a Mock of the Fastest

SEEMINGLY, without any scientific plan whatsoever, athletes like Jesse Owens appear and make a mock of all the fastest men who have gone before them. It is perhaps possible that, genetically speaking, planned production is so much in its infancy that no one is wise enough to undertake any control of blood lines among the humans. I always bet on long shots at the track because to some extent these are the horses of somewhat inferior breeding.

I suppose in his prairie years, when he was just a colt, they would have laid 1000 to 1 against Abraham Lincoln. You might have gotten even 300 to 1 to show. Yes, Lincoln was a long shot, and so was Andrew Jackson. Accordingly, I feel that it will be my patriotic duty to remain at Saratoga for an additional day and go out to see the races. I will go as a student and as a patriot. It is no gambling fever which urges me on. I simply want to find in the first race another Lincoln.

My Day

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

HYDE PARK, N. Y., Friday—I finished "Gone With the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell, last night. It is a most interesting picture of the South during the Civil War, but to me the reconstruction period is far more interesting.

It is easy to understand why the women of the South kept their bitterness toward their Northern invaders. The war to them was a sacred cause, and the attitude of the North was practically impossible for them to understand. Sometimes you hear people wonder today why the bitterness has persisted so long, but to me it seems only natural and this book should help to make it vividly clear, even to those who haven't understood it before.

The characters, Melanie and Ashley, are very charming—people you would like to know—but Scarlett and Rhett Butler are the two strongest and most interesting people. Scarlett is selfish and ruthless to the end, but she did have gallant courage and determination. In her rather strange way she did love two people in the course of her stormy existence. She paid in suffering for the fact that never for one moment was her love unselfish. She never understood either of the men she loved and so she lost them both, to be left baffled and bitter in her loneliness.

This has been a confusing day because nothing has remained exactly as it was arranged in the morning. But, after all, the mechanics of living can somehow be adjusted. I never cease to be grateful for the wonderful way in which every one in the household adjusts to the changing situations. With perfect calm they accept the fact that six people may spend the night with us, or may decide to leave at 10 p. m.

We had an amusing discussion at noon on the subject of co-operation. The older members of the family circle think that it is time for us all to study what Sweden has achieved along these lines. Some of us even think it is fair to expect a few people to pay more than they need to pay for a given commodity in order that a larger number of people may receive that commodity at a lower price. The individual and younger members of the family circle are not so interested in co-operation. Added to that they love baiting me and having the fun of a heated argument.

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New Books

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

AT THIS IS NORWAY, by Freda Lingstrom (London, \$2), will make you very unhappy. That is, it will make you very unhappy if you are already one of the thousands of Americans who are "just dying" to go there. Its scope is large. In its 152 pages are chapters on Norwegian history, modern government, language, legends, painting, literature, winter sports, walking, climbing, angling, and so forth—all concise and practical. Twenty pages list towns and places alphabetically and give four to 10 descriptive lines to each. Railways, automobile and steamship routes are listed, together with useful information about passports, tickets, sleeping cars and breakfast baskets. But most enticing of all are the 49 illustrations, mostly photographic, some in lovely colors.

THIS novel, HOLY IRELAND, by Nerah Hecht (Reynal, \$2.50), is based on family life laid in Dublin at the turn of the century. It portrays a narrow-minded, bigoted father who rules over his wife and his four children with a rod of iron. How these sons and daughters try to evade his tyranny and how one daughter finally defies him forms the plot of the story. Underlying this is the clash of Catholicism and Protestantism, which provides much of the tension and many of the dramatic scenes of the book. The author writes convincingly and sympathetically of her character and for that reason the story reaches beyond a certain locality and a certain period and becomes the portrait of any family in any place, a family in whose problems the reader will be vitally interested.

The Indianapolis Times

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1936

Second Section

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Life Has Been Exciting

By GRACE MOORE

Triumph at London's Covent Garden Climaxes Career; Finds Time for Romance and a Happy Marriage.

CHAPTER SIX

UNFORSEEN production difficulties forced me to continue my studio work until the last possible moment before leaving for London. When I boarded the train in Los Angeles I was dog-tired and on the verge of nervous collapse.

In New York I hoped to rest, but the hope was futile. My brief stay there was a continual whirl of banquets and parties. In London, where "One Night of Love" had been even more successful than in America, I was nearly mobbed by over-enthusiastic fans and autograph seekers.

To my surprise, I discovered that in London my sole claim to fame was my screen work. Apparently, the fact that I had come to motion pictures from the Metropolitan and the Opera Comique was entirely forgotten if, indeed, it had ever been known in England. The multitudes were willing to accord me a triumph without waiting to hear me sing, but fashionable Mayfair was skeptical. And the leading critics, while unanimously giving Geoffrey Toye, the director of the Covent Garden, credit for arranging a neat financial coup, frankly cast doubt on my alleged success.

Their attitude was a stimulating challenge, but I managed to support myself only by leaning on a prop chair. Ever since, I've wondered that I did not completely disgrace myself by falling in a faint.

I took 13 curtain calls after that first act! It was the greatest triumph I had ever known, and, in all probability, the greatest I ever shall know.

Triumphs—and defeats! Looking back on the years which have passed since that first day in New York when I stood outside the Metropolitan and vowed that someday I would star there, it seems to me that life has been like a scenic railway, a continual series of ups and downs.

And to my own amazement, the greatest happiness of my entire career was a marriage—especially when combined with lack of time for rehearsals.

Everything was hustle and bustle, and in the excitement one thought to warn me that Covent Garden tradition permits applause only after the curtain of each act.

The night of my debut performance found every seat in the house sold.

WHEN I made my entrance, I instinctively sensed the mingled friendliness and skepticism of the audience and rose to meet the challenge. With the first notes of my initial aria, "My Name Is Mimi," I knew that my voice had never been better. Finishing it, I mentally braced myself for the burst of applause which surely would follow.

I met Valentim Parera, now my husband, aboard the Ile de France, en route to Europe, in 1931. It was strange that we had not met before, since, during the months I had worked for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on my first picture, he had been employed in the same studio, starring in Spanish versions of Metro's films. He was then, and still is, one of the greatest stars of the screen in all Spanish-speaking countries.

It was love at first sight!—and I, who had prided myself on my hard-won caution, was taken by surprise. After our engagement, we were married in Canada, while in emulation of my idol, Maria Callas, I had acquired a villa. The mayor performed the ceremony and it is quite typical of my life story that our wedding guests represented every stratum of financial affluence and social position.

The opera house was a boudoir. Every one in the audience was standing, throwing programs in

LET'S EXPLORE YOUR MIND

BY DR. ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM



1. MY FRIEND, Dr. Henry C. Link, leading psychologist, has made a remarkable discovery, as related in his new book "The Return to Religion"—now a best seller—and deservedly so. He finds that the two most effective things in producing fine personalities are the facts that the children attend Sunday School and the parents go to church. In homes where these are habits the children are more likely to have finer personalities and be more poised, self-reliant and more apt to be social leaders. A most happy discovery. A fine book for young people to read.

2. ACCORDING to Dr. James Sonnett Greene, medical director of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders (in the Literary Digest), there are eight times as many men stutters as women stutters. There are said to be 1,000,000 positive stutters in the United States and at least 12,000,000 more "hesitators," "lispers,"

"mumbler," "repeaters," "uhuhers," "gibberers," "stammerers," etc. Dr. Greene has a Stutterers' Club called the Ephphatha Club (meaning Slow-Easy), the entrance requirement being ability to pronounce the name of the club.

3. FROM the Mexican Magazine Sintesis comes a beautiful story condensed in Magazine Digest: A coach was derailed and 20 men tried to lift it back. The foreman said, "We have too few men." "No," said the engineer, "you have too many." Ten men tried to lift it back, but failed. "Still too many," said the engineer. He reduced the number to nine and lifted the car back with ease. With the big foreman he had so little responsibility he did nothing; with the small force, each took his share of responsibility and lifted his best. No need pointing the moral. Too little responsibility ruins far more people than too much.



Laughter



Pensive



Miss Moore and her husband, Valentim Parera.

honeymoon in Venice—in the ancient Brandolini Palace overlooking the Grand Canal. It was there that Wagner, during his exile, wrote most of the second act of "Tristan and Isolde."

Marriage versus career—women everywhere enlist militantly in that ancient argument. But to me, there is no longer excuse for controversy. No one, I'm sure, ever sought professional triumphs with more determination than I. During the years of my climb to recognition and success, I set myself apart from other "average" women and assured myself that my goal was not to be, and must not be, confused with theirs. Now, I find it just a bit ironic to discover that I am, after all, a very "average woman." Love and marriage mean more to me than the richest rewards "career" can offer.

It was at Cannes there were too many people. There, I was still Grace Moore, the singer, the celebrity. I could not escape the curiosity. I could not escape the interest of the crowd.

IRONIC, also was the discovery that marriage had advanced, rather than retarded, my professional success. I have grown spiritually; consequently I have grown artistically. Marriage, by demanding much of me, has prevented me from becoming too absorbed in my career and in myself. It has given me a truer perspective on life.

Last spring, en route to Europe to fill my Covent Garden engagement, I saw I was exhausted and on the verge of nervous collapse, and the doctor took charge.

After our engagement, we were married in Canada, while in emulation of my idol, Maria Callas, I had acquired a villa. The mayor performed the ceremony and it is quite typical of my life story that our wedding guests represented every stratum of financial affluence and social position.

At the invitation of our friends, the William Gowers, we spent our

away from you those lovely interludes which give new dreams and new stimulus. Without those interludes, success will be a curse instead of a glorious adventure."

And he made me promise then and there that once Covent Garden was behind us, I would place myself in his hands and ask no questions.

But at Cannes there were too many people. There, I was still Grace Moore, the singer, the celebrity. I could not escape the interest of the crowd.

One morning, with great persistence of mystery, my husband ordered me into our car. All day we drove, along the French and Italian Rivieras, through Milan and then, higher and higher, into the Swiss Alps. "We're going to the Swiss Alps," I decided and then, curling up in the seat, fell sound asleep.

I was awakened shortly after midnight to find that we had stopped in front of a little Swiss inn. In the brilliant moonlight, against its background of towering crags, it looked like an illustration of a charming Christmas card. I glimpsed the sign, "Maison," and suddenly remembered. Three years before, on our honeymoon, we had driven past that same little inn, and I had been enchanted by its rustic beauty. At that time, I had told my husband: "Some day, when I am very tired, you shall bring me here. You will know when . . .

And he had remembered!

WE scrambled from the car and I danced in the snow like any 5-year-old while he

rang the bell and shouted for the porter to open the door.

We lived there for two weeks, incognito. No one knew who we were—and no one cared. By day, we donned Alpine clothes and climbed the nearby peaks, at night we tumbled into bed, blessedly fatigued and too content to dream. I was a person reborn. One morning, while toiling up a mountain trail, we stopped at a wayside inn for a pall of butter-milk. Some one started a phonograph and I heard my own recorded voice, singing "One Night of Love," and "Chiribibin." It seemed to me that those songs belonged to some other woman whom I once knew vaguely.

And, standing there, gazing over the wild beauty of Alpine peaks and valleys, we made another vow; each year must give us five full months in which no thought of "career" shall be allowed to interfere with the simple pursuit of happiness. Five free months in which we shall be

Mr. and Mrs. Valentim Parera, professional people quite drunk with the joy of unpretentious living.

The champagne of life, I think. Lies in contrast. These five months of flight from fame will always preserve for me the glamour of success.

My life has been rich in contrast. And if I am grateful for my triumphs, I am also grateful for my defeats. I have known many in the years since I so blindly charted my course for operatic stardom.

In triumph or defeat, they have been joyous years. I have lived on emotional hill-tops and life has been exciting.

THE END

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QUINS

THROUGH THEIR

SECOND SUMMER"



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Liberal Side

by

HARRY ELMER BARNES

(Substituting for Westbrook Pegler)

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—Perhaps the biggest dud in the barrage the Republicans have let loose against President Roosevelt is their attack on his alleged wastefulness and the orgy of public spending carried on under the New Deal.

The Republican war horses are doing their best to capitalize on this. Wall Street has squawked vigorously and frequently. There is a concerted effort to create a terrifying bogeyman out of the mounting public debt of the Federal government.

Nobody need contend that all of the New Deal spending has been wise or shrewd, but it is obvious that neither Republicans nor financial moguls have logic or good taste on their side in this outcry against the monetary outgo under the New Deal.

In the first place, it is well to remember that the main reason for our large Federal debt was the World War. The debt was only about \$1,800,000,000 in the spring of 1917, but it had jumped to \$544,000,000 in 1919. Had it not been for the lavish wartime expenditures, Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal budgets would have left us with an enviable small public debt.

Neither the Republicans nor Wall Street were staggered over expenditures when we were pouring out billions to pull the French and British chests out of the fire, to protect the loans of our bankers to the Allies, and to fatten our profiteers.

The Republicans were so eager for war that they were willing to see it waged by a Democratic Administration. Henry Cabot Lodge, Republican leader in the Senate, knocked a man down in his office because he urged the Senator to keep us out of war.