

Vagabond

FROM INDIANA

By ERNIE PYLE

SALT LAKE CITY, Oct. 7.—It seems to be a fad among people who travel, to come home and rave about what a beautiful place Salt Lake City is. Now I know the reason. They've got the city mixed up with the girls. Salt Lake City isn't by a long shot the most beautiful place in the world, but it certainly has more beautiful girls per square foot than any city I've ever seen. I don't know whether it's the climate, or religion, or just an unfair distribution of fair feminine features, but it sure is something. Salt Lake has got 'em.

About Salt Lake City itself. I guess I had heard too many praises ahead of time. It isn't as beautiful as I expected.

The setting is lovely. The city stands 4300 feet above the sea. Mountain ridges make a "U" around it on three sides. The mountains are bare and not awfully high.

The ridge over to the west doesn't look very far, but it must be about 20 miles. The valley floor is as flat as a table. There is room in this valley for Salt Lake to expand indefinitely.

I had always supposed the city was on the shore of Salt Lake. But no. The lake is more than 20 miles to the west, in a break in the mountains.

One thing I have against Salt Lake is the way you come into it. I like a city, especially a desert city, that you can drive right up to and smack, you're in it. But not Salt Lake. Arriving from the south, you're getting into it for 50 miles.

The valley extends far to the south, and it's all irrigated, and has mines along the edges. The result is a very prosperous valley, with a town practically every 100 yards.

Churches Like Others

I HAD expected Salt Lake City to be a place of great domes and mosques and tolling bells and things mysteriously Mormon, and very, very white in the sun. It isn't that at all. The only domes are the state capitol. The Mormon churches mostly are like any other churches.

Main-st has so many neon signs it looks like the Fourth of July. There are dinky little shops of all kinds, and open-front vegetable markets, in the southern California manner.

Traffic in Salt Lake City is a joy. The streets are 132 feet wide (laid out that way by Brigham Young nearly 20 years ago), and there's plenty of room.

Despite the fact that the valley is pure desert, the city is full of trees. The Mormons get their water from canyons back in the mountains, and, by irrigation and much sprinkling, they've made the city one of trees and bright flowers.

Temple Square

THE great Temple Square of the Mormons is the thing around which Salt Lake gravitates. It is two blocks square, right downtown, and is enclosed by a high, thick adobe wall.

Inside the wall is the huge Mormon Temple. It doesn't look like a temple. It looks like a cathedral. It cost \$4,000,000, and took 40 years to build. It was finished in 1893.

Just a few paces from the temple is the famous Mormon tabernacle. It is oval-shaped, one story, high curved roof, and will hold 10,000 people. It is world famous for its perfect acoustics. The Mormon guides take visitors in there, and sit them at the back of the building, and an attendant on the altar (half a block away) drops a pin, and rubs his hands together, and whispers "Can you hear me?" and you can hear it all very plainly.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Day

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

NEW YORK, N. Y., Tuesday.—This has been a full day! At 9:15 a. m. I picked up Mrs. Morgan and we went to Mr. Jesse Straus' funeral. Funerals are sad for those who are left behind to live on without some one they love.

One can't help being glad that Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" was read at the services, because Mr. Straus' life was so useful, so full of interest and achievement. Emphasis was laid on the words: "And may there be no sadness of farewell when I embark." A fitting salute to one of whom it may be said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Later I paid a call on the National Progressive League for Roosevelt, at their headquarters in the Hotel Roosevelt. I lunched with the League of Progressive Republican Women who have come together to keep the present Administration in office because they feel it has done a service to the nation.

From there I went down to the armory on 34th-st, where Col. Somervell met me to show me the WPA exhibition. What interesting work is being done for health, for recreation and many other things in the public schools of this great city! As I walked around I kept thinking of Mayor La Guardia's remarks when he opened the exhibition last night. He said that every good thing seen here represented one more individual who had retained his independence and supported himself and his family. That was the first consideration. Then we come to what has been accomplished by this work and here we find bonded spreading out to hundreds of thousands of people.

Think of the children kept from possible wrong, doing by the programs in the play-streets and camps. Of men, women and children helped through the tuberculosis project, which is perhaps bringing to light many cases of this disease which otherwise might have gone undetected and infected whole families. Of the clinics for social diseases which are beginning a much needed work.

I went on to the WPA art exhibit at 11 W. 53d-st and was very much impressed by the work. Especially interesting is that exhibited by a group of children, some of which is to remain in the museum.

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Daily New Books

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

IT is not scenery and people as they appear to the casual traveller that concern Geffrey Gorer in his new book, *BALI AND ANGKOR* (Little, Brown: \$3). Rather is he interested in the physical features of a land as it has affected the natives in their religion, morality, costume, music, dancing, and architecture. In his account of a journey to the Malay Islands and French Indo-China, the author presents a stimulating and provocative discussion of Bali and Angkor with a brief treatment of Sumatra, Java and Siam. Because so much has been written about Bali, this traveller went there half-unwillingly but left wholly convinced that he had seen the nearest approach to Utopia. Although Angkor impressed him as a dead ruin of a vanished past, he found much to admire in Angkor Wat, "one of the loveliest pieces of architecture in the world." Supplemented with hints for tourists and detailed photographs, this is a scholarly study of a people's art and religion, in addition to general observations on their life.

Preventives for Horse

Plague Announced

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—Two preventives for the horse plague, equine encephalomyelitis, have been on the market for some time. Dr. H. W. Schoening of the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, informed Science Service. One is an immune serum, developed several years ago at the agricultural ex-

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THE MODEL GIRLS OF AMERICA

Shortage of New Faces Insures Chance for All Qualified Posers

(Last of Two Articles)

By JOHN ROBERT POWERS
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NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—Modeling is a sure-fire opportunity for making a good income for any girl who can qualify. It is indeed a model business, for it is one of the few in which there aren't enough suitable workers to supply the demand.

And that is true despite the presence of scouts all over the country who are willing to interview any one who thinks she has the necessary qualifications.

The field is wide open. Any beginner who gets a fair start has a more than even chance of a lucrative profession while becoming a headliner. While it lasts.

But, lest I paint too rosy a picture, let me point out the catch in this seemingly perfect set-up: A model's career is comparatively short-lived. The more successful she is, the shorter her career.

A model doesn't find herself out of the running because a gray hair appears or because she gets a wrinkle across her forehead. Usually she is gone and her face forgotten years before she begins to show a sign of age.

A girl's picture can appear in advertisements and on magazine covers for just so long, then photographers, for fear the public will tire of it, stop calling her. Come-backs are unheard of.

HOWEVER, this situation doesn't discourage the currently successful models. They realize that their profession is the gateway to a film career.

But most of the girls marry young and stop worrying about a career anyway.

At the moment, we have exactly 100 models on our list.

We could find the right sort of new faces (about 100 applicants are turned away every day) we would increase it—gladly.

We need more natural redheads.

You have little idea how difficult it is to find a NATURAL redhead who has the other qualifications, too.

Twenty-five dollars a day is the usual fee a photographer or artist pays a model. Prices per hour range from \$5 to \$50, depending on her popularity. Ten percent goes to her agent.

A large and varied personal



Janice Jarratt . . . she can hold that smile indefinitely.

wardrobe is a necessity. Only when a model is posing for fashion illustrations are the clothes provided. Otherwise, she must bring her own. These have to suit her own personality as well as the situation to be portrayed. You can see how important it is for her to have a natural clothes-sense as well as regular features, good posture and so on.

FAIRLY large percentage of a model's salary must go to the beauty shops. Her looks being her livelihood, she can not go around with hair that should have been washed the day before or with nails that aren't manicured within an inch of their lives. Just any little hairdresser won't do over a period of months either. A model's head requires ultra-expert attention by a coiffure man who can arrange her curls and swirls into new shapes and styles.

The actual work isn't as simple as it sounds or as a finished picture looks. One has to be able to strike the proper pose and to hold it for hours if necessary. You may be sure that the girl who has to stand half-way up a ladder for three hours honestly earns her \$15.

If you doubt that modeling can be tedious, try posing on the edge of a diving board for half a day.

Or wearing a heavy fur coat for an hour on a sultry August afternoon.

Or a chiffon dress on a pommel horse in midwinter.

The idea that all professional models wear sables and live in Park-av penthouses is as silly as the once-popular myth that all chorus girls drove 16-cylinder roadsters.

The majority of our girls live with their mothers, work long hours and have practically no social lives.

You can't get up, clear eyed and fresh-looking, ready to take a pose and hold it for hours and hours, if you have been night-clubbing the night before.

Unless you are willing to work, take criticism and make the sac-

rifices necessary to preserving your assets of face and figure, there's no use in thinking about

modeling. If you are—remember we're always looking for new faces.

POLITICS AS SULLIVAN SEES IT

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—Yesterday was exactly four weeks before the election. It sounds trite to say, but it is probably true that not in any election within recent memory have so few observers, or so few politicians, been confident about the outcome. There are Democrats who believe their party will largely triumph. There are Republicans who believe their party will win by a narrow margin. There are Democrats who believe their party will lose. And there are Republicans having the corresponding shades of

In spite of the similarity of name between the encephalomyelitis of horses and the encephalitis lethargica of human beings, commonly called European sleeping sickness, the diseases are not related. Furthermore, reports that human beings have been infected with the horse disease are based upon with considerable conservatism by Dr. Schoening and his associates, who find that much more information will need to be obtained before sweeping assertions on this point can be made.

Although heralded as a "new" disease, equine encephalomyelitis is not really that. Animal pathologists have known about it for many years, and have been conducting very active researches on its cause and possible cure since it began to spread rapidly, about six years ago.

High Weather Bureau Station Set Up

AT the sky than any other weather observatory in the Eastern United States a new Weather Bureau station has been set up on the summit of Mount Mitchell, near here. It is in charge of Ed Wilson, forest warden, and Warren Jones. The two men will spend their time on this peak, loftiest mountain crest of the Rockies. Every six hours they will send reports by telephone to the Weather Bureau Observatory at Asheville. These "sky-high" meteorological observations are expected to be of particular value in connection with commercial aviation in the East and Southeast.

A Woman's Viewpoint--Mrs. Walter Ferguson

THE newspaper reporter has fallen into disrepute of late. Perhaps it's the movie influence. Whatever the cause, in many circles nowadays, he is spoken of as an inquisitive snooper, a noisy busybody and a public pest.

No doubt he does get into the hair of the prominent, and he may annoy that larger group of citizens who maintain a box-seat under the spotlight in the theater of the world. But we should not count this against him when we consider what a contribution he makes to the happiness of the humble.

Not that he goes about scattering sunshine or promoting be-kind-to-the-poor weeks. His worth consists in the impartiality with which he donates space on his front pages. This is really an inquisitive of reporters, for example, the Dionne quintuplets might not have survived; scores of crimes would go unsolved; social injustice might remain forever hidden; and a thousand good deeds in every locality go annually unheralded.

His job is universally discussed; without the inquisitiveness of reporters, for example, the Dionne quintuplets might not have survived; scores of crimes would go unsolved; social injustice might remain forever hidden; and a thousand good deeds in every locality go annually unheralded.

But even these benevolences do not constitute his chief value. The American reporter is one of the noblest beings in the land because he goes to such efforts to give obscure citizens a break in the headlines. If you read your paper consistently you will see he plays no favorites, and does not actually pander to the rich and prominent.

He scouts around and discovers all sorts of hidden talents among the masses. He finds us the best-dressed woman and the champion hog-caller, and puts their pictures alongside each other on the same page. He enlivens our existence with flagpole sitting contests, piano-playing endurance records, wood-chopping competition, corn-husking bees and soapbox derbies. He writes stories about the best country correspondent, making him or her briefly famous, about the most popular mother-in-law, the fattest baby, the oldest grandma, and the champion tobacco-spitter.

Take him all around, the average newspaper reporter, with all his faults, does more to promote our happiness and preserve our pride than any other individual.

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Betty McLaughlin . . . wearing clothes smartly pays her well.

unique. There have been occasions when large numbers of one party shifted. In 1932, for example, a large percentage of the Republican Party shifted away from Mr. Hoover. In 1928, a large percentage of the Democratic Party shifted away from Al Smith. But never before, I think, has it happened that large percentages of both parties shifted their allegiance. This one condition is sufficient to make the outcome of November's election confusing to predictors and estimators.

In the country as a whole it is doubtful whether the relief funds are an unqualified asset for Mr. Roosevelt. Many on relief are, for one reason or another, sullen against the party that is administering the relief. Either they feel that the relief is niggardly, or they hear that some are getting greater relief than others, or they lack heart for this kind of work. Or they resent the relief system, feeling that they would prefer normal jobs in private employment. Some on relief are sullen against the pressure which Democratic officials put upon them to support Mr. Roosevelt and in the secrecy of the election booths will vote their resentments.

In this assumption there is probably some substance. But it is subject to some decidedly important qualifications. Many of the persons on relief, or otherwise in the lower economic levels, are inhabitants of the densely populated parts of large cities. As such, they have in their vicinity been led in their voting by the political machines. Some of the machines, as in New York, are Democratic. It follows that in New York most of those who this year will vote Democratic because they are on relief will in any election vote Democratic as followers of Tammany.

They observe the waste and inefficiency which is probably inseparable from relief projects even if they were conducted in the best possible way. Wherever relief projects exist, the farmers and other engaged in private employment, tend to take a strong critical attitude toward the relief work responsible for it.

It is expected that during the remaining weeks of the campaign there will be exposures of Democratic management of relief work in at least one large state.

Best Sellers

By Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance

The best-sellers for the week ending last Saturday in 23 cities as revealed by the Scripps-Howard book-of-the-week poll are:

Fiction, "Gone With the Wind," "White Banners," "White Oak Harvest," "The Enchanted Voice," "Drums Along the Mohawk"; non-fiction, "Man the Unknown," "Live Alone and Like It," "An American Doctor," "Odyssey," "Jefferson in Power," "Around the World in Eleven Years."

Best sellers for the week in Indianapolis were:

Fiction, "Gone With the Wind," "White Banners," "White Oak Harvest," "The Enchanted Voice," "Drums Along the Mohawk"; non-fiction, "Man the Unknown," "Live Alone and Like It," "As I Knew Them," "Around the World in Eleven Years."

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