

By ERNIE PYLE

PORLAND, Ore., Nov. 2.—Mr. F associates only with people he likes. He can do that because, as he says, he is 78 years old and doesn't give a damn. He happens to like us.

Most of you won't remember back that far, but I wrote a column about Mr. F once before. He is the man who retired at 51 because he had all the money he wanted, and has spent the last quarter

of a century (and then some) just going places.

Mr. F is off on another trip around the world. I forget what this one is. Fifth or sixth.

Mr. F always travels alone. By the very nature of traveling, he spends most of his life among strangers. That, plus his deafness (he is very deaf), gives him independence and freedom. He depends on no man. He isn't aloof. He likes people. He likes to do what he wants to do.

Mr. F has, it seems to me, more nearly approached perfection than any one I know. I have known other men who had life whipped, but they had whipped it by centering upon themselves and excluding all else. But Mr. F has kept the door open; he has invited everything in, and been host, and he is so full and so great from it that he is greater than anything around him.

Mr. F is completely innocent of sham. For example, he hates stickers on traveling bags. "You can buy every sticker in the world in a shop in New York," he says.

He hasn't a superstition in the world. "Just wish I could think of a superstition I was afraid of, so I could try it out," he says. He doesn't like "joiners." He describes "repartee" as the ability to answer right now what most people would think of two days later.

## Believes in Higher Power

He feels that any thinking man must believe there is some higher power that created the universe and keeps it running, but he has no idea what it is. He says that after all these millions of years the most learned man in the world has no more idea what the power is than the most ignorant man in the jungle.

Mr. F is a few pounds overweight, and the insurance company tells him to watch it, but he says he isn't going to worry about his weight. He isn't going to worry about anything. He's as healthy as Joe Louis right now, and at least half as spry.

Mr. F is not rich. He was once. But he gave most of it away. Kept just enough to assure himself a mild income.

## Comfort Main Thing

He thinks comfort is the main thing in life to strive for. He doesn't like to stay at people's houses. He likes freedom. He goes to such places as Kansas City (where he doesn't know a soul) and stays two months because he finds a comfortable hotel.

Mr. F takes only two small handbags when he starts around the world. He is a beautiful sight as he makes his way along, taking his little steps, peering through his glasses, wearing an overcoat that comes almost to the ground, and carrying a rolled umbrella on his arm.

He likes Colombo, in Ceylon, about as well as any place in the world.

He has a family—wife and married daughters, in different parts of the United States—and they worship him and try to get him to stay, but after a few weeks he just ups and away he goes.

## Mrs. Roosevelt's Day

BY ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

HYDE PARK, N. Y., Sunday—I am glad that I did not have to write a column on Saturday, for from the moment I started out by subway to do a few errands in the early morning until we got on a train at 10:45 that night, I scarcely had time to think.

The President was to be at the Democratic National Headquarters at 10:45 in the morning and I had promised to meet him there.

My daughter and I were amused later when we compared notes on our efforts to enter the Biltmore hotel. The escort surrounding the President's car was just sweeping down Vanderbilt-av and through 43d-st when I started to cross the street at that particular point. All the nearby policemen looked at me very doubtfully. However, by dint of smiling and nodding, I got through. Sometimes the mere assumption that you have the right to go will get you there.

My daughter had forgotten that her father was to be at the hotel and was quindi imagining why there were so many policemen and people standing around. She had to do quite a little explaining before I got by. I wasn't quite sure in which room I was to meet my husband and stepped in one of the offices to ask. Only two people were there and they were on the point of going to see the President. However, I did reach the proper spot on time.

Afterwards Mrs. Lehman, Mrs. Henry G. Leach, Mrs. William A. Good, Mrs. Caroline O'Day and I attended three luncheons. As we were getting out of the third, Mrs. Leach remarked: "I think we are doing well to be so near schedule time."

With dry humor Mrs. Lehman replied: "I never realized before that being an hour and a half late was keeping up with one's schedule."

Two more meetings and I went home, dressed and packed, had some tea and shepherded our first group of guests into Madison Square Garden at about 7:45.

I took a rear seat on the platform, watched for my mother-in-law and my children who were coming later, and gazed at the great crowd of people.

It was an emotional group that Gov. Lehman, the other candidates, and later, the President, faced. Even when we came out of the Garden the people in the streets and those leaning out of the windows seemed to have caught some of the emotion over the radio, for in spite of the dark they recognized the President and called out to him.

## Daily New Books

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS

DO you want to know what comprises a good "radio personality," and why naturalness is the keynote to radio success? Orrin E. Dunlap Jr., radio editor, the New York Times, explains both in the first chapter of his new book, *TALKING ON THE RADIO* (Greenberg, \$4). It is particularly interesting at the moment to note how radio has revolutionized political campaigns and the "tricks in political oratory."

A station's license may be revoked only if it has failed in "public interest, convenience and necessity." There is no policy of censorship, broadcasting in the United States adheres to the doctrine of free speech and common sense ethics. Mr. Dunlap does not neglect the teacher's field in radio. He devotes a chapter to newscasters and commentators. Students will find the "Practical Do's and Don'ts" in the back of the book invaluable. The style of writing is as direct and pungent as the writer expects a radio message to be.

(*TALKING ON THE RADIO* is at present at Business Branch, 150 North Meridian-st, only.)

A DISTINGUISHED novelist has taken up the controversial theme of politics in *SUMMER WILL SHOW* (Sylvia Townsend Warner; Viking Press, \$2). This novel shows the development of Sophie Willoughby, a product of the Victorian era and heiress to a large fortune, from her position as an English lady to an active agent in the Revolution of 1847. Miss Warner's intention was to show the making of a revolution, but the dramatic extremes completely overshadow the revolutionary angle.

In the character of Minna Lemuel many people will see a likeness to such people as Emma Goldman and others whose revolutionary bent was largely emotional. Minna is a superb character. Mistress of Frederick, Sophie's husband, she has a great influence over Sophie when they meet, and her spell reaches also to the reader.

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## WHEN A KING LOVES...

Ludwig I and Lola Montez

(Fifth of a Series)

BY WILLIS THORNTON  
NEA Service Staff Correspondent

THE wildest, weirdest, waywardest woman who ever cost a king his crown was certainly Lola Montez.

She had three things: great beauty, love of living, and crust.

They elevated her from an obscure soldier's daughter to be the mistress of a king, whose crown she certainly helped to topple off, and dropped her to an obscure grave in Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is quite true that the aging King Ludwig I of Bavaria might have lost his crown any way in the uprisings of the chaotic year 1848 in Europe. But Lola certainly jiggled it into the final tumble.

There are so many dizzy stories about Lola Montez, many of the dizziest told by herself, that people begin to doubt even the true ones. As though the truth wasn't dizzy enough! Her story runs about



poser, from which he fled shortly, leaving her locked in a room so she could not follow.

In Poland she repulsed the advances of the aged dictator Paskevich, started a small riot in which some 300 anti-Paskevichs and pro-Lolas were arrested, and was then run out of the country.

Maria Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1818. Her father, a soldier, took the family to India on service, and there died of cholera.

Dolores (Lola) is the daughter of a Polish mother when the latter tried to marry her to an aged judge.

The young girl impetuously married a young Lieut. Thomas James. Morales at the Indian station left something to be desired, and the young wife was soon estranged both from her husband and her mother. From the lieutenant she got a separation, from her mother a final disownment.

With the settlement money

she went to London, took from thin air the name Lola Montez and a fictitious Spanish ancestry, and prepared for the stage.

Her debut as a Spanish dancer was a flop, partly because she couldn't dance much, partly because disappointed suitors recognized her and hissed the attempted deception. Other stage attempts were no more encouraging.

That didn't stop Lola. She told a friend: "I am sick of being told that I can't dance. I am going to carry out my original plan; that is, trying to hook a prince."

With the remains of her dwindling money she started on a tour of the courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, St. Petersburg, Dresden, Warsaw, St. Petersburg.

She accepted help from whatever gallant gentlemen were willing to give it in exchange for her favor, and she put a magnificent front.

At Dresden she engaged in a brief affair of the heart with Franz Liszt, the pianist and com-

poser, from which he fled shortly, leaving her locked in a room so she could not follow.

Then he named Lola Countess of Lansfeld, Baroness von Rosenthal, and cannoneer of the Order of St. Theresa, gave her an income of 20,000 florins a year, and installed her in the new palace.

For a time King Henry the second of Reuss was her patron, but Lola's independent ways offended him, and again she was run out of the country. She made a brief place for herself at the court of the Czar of Russia, and then returned westward to the Paris of Louis Philippe, a year, and installed her in the new palace.

BITTERLY attacked by the clerical party whose power she had taken away, Lola became a perfect storm-center in the kingdom. Bodies of students, organized into pro and anti-Lola factions, wrote sly verses about her or stormed about her palace with rude serenades at night.

The rioting grew more serious, windows in her house were broken, and finally came flat petitions to the King that unless he removed the foreign dancer there would be revolution. Ludwig swore he would stick to his Lola until death.

But he didn't. Another stormy riot in which students broke down the doors of her palace, and Lola was out and over the back fence to Switzerland in boys' clothing. And within a few weeks, the mob, forced Ludwig to abdicate his crown.

Lola soon turned up in London and married George Trafford Head, a young army officer, but the lack of a final divorce from James returned to plague her. Head was drowned, she was separated with Lola to come to violent ends that led Dumas to suggest that she had "the devil's eye."

From time to time, Lola, who had always been on good terms with journalists and newspapermen, embroidered the legends they had woven about her by writing extensive memoirs in serial form. Collected they made up about nine volumes.

One look at those lustrous eyes about whose color (blue or black?) no observers ever agreed, was enough for the King. A few days later he remarked helplessly, "I can't understand it, but I am bewitched."

Once again the old story: Ludwig's Queen had a back seat while workmen hammered at a new palace for Lola. Probably more by accident than by deep conviction, Lola became identified with the liberal and radical party, and the cry of "Lola versus St. Lola" was heard in violent argument in the streets.

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Franz Liszt, the pianist and com-



While his courtiers were arguing over whether to admit her, Lola Montez (above) rushed into the presence of Ludwig I, King of Bavaria. After the informal introduction sketched at left, he told intimates he was "bewitched."

that brought Louis Kossuth, and launched on a new theatrical career.

She was introduced on the floor of the House of Representatives. But her theatrical career was checkered. More than one Bronx cheer greeted her dancing at various appearances. After adventures, now verging on the ridiculous, in New Orleans and other cities, she went to the Far West.

Married briefly again to Patrick Purdy Hull in Sacramento, she gravitated to Grass Valley, a mining camp, but not until another admirer, one Adler, had shot himself.

In Grass Valley, Lola was a sort of a "Queen of the Camp," smoking long cigars and leading a bear on a chain. Her home burned in

a sweeping fire, she decided to try anew in Australia, in the company of a young manager named Follett. He fell or jumped overboard, adding the final touch to "civil eye" legend.

After the Australian tour, Lola turned at last to spiritualism and, finally, just before her death, to religion. She died in 1861 at the age of 43, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn.

Over her grave they wrote a strange combination of her married and maiden names — "Mrs. Eliza Gilbert."

Such is fame. When the greatest adventures of her age died, they could not even remember her name correctly.

Next—King Carol and Magda Lupescu.

## Our Town

By ANTON SCHERRER

THE first mustache that appears of record in Indianapolis was the one worn by Nathaniel West. He sprouted one about 90 years ago and the reason I'm so sure about it is because a certain literary lady rushed into print with the news.

The import of her poem as chronicled by a newspaper of the period was something like this:

"For fear that they should kiss him  
He's raised a thorn-hedge  
On his lip."

Everybody in town knew whom she meant, from which I gather that it couldn't have been anybody but Mr. West. Despite anything the young lady could do, Mr. West went right on wearing his mustache and gets his reward to-day.

The best-known wearer of the mustache, however, and "the most effective agent of its diffusion in respectable society," as Berry Sulgrave once observed, was Charles W. Cady, one of the first insurance men around here.

Mr. Cady achieved the best "buffalo horn" ever grown in Indianapolis, barring none. Considered historically, the "buffalo horn" was the precursor of what is now known as the "handle-bar." Considered aesthetically, however, there was no comparison because the "handle-bar" never developed the promise of the "buffalo horn." Indeed, the less said about the "handle-bar," the better.

Beards began to increase and multiply in acreage and number with the coming of the Civil War. By the time the war was over, we saw the end of slavery and shaving.

Which doesn't mean, of course, that we didn't have whiskers before the Civil War. We had plenty, but they weren't full beards, nor did they include mustaches. That's my point.

## 'Cotelettes' or 'Burnsides'

WHISKERS before the Civil War usually took the shape (and name) of "mutton chops" and "sidewhorns." Barbers who knew their stuff called them "cotelettes," during the Civil War they were called "burnsides," probably because of the general who gave them distinction. A "cotelette" joined up with a mustache is known in Austria as a "Kaiser Franz Josef bart." I might as well tell you the worst.

Sometimes, too, the pre-war whiskers were allowed to grow all over the face but never on the chin or upper lip. This was called the "Newgate fringe."

I haven't the least idea why, when properly done it looked like a half-moon tacked on to a bald face.

The "goatee" or "imperial," which was the first sign of a mustache in connection with a beard, came to Indianapolis some time around 1850. It couldn't help coming at that time because that was the year that Victor Emanuel II became King of Italy or something. The glory of his whiskers (and mustache) circled the world and it was hardly possible for Indianapolis to escape.

Over her grave they wrote a strange combination of her married and maiden names — "Mrs. Eliza Gilbert."

Such is fame. When the greatest adventures of her age died, they could not even remember her name correctly.

Next—King Carol and Magda Lupescu.

You must not get the impression from anything I've said that whiskers, beards or mustaches ever got anywhere in Indianapolis. The fact of the matter is that wearers of them have always been held in low esteem.

For example, there is the historic incident of Judge William W. Wicks. Judge Wicks was sent to represent us in Congress and while there raised a very respectable set of whiskers. When he got home he tried his best to make them fashionable in Indianapolis. He got laughed at for his trouble. In fact, he got the same treatment Mr. West and his mustache did. Some smart alec rushed to the new paper and accused him of:

"Using 'Columbia's Balm' to make his whiskers grow. As for example, as three W's all standing in a row."

## Hoosier Yesterdays

NOVEMBER 2

Twenty-two years ago today residents of Petersburg and surrounding country were raising a storm of protest over the announcement that after 107 years, the old fort on the flats of Wirt King, a half mile west of