

From Indiana—Ernie Pyle

Just Imagine This, of All Things:
Traveler Just Back From North
Turns to Reading Books on Alaska.

KETCHUM, Ida., Oct. 15.—It may be prejudice on my part, but I have always held that every so often a fellow ought to read a book.

That's what I've been doing here at Sun Valley. You'll laugh at what I've been reading. They were mainly books on Alaska!

First I tried a book called "Uncle Sam's Attie," by Mary Lee Davis. I got only as far as Whitehorse, in the Yukon, when I was so completely overwhelmed with flowers and sunshine and gorgeous pioneer spirit that I stopped reading.

Then I started one called "Alaskan Melodrama," by Jack Hellen-thal, who is a lawyer in Juneau and a brother of Judge Simon Hellen-thal, with whom I had a pleasant lunch one day in Valdez this summer.

This book not only was full of good information, but it sounded as though it were written by a clear head, and I was getting along fine with it when the fellow who owned it came and took it away because he was leaving town.

Then I started one called "Arctic Adventure—My Life in the Frozen North," by Peter Freuchen. This is a book about the Eskimos of Greenland.

Mr. Freuchen is an excellent writer. He neither glides nor deplores, and he has had a life full of excitement and knows how to tell about it. I don't pretend to have any understanding of the Eskimos at all, and I'm certainly not criticizing Mr. Freuchen's book; but the trouble was that before I was a third of the way through I realized that Greenland Eskimos smell exactly like Bering Sea Eskimos.

Mr. Miller Is Unpopular

And finally we came to the piece de resistance. That's Max Miller's book called "Fog and Men on Bering Sea."

There is a lot behind my reading of this book. Two years ago Mr. Miller spent the summer cruising the Bering Sea with the Coast Guard, and then wrote this book about it. This summer, I'd no more than hit Fairbanks when I began hearing about Max Miller. They told me that from Nome on down to Unalaska I better not let anybody know I was a writer, because writers were extremely unpopular along the trail taken by Mr. Miller. If I heard Mr. Miller's book denounced once I heard it denounced a hundred times.

Now that I have read "Fog and Men on Bering Sea," it seems to me the Alaskans were a little over-wrought by Mr. Miller's writings. Of course he made no bones about not liking Alaska, and you just can't do that without being a scandal in Alaskan's eyes. But I'm not here to defend Mr. Miller. In fact I am incensed by the book, too, because it isn't very good. It strikes me that maybe Mr. Miller got fed up and didn't try very hard.

My Diary

By Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt

Conditions Are Held Responsible for
Conditions Existing in Community.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—The Prison Association lunch in Philadelphia yesterday was a most interesting experience. The subject assigned to me was "What the community expects of its institutions for the care of delinquent women and children."

On the way up from Washington on the train in the morning, I had the opportunity to see a letter by a well-informed and able editor written to one of the heads of these institutions. As I read, I realized that my real subject should be, "What these institutions might well expect from their communities."

The speaker preceding me on the program was Justice Justino Wise, Polier of the Domestic Relations Court in New York City. She brought out very clearly how the problems in her court were the results of conditions in the community and that those conditions were the responsibility of the individual citizens of that community. Having once seen how closely related the community conditions are with the problems of the courts in general, it is easy enough to see how closely related are the institutions which receive the individuals sentenced in these courts.

The letter from the editor which I read showed he had little or no knowledge of the subject which, with the best intentions in the world, was planning to have handled. I felt it might be well if we could start a slogan, "Improve your community by knowing real facts about it." For the magazines particularly, I wish we could have a slogan, "Do not write good stories based on imagination, write good stories based on facts"—for in this case truth is more interesting than fiction.

Likes Atlantic City

When the meeting was over, I went on to Atlantic City. After speaking there, I was driven to Philadelphia and took a late train to New York and reached my apartment about 1:30 a. m.

I had been in only a few minutes when the telephone rang. I was a trifle surprised, for it seemed a late hour for anyone to be calling me. On taking off the receiver, my brother's voice greeted me with, "I heard you come home last night. I just thought I'd find out if you are all right." I assured him I was quite accustomed to going about safely, even in the middle of the night, and he agreed to be in for breakfast by 8:30. We are both on our way to Hyde Park, but he is only going to stay an hour or so. I am, therefore, driving and the carnival—where I'm going up in his, which is not a very scintillating arrangement.

I am beginning to understand the lure of Atlantic City more and more. As we ate our dinner last night, I opened the window just to hear the sound of the waves rolling on the beach. The night, I spent there earlier in autumn was a clear moonlight night. Picturesque and romantic. Last night it was cloudy and rainy, but as I looked down the boardwalk there was charm in the gleam of the lights on the wet pavement and I was sorry that I could not stay longer and wake, perhaps, to sunshine dancing on the ever moving waves.

New Books Today

Public Library Presents—

"BRAZIL is a country of surprises—and your first surprise is that you are not disappointed in your first view of the bay of Rio."

Hugh Gibson in RIO (Doubleday) does not attempt to describe the famous harbor, leaving that difficult task to several excellent photographs. "Adjectives have been marshaled and comparison evoked, but if you want to know what Rio is like, you must come and see for yourself." Suggestions about places to live and sights to see are given for those who intend to make their stay a long one or for those whose time is limited to a few days. The picnic addict, fisherman, or antique collector will find an opportunity in or near the city to indulge in his favorite pastime. The naturalist, too, has a rich and rewarding field. The book contains entertaining and illuminating comments on colonial architecture, gardens, and the carnival—where people really enjoy themselves—and a brief summary of Rio de Janeiro's romantic past.

STORIES by P. G. Wodehouse have such a widespread reputation for hilarity that to attempt to review one seems an absurdity. The short stories in his latest collection, CRIME WAVE AT BLANDINGS (Doubleday) live up to previous ones in their delightful nonsense. In these novelettes many of the old-time favorites reappear. In "Buried Treasure" we meet again Mulliner and his nephew; in the "Masked Troubadour," the members of the Drones Club. One of the most entertaining stories is the "Medicine Girl," a rollicking yarn of the complications that ensue when a rich never-do-we'll youth falls madly in love with a young and attractive but capable and business-like woman doctor.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1937

Entered as Second-Class Matter
at Postoffice, Indianapolis, Ind.

PAGE 21

Brady Gang Reaches End of Trail

Kill-Crazy Gunmen Commit Murder, Take \$51,500 Loot in 5 Weeks

(Third of a Series)

By Jack Heil

THE man-hunt for the slayers of Edward Lindsay, 20-year-old clerk, during the robbery of the Swisher-Fulmer Market in Piqua, O., failed to cramp the plans of the mad gang. Brady's midget companions, Clarence Lee Shaffer Jr. and James Dalhove, were determined to lose no time in matching their leader's notoriety as a killer.

Killer Brady lorded it over his pals and it burned them up.

Shortly after the first of April he suggested the next job. Another jewelry stockup.

"This one is a honey," he confided. "The next one will be good for 50 grand and I don't mean maybe."

Brady and Shaffer spent the week making a preliminary study of the place selected for a robbery. In the case of a jewelry store it means checking the stock, the number and habits of the employees, the study of the floor plan of the building and the routes of approach and escape.

Then they returned to Indianapolis and went into conference in the Park Ave. garage where Dalhove had spent his spare time tinkering with his machine gun.

"We'll take Charlie Geisking in on this one. He's a punk, but he can shoot," said Brady.

THE afternoon of April 9 was a busy one in the luxurious Partner Jewelry Store at 20 N. Ludlow St. in Dayton.

It was shortly after 2 p. m. that "Mr. Jones" entered. His natty appearance indicated a good prospect. Sol Partner, the proprietor, was waiting on a customer. So was Salesman Albert S. Foxworth. J. C. Lehman greeted the newcomer.

"I have a ring to be sized," he told Mr. Lehman. He tossed a diamond solitaire on the glass-topped case and gave the instructions. "I'll be back for it later."

"Your name, please?" asked Mr. Lehman as he prepared a receipt.

"Mr. Jones," Mr. Lehman examined the diamond.

"Worth four hundred if a dime," he judged. Then another customer came in to demand his attention. It was exactly 2:30 when Mr. Lehman looked up from the diamond case to find himself staring at "Mr. Jones."

"Mr. Jones" was accompanied this time by two men, one raw-boned and lanky, the other, saved from an evening with Charlie Geisking and Dalhove—and each carrying a gun.

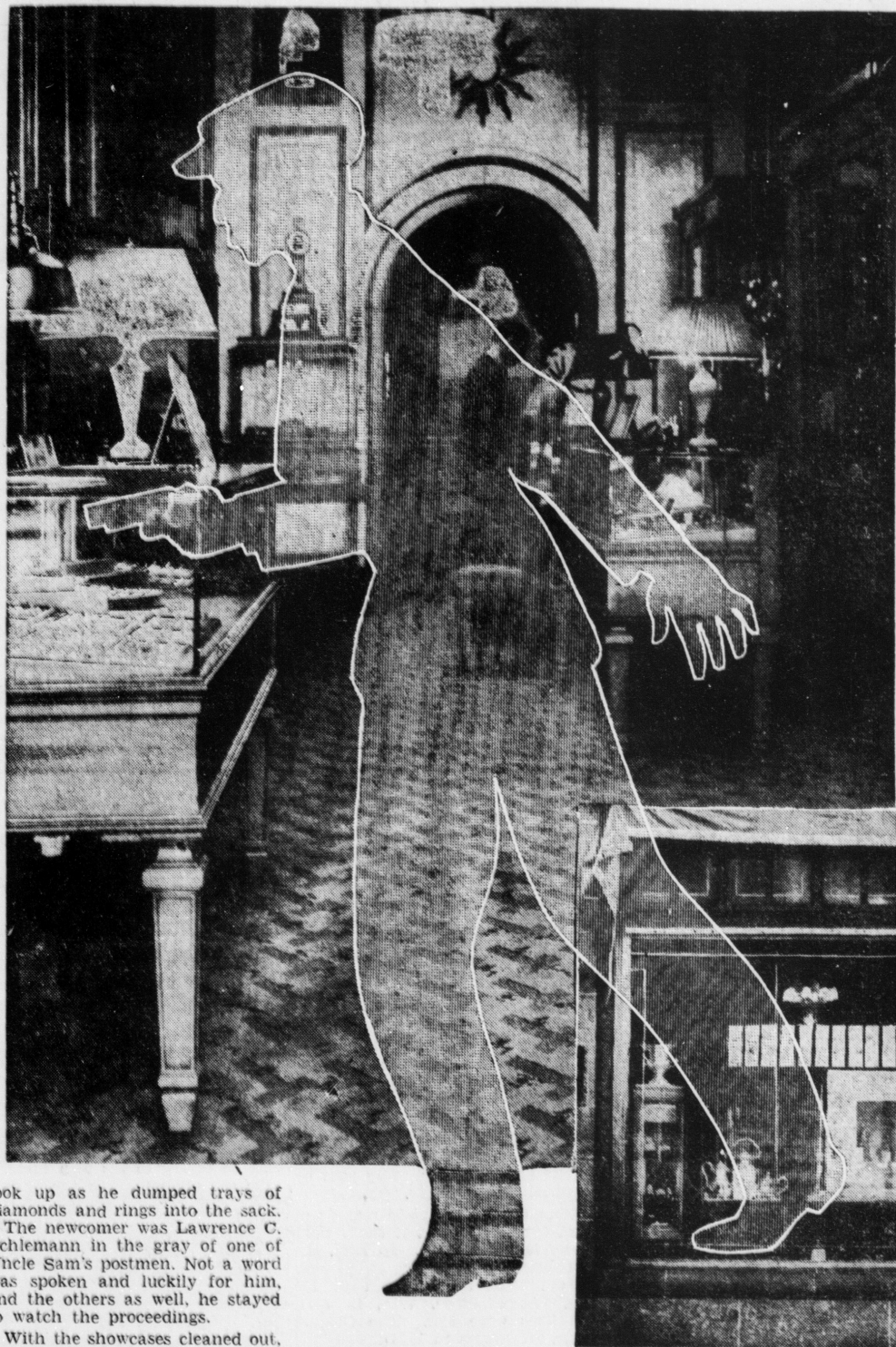
"Get over here," Clerks and customers alike jumped at the words. They sidled over to an open spot along the north wall.

"Keep your hands down and keep quiet," ordered "Mr. Jones." Geisking stepped up to the front of the store where his gun might cover anyone entering, as well as the others in the store. Dalhove roamed free and aft.

"Mr. Jones" was once more Al Brady and he ran through a curtained doorway in the northeast corner of the store and up the rear stairs. Al Brady knew where the watch repair department was and he knew there was at least one man up there.

"Come on!" Watchmaker Stanley Watson looked up. The monolithic magnifying glass in his right eye clattered to the floor as it enlarged the muzzle of Brady's pistol to cannon-like proportions. He dropped watch and tools.

A MOMENT later Mr. Watson was lined up with other victims on the ground floor. Brady jerked a bag from under his coat and stepped around behind the diamond case. The front door opened but Brady never paused to



look up as he dumped trays of diamonds and rings into the sack. The newcomer was Lawrence C. Schlemmer in the gray of one of Uncle Sam's postmen. Not a word was spoken and luckily for him, and the others as well, he stayed to watch the proceedings.

With the showcases cleaned out, Brady ordered Mr. Foxworth back into the rear of the room to open the safe.

As Brady looted the safe of its thousands in diamonds another drama was being enacted on the sidewalk outside.

Dennis Ludlow St. came Max Hettinger, reporter on the morning Dayton Journal. Like other "night side" men he was on his way to breakfast before reporting to work. As he passed the jewelry store a striking window display caught his eye and he paused. As he raised his eyes from the window display to look inside something small and hard and round jabbed him in the back.

Reflected in the glass before him was a twisted face under a way pompadour.

"Get inside. Quick!" The door closed after him and Dalhove ushered Mr. Hettinger back to join the others. Successively, Mrs. Walter F. Phelps, C. J. De Weese and S. Fisher passed outside before the show window and quietly and efficiently

they were ushered inside to join the victims already there. Shaffer was taking no chances on anyone getting away to sound the alarm.

FIFTEEN minutes had elapsed since the gunmen had taken possession of one of Dayton's best-known stores right in the heart of the city. Three bags of loot had been deposited in the tan sedan parked at the curb.

Brady scooped the contents of the safe into the fourth bag, stepped back out front.

"I guess we've got about everything," he told Dalhove. "See that they behave till we leave." He nodded to Geisking and they joined Shaffer in the sedan.

(Direct quotations in this series are authenticated, verbatim in statements made by Brady gang members after their arrests in May, 1936.)

Mr. Partner grabbed the phone and called the police. Squad cars raced to the looted store. Among the Dayton detectives

who jumped into the case were Sergt. C. C. Kraft and M. C. Kirkpatrick. They'd been dealing with desperadoes for a long time, not expecting Dillinger himself, who had been nabbed in Dayton for the Bluffton bank robbery.

A woman told Capt. P. C. Krug she had been sitting in a car across the street from the Partner store all during the robbery.

"I saw four men get into a tan sedan and drive away about 3 o'clock," she said, "but I never realized there was a robbery going on."

She recalled the license number of the car was CT-593. Shortly after the number was broadcast Cincinnati police reported that the plates had been stolen in Middletown, Hamilton County, a short time before.

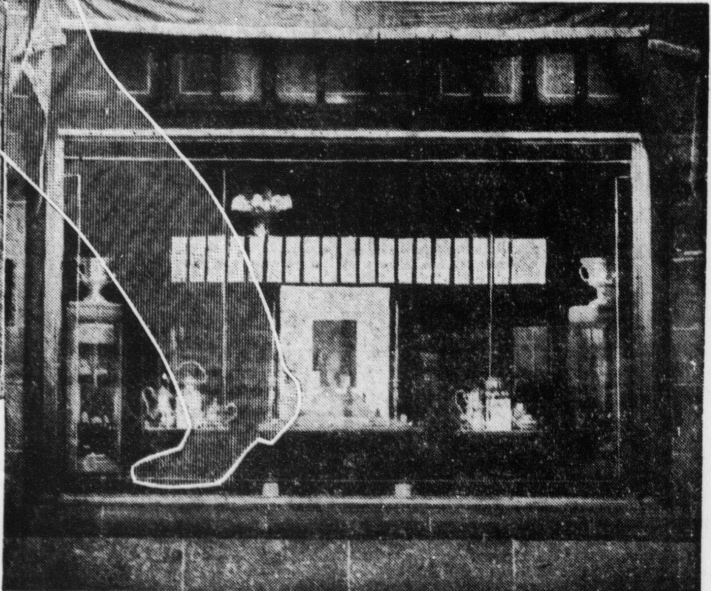
But car, tags, gunmen and the latest fortune in stolen jewels disappeared completely—as far as Ohio and Indiana police were concerned—when the doors of the gang's garage swung closed on the quiet shortly after 6 p. m. that day.

Three jewel robberies in 37 days with loot in excess of \$50,000 and a getaway in each instance gave city, county and state authorities of Ohio and Indiana the jitters.

Victims had viewed thousands of Bertillon pictures without identifying a single suspect. Not a trace of the robbers had been found. Not a piece of the stolen jewelry had been found in Ohio or Indiana pawnshops. The jobs were the handiwork of old mas-

Al Brady and his gang wanted to stage a robbery that would net them an unusually big haul, so they picked the Partner Jewelry Store at Dayton, O.

The exterior of the store is shown lower right. At the left is a view looking down the jewelry counters where the Brady gang scooped up thousands of dollars' worth of jewels and made a getaway.



PERHAPS an ordinary gang without that insane and unholy ambition would have been content to rest on a record of \$50,000 in jewels, \$1500 in cash and a murder, all in five weeks. But not the Brady gang.

Brady's strutting, since he had become a killer, still irked his companions.

"I ain't had a chance to knock off anybody yet," wailed Dalhove the day after the Dayton job. That was the type of mind that came out of robberies and murder.

"You'll get all the shootin' you want," Brady said. "Dillinger got his reputation in Lima. We're going back there and take it away from him. One of those guys up in that jewelry store has been shooting off his mouth about what he'll do the next time. He's had himself appointed a deputy sheriff and he's carrying a gun that long."

Brady's extended hands indicated a gun about one size smaller than Dalhove's military machine gun.

"You mean were going to take the same place over again?" Dalhove asked.

"What's the matter? Got chills in your toes already?" Brady taunted.

Brady explained that word had just come to him that they'd lab in a new stock at Kay's to replenish the loss in the robbery of March 19.

"It'll be better than Dayton," Brady promised.

"When do we start?" asked Dalhove.

NEXT—Police Officer Slain.

Our Town

By Anton Scherrer

Carrie Nation on Indianapolis Visit
Found One Good Use for Alcohol
And an Epigram for Her Lectures.

CARRIE NATION blew into town the last day of March, 1901, in plenty of time to spend April Fool's Day here.

She started off with a two-hour lecture at Tomlinson Hall to a handful of people. At the end of her talk the audience moved to the street to follow the crusader and her hatchet to the Levee. By the time they got there, her audience was considerably bigger. For some reason, the Bates Inn, a saloon back of the hotel, was the first place visited.

When she got there, the saloon was locked and pitch-dark, although it wasn't anywhere near midnight. Wes Stout's Market St. place was the next one on her list. Wes welcomed her with open arms, and gave her a chair to stand on. She made a speech all right, but nothing else happened. It fooled Wes, because he kind of wanted her to smash up his place.

He said it would have helped his business. Next morning Carrie was up bright and early and went to the postoffice. First man she met was Frank Richman. "I'm Carrie Nation of Kansas," she said, "and want to register a letter." Legend has it that a moment later P. A. Havelick came to the window and Mr. Richman introduced him to her.

"An April Fool joke," said Mr. Havelick.

"Not a bit of it," said Mrs. Nation. "I'm the only Carrie Nation in the world. Now I want to know why your face is so red."

"Madam, I don't drink a drop," "Then you smoke too much."

Finds Good Use for Alcohol

After that she called on Governor Durbin, but didn't have much luck. Then she went to see the State Museum, and somebody explained to her the birds in the cases and the snakes and fishes in the bottles. The man in charge told her there was one good use for alcohol—preserving snakes.

The joke pleased her immensely. "You're right," she said, "it preserves snakes." A moment later she turned it into an epigram: "It preserves the dead, and kills the living." She used it in all her lectures after she left Indianapolis.

She also ran across Judge Wiley of the Appellate Court, and got into an argument with him. The Judge insisted that vice can be regulated, and Carrie was just as sure it couldn't. She had the last word, too. "You're a dodger," she said.

The only official Carrie didn't call on was Mayor Taggart. Asked why he had been slighted, Mr. Taggart said: "Well, she knows it isn't necessary. She's so glad that we have a beautiful and good city that she doesn't want to bother me with anything."

As a matter of fact, the last thing Carrie said when she boarded the train for St. Louis was: "There are worse cities than Indianapolis, but there is room for improvement."

A week after Carrie left, a traveling salesman from New York committed suicide in a downtown hotel. Coroner Brayton found three notes in his pocket. One read: "I go to seek the hereafter. Tell Carrie Nation that rum and cigars is damnation."

Jane Jordan—

Don't Entertain Suitor While His
Divorce Impends, Reader Advised.

DEAR JANE JORDAN—I loved a boy and he married another girl. We have been seeing each other almost every week. He sued for divorce, but his wife says she won't give it to him. She knows that he loves me and also knows that if he gets the divorce he will marry me. I love this boy and believe he should belong to me. What would you advise? RED.

Answer—The first thing I would advise is that you stop seeing the man until he gets his divorce. It is an unusual wife who will divorce her husband in order to let him marry another woman unless she has somebody waiting for her, too. Even if she doesn't love her husband she won't give him to another woman if she can help it. Her pride cannot brook such a defeat, even though her heart is not involved.

Before you scorn her for her punitive attitude don't forget that you aren't entirely free of it yourself. She took your man and you're going to get him back if you can. Her discomfort does not move you to generosity any more than your wish to possess her husband moves her to generosity. On the contrary, each you is made more stubborn by the other's resistance. That is why I advise you to stop seeing the man until after the divorce.

I wonder if you want the man as much as you want to defeat the other woman. After all, he had the opportunity to marry you and didn't take it. At the first sign of trouble he came back, partly for sympathy and partly to seek revenge on his wife. There's a question in my mind as to whether or not he is the matrimonial prize you believe him to be. Think it over.

Dear Jane Jordan—I am a young girl, of 21 and have been engaged to a fine man for some time. I love him very much and he says he wants no one but me. A few months ago I became sick and underwent an operation which will prevent me from having children. Because I feared that this problem might come between us I kept it a secret. His idea of a home is to have a child or two in it. He has shown his love for me by not missing one night in coming to see me through my many weeks of sickness, and tells me that soon we will be married. Should I tell him of this beforehand and if he sees fit, let him forget me, or do you think if he really loves me it will make no difference? TROUBLED MIND.

Answer—The only honest thing to do is to tell the man the truth and let him decide what to do. To tell him afterward is unfair and the chances are that he would resent it all his life. I do not know whether his desire for you is strong enough to outweigh his desire for paternity. Many people who do not have children of their own have satisfied their desire for parenthood by adopting them. Perhaps your fiancé would be satisfied with this compromise.

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

Walter O'Keefe—

CERTAINLY the poor in the world will have a great champion in the Duke of Windsor whose present interest is in better housing conditions. He's the kind of fellow who found a palace too stuffy.

The British Cabinet certainly gave his royal highness a housing problem of his own. He and Wallie have been married almost five months and still they show no signs of settling down.

Their itinerary calls for a visit to Hollywood to look over the film industry. However, it's doubtful if any picture they see being shot on a studio set will be very impressive to a couple who have lived through the most dramatic scenario in history.

Like his ancestors, the Pilgrims of 1620, the Duke will have a reason for celebrating a real heartfelt Thanksgiving in America this year. It's 200 bad he'll see Washington at a disadvantage. Congress will be in session.

Side Glances—By Clark



"My new son-in-law is too proud to accept gifts, so I bought myself some new furniture and I'm paying him storage for keeping it in his apartment."

A WOMAN'S VIEW

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

THE best piece of news in a long time was the announcement that a large transportation company would keep its trucks off the highways during week-ends.

As a class, truck drivers are no worse than the rest of us, but it would be ending them with super-human qualities to say that they are not subject to the normal temptations of the flesh—and these include a passion for hogging the road if you happen to be driving a vehicle larger than the ordinary.

Enormous machinery put into the hands of any man gives him a feeling of superior strength. If you will watch the accidents recorded in your newspaper you will see that trucks figure in many.

On Sundays especially it seems not unreasonable that the trucks should take a holiday; perhaps then death would do the same. Although not many of us can resist the urge to get out in the open, we do feel strongly that the commercial trucks ought to keep the Sabbath holy.

First and most valid objection to trucks on the highways is the fact that, being heavily loaded, they always have to slow up when taking inclines; many of them almost come to a full stop when they try to negotiate a hill. This in turn delays all the small cars behind and ruins the dispositions of their drivers.

To any one who travels much by motor it is obvious that something soon must be done about the bus and truck problem. We can't go overlooking these highway monsters much longer.

Jasper—By Frank Owen



"That's why he wanted the lobster alive—he's not hungry, he just wants to wrestle!"