

Vagabond

FROM INDIANA

By ERNIE PYLE

SEATTLE, Oct. 24.—All over the world you see statues. Statues of Benjamin Franklin. Statues of Abraham Lincoln. Statues of Bolivar the Liberator and statues of County Commissioner Cyrus J. Brown. Statues to the first Indian agent at Cimarron, N. M., and a statue to a mining mule named "Prunes."

All of which is perfectly all right with me. Except I want to know, since we are so proud of our statues, why hasn't somebody ever put up one to the guy who invented mail?

Now there was a fellow who really did something for the world. Mail is a wonderful institution. You don't know how wonderful mail is until you don't get any.

Take me, for instance. The postman never rings twice at my door. He doesn't ring at all. I haven't any door. I get mail at General Delivery, Miles City. And three weeks later at General Delivery, Salt Lake City. Nobody knows where I am in the meantime.

The postman found me yesterday here in Seattle. And he had a wad of it. I took the whole afternoon off (with pay) to mull over my mail. It's pretty good mail, too. What do you think?

From Pearl Bjork, school teacher, who rode across Lake of Woods with our articles to school to show the children. They will get a thrill out of them.

From M. E. M.: "What do you do for a vacation? Just set, or travel?"

From Cavanaugh, a friend, of Los Angeles: "Been doing a lot of reading. Last week-end I read Boswell's Johnson and Anthony Adverse, and this week-end I'm going to set both of them to music. How's your folks?"

Avoids Age Query

From Mrs. W.: "I enjoyed my trip with you (via the paper) through Canada very much. Please tell me whether you are a young, middle-aged or elderly couple." You're on the right track there, Mrs. W.

From Bunny, 10 months in the hospital in Denver: "Have started my correspondence course in accounting, and after the first five lessons still can't tell the difference between a debit and a credit."

From Eda, down in Texas, who is wonderful, but doesn't know the difference between a pound and a barrel: "Roy says Well No. 1 which had rich sand is seeping at rate of four pounds, and new well makes eight pounds; another seeping well good for about four; may have 20 pounds per day. Roy is thrilled, but I'm always wondering when they'll stop flowing."

From the boss: "You're the darndest hot and cold shower I ever had installed."

How to Live in College

From Jack, in his first year in college at Indiana: "I've found a fellow has two ways of living down here. Having good times and spending a lot of money, or getting one's lessons and having a moderate amount of fun."

From my mother: "Papa had his bank book balanced and had \$60 more in the bank than he thought he had. Frank went to the river and got me five nice catfish. I can eat fish if they are baked. Hope you don't go any place that is dangerous. Be careful about your driving."

Come on Mr. Gutson Borglum, how about a statue to the guy who invented mail?

Mrs. Roosevelt's Day

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Friday.—These last two weeks have taught me how many different ways people have of expressing their feeling about a candidate when they see him pass by. I have made a little mental list of the various ways in which the President has been addressed.

It ran from "Hi, pal," to "Mr. President, Mr. President!" and in between is "Hello, F. D.," "Hello, Frankie," "Rosy," "Teddy," and sometimes an imitation of the radio announcers: "Mr. President, hi, Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

Yesterday afternoon we were still a little behind schedule, but the people waited and I think we got through some rather difficult places without any one in the crowd being hurt.

Sometimes it seems to me that the local authorities do not choose the easiest possible place for a meeting. But I am not as familiar with local conditions as they are and a place which seems obvious to me may really have drawbacks.

I learned long ago that I had one very bad habit—I always want to rearrange everybody else's arrangements, and I always think I can do it better. So trips of this kind are really excellent discipline for me, for I know that I am absolutely nothing, and so I must be a silent passenger.

When we got back to the train in Stamford, Conn., the crowd closed in behind us so the cars in the rear could not get through. I took one look at the packed mass of people and wondered if all of our party, particularly Miss LeHand and Mrs. Scheider, could get through to the train.

Just as I was about to send out a searching party, I saw the very tall figure of Fred Storm of the United Press, and clinging to him were the two best ladies. Somehow he managed to pull them through the crowd and put them on the train.

We did not get into New York until nearly 8 o'clock last night. I found that a friend of mine, whom I do not see very often, was still in the city so we decided to stay until this morning.

Of all the places we have visited recently, I can think of no lovelier country than the New England states in the month of October, except, perhaps, my own New York State. The yellow and red maples and the rust-colored oaks have not yet lost their leaves and the sun still shines warmly upon them.

Any day now a heavy rain frost may strip the trees bare, but I am grateful beyond words for the beauty of this part of the country, which I love.

Daily New Books

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

If you have always believed Voltaire to be the irreligiousist supreme, the scoffer before whom all representatives of religion trembled, you are in for a remarkable surprise. Voltaire's relationship with Madame Neve's biography of that most brilliant Frenchman. In his new book, VOLTAIRE (Sheed & Ward; \$3.50), the well-known English poet evokes a new Voltaire, a comprehensible genius, poignantly human in his reactions to certain contemporary ecclesiastical impositions.

No less familiar with all the literatures that an adequate estimate of Voltaire involves, uses the interesting device of placing in their complete context passages that are often isolated to prove their author an enemy of religion in general. It furnishes a new method for the criticism and discussion of Voltaire's works and one which is absorbingly interesting.

From a biographical standpoint, too, the book is remarkable. Voltaire's relationship with Madame Neve's biography of that most brilliant Frenchman. In his new book, VOLTAIRE (Sheed & Ward; \$3.50), the well-known English poet evokes a new Voltaire, a comprehensible genius, poignantly human in his reactions to certain contemporary ecclesiastical impositions.

CHARACTERS who will rank with Jeeves and Bertie Wooster are created by the witty P. G. Wodehouse in his YOUNG MEN IN SPATS (Doubleday; \$2). This will recommend them to Wodehouse followers, and their quaint manners and unique speech will win many new friends.

The book consists of 12 stories—each one a gem. Read it and you'll like it. Read it aloud and the family will be hilarious.

The Indianapolis Times

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PAGE 9

AROUND THE WORLD IN 18 DAYS!

Ekins Thanks Those Who Helped on Record-Breaking Trip

(Fourth of a Series)

By H. R. EKINS
Times Staff Writer

THIS is a very good world and the people in it are very good. That was impressed upon me scores of times before I took off from typhoon-swept Manila aboard the Pan-American Airways Hawaii Clipper on the long all-over-water jump across the Pacific Ocean.

In thumbing over my diary since returning, I found I owed a debt of gratitude to many more persons than were pilots and newspaper correspondents. May I thank them here. They include:

William H. Van Oosten, head of the Batavia Petroleum Co. at Balikpapan, Borneo. He was my host in Balikpapan,

a delightful spot which proved to be ultra-civilized when I had expected to find Dyak head-hunters and other wild men of Borneo.

Further, Mr. Van Oosten arranged for his great oil works at Balikpapan to manufacture 100-octane gasoline so that our flight to Manila via Zamboanga and across the Sulu Sea would have a minimum of hazard.

Mention of fuel reminds me that I should tell you of our experience at Zamboanga in the southern Philippines where we landed in a typhoon which was laying hemp plantations low and tearing immature coconuts from the trees. Capt. Van Bremer, with a cross-wind howling, landed us safely on a palm-fringed golf-course fairway 110 feet wide. And the wingspread of our Douglas DC2 plane was 90 feet.

Our first news in Zamboanga was that the little inter-island steamer plying to Zamboanga from Cebu with our fuel was caught in the typhoon and would be delayed for hours, perhaps days. The situation was critical. The Hawaii Clipper was still held at Manila because of the storm but if I were grounded long in Zamboanga—600 miles distant—it might well leave without me and the race would be lost.

FRITZ WORCESTER, pioneer Mindanao planter and representative of the Philippine Coconut Corp., took me into his home—a charming, spacious house built entirely of rare Philippine woods. The floor boards were nearly 30 inches wide, of gleaming, highly polished mahogany, and beautiful armoise paintings decked the walls. With the winds abating a bit, old friends of earlier days in the Philippines rallied around.

Lieut. Col. Luther Rea Stevens of the Philippine constabulary—a splendid example of your true American colonial soldier—appeared. I told him my troubles and he arranged to place at my disposal all the gasoline available to the constabulary. Unfortunately it was not enough.

Then we were joined by Capt. Myrman Joseph Conway of the United States Army. He had a fuel pump and soon it became mine. I will never forget the way the constabulary and the Army, tucked away in the Southern Seas just above the equator, came to my rescue.

There was Mayor Juan Posadas of Manila. Despite a torrential rain blown in by the typhoon he met me at Nichols Field and with Maj. Natividad of President Quezon's staff escorted me to Malacanang Palace and later to the Gridiron Club dinner.

Manila was a city of welcome. I was grounded there for three days by the typhoon and dodged an attack of the deep-dish filters only through the courtesies

and devoted attention of Roy Bennett, editor of the Manila Daily Bulletin; Dr. Carlos Romulo, foremost Filipino journalist, Don Arsenio Luz of the Philippine Exposition Corp., Don Felipe Buencamino, a member of the Philippine National Assembly, and Tony Escoda, another crack Philippine newspaper man. He is privileged also to be the husband of the lovely Josefa Escoda, leader of the women's suffrage movement in the Philippines.

Manila was just about the halfway point in the journey. As I paused there I thought of others to whom I owed great thanks. They included Chuang Miteja of the Siam Chronicle, Bangkok; H. Nieuwenhuis, general manager of the Royal Netherlands Indies Airways—better known as KLM; Miss Gwen Dew, dubbed "world correspondent" by the Detroit News; G. A. Brown, general manager of the Rangoon Times of Rangoon, Burma; and F. Poulton of the Statesman, Calcutta.

As we flew through the Netherlands East Indies I met as fellow passenger "Shorty" Elliott, head of American Standard Oil interests in the Indies. He was accompanied by his petite, pretty and gracious Dutch wife. Long before I got to Borneo, where I heard the same thing again and again, I heard that "Shorty" Elliott was the most beloved of all Americans in that part of the Far East which lies below the equator.

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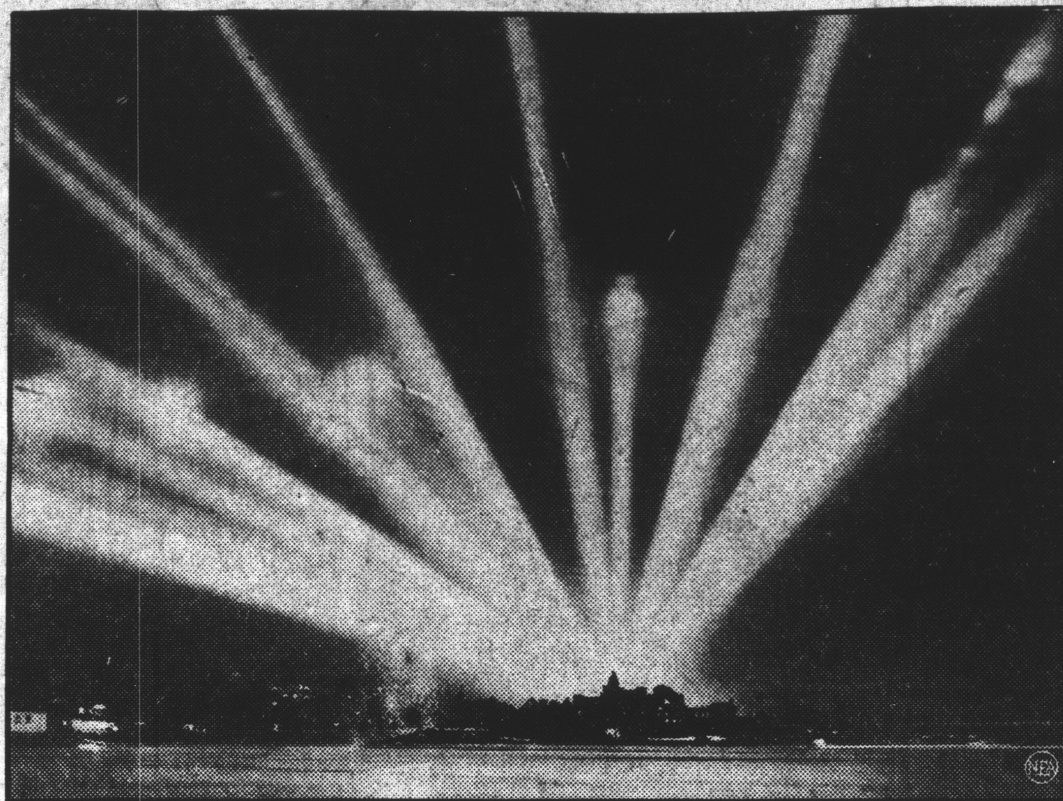
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A mid-Pacific pylon very appropriate for round-the-world air racers is this display of lights over famed Waikiki Beach in the harbor at Honolulu, Hawaii. The photo, made at a recent army celebration, shows the placid waters of the Pacific, with Honolulu buildings in the background.

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Our Town

By ANTON SCHERRER

A PROPOS of nothing at all, save the eternal wonder of things in general, I begin today's column with one eye on the diary of Franklin P. Adams (F. P. A.) and the day (June 28, 1925) he visited Bernard Berenson, who, if you don't mind being told, is the famous and infallible art critic now living in Florence, Italy.

"Go to B. Berenson's for luncheon in the loveliest house ever I saw, with the grandest library and studies and gardens that might be. And we talked of this and that, and I spoke of the people who trudged about galleries and churches, admiring this and pretending to be impressed by that, and while some of it was real I thought that much of it was done by persons who had no interest in painting or sculpture soever, and would not walk a block in New York to go to the Metropolitan Museum or to see a picture exhibition. 'Lord, quoth I, 'a New Yorker will come here and say of this or that third-rate painting, 'Is not that wonderful?' and if I should say, 'Was it not said that George Bellows died?' they will say, 'Who was George Bellows?' 'Well,' quoth Mr. Berenson, 'who was George Bellows?'"

All of which is my circuitous way of getting around to the time Dr. J. L. Thompson visited Vienna. Dr. Thompson, if you don't mind my telling you, enjoyed an enviable reputation around here as a great oculist, quite aside from the fact that he prescribed a pair of spectacles for me.

Got Something in Eye

WELL, as I was saying, Dr. Thompson landed in Vienna, and simultaneously with his landing, he got something in his eye. It irritated him mightily and that's why he arrived in the office of a famous oculist who at that time enjoyed an international reputation and, for all I know, probably deserved it.

For some reason, probably because specialists didn't know as much about such things as they now do, Dr. Thompson didn't have to make an appointment. I stress the point at this time because I want it clearly understood before I proceed that Dr. Thompson entered the great man's office as an anonymous patient.

Well, the Viennese oculist removed the splinter in a fifty and did so cleverly that Dr. Thompson told him he was pretty good.

"Yes," said the Viennese doctor, "it's an American trick. I got it out of a book written by a Dr. J. L. Thompson."

Odds and Ends

ALL of which still leaves me time to dispose of some odds and ends that have, up to now, made my desk look like a rat's nest. To wit:

The man who sold me my umbrella the other day says that he does his best business on a day when rain falls from 9:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. A rainy evening or Sunday is just a waste of water.

Wilbur Felt wears a 7 1/2 hat; it falls down over the ears of the average head.

Mrs. Mary Forsyth plays the piano with the strength and stride of a man.

The nut man at Pennsylvania and Market streets never gives away more than two cashews at a time. At that, it amounts to 20 pounds a day—25 on Saturdays.

Mrs. Meta Lieber likes her pies full, deplores a modern technique that cultivates crust to the exclusion of everything else.

Mrs. Bertha Balke has a recipe for chicken croquettes that is so elastic that she can use veal, oysters or sweetbreads and it works just as well.

Hoosier Yesterdays

OCTOBER 24

CITIZENS of Rushville turned out en masse 31 years ago today to welcome the return of a favorite son and American diplomat. He was John K. Gowdy, whom fellow Hoosiers affectionately "Uncle Jack."

Mr. Gowdy had returned to Rushville after years' service as American consul general at London and had come back to spend the remainder of his life among his boyhood friends.

The reception accorded him was enthusiastic and genuine. Five thousand persons crowded into the Rush County Courthouse at a "home-coming evening" to show their respect and affection. Enthusiasm was at a high pitch for the entire five hours of the meeting. Citizens vied with each other in honoring "Uncle Jack."

Many politicians were present, but politics did not enter into the demonstration for this Hoosier who had won such high credit for himself and fame for his state in the diplomatic service of his country.

Gov. Henry was present, but it was James E. Watson, then Congressman Watson, himself a native of Rushville, who gave the principal address of welcome.

As Mr. Watson introduced "Uncle Jack," the audience, which had listened to speeches and band music for four and a half hours with enthusiasm, but which after all had come to see and hear Mr. Gowdy, rose to a man and cheered. The band played the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Gowdy was quite visibly touched by this welcome, and declared that despite his wide travel "Rushville and Rush County are good enough for me, and I expect to remain here the rest of my life." He died in 1918.—(By F. M.)

Watch Your Health

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEN
Editor Amer. Medical Assn. Journal

AMONG sinuses to which headache may be traced are the maxillary sinuses. These are in the cheeks above the upper row of teeth. An infection here is more likely to cause pain above the eye than in the sinus itself, although pain is also felt frequently in the upper jaw.

There are other sinuses in the skull, back of the nose. Pains from infections in these may be felt in the back of the head and sometimes in the ear, on the side involved.

Another type of headache results from poisoning by alcohol, tobacco, ether, lead or other materials. Prevention of exposure to such poisons will cure the headaches.

In certain cases, although not so frequently as was formerly thought to be the case, headaches are associated with eyestrain or with other disturbances of the eye. Suitable examination by a specialist in diseases of the eye will show whether the patient requires glasses, and will indicate also whether there are changes in the blood vessels which enter the eye.

Usually a headache due to eye disturbances is just behind the eyes. In rare cases it is in the brow of the head. Infrequently it may be at the side of the head or at the top.

Headaches from over-use of the eyes usually occur late in the afternoon or at the end of the day's work. Occasionally, however, these appear early in the morning because of overwork on the previous day.

There also are early morning headaches due to disipation on the previous night. A person with that kind of headache always knows the cause of his trouble.

Another form of headache is that caused by motion pictures. This type was more frequent in the early days of the movies than it is now. Elimination of flicker, reduction of screen size, and modern types of illumination in motion picture houses have been helpful.