

From Indiana—Ernie Pyle

Skiing in Sun Valley Must Wait;
Roving Correspondent on Vacation—
That Means He's Taking It Easy.

KETCHUM, Idaho, Oct. 14.—Of course I'll try to find out all about skiing and the Sun Valley Lodge before we leave here. But right now I'm on vacation and not doing much of anything, so you'll just have to loaf around with me for a few days.

Sun Valley at the moment is almost completely devoid of tourists. The crowds left two months ago; they won't be back till mid-December.

It is grand here now. We just gaze along through Indian summer, with the sun like a ball of white fire in the valley and everything quiet.

When I awoke in the morning I just lie for about an hour before I really move. Sometimes I get up around 8 o'clock, and sometimes around 11. On the 8 o'clock days I put on my overalls and big shoes and go out and climb a mountain. I don't climb mountains because I think it's bad to do, or to get up there all by myself and look down on things, and because I also like to get dead tired so long as I'm not getting paid for it.

Down from the mountain, I get a bite of lunch and then take a bath in steaming hot water that comes out of a natural hot spring right into the hotel, and that makes me feel so listless I have to nap for an hour or two.

Then we take an armload of books and drive out four or five miles along a shady brook, way off the road, and spread out a horse blanket, and then lie there and read all afternoon.

I have to get up and move the horse blanket every half hour, sleep it in the shade, but aside from that you can just lie there all afternoon and listen to the brook and look at all the mountains without even raising your head.

Sometimes He Works on Auto

And some days I get tired reading, so I'll get all the tools out of the car and jack up each wheel in turn and then spin it around and squat at it, although I don't know what for.

Then I'll crawl clear under, and have the girl who rides with me get up inside and work the pedals and the gear shift while I work. Then I'll get the screwdriver and tighten all the screws on the top, and then raise the hood and measure the oil, although I just had the oil changed yesterday.

Pretty soon it's 5 o'clock, and the sun is getting down behind the mountains, and we stop reading and sit up, and then the most wonderful long shadows creep down all over the bare country, and a great softness comes with the twilight.

But finally it is over, and we have to go back to town. Then I take another bath and put on my gray pants and race-track coat, and we eat dinner, and then devote the reckless sum of \$1 to the roulette and "21" boys in our hotel's new clubroom.

My Diary

By Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt

Visit to Self-Help Agency Shows Benefits of Co-operative Efforts.

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday—For a long while people have been trying to make me understand what a self-help co-operative can do. A gentleman came all the way from California to explain what was being done in the West. It was not until I visited the Washington work exchange yesterday that I finally understood its possibilities.

A self-help co-operative will vary, of course, to fit each locality, but the principle is basically much the same as that of a subsidy for low-cost houses. To start a self-help co-operative you must have gifts, and to keep it running you must continue to have donations of both materials and money for replacements of consumed material and for administrative expense.

However, the people who benefit from a self-help exchange receive no charity. They work and are paid in scrip, which they exchange for the products of other people's labor.

Here in Washington nothing can be done about rent for a family, because there is a housing shortage. In Richmond, Va., where there is surplus of houses, a landlord is very glad to allow someone to work out his rest by rehabilitating the house and receiving the apartment rent free for a year as pay. The landlord can rent the other reconditioned apartments.

In Washington, however, a man or woman may be working on WPA and the family may be large and the WPA wage inadequate. Someone in the family may be able to go to the work-exchange and thereby provide a better standard of living for the family.

Their Outlook Is Brightened

For example the barber in the exchange works there for an hour a day and takes out his pay in clothes which his children need to wear to school and for which he has not been able to earn cash at his regular job.

Many young people come in shabby and disheveled. They go to work in the sewing room, in the laundry or in the kitchen. Before long they can exchange their hours of work for beauty parlor treatments, for a complete new outfit of clothes, shoes, etc. In no time they are looking for a job with an entirely different approach, for they have an improved appearance and can face the world with courage.

I see great possibilities for growth and variety in the beginnings made by these self-help co-operatives. They must grow slowly and the methods must be tested and carefully tried out in small units so that no big mistakes will be made.

Here is a basis which will allow people to help themselves without any direct charity. We know well what a bitter pill the word charity has been to many self-respecting people.

New Books Today

Public Library Presents—

THE romance and adventure of the West lives again in the story of Col. George W. Miller, founder of the great ranch in Oklahoma, and his sons. In 1870 Col. Miller, impoverished by the Civil War, left his plantation in Kentucky and established a new home in the West. THE 101 RANCH (University of Oklahoma Press) by Ellsworth Collings, in collaboration with Alma Miller England, tells of the growth of this great cattle empire on the broad and rolling prairies of Oklahoma and of its downfall and disintegration in 1931. Though in 1893 the Colonels and their sons, Joe, Zack and George, changed their policy from the old order of cattlemen, they retained the old customs, and their ranch embodied all that was symbolic of the West of bison and prairie and the new West of cultivated fields and beautiful homes.

OF the numerous thrilling episodes which marked the trials of our early pioneers, one of the most romantic was the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Jay Gould, famous financial figure in our history, was the visionary leader who started the great enterprise. The story of this undertaking, begun by Jay Gould, has been chosen by Cornelia Meigs, well-known writer of juvenile books, as the theme of her first novel RAILROAD WEST (Little).

The difficulties that faced the engineers engaged in this work were apparently insurmountable. Tracks had to be laid over the tamarack swamps of Minnesota; right-of-way had to be seized before the land-grabbers could take possession; savagely guarded by Gen. Custer and his men, were forced to work under the constant threat of the hostile Sioux. In spite of all handicaps, the railroad steadily advanced until a September day in 1883 "when . . . came the sound for which they had all been listening for 14 years. It was the whistle of the locomotive which had traversed the steel highroad the whole way from the Mississippi, and would now sweep down the slope of the Rockies, with a clear track all the way to the sea."

The romance between the young engineer Phil and pretty Anna Arnold adds an agreeable touch to a thrilling chapter in the development of the West.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1937

Second Section

PAGE 21

Brady Gang Reaches End of Trail

Gunmen Loot Stores on Forays Into Ohio, Where They Kill First Victim

(Second of a Series)

By Jack Heil

WITH the first job in their insane campaign to make Dillinger look like a piker—"successful," Al Brady and his gangsters, James Dalhoffer and Clarence Lee Shaffer Jr., looked over the \$8000 loot seized at the Wieland jewelry store in Greenville, O., March 4, 1936.

Each picked out a few choice diamond rings, watches and other pieces and then Al Brady headed for Chicago to turn the rest into cash.

With money in their pockets the trio decided to go on a spree and New Orleans, Mardi Gras, was selected for the occasion. For a week the "midget" Dillingers' played in the carnival city, and there Brady, self-admitted "devil with the ladies," met the vivacious Margaret Barry.

The dapper gangster took his new girl friend on a whirl of the pleasure palaces until Margaret forgot home and husband. He surrounded himself with a mysterious glamour by posing as a G-Man and he spent so much time with his new love that his pals once feared he had been arrested.

A WEEK of this, then before the gang pulled out for the north to continue their beat-Dillinger exploits, Margaret promised to wait for her new sweetheart and Brady, posing as Al Borden, promised to send for her.

"We're going over to Lima," Brady told his pals shortly after their return to Indianapolis.

"Yeah," added Brady, "and before we get through over there they won't even remember who Dillinger was."

The business center of Lima, O., is the public square through which runs Main St. from north to south. On the west side of N. Main St., just the second door from the public square, is a large electric sign "Kay's—Diamonds—Watches," that extends out over the sidewalk. Above the door in colored neon script is another. In the street, directly in front, is a raised safety zone.

A block north on Main St. and little more than a block east is a brick building with a sign on the door, "Lima Police Headquarters."

Two weeks and a day after the Wieland robbery in Greenville, a black sedan threaded its way through the streets of Lima, crossing slowly past police headquarters, the County Jail, through the Square and into N. Main St.

"That's the place," said Brady, as the big diamond sign caught his eyes. "I'll drop in and give it the once over. Drive around the block and I'll be here when you get back."

He stepped into the store on the pretense of having a diamond ring sized. Brady already had familiarized himself with the layout of the holdup. Once more police radios blared forth the request to block roads and pick up two or three men in a car. The victims described Brady and his companion.

The black sedan, meanwhile, was rolling along the gravel back-roads, at a leisurely pace, over the Indiana line and on toward Indianapolis.

"If we don't get more out of this than we got out of the last deal, I'm going back to hijackin'," Dalhoffer groused. The \$8000 Wieland haul actually had netted less than \$500 cash.

The following day, Friday, March 29, it was agreed that they would cruise around to look over some spots that promised ready cash. By night they had lined up several of the larger markets in Springfield and nearby Ohio towns.

"Get down on the floor," said Brady, shoving his gun into an armpit holster.

"There's big cash in these on Saturday nights," said Brady.

"We could take about three of them just before closing time."

The following night found them cruising the streets of Springfield in a stolen coupe.

They cowed the employees and customers in two markets and looted the registers and strong boxes of their cash. The take was almost \$1000—all currency.

Then the coupe sped north.

Only a few late customers were in the Swisher-Fulmer Market in downtown Piqua when Brady and Dalhoffer stepped in the side door at 9:30 that night. It had been a busy day and Charles Swisher was presiding over a bulging till.

"Stand still," Brady commanded. "This is a pickup. Keep your hands down and don't move."

Brady started around the corner of the counter toward Mr. Swisher at the register.

"Open it up and put the money in this bag," he began, but before he could finish Dalhoffer yelled.

Brady swung around to face the open door to the basement stairway. On the top step was a 20-year-old clerk, Edward Lindsay, coming up from the basement with a lettuce knife in his hand and ignorant that a stickup was in progress.

"Give it to him," yelled Dalhoffer.

Brady's automatic fired. Young Lindsay toppled down the stairs head first, a bullet through his heart.

BRADY turned to Mr. Swisher.

"What's going on here?" asked the dazed merchant. The

gang had already fled.

He had noted the three occupants under the corner light as they swerved wildly to avoid the crash. He made a mental note of the make of car and its license number.

Ignorant of the robbery and the killing, the determined physician raced through the streets on the trail of the fleeing car until it struck the comparatively open Clayton Pike.

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