

## 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.

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.

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 induced me into suburban life. 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 communication explaining why there are no columns about Los Angeles on this trip out west. I am only saying in extenuation as we push on again along the sun-swept trail 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 Patterson, the newsboy with the loudest yelling voice in Indianapolis.

Yesterday's martial piece, you'll remember, ended with Morton's return to New York on Jan. 4, 1939, after spending more than a year in Spain where he was helping to be 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 rifled of every penny he had. His baggage was gone, too. The scoundrel 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

## 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 discounts 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 convention delegates be pledged to nobody. He definitely is working for no candidate unless it be 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 is 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 them 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

## My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

NEW YORK CITY, Friday.—The Florida State Music Teachers Association has a new and novel idea. Like all citizens of Florida, they feel that no one should be deprived of spending some part of the year in that state. They have started out, therefore, to get 20,000 professional musicians to become members of a club. The idea is that this "Musicians Club of America" will be maintained for the benefit of professional musicians.

Any surplus beyond expenses remaining in the club treasury will be used to support club members who have reached the age of 70 and who have no other means of support. It will also go toward providing a congenial home for retired musicians who may not be in need and who wish to pay something for their support, but cannot afford, perhaps, to be in such a pleasant climate or in as comfortable surroundings as this club membership will give them.

Miss Bertha Foster, who started this idea, is head

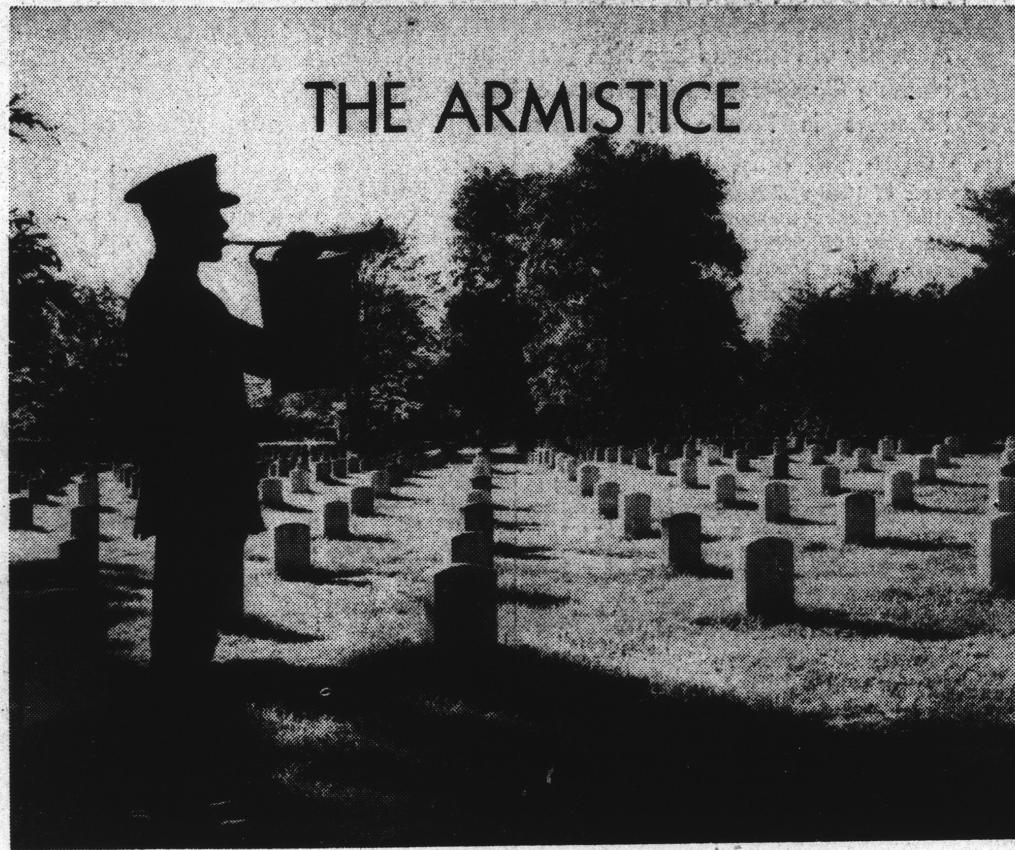
of the Conservatory of Music at the University of Miami, Coral Gables, Fla. She apparently is going to be rewarded by seeing it bear fruit.

I know of a number of other places which have been established to give artists an opportunity to live comfortably with as little anxiety and cost to themselves as possible. The MacDowell Foundation in New Hampshire is one such place, and "Yaddo," established by the late Mrs. George Foster Peabody on her estate at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., is another.

I have been receiving of late a number of appeals begging that I assist artists who are no longer young. Others beg that I try to obtain a hearing of some kind for some young artist. Of course, when the arts flourished in the old days, it was sufficient for an artist to have a rich patron and then to develop under the protection of his important sponsor. All nobles had their pet artists in many lines who painted pictures for them, wrote books and verses about them, or played music for their pleasure. Today, for the most part, this method of developing and protecting art has passed out of existence and I am wondering if the WPA art projects may not take their places.

Instead of one noble, it is now the people of the United States who give protection to artists.

## THE ARMISTICE



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-splattered 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-chefs and military aids, were four men whose faces were like tragic masks. But they did not tarry long. They were in a hurry and had far to go. They were to the Allies.

ERZBERGER handed over his credentials, which Marshal Foch examined.

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

ERZBERGER (stiffly): "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."

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

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

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

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

FOCH (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): "Ha...!"

All the time this was going on, the entire group had remained standing. Now they sat down, at the round table around 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

mission, introduced his colleagues and the Marshal presented his—

the British Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, Rear Admiral Hope, and Foch's Chief of Staff, Gen. Weygand.

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

FOCH: "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."

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

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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.

TODAY the whole world is wondering when and under what conditions the next truce will be arranged.

When I stood in the Marshal's rolling office less than three months ago, I could not help thinking that there was a spot which Adolf Hitler would give much to see pulverized. Today, it may happen. I would not be surprised any time now to read that Germany's bombers had blown to smithereens this national shrine of France, which to Germany is a reminder of defeat.

The Armistice is now 21 years old. Peace has come of age and left for parts unknown. Today two major wars are one—in Europe, the other in Asia. Almost half the population of the globe are involved, directly or indirectly, and the rest of us are afraid that we, too, may be sucked in.

Along the Maginot and Siegfried lines some 3,000,000 men are facing each other out-sparring like heavyweights before they settle down to slugging.

France and Britain, chief victors of 21 years ago, are now on the defensive. Germany is up again and to their throats, spurred on by one of the weird figures in history—Herr Hitler, former wallpaper hanger, mystic and man of hysterical moods whom nobody quite understands.

And behind Hitler is yet another figure, as sinister as any known to the world since Attila, the Hun—figure to match Ivan the Terrible when it comes to ruthlessness, and to make Machiavelli a tyro when there is double-crossing or somersaulting to be done. Joseph Stalin's shadow falls longer and longer—and blacker—across Europe.

Thirdly, most of us need a reminder that since recorded history no war has ever ended in "lasting peace." Only in a true, lasting peace can civilization develop more horse sense and find a way to make peace permanent, it will destroy itself. For no matter how badly beaten great nations may be, they have a way of getting back on their feet and seeking revenge against the victors of yesterday.

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, copied it to the world.

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WHAT lies ahead is anybody's guess. What Hitler and Stalin are scheming nobody knows. Yesterday, in all the vocabulary of billingsgate, they could not find epithets insulting enough to apply to each other. Today they are buddies, apparently bent on dividing Europe between them.

CITY WORKS BOARD STUDIES ESPLANADE

The Works Board today was trying to solve the E. 32d St. esplanade problem which has given City Hall a headache for six months.

Residents of the street between Central Ave. and Delaware St. complain that trucks and motor busses are driven on the esplanade when cars are parked along the curb or trucks are making deliveries.

Board members ordered City Engineer M. G. Johnson to query residents whether they wanted the esplanade removed, the street widened or the City Council to ban parking on both sides of the street.

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

1—Where is the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes?

2—How many avoidable pounds are in one short ton?

3—Which is the nickname of the "Apache State"?

4—What is the correct pronunciation of the word "destitute"?

5—Which President of the U. S. first occupied the White House in Washington?

6—What is kleptomania?

Answers

1—Alaska.

2—2,000.

3—Arizona.

4—Des-ti-tute; not des-i-tute.

5—John Adams.

6—The name for impulsive stealing