

From Indiana—Ernie Pyle

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

KETCHUM, Idaho, 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 Attic," 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 Hellenthal, who is a lawyer in Juneau and a brother of Judge Simon Hellenthal, 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 gilds nor depletes, 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 he 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 come 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 mentioned 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 overwrought 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 scoundrel 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

Citizens Are Held Responsible for Conditions Existing in Community.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—The Prison Association of New York City 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 magazine 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 Poler of the Domestic Relations Court in New York City. She brought up the question of how the problems of 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, he 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 in and I just thought I would 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 my own car up and he is going up in his, which is not a very sociable 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 the autumn was a clear, bright night. Picturesque and romantic. Last night it was cloudy and rainy, but as I looked down the boardwalk there was clarity 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, gardening, 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 novelties 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 ne'er-do-well youth falls madly in love with a young and attractive but capable and business-like woman doctor.

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Second Section

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 Dalhoffer, 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 pickup.

"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 Dalhoffer had spent his spare time tinkering with his machine gun.

"We'll take Charlie Geisling 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. Fonarow, 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 him staring at "Mr. Jones."

"Mr. Jones" was accompanied this time by two men, one raw-boned and lanky, the other, short and stout, Charles Geisling and Dalhoffer—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.

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

"Come on!"

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

"Keep your hands down and keep quiet," ordered "Mr. Jones."

Geisling stepped up to the front of the store where his gun might cover anyone entering, as well as the others in the store. Dalhoffer roamed fore and aft.

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