

ERNIE PYLE

WILLIAMSBURG, Va., March 3.—When we left Washington at 11 in the morning, it was cold and snowing. We headed south. It took us two hours and a half to make the 50 miles to Fredericksburg. Some people, on some days, make it in an hour.

First, there was the car. We had just had the motor repaired, which meant that we couldn't drive it more than 30 miles an hour without burning it up.

So we cruised along at 30, with the new motor not making a sound, and the new shock absorbers taking away all the bumps, and other cars whizzing past, and it seemed as if we were just sitting still; as if we had stopped and were waiting for something.

I looked at my riding companion, and she looked at me. Neither of us said anything, but I know what we both thought. It was, "Good Lord, if we have to do this for 500 miles, we'll go crazy and jump out." But the sleet arrived to chase away our boredom.

The first thing we knew, the windshield started to get hazy, like frosted glass. It was worst at the top, and best at the bottom. So I kept getting my head lower and lower, until finally I was clear down looking through the steering wheel. We drove that way for quite a while, until I got a kink in my neck, and had to stop and be pounded on the back to get the knot out.

Got Two Razor Blades

SO we stopped at a country store, and the man gave us two old safety razor blades and we scraped the ice off the windshield.

We hadn't gone a mile till it was frosted over again, solidly. It was just a mile, get out and scrape; go a mile, get out and scrape. We had plenty of company. The roadside was lined with cars having their windshields scraped.

Finally we remembered about salt. We stopped at a store and bought a box of salt. We poured salt on a rag and rubbed it on the windshield. The ice came off much quicker than by scraping with the razor blade. Then I poured salt all over the wet windshield, and thought we had the problem licked, but when I got back in the car I couldn't see through the salt, so I had to get out again and wipe it off.

Vermont Man Provided Comedy

THE comic relief was the old fellow with the Vermont license. He had a big car, and his wife, and of course they were headed for Florida. I imagine when you've driven from Vermont clear to Virginia, you feel you must be getting pretty close to Florida. And then to find sleet and ice, and have to be stopped every two miles to scrape!

Every time we stopped, he would be right there ahead of us, scraping away. He would step out to the side of the car and glare at us, as though it were our fault. We finally got the giggles over him, and didn't dare look at him when we stopped.

We finally got to Fredericksburg. A mechanic in a garage was rebuilding one of those rectangular things that fits onto the inside of your windshield and has heated wires running through it. We had to wait an hour while he dallied around finishing it. When he finally got it on, he said "50 cents." I gave him 75. I told a filling station man about it in Richmond later, and he said: "He musta liked you. They cost \$2.25."

And the thing worked too. We didn't have to stop any more. But we still had to poke along at 30 miles an hour. It got dark on us at Richmond. The sleet changed to rain.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Day

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

NEW YORK CITY, Tuesday.—It was quite a shock to my husband and me when we received a wire on Sunday telling us of the death of Dr. Wilbur M. Dalley. He had been our dentist for over 20 years and looked after all our dental needs, and my mother-in-law, so he was a real family friend.

As the children have grown up and been away at school and college, or have moved to different parts of the country to live, they have naturally lost touch with him, but he never forgot to ask about them when my mother-in-law or I went to see him.

This morning she and I went to the funeral in his house on 69th St. Many people were there. His wife, son and brothers made a sad little group, and when his son asked to speak to my mother-in-law and me, it was all we could do to tell him how deeply we sympathized with their loss.

Whatever success a man achieves in his profession from the material point of view, the thing which really counts is his character, and what he means to those nearest him. It was easy to see that there was real love and companionship in this family and one could but hope that the future will hold some consolation for their present sorrow.

Last night I left gaily and laughter in Washington—such are the contrasts in life!

The Women's National Press Club held their annual dinner and gave their annual show for the entertainment of their many guests. They draw on much real talent, and it was hard to believe that the three people who did the "Revolution in Rhythm," were not professional dancers. The skits are always filled with good lines and humorous comments on the weaknesses of "those interesting people" the poor press girls are obliged to follow.

There was one good line they might have added had they only known it, but I was the only one privileged to hear it!

On Christmas Eve when all but one of the press girls had dropped out of the day's activities as we were coming from the last of our official engagements, I heard her murmur, "What a way to spend Christmas Eve!"

New Books

PUBLIC LIBRARY PRESENTS—

"I'm not very careful—something of this kind may happen to me!" To skeptic or believer, **THE HAUNTED OMNIBUS**, edited by Alexander Laing (Farrar & Rinehart), gives this reaction.

Goreous, big and shivery, this collection proves the "shudder producer" to be a varied and delightful literary form. Illuminating critical notes preface each story. Lynd Ward's woodcuts add materially. Hair-raising escapes from unspeakable "things," stumbling unseen footsteps, long-drawn wails, the pallid dissolution of ancient ghost traditions are here, as well as tales of a more subtle and secretive atmosphere.

From "The Arabian Nights"—to Alexander Woolcott we quake to the "echoing uncertainty" of master craftsman, Sakai's perfect art of the malice; Jacob's "The Monkey's Paw" (you'll never be quite the same again); Gertrude Atherton's "The Foghorn," a modern story in the stream-of-consciousness technique; John Collier's sinister "Green Thoughts." Here are Stevenson and Poe, Coppard, Bierce, Blackwood, an illustrious company.

The insidious terror of the almost possible lingers, "Could these things be?" From that windy, outer world of the unexplained comes, perhaps, a faint... "They might..."

APPEALING anecdotes of ranch creatures and vivid descriptions of the mountain country of southern California, compose **THE RIVER PASTURE**, by Judy Van der Veer (Longmans). Forget the city's confusion while you read of Wucky, the white duck who survived capture by a coyote; of Johnny, the author's pony and constant companion; of Cherry Pie, the calf, and William, the cat.

A broken leg, suffered in a fall from a pony, meant long weeks of inactivity for the girl rancher. So, in her introduction, she writes, "If I can't live in the present, at least I can look back." Her glances backward embrace mountain trails, desert dawns, and a bound who played with a coyote. As you read, you will understand why she says, "Calves and colts and lambs—I can never decide which I love the most."

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MUSSOLINI—EUROPE'S IRON MAN

'Out of My Organism I Have Made an Engine,' Says Dictator

EDITORS NOTE—Herewith is a world-famous dictator's own account of how he lives and works, eats, drinks and enjoys recreation with a view to preserving his health at the age of 55 in one of the world's most strenuous jobs.

By WEBB MILLER

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ROME, March 3.—Premier Benito Mussolini described today the methods of life which permit him to work from 12 to 14 hours a day and maintain his health under the unremitting strain to which he has been subjected as head of the Italian Government for more than 14 years.

"Out of my organism I have made an engine, constantly supervised and controlled, which runs with absolute regularity," he said.

In those words he summarized his series of written answers to my questionnaire regarding his mode of life. Mussolini received me in his office in Venice Palace and chatted freely before handing over his written answers. Probably no post-war leader has undergone such intense and constant mental and physical activity and responsibility over so long a period. Yet Mussolini today, nearing 55, is bursting with vitality and has not lost a day's work from illness since 1925.

His written answers to the questionnaire follow:

Q—Do you follow a fixed diet and if so what? A—My rules of diet are fixed in the sense that I am almost exclusively vegetarian.

Q—Do you make use of alcohol or tobacco? A—I consider alcohol damaging to the health of individuals and to collective health. I am not against the moderate use of tobacco but as far as I am concerned, I never drink.

Q—What are your habits regarding sleeping? A—I sleep between seven and eight hours a night regularly, between 11 p. m. and 7 a. m. I fall asleep at once no matter what I have done or what has happened to me during the day. Siestas are the consequence of overeating at luncheon.

Q—How much time do you devote to exercises daily, and to what? A—I devote 30 to 45 minutes to exercise daily, and practice nearly all sports. I prefer swimming in summer, skiing in winter and horseback riding every day. All mechanized sports are familiar to me—bicycling, motor-



Il Duce looks over his troops.

cycling, automobiling and flying—and I also enjoy niking. Though my dueling days are over, I still believe fencing is excellent exercise to keep the body fit.

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Q—How much time do you devote to exercises daily, and to what? A—I devote 30 to 45 minutes to exercise daily, and practice nearly all sports. I prefer swimming in summer, skiing in winter and horseback riding every day. All mechanized sports are familiar to me—bicycling, motor-

form of Verdi and Wagner, and the jocundity of Rossini. Don't be surprised if I tell you that I hold no antipathy against jazz. I find jazz dance music amusing. I do more reading in summer than in winter. I believe I read about 70 books a year. They include books in French, German and sometimes English.

Q—What are your working habits? A—My days have fixed audiences with the heads of administration and occur in the mornings between 8 a. m. and 1 p. m. In the afternoon I grant other audiences which vary from five to 20, between 2 p. m. and 4 p. m. I work between 12 and 14 hours each day. My work is absolutely ordered and methodical. From the point of view of diligence and accuracy, I take pride in considering myself a first class official. I discharge those collaborators of mine who turn out to be disordered, confusing and time wasters.

Q—Have you suffered from ill-



Addressing a huge crowd.

ness lately? A—I was sick in 1925. Since then, I have not lost a single day. At the first symptom of any kind of indisposition I fast for at least 24 hours.

Q—Some statesmen have confessed that they always have felt, in speaking to large crowds, what is called in English "stage fright." Have you ever experienced that feeling? A—When I am before large crowds, even hundreds of thousands, I am never hesitant. The arguments I shall deal with are already clear in my mind. There remains only the words to appropriately express ideas which I am about to expound.

Q—Can you give any other particulars of your daily work? A—I have organized my activity from the viewpoint of division of work and a constant struggle against any dispersion of energy or loss of time. This will explain the volume of my work and absence of any fatigue. Out of my organism I have made an engine, constantly supervised and controlled, which runs with absolute regularity.

The audience was held in the late afternoon in Mussolini's office in Venice Palace. His costume of a loose, dark-blue suit and rough skiing shoes contrasted oddly with the splendor of the 60-foot-long, marble-floored office, bare of furniture except his desk in the far corner.

He met me part way down the room and shook hands cordially, explaining laughingly that he had just come in from three hours of skiing in the hills.

Leaning against the window

seat, Mussolini chatted amiably in English for 45 minutes, often questioning me about my opinion of European affairs.

In the five years since I last saw Mussolini, it seemed to me that the lines of his face have softened and the expression of his eyes and mouth become more mild. The impact of his personality seemed more genial and his aura of willfulness and authority fit him naturally.

His hair has thinned noticeably, but his eyes are clear. His command of English, which he learned since he came into power, has greatly improved and he speaks with confidence, without difficulty in expressing himself and with little accent. The acquisition of English gives him command of four languages—Italian, German, French and English.

I reminded Mussolini that many things have happened since we were reporters together on the same news story 14 years and two months ago, at the abortive Cannes conference in France. Mussolini then was unknown outside Italy. He "covered" the conference for the Popolo d'Italia of Milan but nine months later he was master of Italy.

Commenting on his obvious appearance of health, I asked Mussolini to permit me to publish his personal rules for conserving his mental and physical health under constant strain.

He pointed to a big basket of fruit on his desk.

No Justices Likely to Quit Under New Law—Sullivan

By MARK SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON, March 3.—President Roosevelt's proposal to change the Supreme Court will enter now, for a time, into a new phase.

This new phase arises from the enactment, just completed, of the measure permitting the voluntary retirement of justices. This measure was not part of the President's attempted action. It was introduced in Congress apart from, and long before, the President's measure. Nevertheless, the President, or those on his side, will undoubtedly make use of this voluntary measure in order to promote his compulsory measure. The measure for voluntary retirement of justices was first introduced in Congress two years ago, and was reintroduced in the present session. It was passed by the House Feb. 10 and by the Senate last week. The general favor for it, and the admitted desirability of it, are suggested by the Senate vote upon it, which was 76 in favor with only four against.

The measure provides that any justice who is over 70 and has served 10 years can, if he wishes, retire with full pay guaranteed to him for life. The measure has now been signed by the President.

With the measure permitting voluntary retirement now signed and become law, we can imagine the President's partisans addressing a series of questions to the six justices who are over 70. The questioning will certainly be implicit, quite probably it will be spoken—in the harsh ruthlessness that has come to attend the attack on the Court there will not be lacking persons to put the questions in words.

THEY will say to the six elderly justices, in effect, "You can now retire and receive full pay for life—why, then, do you still stick

around? You six are all over 70; you, Mr. Justice Brandeis, are 80; you, Mr. Justice Van Devanter, are 77; you, Mr. Justice McReynolds, are 75; you, Mr. Justice Sutherland, are 74; you, Mr. Chief Justice Hughes, you too are 74; you, Mr. Justice Butler, are 70.

"Why don't you retire? What is your motive for staying on the Court? Are you staying because you wish to prevent New Deal measures from being held constitutional? Is it that you want to prevent the President from having his way? If that is your motive, you can't complain if we insist on the President's measure which will compel you either to retire or to be neutralized by the addition of six New Deal justices to the Court."

There will be said, "It will be said angrily. To some it will seem plausible. What, then, is the answer? There are several answers. An obvious one is that a justice who would retire now would put himself in the position of having been merely waiting until he was assured of his pay for life. But no justice has been waiting because of that reason. This ought to go without saying. To these not willing to accept this on faith, it can be proved.

THE new retirement law does not really make any material difference in the justices' privilege of quitting and getting full pay for life. Even without the new law, it was already possible for a justice over 70 to resign and receive full pay. The old law providing this has been on the books since 1889. Under it justices have resigned and received full pay for life.

So that opportunity to receive full pay for life is not, in any material sense, a factor in the present situation. But we can safely anticipate the President's partisans will try to make it seem a factor.

Our Town

By ANTON SCHERRER

READERS of these encyclicals are wondering, perhaps, when, if ever, I'm going to stop talking about the South Side. Well—not until I've told you about "Mutter" Jonas, the official stork of Indianapolis.

Mutter Jonas was one of the most lovable characters of the South Side, and the least I can do today is to show how she lent luster to her calling. Indeed, she did more, because knowing what I do about her, I know for a fact that she upheld a noble Victorian institution after Charles Dickens had done his best to discredit it.

Mr. Dickens went haywire about so many things I sometimes think he never would have written what he did had he known something about life on the South Side. For example, he never would have invented Sairey Gamp, generally accepted as the epitome of her species, had he known something about Mutter Jonas.

Mutter Jonas didn't have anything in common with Mrs. Gamp, unless, perchance, it was the kind of a bonnet she wore. It was a little, black bonnet, I remember, that fit snugly on her head and to make even more sure, was tied securely under her chin with two big ribbons.

Her dress was black, too, and I always thought it strange that she should choose a color so depressing when, as a matter of fact, she was generally regarded as the herald of joy.

Inside the house, Mutter Jonas looked more like herself. Divested of her bonnet and dressed up in a big white apron that covered every portion of her body, she was the very picture of efficiency. She had to look efficient, because if the truth were told, Mutter Jonas brought more babies into the world than any five doctors of the time.

I wouldn't tell you how many babies Mutter brought into Indianapolis, but it's a matter of record that most of the little Germans, Irish and Jews that went to Public School No. 6 can attribute their good luck to Mutter Jonas.

Lot of People Not Paid For

AS a matter of fact, there's an account-book in the hands of the Jonas descendants today that gives all the details in Mutter's handwriting, and it may surprise you, as it did Fred A. Jonas recently, to learn that a lot of Indianapolis people now approaching the age of 50 have never been paid for.

Mutter Jonas' charge to bring a baby into the world was \$5. flat. The sum included nine days' attendance which consisted of daily visits, at which time Mutter would bathe the baby and maybe cook a cereal called "Grutze" which, apparently, had remarkable restorative powers.

Supper for Father Extra

SOMETIMES, when the occasion called for it, she would cook supper for the distracted father, but that was extra. It was nothing for Mutter to have a dozen babies going at once.

The only other thing I know about Mutter's babies is that somebody with a flair for statistics, once upon a time, compiled a record of what became of all the little boys that went to School No. 6.

It's interesting enough. Practically all the German boys followed the trade of their fathers; the Irish turned out to be policemen and politicians, and the little Jews of the time are the millionaires of Indianapolis today.

A Woman's View

By MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

MISS ADA L. COMSTOCK, president of Radcliffe College, points out that whereas English has always held top place as a major subject in women's colleges, during the past several years French and the fine arts have dropped from second and third place to give way to economics and government.

This seems an encouraging sign to Miss Comstock, and I believe she can all agree with her. It shows a trend in feminine interest which may have great significance for America's future. When every intelligent woman begins to do some serious thinking about her government and how it functions, we shall be well on the way to mending our political manners.

Not that I believe we are more capable of running the government than men, but I do know we will put more emphasis on results and spend less time with the machinery of statecraft.

Being newcomers, legislatures, cabinets and courts, it is not likely that we shall be weighed down with a sense of the importance of tradition. And tradition seems to be man's greatest stumbling block.

A thousand times he trips over his own feet because he is forever trying to walk in the tracks left by the men of the past. Men worship at the shrine of generals because it has always been a customary thing to do. They believe in the infallibility of the courts because courts have always declared themselves infallible.

Now women, we must remember, have been reared according to a different formula. Being accustomed to the practical business of getting value received for the money they put out for milk and bread and spinach and beans, they may not be too patient with the spendthrift methods of the average male politician who appears to think that cash goes on trees.

Once a sufficient number of girls have studied governmental policies and economics in college and are turned loose to put that teaching into practice, we shall probably see some drastic changes. I dare say all of them will not be good, but you can be certain they will not all be bad.

Your Health

By DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN

Editor, American Medical Assn. Journal

IN chickenpox, the blisters on the skin appear in groups, usually first on the back, chest and face, but most profusely on those parts of the skin that are covered by clothing.

Nobody knows how long a chickenpox victim remains infectious, but it is best to keep him away from other people until his skin is free from crusts.

A case is reported of a physician's daughter who developed a slight sore throat and was immediately isolated in a room on the upper story of her home.

On the following day she broke out with an eruption of chickenpox. Her 8-year-old brother, who had been with her on the previous day, was kept in a distant part of the house, but 10 days later, he came down with the disease also. His only possible contact with the disease was through his sister.

Usually all that is necessary in cases of chickenpox is to make certain that the child does not scratch the spots himself, since this may cause secondary infection. The fingernails of a child who has the disease should be cut quite short.

If scratching can not be stopped in any other way, it is wise to put mittens on the child's hands, or to place metal tubes around his elbows so that his arms can not be bent.

The blisters, if let alone, ordinarily will last but a few hours, break, dry up, and form crusts. The crusts then will disappear in two to four days.

Many of the people with pock-marked faces you see nowadays had chickenpox when they were young. Such scars result from scratching the blisters, and consequent secondary infection. If the blisters are permitted to dry and the crusts or scabs to fall off naturally, the disease seldom leaves a mark.

The chief factors in treatment of a child sick with chickenpox are his diet and the care of his skin. The diet is usually mild and soft. Mild, warm baths are used. The doctor will prescribe for the skin various powders, ointments, or antiseptic solutions that will prevent itching and secondary infection. One of the simplest, common substances is a 3 per cent solution of bicarbonate of soda.