

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 11.—On nearly all my previous trips to Los Angeles I've stayed in Hollywood and written about the movies.

But this time I decided to take a vacation from Hollywood and do some columns about Los Angeles itself. My intentions were good, and my will power is fairly strong.

But I made the mistake of first going out to Inglewood, a suburb, to visit an old friend from Indiana. His name is Paige Cavanaugh, and he has recently built a new house.

I should never have gone. For Mr. Cavanaugh subversively inducted me into suburbanism. He got me started just a little into the life and routine of pocket-farming, and then he went away on his annual trip to Indiana. And there I was left, with his beautiful green lawn that had to be carefully watered every afternoon starting at 4 o'clock, and mowed meticulously on Saturday morning.

And his den full of books, with the big window that looks out onto his little green estate out back, with its flowers and whitewashed fence and avocado trees.

And his pile of tree limbs stacked out by the garage, that have to be sawed up for his fireplace. The limbs he gets from a tree-trimmer friend, and brings home in his car.

It Sure Was Fun

And his bright white kitchen where you dawdle over breakfast, and the mailman who comes on a bicycle at 9:30 every morning, and the sunset at 5:30 over toward the beach, and the cool nights, and hot days, and the ease and peace and delight of everything.

So the days have gone by, and this is my official communique explaining why there are no columns about Los Angeles on this trip out west. I can only say in extenuation, as we push on again along the empty road, that the Inglewood grass is thoroughly sprinkled, the firewood is all sawed and stacked, the books are all read, the dishes are washed, and all the chairs are mighty well sat in.

Our Town

By Anton Scherrer

THIS IS POSITIVELY the last of the series dealing with the life and adventures of Morton Paterson, the newsboy with the loudest yelling voice in Indianapolis.

Yesterday's martial piece, you'll remember, ended with Morton's return to New York City. In 1939, after spending more than a year in Spain where he was supposed to be helping the Loyalists.

Well, soon as Morton got back he was seized with another urge to see Florida. Once before, you'll recall, he was on his way down there but only got as far as Norfolk where he signed up to carry a gun in Spain. This time, however, he let nothing get in the way and kept right on going until he reached Miami.

In Miami, so runs Morton's story, Ellis Hollums of The Herald took a shine to him. And apparently he approved of the kid, because when it came time to part, Mr. Hollums gave Morton a letter of introduction to Lawrence Johnson of the New York Times. In Savannah, on his way back to New York, Morton's boundless faith in human nature got another upset, with the result that one day he found his pants riddled of every penny he had. His baggage was gone, too. The sounder left him his pants, however, which was more than enough to keep his spirit up.

He Meets a Relative

In Norfolk, of all places, he fell for the Army again, except that this time it was the Salvation Army. It was during this period that Morton met a man who claimed to be his relative. What's more, that he was a real-for-sure first cousin of Hobart Bosworth. Sure, the same Mr. Bosworth who helped make "The Big Parade" the unforgettable picture it was.

The news that Morton might have Hollywood relatives of the caliber of the Bosworths surprised him like everything. Who wouldn't be surprised? And right then and there Morton made up his mind to forget all about the New York Times and hurry to

Through the mail one morning came a book from the East, called "The Golden Swan Murder." It is by a girl named Dorothy Cameron Disney, and some day I think I'll make myself a thousand bucks by writing a magazine piece about her. Because she is not only a friend of some 16 years' standing, but she is also eminently worth a magazine piece.

Dorothy's murder books scare me to death. This is her third. Her fourth is just about finished. Her greatest writing trouble is that she works out such airtight murder plots that when she comes to the end she can't solve them herself. But stay . . . in a minute I'll be telling you all the interesting stuff that should go into my magazine piece.

And while I'm making that thousand bucks, I might as well make another thousand by writing a magazine piece about her husband. His name is Milton MacKaye, and he and I were cubs together, and you see his name nowadays in practically all the magazines.

A Rugged Individualist

There's just one more story I want to tell. It's about a rugged individualist in Carmel, Cal. I went one morning into a little coffee shop in Carmel, and gave the waitress my breakfast order—orange juice, one egg medium-boiled, crisp bacon, dry toast and coffee.

The girl took the menu, looked at it, and said, "That would be No. 3, but No. 3 is a poached egg. You can't substitute."

So I said, airily but politely, "Well, I don't care whether it's No. 3 or No. 27. I'm not trying to substitute. I'm just ordering what I want."

And the girl said, "But the cook won't boil one egg. He'll poach one, but not boil one."

So I said, "Well, a man can get one boiled egg if he's willing to pay for it, can't he? How much is the breakfast I ordered if you make it a la carte?"

So the girl, looking extremely doubtful, disappeared into the kitchen to find out. In a little while she came out. She looked a little scared, and said:

"The cook won't boil one egg under any circumstances for any price!"

And so I left, my vexation completely overshadowed by my admiration for such a man.

Hollywood

It was on his way to Hollywood that Morton stopped off in Indianapolis. It was the first time he had been back since he ran away 11 years ago. Soon as he entered the town something tugged at his heart, and one evening he went out to E. Washington St. to have a look at his birthplace and the old neighborhood. He couldn't recognize a thing, he says. But in spite of that he liked the old town. For one thing, he made the discovery that of all the towns he had seen in the last 11 years—and remember that the kid had scoured the world—Indianapolis was the one town least hit by the depression.

Turns Financial Expert

To get going on his way to Hollywood, Morton started selling papers at the corner of Delaware and Market Sts. He hardly got started when a man with an office on the 12th floor of the Inland Building began kicking. He said he couldn't do a lick of work with Morton's penetrating voice loose on the corner. Morton says that's nothing. Without half trying he can make his voice reach the top of the highest building in Indianapolis.

Morton's Delaware St. stand got going good when the Senate started debating the Neutrality Bill. The kid knew exactly how to handle it and one noon started the whole City Market crowd by yelling "War time boom comes to the U. S.!" A man who happened along just then asked sarcastically whether by any chance the kid knew what stocks were going up. Sure, said Morton. And to prove it the very next morning he handed the man the names of 10 stocks. Believe it or not, seven of them made good. Which was why Morton moved a little closer to the pulse of the financial district.

His present stand at the southwest corner of Market and Pennsylvania Sts. nets him somewhere around \$25 a week, more than enough to keep him going. He doesn't know whether he is still on his way to Hollywood or not. He never plans anything ahead, not even the next minute. He is now working on a book-length novel with a plot the like of which nobody ever had the sense to think of. It's already half done.

Washington

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—And what of Herbert Hoover? Some of the best informed Republican Party leaders believe he is a candidate. That can be only their hunch, growing out of certain circumstances, but that they believe it is enough to make him a force in Republican affairs. Whether he could be nominated may be argued among Republican politicians, but none counts the influence that he can exert for or against various candidates.

Mr. Hoover is not tipping his hand except to urge upon those who seek his advice—and such are numerous indeed—that no one should be nominated unless he is for himself.

One thing does appear clear. Mr. Hoover, as the only living former President, is determined to keep the Republican Party loyal to the policies which he has advocated. This means opposition to any compromise with New Deal principles such as suggested by Kenneth Simpson, New York Republican National Committeeman.

In this, Mr. Hoover is, as he always has been, consistent. Stubbornly consistent. Never did he weaken, not even when all was lost save Maine and Vermont.

Cheered by Elections

Now the tides may have changed. Many Republican leaders think so. Fearful of what the war might do to domestic politics, they profess to be relieved at some of the local election results this week, seeing in their confirmation of the trend away from New Deal ideas which broke out in the general elections a year ago. In Philadelphia this week three Negro

wards which went for Mr. Roosevelt in 1936 by large majorities are back home in the Republican Party. New Jersey cities presented the Republicans with several new Mayors. Paterson, for instance, returned to a Republican Mayor after 12 years.

Republicans are losing no time in turning to account the decisive defeat of extreme old-age pension schemes in California and Ohio. Although the California pot-of-gold scheme was too raw even for old Dr. Townsend, a subtle effort is being made to represent this defeat as a setback for New Deal policies.

The Republican line is steadily to cultivate the idea that the country is moving in a conservative direction. Cultivate the idea that the country is going back, if not to Mr. Hoover himself, at least to his ideas.

The Republican Circles

That is where the mysterious mushroom organizations known as "Republican circles" come in. They are springing up throughout the West, from Denver to the Pacific Coast. Two men, friendly to Mr. Hoover, are organizing these "Republican circles" as they are called in groups of 20. Leading citizens of a community are selected on a nonpartisan basis. The names are not disclosed, except that of the secretary. Each member of the circle agrees to interest 20 others in forming similar circles in an endless-chain system. Each circle is pledged to support the "Hoover principles." These "Republican circles" are cutting into regular Republican Party organizations by drawing some complaint, especially from politicians who suspect that later on the Republican circles will turn their endorsement of Mr. Hoover principles into an endorsement of Mr. Hoover himself.

Why not? Republican leaders want Mr. Roosevelt to run for a third term. If the Republicans will nominate Mr. Roosevelt for a third term, then the Democrats will gladly nominate Mr. Hoover for a second term. The battle of 1932 can be fought all over again.



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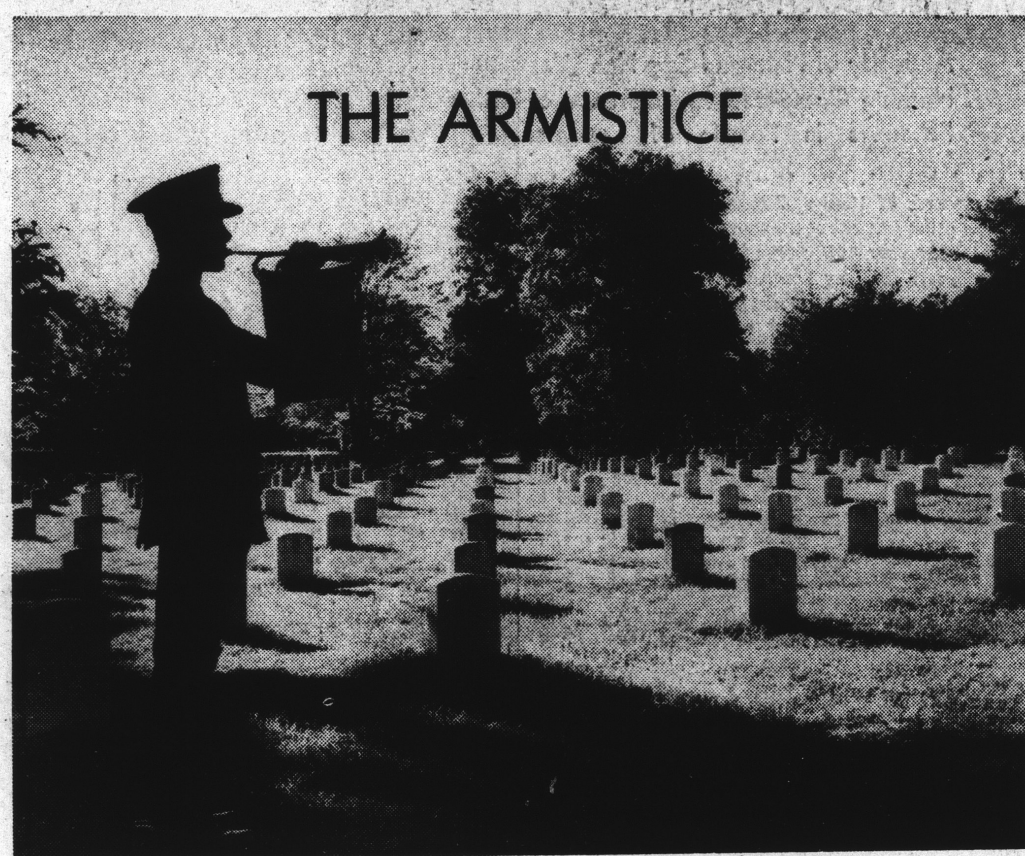
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Bugler sounding taps at Arlington National Cemetery.

Germans Meek, Foch Calm at 1st Meeting

By William Philip Simms

Scripps-Howard Foreign Editor

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.

—On the night of Nov.

7, 21 years ago, five mud-

spattered automobiles came

to a halt at the Belgian

town of Chimay, close by

the ruins of the once seven-

turreted castle of Croy.

In the cars, besides the

soldier-chauffeurs and mili-

tary aids, were four men

whose faces were like tragic

masks. But they did not cry

long. They were in a hurry and

still had far to go. They were

Secretary of State Erzberger, Maj.

Gen. von Winterfeldt, Minister

Count Oberndorf and Naval Cap-

tain Vanselow—the German mis-

sion on its way to surrender to

the Allies.

Crossing the lines during an

interval of "cease firing" the Ger-

mans reached the French front at

La Capelle and changed to the

French automobiles which they

found waiting. Thence on they

went, along muddy roads churned

up by shellfire and the passage

of countless army trucks, guns,

caissons and marching feet,

through Homblières to Tergnier,

where they were provided with a

sleeping car for the rest of the

journey.

At 11 a. m. on Nov. 8 the car in

which the German mission had

spent what was left of the night

came to a halt on a siding near a

crossroads at Rethondes, in the

forest of Compiègne. Fifty yards

away was another railway car—a

car which had arrived the night

before, to accommodate the mis-

sion of Marshal Ferdinand Foch,

commander-in-chief of the Allied

forces.

After a hasty breakfast the

Germans made their way to the

Marshall's car. Promptly at 9

o'clock, the appointed hour, a

brisk-moving little man with

white hair and mustaches en-

tered and saluted smartly. Be-

hind him were other officers.

Herr Erzberger, as head of his



Gen. Maxime Weygand . . . Foch's chief aid.



President Ebert . . . sought the Allies' best terms.

mission, introduced his colleagues and the Marshal presented him—the British Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, Rear Admiral Hope, and Foch's Chief of Staff, Gen. Weygand.

ERZBERGER handed over his credentials, which Marshal Foch examined.

"What," asked the Marshal, "is the object of your visit?"

OBERNDORF (interrupting): "We are here to receive from the Allied powers the propositions relative to the conclusion of an armistice on sea, land and in the air, on all fronts and in the colonies."

POCH (coldly): "I have no propositions to make."

OBERNDORF (interrupting): "We desire to find out what are the conditions under which the Allies would consent to an armistice."

POCH (rather sharply): "I have no conditions to make."

ERZBERGER (timidly): "Nevertheless, President Wilson."

POCH (breaking in): "I am here to listen to you, if you are asking for an armistice. . . . Are you asking for an armistice? . . . If you are asking it, I can let you know the conditions under which it can be obtained."

ERZBERGER and OBERNDORF (together): "Ja. . . ."

All the time this was going on, the entire group had remained standing. Now they sat down, at designated places around the long table down the middle of the car—the same table around which much of the strategy which had brought Germany to her knees had been worked out.

Gen. Weygand read the terms

of the Armistice as prepared by the Allies.

ERZBERGER: "May I communicate these propositions to my government?"

POCH: "You may send them by special courier."

ERZBERGER: "Owing to communication difficulties, I ask that the stipulated 72-hour limit for the reply be extended 24 hours."

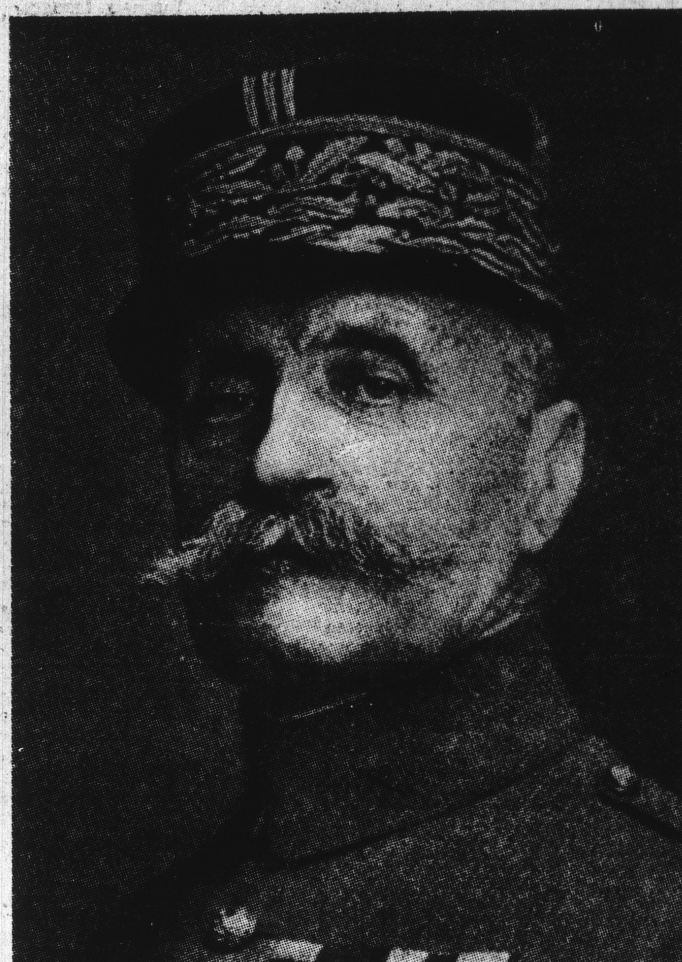
POCH (with an air of finality): "The time limit of 72 hours has been set by the Allied Governments. It must be maintained. I will await your reply until the 11th of November, at 11 o'clock in the morning, French time."

THROUGHOUT the Marshal had remained as calm as a statue. The British Admiral Wemyss toyed with his monocle. The Germans were in consternation, speechless. The meeting had lasted 45 minutes.

At once a cavalry officer, Capt. von Helldorf, one of Erzberger's aides, hurried off with the text which Gen. Weygand had just read. Even so, he had the utmost difficulty in reaching Spa, then the German headquarters.

Only 48 hours had passed since the mission had left Spa, but many cataclysmic things had happened to Germany in that brief span. The Kaiser had abdicated and was in flight. A republic had been proclaimed. Herr Ebert, the saddle-maker, had taken over as head of the new state. Revolution was beginning and the army was in rout.

With sinking hearts Ebert and his associates read the terms of the armistice. These were hard. They called for the occupation of



Marshal Ferdinand Foch, commander-in-chief of the Allied armies . . . outlined to the German mission the conditions under which the Allies would consent to an Armistice.

the left bank of the Rhine, non-liberation of prisoners of war, indemnification for war costs, the delivery of 5000 cannon, 25,000 machine guns, 3000 trench mortars, 1700 airplanes, 5000 locomotives, 150,000 railway cars, 5000 motor trucks, the entire battle fleet, evacuation of her colonies, and so on.

Ebert wirelessly his instructions to do all in his power to have the terms softened. Nevertheless the message ended significantly with these words:

"If you cannot obtain these attenuations, you must conclude an armistice just the same."

The second and last meeting between Germans and Allies took place in the railway car during the night of Nov. 10-11. It lasted until 5 o'clock in the morning, at which hour, in black despair, the Germans signed.

Germany was through—finished—beaten.

THAT was 21 years ago.

Today it is a different story. Today the second World War is on. Today German guns are thundering again almost within hearing distance of Foch's little old car in which the Armistice was signed.

I recite the above details of the signing of the Armistice for three reasons. First, they were not made known at the time, and since then most of us have been too busy watching the next war come on to go raking over the past.

Secondly, the details are absolutely authentic. They were related to me less than 90 days ago inside the very car where the Armistice was signed. The dialog was recorded by Herr Erzberger himself. I copied it down last August in the forest of Compiègne.

Thirdly, most of us need a reminder that since recorded history no war has ever ended in "lasting peace." Only in a truce. And unless civilization can develop more horse sense and reputation, character and general fitness are obtained.

Even then the appointment doesn't follow.

The applicant's name is put on an eligible list. When the time comes to make appointments those with the most outstanding record are chosen. Those become special agents at an annual salary of \$3200.

Such rigid standards result in greater security for American citizens. Crime records show that 95 per cent of all cases investigated by the FBI resulted in conviction. That record is unequalled by any other of the world's law enforcement agencies.

The total savings to citizens in property recovered, frauds defeated, and recoveries to the Government annually amount to seven times the total cost of operation of the FBI.

VALPARAISO OFFERS AUTHOR PRESIDENCY

Times Special

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