

So You'd Prefer Nice Quarters
In Sun Valley Lodge of Idaho?
O. K., but It Will Cost \$26 Daily.

KETCHUM, Ida., Oct. 13.—There is no height a common American can't attain if he just sets his will to it and keeps plugging away.

Take me, a poor Indiana farm boy . . . and here I am vacationing in one of America's ritziest spas—the noted Sun Valley of Idaho.

Of course, I'm not actually vacationing at the big Sun Valley Lodge where the rich people stay. We had originally intended spending one night there, so we could boast to friends about it later. But here's what happened:

We drove up in front of the Lodge where it says "No Parking," and I got out of the car all wind-blown and bareheaded like a rich sportsman, and sauntered in through the lobby, and asked the man what he was getting these days for a room with twin beds and bath.

The man looked up at the rate card, as if he didn't already know, and came back with the calm information that the least he was getting was \$26 a day. I simply said, "I guess that's a little more than I want to pay," and marched sadly out of the lobby, just a hatless tourist covered with dust.

Then we drove down here into Ketchum (only a mile from the Lodge) and found a place where we can live very scrumptiously a whole week for just a little more than one day at the Lodge.

Ketchum is definitely a town of the West. It lies in a mile-wide valley, and the valley floor is nearly 6000 feet high. Although roads lead out through passes in four directions, they tend to be soon out of sight. So if you stand in Ketchum and look around, it's as though the mountains made an unbroken circle.

Most of the mountains are bare, except for a foot-high growth of blue-brown sagebrush. From a long distance you can't even see this, and the slopes look clean and smooth. That's the reason the Union Pacific Railroad picked this spot for building up a skiing resort—on account of the smooth slopes.

Mining Boom Faded

Forty years ago Ketchum was a town of several thousands. There were big lead and silver mines around here, and Ketchum was a booming camp.

But about 1900 the bottom fell out, and Ketchum started down. It dwindled and dried up until, about a year and a half ago, its population numbered only 252.

Then came skiing. People around here had always used skis—to get around on. But that isn't really considered skiing, I guess. You have to dress up like a New York store window. That's what the Union Pacific brought.

A visitor to Sun Valley doesn't have to stay at the great Lodge. There are two small hotels in Ketchum.

Gambling is not legal in Idaho. Neither is liquor by the drink. But phooey to such stuff as that, says this part of Idaho. It's illegal, but they just don't pay any attention. Everything is wide open.

My Diary

By Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt

First Lady Tells of Happy Evening
At Home With Friends and Music.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday.—We were 16 at dinner last night and I was thrilled to have Franklin Jr. and Ethel come up from Charlottesville. This was the first time I had seen Ethel since she came back from abroad. Though they both told me their house is not really in order, they seemed delighted with everything they have done so far and with life in general. It is grand to be young! As I looked at my two daughters-in-law, I could not help thinking how lucky we are!

All the boys seem to have chosen wives whom one not only can enjoy looking at, but whom you like more and more the better you know them. Best of all, we all can have good times together, and I think it is a fine thing for a family to be able to look back on happy times.

I couldn't sit down at table until I opened an enormous package which stretched across the arms of my chair and discovered that Jimmy and Betsy had brought me a pair of snow-shoes. Jimmy remarked he had a date with this winter to go up to see the farm which he hopes to buy in Massachusetts, and that I would certainly need them.

Whole Family Enjoys Dance

It occurred to us at dinner that we would like to dance afterward. My brother and I decided we would search the household for someone who could play the piano. At first we could find no one, but then it occurred to us that there was a gentleman coming in to do some work, who had the gift of music and might be diverted into playing. He not only played dance music for us, but later the entire party gathered around the piano and sang. My husband had as good a time as anyone, and amused us all enormously by singing one or two old college songs.

This gay evening meant work afterward for several of the party. Finally, Secretary Morgenthau and Jimmy were told they could go home. Some of us went to bed and left a few of the party still at their labors. When I went in to see my husband this morning, he looked at me disgustedly and said: "It was 3 o'clock before I went to sleep."

This morning I went on my rounds, to the kitchen, the pantry and the flower room to thank all who had contributed something to making yesterday happy for us all. Later, Miss Mayris Clancy and I went to look at an exhibition of beautiful jewelry and silver which is being held at Galt's.

New Books Today

Public Library Presents—

FOR centuries the people of Santa Eulalia, "trained to think in terms of donkey carts and sailing boats," had lived leisurely and well. Elliot Paul and his wife, seeking quiet in that peaceful town, grew to know the children, the fishermen, the inn-keepers, and even the dogs, now strays "skulking in deserted alleys, dogs, who once got regular meals and had a name and master." **THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN** (Random House) records the simplicity and beauty of life in the seacoast town which today lies desolated by the implements of modern warfare, airplanes and torpedo-bomb destroyers.

"It is a soul-shaking experience to see a fellow creature demoralized with fear. Death is not nearly so impressive," Mr. Paul saw both fear and death before he was forced to leave the town in September, 1936.

AFTER tracing the development of the wireless, a telephone, cable and radio as instruments of international news, and of the great news-gathering agencies which have grown up throughout the world, Robert W. Desmond proceeds to analyze the forces which affect the presentation of news, especially of world news, and make it possible for people to say with some color of truth that "the power of the press is the suppress."

THE PRESS AND WORLD AFFAIRS (Appleton-Century) is an informing and dispassionate survey of the world press, written with a due appreciation of the difficulties and pressures under which newspaper owners, editors and reporters work, and with a realization of the serious problems presented by censorship of all kinds. "The supreme value of Mr. Desmond's book," says Harold J. Laski in his introduction to the volume, "is the degree to which it makes irresistibly evident that the problem of the foreign news service lies at the heart of the major problems of the modern state."

Brady Gang Reaches End of Trail

Hoosier Bandit Chief Made Good on Boast to Out-Dillinger Dillinger

Brady

Dillinger



By Jack Heil First of a Series

AL BRADY swore he would "make Dillinger look like a piker." He did—and went out the same way, killed by G-Men's bullets.

Federal Agents mowed down Brady and Clarence Lee Shaffer Jr., Indianapolis hoodlum, in Bangor, Me., yesterday. They captured the third member of the outlaw trio, James Dalhove, trigger man. He is expected to be returned to Indianapolis and to face possible death in the electric chair for murdering a State Police officer.

A few short years ago mere mention of the name of John Dillinger sent shivers down the spine of every police officer in the Middle West, and G-Men as well.

The murderous attack on the Allen County, Ohio, jail in October, 1933, which resulted in the delivery of Dillinger over the body of Sheriff Jesse Sarber, and the sensational break from the Crown Point, Ind., jail with the aid of a wooden gun, stamped him indelibly as the original public enemy No. 1. Perhaps his criminal crime record deserved the notoriety he got as the nation's most ruthless and desperate killer.

But today Dillinger and his record have been relegated to the piker class, not by accident, but by design. "I'll make Dillinger look like a piker."

Those were big words coming from a runt-sized farm boy who came from the same rural Hoosier soil on which Dillinger had grown so tough.

"He was a cream puff. They should have given him a lollipop. I understand he parted his hair in the middle."

The speaker was a stocky man. The time was January of 1936;

the place a garage in Indianapolis.

It was Brady. There was nothing in the record of Brady in 1936 to justify the ambitious boast. True, he had been shot in Indianapolis in 1930 by Patrolman Payne and he'd done a short stretch in Pendleton Reformatory for an auto law violation. But so far as Al Brady was concerned he was just another "punk" to police.

WITH Brady in the garage that night were two companions: Dalhove, a bootlegger, petty racketeer and auto thief from Madison, down on the Ohio River, and Shaffer, Indianapolis born and raised and not yet old enough to vote, a kid with a wavy brown pompadour and a moving picture profile; not even in the rogues' gallery.

The blondish Dalhove was squatting between the legs of a massive steel tripod on which was mounted a machine gun, a five-bullets-a-second weapon; not of

the sub or tommy variety but a strictly military type that would have been more at home in a pit box or a pursuit ship than in that city garage.

Beside the mounted gun was a heavy wood box. In it was an ammunition belt of 150 shells with their steel-jacketed slugs. "Dillinger never had anything as sweet as this," he boasted.

The direct quotations of the Brady gangsters running through this series are authenticated, verbatim, in statements made by Brady, Dalhove, Shaffer and Charles Geisking, follow-up inches arrests in May, 1936, when the

first three vied with each other in claiming credit as the slayer of Sgt. Richard Rivers in Indianapolis. Before he was taken to Ohio Penitentiary from Lima, O., Geisking revealed details of conversations to newspapermen and authorities. The first three later escaped.

For the next half hour the trio, all undersized and ranging from Dalhove's 5 feet 4½ inches to Brady's 5 feet 7, wrestled with the massive tripod and the heavy machine gun as they mounted it in the rear of a new sedan, mounted it so it would cover sides or rear instantly.

INTO the car beside the Army weapon went more orthodox rifles, revolvers and automatics of varying calibers, seeds of ammunition for each.

That was the birth of the infamous Al Brady gang; the gang that terrorized Indiana and Ohio, killed police, shot down citizens, looted a score of banks, jewelry shops and markets and escaped with cash and jewels,

Mr. Wieland

variously estimated at from \$150,000 to \$200,000, in less than 18 months.

The gang defied City, County, State and Federal G-Men with impunity.

"They were absolutely kill crazy," declared Don Stiver, Indiana Safety Director and head of the State Police.

"Dillinger couldn't have been a chauffeur for this gang," said Matt Leach, formerly in command of the Indiana State Police. For five years Mr. Leach fought Dillinger and Brady. He should know.

"Dillinger never killed except to escape; never shot up citizens for the sheer pleasure of killing," Mr. Leach said. "Al Brady made good his boast. 'Dillinger was a piker.'"

No one has ever been able to discover where the gang acquired the Army machine gun, but the general opinion is that somewhere they looted an armory. The midget bandits got the big sedan when they held up Ernest Gentry and his wife near Perkinsville, Ind., and robbed them of cash and car.

Shortly after that Brady assumed the name of Gentry and the gang served an apprenticeship of gas station stickups and other jobs petty in comparison with its later accomplishments. Then a fourth man was recruited to round

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Our Town

By Anton Scherrer

Howard Frazee Wants to Know
Who Started First Restaurant in
Our Town — Here's Telling Him.

HOWARD FRAZEE, who runs the Thompson restaurants in Indianapolis, wants to know who started the first restaurant here.

It surprised me all right, because to look at Mr. Frazee you'd size him up as the kind of man who spends most of his time peering into the future. Well, you never can tell.

As far as I can find out, the first restaurant of any pretension was kept by John Crowder. He started it in 1838, just about the time the first theater made its appearance in Ollaman's wagon shop. I haven't the least idea whether the two have any connection, but it's a nice thing to know, anyhow.

Mr. Crowder had his kitchen in a room of Blackford's row of one-story frame houses where the Merchant's Bank Building now stands. Here he was succeeded in two or three years by John Hodgkins, an Englishman, who turned the place into a confectionery. Mr. Hodgkins made his own candies. He also made his own ice cream, the first to be served around here.

Curiously enough, however, Mr. Hodgkins sold his ice cream at another place, which was where St. John's Church now stands. He had this place fixed up as a kind of garden, with arbors and the like, and it was here, too, that he dug the first ice house to be built in Indianapolis.

Railroad Helped Restaurants

It was not until the completion of the Madison Railroad, however, that eating houses became a permanent feature of business, and even then it required the impulse of the Civil War to give them any importance. Most of the restaurants at that time were around the Union Depot and along S. Illinois St., which, of course, was natural enough, because in those days, the restaurants had to depend on transient trade. Everybody else went home for his meals.

After that, things got kind of lax around here, and people stayed away from home more and more. It was then that restaurants began invading the heart of town. Pop June, Henry Smith and the Steamboat boys picked the Levee, and over on the Circle, Mrs. Mathilde Rhodus set a grand table. Up to the very last, however, John Strobel stuck to S. Illinois St. He used to run the Blue Front Restaurant, and was the first to advertise "a square meal for a quarter." I still remember Mr. Strobel standing in front of his place catching them going and coming.

Jane Jordan—

Lonely Girl Told Own Inhibitions
May Block Friendships With Boys.

DEAR JANE JORDAN—I am a girl 17 years old and a senior in high school. Although I am not active in sports, I like to listen to others talk about them. I am considered fairly good-looking and I am considerate of others, although everyone says I am distant until I get acquainted. I have lots of girl friends, but very few boy friends. I never cut up, but I try to be as jolly as the rest when I am with a group. All the boys seem to like me as a friend, but they never ask me for dates. Please give me some explanation or reason for their seeming dislike.

LONESOME FARMERETTE.

Answer—Since this is all the information I have, it is obvious I cannot know the answer. All I can do is tell you some of the things that hinder other girls and see if you can find the same in the examples. One of the chief things that handicaps a girl in her relation to boys is her own fear of rejection. She feels no anxiety in her friendships with girls and even is at ease with boys who do not attract her especially, but the moment she is confronted with a man whose regard she wishes to win she is overwhelmed with fear of failure, which makes her painfully self-conscious.

Her defense against these painful feelings of inadequacy is to pretend no interest. She takes on a neutral coloring to help her escape notice even though she may be burning inside to express herself. She is afraid that the slightest coquetry on her part will be interpreted as an attempt to "rope him in" or "run after him," and that it will meet with rebuff. Therefore she rebuffs him by her negative attitude before he has a chance to rebuff her.

Such a girl doubts her own value. She isn't convinced that she is worth having. There are as many causes for such a feeling as there are girls. Usually the uncertainty can be traced back to childhood, where one felt small and helpless and perhaps insecure in one's own family. Doubt of the love of father or mother, defeat at the hands of stronger brothers or sisters, association with older children whose advancement was discouraging to a younger child, or a painful humiliation from which the personality did not recover, are some of the reasons which make a girl fear rejection.

I note that you interpret the fact that boys like you only as a friend, as dislike. This is an exaggeration which points to an oversensitive disposition. The chances are that you are getting from boys exactly what you expect, or, to be more accurate, you conceal the fact that you secretly hope for more. You inhibit the come-hither look, the warm and cordial response which is so cheering to the male, because you're afraid he'll see that you are trying to catch him and take flight.

You say you're not active in sports. Does this mean you're not active in anything? Does it mean that even with girls you are passive and wait for them to make the first friendly move? It will be good training for you to be active in something, such as sports, games, scholarship, hobbies or friendships. We live in a competitive world and he who wants to be popular must learn to compete with others. Withdraw into a shell and you'll be forgotten.

JANE JORDAN.

Put your problems in a letter to Jane Jordan, who will answer your questions in this column daily.

Walter O'Keefe—

TOURISTS in New York these days are rushing down to Wall Street to look at the Stock Exchange. It's the best "still-life" picture to be seen. At the rate stocks are dropping Henry Ford will only have to wait until Christmas and he can buy the Stock Exchange Building for his Dearborn museum of early American antiques.

The market is so low that you have to go looking for it in a glass-bottomed boat.

Last week a customer's man went out and bought his wife a new milk coat. His relatives had him put away, adjudged incompetent to handle his affairs. When the market closes at 3 o'clock you frequently see a party of stockbrokers leave for Grant's Tomb in search of a little excitement.

Immortal old Wall Street operators are getting up a fund to erect a monument to "The Unknown Broker."

Side Glances—By Clark



"I'm afraid if my business gets much better my wife will make me retire again."

A WOMAN'S VIEW

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

IS there anything more exhilarating than the first big football game of the season? Not because of the game itself, but because you get such an insight into human psychology by watching the fans.

A newspaper could easily be filled with the points about the sport which are obscure to me, although every year I cherish the hope that I shall be able to follow the plays with some feeble intelligence.

One has to endure the game, however, to enjoy the audience. And it's more fun than anything to be a part of the huge crowd on a lovely crisp fall day, with the bands playing and the teams lined up for the kickoff.

The average man in the audience never behaves like a sportsman. His actions would be more suitable to a caveman after a kill. If you want to find out how cruel mortals can be, you'll get excellent instructions in the grandstands. The soft-soap theory that we love the good loser better than the unscrupulous victor is a popular delusion. Public demonstrations give no evidence of its truth, at least.

For how we do let go at football games! We turn ourselves loose, razz the referee, criticize the players, curse the coach, and shout insults at the opposing team. In short, we behave like hoodlums and love it. The one consolation we can give ourselves is that it's an excellent way of letting off steam. Only doesn't it seem a little crazy to link the game and our behavior with a college education?

Jasper—By Frank Owen



"When I let the cat in I didn't know you were playing Cinderella."

After-Midnight!