

# 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 man named "Prunes."

All of which is perfectly all right with me. Except

I want to know, since we are so prolific with 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 in Seattle. And he had a wad of it. I took the whole afternoon off (with pay) to mail over my mail. It's pretty good mail, too. What do you think? Just set, or travel?

From Pearl Bjork, school teacher, who rode across Lake of Woods with me one night in a motor scooter: "I'm going to take your articles to school to show the children. They will get a thrill out of them."

From E. M. E.: "What do you do for a vacation?

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 Bumpy, 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 keeping at four pounds, and new 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 darnest hot and cold shaver 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 a good time 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. Gutzon 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," 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 everyone 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 can do 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. Schlesier, 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 lost 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, I saw the very tall figure of Fred Storm of the United Press, and clinging to him were the two lost ladies. Somehow he managed to pull them through the crowd and put them on the train.

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 or 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 irreligious supreme, the scoff before whom all representatives of religion trembled, you are due for a readjustment of viewpoints when you read Alfred Noyes' biography of that most brilliant Frenchman. In his new book, *VOLTAIRE* (Sheed & Ward; \$3.50), the well-known English poet evolves a new Voltaire, a comprehensible genius, poignantly human in his reactions to certain contemporary ecclesiastical impositions.

Noyes, 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 relationships with Madame du Castelet, with Frederick the Great, and with Bolingbroke are as convincing as they are unusual. The biographer's vision is keenly penetrating. In short, it is the vision of the poet.

**C**ARACTERS who will rank with Jeeves and Bertie Wooster are by the imitable 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

Second Section

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1936

Entered as Second-Class Matter  
at Postoffice, Indianapolis, Ind.

PAGE 9

## AROUND THE WORLD IN 18 DAYS!

### Ekins Thanks Those Who Helped on Record-Breaking Trip

(Fourth of a Series)

BY H. E. 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 "I'm a head-hunters and other wild men of Borneo."

Our real trouble began when the Dutch crew of my plane, cautious to the last detail, insisted upon knowing the quality of the gasoline. It was not marked on the cans. Incidentally, the plane to Zamboanga had to be refueled five gallons at a time. The "gas" was poured into the tanks tin by tin.

TURNING patriotic and talkative fast of the achievements of the United States Army Air Corps we pursued the worthy Hollanders that American military planes would not fly on low-grade gasoline. We talked them into believing that it was 80 octane at least.

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 DC 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.

I concluded that they had been spolied by Mr. Oosten's 100-octane fuel which we had exhausted on the 700-mile flight from Balikpapan to Zamboanga.

It would take long to call in detail the roll of those who speeded your correspondent on his way with help and encouragement. There was Gen. Manuel Quezon, president of the commonwealth of the Philippines who was my host at Malacanang Palace, and to whom I delivered letters from President Roosevelt and Mayor F. H. La Guardia of New York. President Quezon, as an administrator during the difficult initial years of the commonwealth of the Philippines, is proving himself as able, shrewd and conscientious as when he was campaigning for Filipino independence.

Lieut. Col. Luther Rea Stevens of the Philippines 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. Myron 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.

THE was Mayor Juan Posadas of Manila. Despite a torrential rain blown down 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 a Manila Gridiron Club dinner.

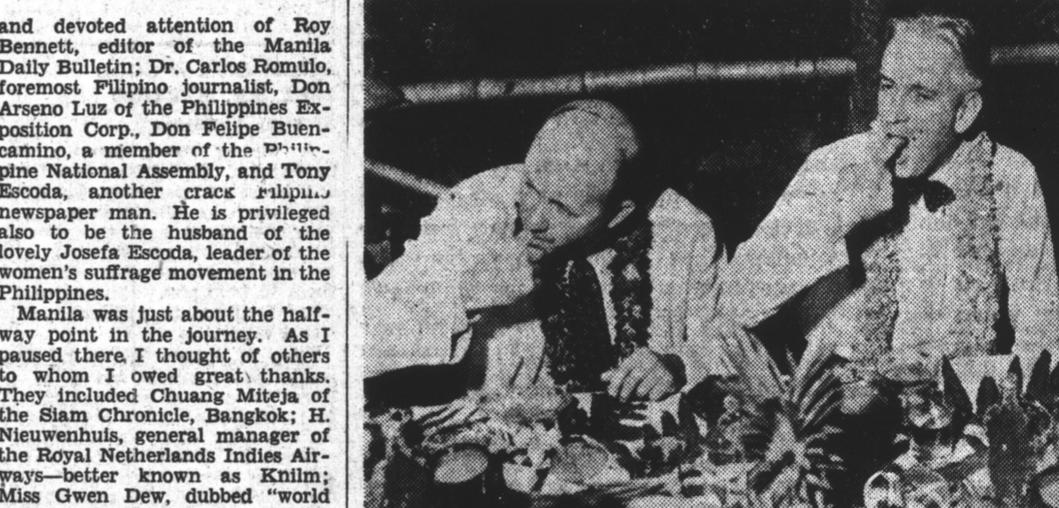
Manila was a riot of welcome. I was grounded there for three days by the typhoon and dodged an attack of the deep-dish jitters only through the courtesies of Rangoon, Burma; and P. Foulton of the Statesmen, of the Statesmen, of the Statesmen, of the Statesmen.

As we flew through the Netherlands East Indies I met a 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, when I heard the same thing 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. Mr. Elliott stands about six feet three inches tall and has the weight and muscle to go with his altitude.

My scanning of the diary so



A mid-Pacific pylon very appropriate for round-the-world air racers is this display of lights over 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.



H. R. Ekins, globe-girdling reporter for The Indianapolis Times and other Scripps-Howard newspapers, celebrated his return to America by taking part in a Hawaiian luau, or feast, in Honolulu. Here's left is Stanley Kennedy, president of the Inter-Island Co.

and devoted attention of Roy Bennett, editor of the Manila Daily Bulletin; Dr. Carlos Romulo, foremost Filipino journalist; Don Arsenio Luz of the Philippines Exposition Corp.; Don Felipe Boncristiano, 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 late 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 Knil; Miss Gwen Dew, dubbed "World correspondent" by the Detroit News; G. A. Brown, general manager of the Rangoon Times of Rangoon, Burma; and P. Foulton of the Statesmen, of the Statesmen, of the Statesmen.

It would take long to call in detail the roll of those who speeded your correspondent on his way with help and encouragement. There was Gen. Manuel Quezon, president of the commonwealth of the Philippines who was my host at Malacanang Palace, and to whom I delivered letters from President Roosevelt and Mayor F. H. La Guardia of New York. President Quezon, as an administrator during the difficult initial years of the commonwealth of the Philippines, is proving himself as able, shrewd and conscientious as when he was campaigning for Filipino independence.

Lieut. Col. Luther Rea Stevens of the Philippines 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. Myron 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.

THE was Mayor Juan Posadas of Manila. Despite a torrential rain blown down 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 a Manila Gridiron Club dinner.

Manila was a riot of welcome. I was grounded there for three days by the typhoon and dodged an attack of the deep-dish jitters only through the courtesies of Rangoon, Burma; and P. Foulton of the Statesmen, of the Statesmen, of the Statesmen.

As we flew through the Netherlands East Indies I met a 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, when I heard the same thing 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. Mr. Elliott stands about six feet three inches tall and has the weight and muscle to go with his altitude.

Thus, in 10 minutes after President Roosevelt left Boston Common, he was in Cambridge, skirting Harvard's Yards. There he heard his headily boozed on the first bus which have fallen on the road during this campaign—that is, the first ones directed at him. Ironically they came from the students of his own alma mater, who took obvious delight in showering them on the second Roosevelt son of Harvard to reach the White House.

Thus, in 10 minutes, Roosevelt went from the pinnacle of mass acclaim into a din of protest from his own kind. Economics are stronger than blood. Thousands who stood on Boston Common to see Roosevelt were not particularly interested in what he had to say. Most of them undoubtedly have only a vague idea of what he is doing, but they feel instinctively that he is fighting their battle and that somehow or other he will lead them to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. The young sons of the rich at Harvard believe, or have, or have had at home, that Roosevelt is out to ruin their class. Hence their hate him.

Actually, Roosevelt is neither going to destroy the rich nor bring health, riches and happiness to all those who stood on Boston Common. He is simply trying to get a little more balance, a little more equity, into the functioning of our national life. He doesn't accept Adam Smith's view that the chief function of government is to enable the wealthy to sleep peacefully in their beds. His idea is more like that of Theodore Roosevelt, who said, "We will protect the rights of the wealthy man, but we maintain

Messiah. But these fair young men of Harvard, just becoming voters, heirs of wealth and family influence, with opportunities for fame, fortune and power soon to open up for them look upon Roosevelt as a traitor to his class.

IN these contracting incidents, spaced closely together in time, but as far apart as the poles socially, is revealed the deep cleavage which has grown up around Roosevelt. The thousands who stood on Boston Common to see Roosevelt were not particularly interested in what he had to say. Most of them undoubtedly have only a vague idea of what he is doing, but they feel instinctively that he is fighting their battle and that somehow or other he will lead them to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. The young sons of the rich at Harvard believe, or have, or have had at home, that Roosevelt is out to ruin their class. Hence their hate him.

Actually, Roosevelt is neither going to destroy the rich nor bring health, riches and happiness to all those who stood on Boston Common. He is simply trying to get a little more balance, a little more equity, into the functioning of our national life. He doesn't accept Adam Smith's view that the chief function of government is to enable the wealthy to sleep peacefully in their beds. His idea is more like that of Theodore Roosevelt, who said, "We will protect the rights of the wealthy man, but we maintain

the general wealth subject to the general right of the community to regulate its business use as the public welfare requires."

AT Worcester, Roosevelt quoted Lincoln to the effect that "The legitimate object of government is to do for the people what needs to be done but which they can not by individual effort do at all, or do well, for themselves."

It is on the basis of this philosophy that he defends the New Deal and that he insists that "taxes shall be levied according to ability to pay."

Beyond reiterating that he does not intend to increase taxes, Roosevelt has on this trip given no further indication as to his future program. He is resting his case entirely on the record and is at the same time deriding his Republican opposition, speaking of "well-upheld standards of criticism" and of those "who had their chance and missed it."

Apparently Roosevelt has determined not to confuse the campaign by outlining what he proposes to do next, but is bent solely upon making the election stand as a vote of confidence in what he has done.

It is a strenuous campaigning which is taking him before hundreds of thousands of persons—and probably more people than any other President—apparently is being continued in the hope of piling up the greatest possible popular vote. He does not seem content to look forward to a mere electoral college victory. He wants it to appear a popular majority so large that it will make clear beyond question that his is the voice of the people.

IF the crowds packed by the mile wherever President Roosevelt goes mean anything, a landslide is under way which will put him across the line on election day by a far greater majority than Democratic managers had anticipated until recently.

That Roosevelt will win seems beyond question. That it will be an overwhelming victory seems more probable every day.

Popular interest in Roosevelt is steadily rising. How much of this is curiosity and how much of it is voters' voting strength can only be a matter of speculation until the election returns are in.

My own judgment, based on observation of campaign crowds through five presidential elections, is that Roosevelt will receive a solid majority both in the electoral college and in popular vote.

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 flickering, reduction of screen size, and modern types of illumination in motion picture houses have been helpful.