

From Indiana—Ernie Pyle

Vacationing Columnist Is Catching Up on Reading and, So Far, Likes 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huck Finn' Best.

KETCHUM, Ida., Oct. 19.—I've read another book. It was "The Seven Who Fled," by Frederick Prokosch. It won the Harper prize this year and got great huzzahs from the reviewers, but I wish I had my money back.

The book is all right, I suppose, but I'm getting too old for that kind of stuff. If he could have written it 10 years ago it would have been better for me.

I no longer have the capacity for long-winded, half-symbolic, half-mystic studies of what goes on in people's minds and what sad psychic forces brought them to where they are and will take them on to what sad psychic end.

I've read a couple of other books, too. I liked them a lot. They're books I've somehow missed reading all these years. They are—"Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn."

But how on earth did Mark Twain ever implant such a marvelous character as Huck Finn so immortally in the tradition of our country?

Why, Huck was just a child, and yet he smoked and chewed and cursed, and the ornery little devil couldn't tell the truth even when that was the easiest.

Of course, he had a heart of gold, but Twain glorified his bad habits. How he ever slipped Huck past all the "good people" in America and made a national hero out of him is beyond me.

Every now and then I get to thinking about the movies. And what I'm thinking now is that David Selznick has probably cheated himself out of several fortunes by monkeying around too long over "Gone With the Wind."

A few months ago he had one of the greatest publicity campaigns of the century all cut out and blowing him all around over the country, and not costing him a cent. To wit: Who should be cast in the parts of Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara?

Everybody was talking about it. It was a national issue. At Selznick's studio they rubbed their hands and reveled. And didn't get started.

So far as I know, they haven't started yet. And I don't believe the public now cares who plays the part.

Pays Tribute to Producer

From what I've read, the picture of the year seems to be "The Life of Emile Zola." Paul Muni has put another star in his glorious crown, they say.

But in all the raves, I'll bet you've never once seen the name of the producer. A picture like "Zola" can't be made without the art and fire and courage of a producer behind it.

The reason I'm interested is because I wrote a column about this producer, Henry Blanke, last fall. Mr. Blanke is a producer who dares do things such as putting little known biographies into art.

And in case you figure I just think Mr. Blanke deserves credit because I happen to know him, here's a little list of his great movies—"The Story of Louis Pasteur," "Petrifield Forest," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Green Pastures," and "Anthony Adverse."

My Diary

By Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt

First Lady Is Thrilled by Party On Beach, Autumn's Color Scheme.

NEW YORK, Monday.—This day started early. At 5 a. m. the alarm clock rang and by 6 o'clock my hostess and I breakfasted, left the little country house in order and started for the city.

I always feel repaid when I get up early, for the sunrise is beautiful and the air crisp and clear. I shall not forget last evening's sunrise as we crossed the bay. We had spent a good part of the day near the beach, there finding a sheltered spot by the sand dunes where we could sit in the sun.

I read the Sunday papers more thoroughly than usual as a result of this peaceful afternoon. When we started back in the little motor boat the sky was red, but gradually the sky and water seemed to merge in color until the water looked iridescent. It reflected every shade of green, purple, blue and scarlet which streaked across the sky. Here and there was a little sunburst, then finding a sheltered spot by the sand dunes where we could sit in the sun.

The ducks came in and made for a pond where our host kindly gives them shelter. They looked graceful as they swam up and down and finally settled down behind the fronds of trees bordering the pond.

Such beauty leaves one with a sense of unreality and at the same time a great sense of peace. Nature has a healing touch if we can get close enough to her and let ourselves feel her beauty.

Visits Todhunter School

Having missed the opening day at the Todhunter School this autumn, I arrived there this morning at 8:15 for the opening exercises. I had a chance to go through the school and see some of the summer work. As the girls filed by on their way to their classes, I also had an opportunity to meet the new pupils whom I had not seen before. There is something about a big group of youngsters at such a school assembly which always makes me want to be working with them again—I suppose they appeal to one's imagination because they have so many possibilities before them.

After seeing these youngsters, who are just beginning their lives, I went on to represent the President, as well as myself, in the last friendly act that is open for us to perform for those whose lives are completed on this earth. Greenville's Emmet's funeral at St. Thomas' Church had a triumphant note throughout the entire service. Life was a triumph for him, but to those he left one can but wish courage in the fight to build up a new life without him.

I attended and spoke at a luncheon given by the Women's League of Palestine. Their work seems to be an admirable one, for homeless and friendless girls are even more helpless than boys.

Much mail awaits my attention and I am glad Mrs. Scheider is rejoining me today so that we will be able to catch up in the next day or two.

New Books Today

Public Library Presents—

A GRAPH picturing the demand for books on real estate would show a steady decline since 1930 up to last year, when the chart would begin to indicate a steady increase. While many of the older books are still adequate, there is, naturally, a demand for books reflecting up-to-date conditions. A new book in the Business Branch Library, *REAL ESTATE*, by William J. Grange (Ronald) will meet this demand.

Sales, mortgages and leases, the three basic real estate transactions, occupy most of the volume; but there are interesting discussions of ownership and title, and of legal problems peculiar to real property, real estate brokerage, and taxation.

THE members of an ecclesiastical group in a cathedral city in England live in their own little world, looked up to by the rest of the inhabitants of the city. Complete in themselves, they carry on their social affairs, share their troubles, indulge in mild gossip, and sometimes even have a small scandal to live down. In *CATHEDRAL CLOSE* by Susan Goodyear (Scribner) we are given an interesting and telling description of such a little world in the imaginary city of Silbury.

The new dean and his wife find it hard at first to enter into the spirit of the place, for they have come from the active college town of Cambridge. But soon, as they become acquainted with the members of the church family, and help them and work with them, they begin to fall under the spell of the old Cathedral.

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Brady Gang Reaches End of Trail

Women Are Victims of Cowardly Gunmen in Race Through Ohio-Indiana

(Sixth of a Series)

By Jack Heil

THE break of Al Brady and his kill-crazy pals, Clarence Lee Shaffer Jr. and James Dalhoffer, from the Greenfield jail provoked a sweeping but futile manhunt.

"The first thing they'll do will be to break into a hardware store for a new arsenal and ammunition," warned the Indiana State Police.

But such a clue never came. Apparently the Brady gang had a supply of arms ready.

The State Police criticized the law that made it possible for the killers to obtain a change of venue that removed them from the strong Marion County jail to rural Hancock County.

"That was their only reason for obtaining the change of venue," the police said. Every known sweetheart and moll of the gangsters was kept under constant surveillance, but the first trace of the hoodlums came from a different source.

MRS. HASKELL RENNICK was surprised at her isolated home near Archerville by a youth who demanded money. Then he kicked and beat her brutally. She positively identified the picture of Shaffer as her assailant.

"I will never forget that crooked mouth," she told State Police.

A short time later L. C. Casey reported he had been shot at by three men who tried to halt him near Lafayette.

But from that time on, for days and weeks, authorities of three states found themselves chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. Reports were frequent—in Toledo, heading for Michigan; in Illinois heading for St. Louis.

It was not until Dec. 17, 1936, that the manhunters got within any distance of the bandit trio.

The gunmen held up the little State Bank in Carthage, Ind. The loot was \$1250, and the gang escaped under the fire of a filling station attendant across the street.

In succeeding weeks a score of cities in western Ohio and as many in Indiana were visited by the bandits, but the Brady hunters were unable to get positive identifications.

Then in late March three bandits swooped down on the market of Anthony Nastorius in Willard, O. Within an hour they robbed another.

At 10 o'clock that same night three men walked into the busy Kroger store on W. Market St. in Tiffin, O.

One remained at the front door, covering the entire place. A sharp-eyed, beady-eyed man stepped over to the meat department. Dale Nott was toying with a heavy cleaver. With the automatic only inches from Mr. Nott's nose, the bandit leader forced him to drop the cleaver. Then he looted the cash register. He repeated the act on the grocery side while his pal in the rear covered Manager Paul Frantz and his partner, Patrolman Kenneth Kope, in a cruiser, picked up the flash.

Thirty miles away, Sheriff Lyle Harritt of Hancock County sent deputies out to cover the highways. In Findlay, O., Patrolman Paul Frantz and his partner, Patrolman Kenneth Kope, in a cruiser, picked up the flash.

"Did you see that fellow duck?" asked Officer Kope. And he added, "Look at 'em go." He reached back into the car for the police machine gun as Officer Frantz drove the police car in pursuit.

For the next five minutes Findlay residents listened to speeding tires shrieking around corners.

Cracking rifles split the night air.

Residents ducked into houses.

Pedestrians flattened themselves on lawns and sidewalks.

As the two cars swung onto Main St., the police car 100 yards behind, Officer Kope shoved his machine gun through the windshield porthole, but his aim was handicapped by the jolting of the light.

The two officers saw the rear window of the fleeing car crash out as it passed under a light.

"They knocked it out with a rifle butt," Officer Frantz muttered and he jammed the gas pedal down to the boards. "Let 'em have it!"

But already spouts of flame were coming from the rear window of the sedan ahead. Above the roar of the police car came the ping of bullet on metal.

"There are two of them letting

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