

From Indiana—Ernie Pyle

Alaskan Traveler Back in Seattle
And It Seems Like a Second Home;
He Finds Civilization Isn't So Bad.

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 11.—Seems as though Seattle is becoming a second home.

Funny how a fellow, for no reason, drifts frequently into a certain far place. It seems I've always been coming to Seattle.

First in 1922, when I slept four in a bed with a bunch of boys trying to ship out to the Orient. And again in 1926, when we lived miserably in a tent at the edge of town, and got our tires full of nails.

And then again last year, when we were older if not a great deal richer, so that we chose the comforts of a small hotel, and sat hour after hour looking out the window at the soft rain and the scurrying of shipping on the bay.

And then we circled the whole United States, but last spring found me sitting at the same Seattle window looking out hour after hour at the same fascinating bay.

And now once more, back from far lands, and it seems more like home than ever. Right into the same corner rooms again, my two rooms you might call them, and not a thing has changed while I was away, not even a floor lamp moved by half an inch.

The little suite is a bedroom and a parlor. Each room has a bath. The parlor has a divan, and easy chairs, and it is a corner room, and has many windows. And a bed too, an in-a-door bed, which I pull down at night, and one leg won't quite reach the floor. I've stopped in nearly 400 hotels in the last three years, but the little suite here is the homeliest.

But it is hard for me to work in Seattle. Every time I am a ferry blast or a freighter whistle, I jump to the window and look. It seems I'm standing at the window most of the day. I hardly ever get anything done.

Girl Disttracts Him

And now, on this trip, there is another distraction too. Some girl keeps wandering in and out. She acts as though she knew me. I notice she wears an ivory necklace I bought in Nome, so there must be some connection.

She says she's the girl who used to ride with me all the time. Her face is sort of familiar at that.

She's been out on the street with me a couple of times—she walks a few feet behind me, as befits her station, me being a man of the North. She seems to know her place. Maybe I'll let her stay and see how things turn out.

All during the summer, people in Alaska told me that whenever they come "outside" to Seattle the autos and streetcars and hurly-burly almost scare them to death, and their feet get sore from walking on sidewalks, and they just can't get used to it at all.

But as usual there's something wrong with me. The autos didn't scare me a bit; I had their number before the taxi had me halfway to the hotel. And the sidewalks of Seattle don't hurt my feet half as much as the last five miles of walking on the beach at Good News Bay. I guess civilization and I get along all right together.

My Diary

By Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt

First Lady Back in Capital, Finds Beauty of Washington Is Striking.

WASHINGTON, Sunday—Back in Washington early yesterday morning. It is some months since I have been here and the beauty of the city, even with a day or two of rain, strikes me forcibly. I have traveled so much in this country now that different cities have an individuality of their own for me. I never come back to Washington without feeling it is a fitting setting for the Government buildings of this great nation and a valuable symbol for those people who visit it to carry away as a mental picture. There is dignity, simplicity and beauty and a sense of solidity and permanency which is a good thing for us to have fixed in our souls.

Mrs. Hopkins' funeral was very touching and the church was filled with her friends. There was a profusion of flowers, the last gift we can make to those we love. The simplicity of the service made it seem very personal and very sweet.

The rest of the day I worked catching up on mail and doing some writing I had not been able to finish before. After lunch, Mrs. Helm, with her little wire basket, sat down beside my desk with a 1938 calendar and in a brief half-hour the social season was planned. How short a time it takes to plan something which takes so much time in execution.

Co-Operate on Local Program

The President still has to approve the dates, but when that is done the program will be copied and given to the head usher, the housekeeper, the social bureaus and my own secretary, so that we may all co-operate in seeing that everything goes smoothly.

Saturday afternoon, Mr. Basil Maine, an English author and musician and a friend of my husband's cousin, Mrs. Cyril Martineau, came to spend the week-end. At tea time, William Phillips, our ambassador to Italy, came in for a short time. It was a joy to hear news of Mrs. Phillips and the children.

There is a young girl staying with the family again this winter and it is going to be a great joy. She is a little cousin of mine, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Forest Henderson, who is attending Miss Marden's School. I was beginning to feel I had no young people left, but this is going to make me feel much more natural for I like to have young life around the house.

New Books Today

WHEN you have finished R. E. Spenser's novel, "FELICITA" (Bobbs-Merrill Co.), you probably will want to read it again. You will want the joy of finding landmarks, hidden on the first reading, that mark Malcolm Burke's path from a life of cold, intellectual distinction to the discovery of real happiness in unreality and death.

The offer of an undisturbed summer in a friend's country house finds Malcolm Burke, crippled, ascetic critic, at the end of a blind alley. His creative powers are exhausted and the years that have brought him past middle age seem meaningless in retrospect.

In the new quietness, the years' repressions dissolve and in their place comes the desire to capture truth and love. His desire turns first to contemplation of a novel about this great, old house and the whisper of its brooding peace. . . . Instead he finds love in Felicita, lovely woman of his mind's creation. And when he dies, it is only that he chooses death at the moment of his greatest happiness.

In spite of its theme of insanity and death, "Felicita" is a pleasant book. The delicate balance between fantasy and reality is never lost.

The fact that the author is an Indianapolis man may give readers an added incentive to know "Felicita." (By J. T.)

Public Library Presents

WITH his customary journalistic ease Lowell Thomas tells, in dramatic story and picture, of the greatest of all Ohio Valley floods. **HUNGRY WATERS** (Winston), actually an excellent news reel in book form, contains also a brief retelling of the floods of myth and history, from the Great Deluge to Canada's flood of 1937. The devastating power of rushing, creeping, treacherous waters has been proved over and over again. "What a helpless America is when and do something about it?" is Mr. Thomas' question. Contests, picnics, swimming, river patrols, dams, reforestation, protecting levees, and even the removal of habitations from the worst flood areas have been proposed. It was Capt. Lewis A. Pick, of the U. S. Army, who, in 1927, the real solution to the whole problem: "Find out what Old Man River wants to do, then help him do it."

(Additional Books, Page 13)

All Aboard for Hollywood!

Times Movie Contest Winner to Enjoy Same Plane Luxury as Stars



Mr. Pyle
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The movie stars like to travel in American Airlines luxury Skysleepers and Flagships. One of their favorite ships will take The Times "Seek-A-Star Silhouette" contest winner to Hollywood to visit the stars at work and play.

Dennis King (1), film and radio favorite, is among the air travel fans.

Maureen O'Sullivan, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, is shown (2) being greeted by Steward-

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Our Town

By Anton Scherer

Development at Mount Jackson Sprang From a Lowly Sheep Lot In Days of Toll Gate and Still.

I DIDN'T have room Saturday to tell you about Leonidas Hudson, another old-timer of Mount Jackson. Everybody calls him Lon, even if he is 82 years old.

When Mr. Hudson came to Mount Jackson, all he saw was the Insane Hospital, a toll gate, Baker's distillery and a little cluster of houses huddled around Chris Busch's 6x6 shoe shop on W. Washington St. The rest was a pastoral scene, mostly sheep pasture, owned by Obadiah Harris.

Well, Mr. Harris had a promising son, and I guess the old man knew it, because when it came time for him to die, he appointed his son administrator of the estate. Anyway, it was Obadiah's son who turned the sheep pasture into a real estate addition.

It was he, too, who named all streets in the addition after members of his family. That's why you run across Harris Ave. out there, and streets with names like Bertha, Ida and Victoria.

To hear Mr. Hudson tell it, Obadiah's son couldn't have picked a better time for his enterprise, because the way things worked out he profited by the business across the street at the Insane Hospital. It's a fact, because back in those days hardly a month went by without some employee of the hospital falling in love with some pretty nurse under the same roof.

It even went farther, because most of the matches ended in marriages. Mr. Hudson, for example, found his sweetheart there, and so did Dave Sprinkle, and John Sullivan, and Bryce Martin, and goodness knows who else. With such a start, Obadiah's son didn't have anything to worry about.

At that, a number of good prospects got away from him. Robert Emmett Kelleher's father, for instance, brought his bride to Indianapolis to live, and so did Mike Morrissey's father. Outside of that, though, Mr. Harris sold most of his lots to men and women who met and married at the hospital.

Sponsored Schoolhouses

To get back to Mr. Hudson—when he came to Mount Jackson, he went to work for Hiram W. Miller who ran a brickyard at the time. On the side, Mr. Miller was trustee of Wayne Township, and it was during his administration that they built the schoolhouses at Clermont, Bridgeport and Mount Jackson. Trustee Miller furnished the brick, and nobody thought anything about it.

The Mount Jackson schoolhouse came to be known as No. 50. There isn't a thing left of it today except a little pile of brickbats. On the other side, Baker's distillery is still a part of the landscape, and so is Chris Busch's cobbler shop. Chris Busch, the way, was the cobbler who pegged his customer's shoes with a book in front of him. Legend has it that he was every bit as smart as Hans Sachs.

Neither did anybody know anything about the medicinal water at Mount Jackson when Mr. Hudson got there. That didn't turn up until 1888. One day they drilled for natural gas, says Mr. Hudson, and got the Mount Jackson water for their pains.

Jane Jordan—

Wife Told Her Letter to Husband May Be Trick in Suit for Divorce.

DEAR JANE JORDAN—My husband left me five years ago and, although he has a good job with big wages, I have to be content with pitifully small amount because the law says he is not responsible for a home he doesn't share. Our two children are working, but one is about to be married and the other refuses to give me any more than he would have to pay board elsewhere. I have written my husband dozens of times, threatening and demanding more money, but he seldom answers my letters. I have worked hard for more than 15 years so the children and I could have nice clothes, but I have had very few since my husband left me.

Some months ago he wrote and said he would come back if I would agree to live on a budget and quit my job and not question him about what he does with the balance of his pay, but after handling his wages for so many years and being the boss of my home, I couldn't give in to his selfish idea. I wrote that he couldn't come back unless he let me manage the money as before. I am religious and don't like to lie, but decided it was permissible in this case, so I wrote again that I would take him back on his terms, thinking I could bring him around to mine after I got him back, but before I mailed the letter he had sued for divorce.

There is another woman who owns a farm. If he marries her he will probably quit his job and I will get nothing. A lawyer said I could sue and get the farm but he won't take the case unless I pay him \$50 cash. What I am afraid of is that letter I wrote telling him he couldn't come back unless he gave me all of his wages. The marriage vows say a man must endow his wife with all his worldly goods but the law doesn't think so. I don't want the children to know I wrote him that, for they are modern and would think me selfish. What can I do to keep from losing out altogether?

WORRIED.

Answer—I am afraid you have brought your troubles on yourself. It is very shortsighted of a woman to demand control of her husband's money when he objects to it, because so many men regard money as a symbol of power and the loss of it signifies a loss of power. In handing their wages over to a woman these men react as if they had lost their self-respect.

With individuals who are easily discouraged, the loss of the family purse strings may result in complete loss of ambition. In his efforts to punish his wife for usurping the masculine role, a man may refuse to work at all, or remain in a poorly paid position without ambition to progress. Outwardly he may comply with meekness and humility but his inner resentment is expressed in his passive resistance against earning any more for his wife to spend.

More aggressive types do what your husband has done: They either put up a roar or walk out. Your letter makes it fairly obvious that you aren't interested in the man himself, but in his worldly goods.

Do not believe in the sincerity of your husband's offer to come back if you would live on a budget but regard it as a trick to get you to put your attitude on paper and thereby furnish him with grounds for divorce. You have been too grasping in your attitude and have ended up with empty hands. I do not know how to help you.

JANE JORDAN.

Jane Jordan will study your problems for you and answer your questions in this column daily.

Walter O'Keefe—

THE three witches in Macbeth never stirred up a more potent evil broth than was being cooked up right now by Germany, Italy and Japan.

These three nations line up against the three democracies we'll have a real world series.

President Roosevelt threw a "bear ball" at the aggressor nations the other day and so Mussolini decided to call home his son, Vittorio, who was in Hollywood learning the moving picture business.

The West Coast colony bubbled over with anti-Fascist protest meetings and apparently Il Duce figures Vittorio will find more peace with his brother Bruno, who's visiting Spain with a bombing squadron.

Side Glances—By Clark



Have you any old empty cans? We're hunting for something to shoot at.

A WOMAN'S VIEW

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

THERE is something frightening in the increase of our trailer population. While many of the vehicles on the highways during the summer were only temporary refuges for pleasure, there are any number of permanent settlements of inhabitants whose only home is the new covered wagons.

We used to feel sorry for these people when I was young. We called them "movers," and they were always spoken of as shiftless. They picked up odd jobs along the way, and during the season all would pitch into cooking, their only real source of revenue for the year. Not a great many of them were good people suffering from misfortunes they could not overcome. The point is that they were not considered good Americans because they did nothing constructive and they had no roots.

Today there is a growing sentiment, often openly expressed, that the modern trailer dweller is a smart fellow with sense enough to cast worry to the winds and lead the gypsy life. Doesn't he get away from a lot of taxes, all civic responsibility and even get free food in some cases?

Many things have changed since I was young, but nothing more than the general conception of what a good American is. Thirty years ago he was somebody who did something constructive for his community, and who was more concerned about the character of his children than the size of his fortune. It didn't make much difference whether he had a profession or not. He was respected because he was useful and did his work well.

Jasper—By Frank Owen



We can forget about the coal bill this winter—one of Jasper's girls sent his letters back!