

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

KETCHUM, Ida., 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 laze along through Indian summer, with the sun like a ball of white fire in the valley and everything quiet and still.

When I awaken 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 the thing to do, or to get exercise, but because I enjoy getting way up there all by myself and looking 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 to keep 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 squirt 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 watch. 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 the 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 rent by rebuilding the house and receiving one 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 as shabby and disheartened. They go to work in the sewing room, the laundry or 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 go to work with confidence.

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, imported 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 Collins, 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 Colonel and his sons, Joe, Zack and George, changed their policy from the old order of cattleman to the new order of the diversified farmer; they still retained the old customs; and their ranch embodied all that was symbolical of the West of longhorn and prairie and the new West of cultivated fields and beautiful homes.

OF the numerous thrilling episodes which marked the trails 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; surveyors, guarded by Gen. Custer and his men, were forced to work under the constant shadow 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 Anne Arnold adds an agreeable touch to a thrilling chapter in the development of the West.

## 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 Dalhove 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 the New Orleans Mardi Gras was selected for the occasion. For a week the "midnight 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 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, cruising 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 pretext of having a diamond ring sized. Brady already had familiarized himself with the layout of the comparatively small establishment. The rear was partitioned off for office space and repair shop.

HIS companion picked him up. Shaffer swung the car around and headed south. "Stop her at the curb right behind the safety zone so no one can block us," Brady ordered. He turned to Dalhove, who concealed his machine gun beneath a lap robe.

"You stay outside while we go in," he said.

A moment later Brady and Shaffer were in complete command of the store with the latter covering the place from the front door while Brady rounded up Manager Bernard Bender, Watchmaker Jack Love, Martin Bender and Bookkeepers Wanda Voorhees and Nina Schilling.

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



Out from under his coat came the bags that might have been pillowcases. Into them went the trays of diamond rings from the showcases, watches and unset diamonds from the safe. As fast as he filled them he stepped out to the car at the curb and left them with Dalhove in the car.

"The outside man will be watching you for 5 minutes so you better lie quiet," he warned. None of the victims heard him leave. The black sedan was lost in traffic as it slid south through Public Square.

The tardy call to police headquarters, as it turned out, was a waste of time. No one had noticed anything unusual on the outside. Pedestrians had passed ignorant of the holdup. Once more police records blamed 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 hijacking," Dalhove growled. The \$8000 Wieland haul actually had netted less than \$500 cash.

The following day, Friday, March 26, 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.

"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-Pulmer Market in downtown Piqua when Brady and Dalhove 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 stickup. 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 Dalhove 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 Dalhove.

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

Crime careers of a trio of would-be Dillingers left a trail of hold-ups and murder through several Ohio cities, one of which was Lima, where Kay's Jewelry Store was looted.

Headed by Al Brady (right, above) the gang moved through southern Ohio in stolen automobiles, committing more robberies, blazing away in wild-West fashion until a young storekeeper was shot to death in one of the trays.

Companions of Brady, the gang leader, were James Dalhove (center, below) and Clarence Lee Shaffer Jr. (left, below). Police Chief Ward Taylor of Lima (right, below) found the clue that led to their temporary capture.

automatic, before his eyes, was the only answer. Brady scooped up the cash. They dashed out of the store and into the coupe across the street.

"Al got one," Dalhove told the waiting Shaffer with glee. "I shot a guy coming upstairs," Brady added.

The machine sped away and a few minutes later officers swarmed into the store. Coroner Cecil Marshall was summoned from the county seat at Troy, Piqua Patrolmen Sauer and Pursell, Deputy Sheriff Tony Berberich and state Patrolman Griffith paused only long enough to get the meager details available and started out in pursuit. But they didn't even have a description of the car.

A few moments after the holdup Dr. W. T. Wilkins Jr., Piqua physician, was driving home. As he was entering the intersection of High St. and Broadway a small coupe crashed through a narrow alleyway, avoiding wrecking his car. No hit-skipper could do that to Dr. Wilkins, and an instant later he was racing along in hot pursuit.

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.

NEXT—Gang loots Ohio jewelry store.

## Our Town

By Anton Scherrer

City Librarian Finds Material for Book in Childhood Reminiscences Of Former Indianapolis Resident.

MABEL LEIGH HUNT is librarian of Rauh Memorial Library at 3024 N. Meridian St. She also writes juvenile fiction. Quite appropriately on Riley's birthday last Thursday, the Stokes people published her fourth book, "Susan, Beware." I got a copy right away and read it at one sitting. That done, I put it on the shelf between Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" and Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age." I'm not going to tell you the name of the book I moved to make room for it.

Miss Hunt's latest book is dedicated to "Anna Merrill Foster, who spent a happy childhood at Merryacres," and that's what I want to tell you about today. Shortly after Miss Hunt wrote her first book, "Lucinda," in 1934, she received a letter from a stranger, a lady living in Long Beach, Cal. The lady, it appears, got interested in "Lucinda" because it mentioned Col. Samuel Merrill, the Indianapolis bookseller.

Well, believe it or not, that's when Miss Hunt learned that the lovable character in her first book was the father of her correspondent. It's even more exciting. When everything was unraveled, it turned out that the lady's grandfather was Samuel Merrill, our first State Treasurer who helped move the Capital from Corydon to Indianapolis in 1824.

Of course, that started something. So much in fact, that last year Mrs. Foster offered Miss Hunt the manuscript of her unpublished childhood reminiscences to do with as she pleased. Miss Hunt says she was mighty grateful for this evidence of trust, but it had her guessing what to do with it. Modern kids, you know, are pretty finicky about their stories, and they can't take any chances nowadays, says Miss Hunt.

**School Occupies Home Site**

The more Miss Hunt thought about Mrs. Foster's material, however, the more she itched to weave a story around Merryacres, the home of the Merrill children. And that's the way "Susan, Beware" started. Take my word for it, it ends all right, too.

I hope I don't have to tell you that the present Catherine Merrill School (No. 25 in my day) is the site of Merryacres. Originally, the old homestead occupied the center of Mr. Merrill's tract of 20 acres which reached from South to McCarty, and from Alabama to New Jersey Sts. Merrill St., which now runs through the middle, was a little lane at the time with a stile at each end.

Time has changed Merrill St., of course, but it may surprise you to know that the postman still brings mail to the house that used to be the home of John L. Ketcham. It's No. 315 on his list. He also brings mail to No. 345, the old home of P. A. W. Davis, Mr. Ketcham married Jane Merrill, and Mr. Davis won Elizabeth, daughter of the Ketchams. I thought I'd mention it, because Miss Hunt has a lot to say about Susan's little cousins "across the street."

## Jane Jordan—

Husband Advised to Make Decision On Course of His Life With Wife.

DEAR JANE JORDAN—With each birthday for the last eight years I have paused to look back and it seems to me the years have been cast to the winds with no gains and all losses. Years that should have been filled with happiness have been miserable. I was tricked into marriage by a woman I can never learn to love. She made me feel obligated to her and threw herself on me for sympathy and I, like a sap, married against my own better judgment. We have tried time and again to separate but somehow there isn't enough courage in me to go. It is in me to want to go but where there is a child there is too much to consider before breaking up his home. The longer I stay the stronger the attachment that holds me, but I know I never will be satisfied.

My wife is cold and we quarrel. There hasn't been a week in our entire eight years together that we haven't had a serious or a minor quarrel. She tells me to go, to see other women if I want to, because she doesn't care. Then again she raves at the mention of another woman and says she would kill one who dared to enter my life. She demands more than I am able to give and when I tell her so she flies into tantrums. When I feel like quitting she insists that everything is still perfect, by being loving to me, but everything isn't. I want to separate from her but I even feel a certain fear in writing this letter. What have you to say? EASY.

Answer—I don't know whether you should leave your wife or stay, but I do know that you should make up your mind to do one or the other and stick to it. To remain in a constant state of indecision, pulled first this way and then that, makes for a miserable existence.

My guess is that your wife is the stronger character of the two and she knows it. Her coldness is a weapon which she holds over your head to destroy your peace of mind and undermine your good opinion of yourself. It is as if she said, "You are not attractive enough to make me love you," and the shot goes home, as she means that she should.

Why doesn't she love you? Is it that she craves the strong hand of a master and feels contempt for you because she is able to scare you? Her remark that she would kill another woman who entered your life leads me to believe that she wants to keep you on her own terms, but that she could be more accepting if she thought she was going to lose you.

Your remark that you felt a certain fear just in writing this letter suggests that you stand in dread of her hostility. You keep your own hostility in check for fear of arousing hers. In other words, you feel that she is the better hater of the two and that in the event of open warfare you would be defeated.

Isn't that you feel less antagonism than she, but only that you are afraid of yourself and she isn't. You may fear that if you let your wrath loose you'd go too far and smash something. Many people who try to keep peace by compliance are merely afraid of losing control of their passions. This is the truth behind the old remark, "the worm will turn."

Beneath your wife's aggressive defense does there live a woman yearning to be subdued? Beneath your passive defense does there live a man yearning to do the subduing? And if you reversed your roles would you both be happier? You decide. JANE JORDAN.

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

## Walter O'Keefe—

AFTER giving their stomachs a two-month rest, our Congressmen are going back to Washington for a round of love-feasts and banquets and see if they can eat their way through some stubborn legislation. As they say in Hollywood, the boys are back for "rehearsal." That last scene was a terrific flop.

Of course, the Republican Congressmen feel that this special session will be a waste of time, but, then, that's the way they feel about everything that's happened since 1933.

The rebel Democratic Senators will be quarantined like the aggressor nations.

## Side Glances—By Clark



"You go hunt up some kindlin'. I won't have you choppin' up any more of the house."

## A WOMAN'S VIEW

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

NEW YORK women now are eligible for jury service. They probably won't be any better at it than men, but it's a sure thing they can't be worse.

The idea that our sex is more sentimental and less capable of reasoning plainly is untrue. Women possess a subtle, agile intelligence which is seldom included in the male makeup.

And if you charge us with going soft over gangsters, and with writing mash notes to movie stars, I shall retort by pointing out that the gentlemen have been equally silly over silk-stocking murderers, for it is a fact that many a doll-faced mankiller has been released by a sex that boasts of its power of logic but cannot resist a petticoat.

Man has a fine capacity for believing the incredible. How else can we explain his persistent dependence upon war to maintain his strength and preserve his possessions? Moreover he knows less about both masculine and feminine psychology than the average uneducated woman.

The bar itself is sufficient proof that the male of the species is not able to cope with conditions. Through some ancient ruling, juries have been chosen, not according to their ability to reason and to think, but by the general ignorance they display during the process of selection. As a consequence the entire jury system has fallen into disrepute. Not, mind you, because it is a bad one, but because the men are afraid to change their rules to meet present conditions.

## Jasper—By Frank Owen



"I see—you've hitched your wagon to a star!"