

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

BALBOA, Canal Zone, Jan. 31.—The nearly 4000 white Americans who form the permanent staff of the Panama Canal are almost a race apart. It is a hard thing to describe, and they themselves will describe it in a thousand different ways, all trying to say the same thing.



Nearly all of us in the States are held by need and circumstance just as firmly to the grindstone as are these people in the Canal Zone. Yet there is something different. We THINK we can quit our job and go romancing for another. And they KNOW they cannot.

They have surrendered the important quality of egotism—the eternal conviction that you could do it better than the other guy.

They have given up personal ambition, natural instincts of competition, all the lovely mystery of life, for a security that gives them a life of calm and a vague discontent.

And almost in love, there is no mystery for them to look forward to.

One of their own, who sees them clearly, has called them "stall-fed." They have traded off the spirit of living to insure themselves security. They are voluntary convicts in a lovely penitentiary.

Some friends and I were sitting one evening over a glass of beer. We were dressed in white suits, we were warm, we had money in our pockets. If we clapped our hands, a Negro boy would come running. Around us were palm trees, and beautiful scenery, and the teeming of peoples from all points of the world coming and going.

Same Old Routine

Yet these friends were melancholy. There was in them a vague regret. They knew that 20 years from now they would still be sitting here in the evening after work, drinking beer possibly from the same glasses, talking the same talk.

They knew almost exactly what they would be making, and they could drive around and pick out almost the very house they would be living in after accumulating 25 years' seniority.

Their lives have been so arranged that the only possibility of anything different, anything startling, any change of any kind is a physical accident of some kind!

Now you might say that that's what we're all striving for—security, and the sooner the better.

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Mr. Vieira covered the subject from soup to nuts which is to say from prehistoric times to the state of hair culture around here in the Seventies—not only historically I would have you know, but critically as well. Mr. Vieira knew every worthwhile barber shop in the country and the fact that he did sheds considerable light on how he spent his time before coming to Indianapolis. As early as 1865, for instance, he worked for Antonio M. Delight, the "Prince of Barbers," who had a 12-chair shop at Lake and Clark Sts., Chicago. Tony's charge for a shave was 6 cents, for a haircut 12 cents, for curling 25 cents, and the same price for a shampoo.

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Washington

By Raymond Clapper

AMARILLO, Tex., Jan. 31.—I have heard close friends of certain Republican Presidential candidates suggest that farmers are tired of so much Federal control and regimentation, and that it might be exceedingly popular politically to repeal practically the entire program of Roosevelt farm aid.

That might be popular with farmers in Ohio, Illinois and some of the more self-sustaining agricultural sections in the North Central states, although the protest from the Corn Belt when Senator Robert A. Taft proposed abolishing corn loans suggested that a wholesale repeal policy wouldn't go over there.

As for the plains country—including the Texas Panhandle, western Oklahoma, western Kansas, eastern Colorado and eastern New Mexico, such a program would be a sentence of economic death. Perhaps people should never have settled in such areas. But they are here and must be helped.

The youngest member of the American history and demanded that I explain how Dolly Madison had cut the portrait of George Washington out of its frame when the British burned the White House. Stage children always seem to me precocious and more interested in intellectual things than the average child.

Some one asked me the other day if I would please give, in my column, the recipe for yams baked in oranges which we had for lunch. Since it is quite simple and I think many people may enjoy it, I give it here below, though if you want to look it up for yourself, it was contributed by Mrs. S. R. Ombres and

can be found in her cookbook: "Katch's Kitchen."

Cut the top off six small oranges and with a spoon scrape out all the pulp. Wash six sweet potatoes and boil in salt water until soft. Drain and peel them. Mash them well with a potato masher, add three to five tablespoons of cream and two tablespoons of butter, a little grated orange peel (orange part only) salt to taste, a little orange juice and two tablespoons of sugar and beat until fluffy. Put the oranges with their tops and bake until lightly browned on top.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gray reached us yesterday afternoon and their description of driving up from the sunny South sounds anything but pleasant. The roads were snowy and icy. They found themselves marooned in a snowbank and, when they got out, proceeded with great caution to counting at least 20 trucks overturned by the wayside and others marooned in snowbanks. I was glad to have them safely here, but feel a little sorry for the people who are searching for warmth in Florida at the present time, for they tell me it was extremely chilly there.

This is a quiet morning for me, but the house is all agog, for at noon today a galaxy of movie stars will come for luncheon and beforehand there must be photographs and movies taken. For the first time, the President is going to lunch with us, which is a compliment to these young entertainers, for except on a Saturday or a Sunday, I have never before been able to lure him to luncheon, even on his birthday.

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

WASHINGTON, Tuesday.—I had no space to tell you that on Sunday night we went to see a performance of "Life With Father," which was donated by the management and the cast to the Birthday Ball Celebration Fund. I knew that the President would greatly enjoy this play. While he no longer rocks with laughter as some of the younger people do, he appreciated all the fine points. When the cast came to supper with us after the performance, he told them how much he had enjoyed it.

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Not Said in Criticism

It is not right to criticize the system that causes this. As massive a thing as the administration of the Panama Canal has to be run this way. And on the other hand, it is wrong to criticize the people who have made these cogs of themselves. Personally, I would go frantic within six months if my life were planned and ordered like theirs, but I'm not saying they've done wrong.

My only criticism is that they aren't very proud of themselves. If I've talked to one I've talked to a dozen who have that inner feeling of contempt for themselves.

It is a vague thing—such a man merely knows that his life is good with the material things, and he is secure and well-fed, and yet he isn't content. He feels he has done something wrong to his soul.

And maybe, on second thought, he has. Maybe his uneasy displeasure with himself is the only hope left in human character. Maybe if all 130,000,000 of us could tomorrow turn ourselves over to this great security of the state, there wouldn't be any American people left but merely 130,000,000 cogs dependent on the State.

And maybe, if we could only know, a startling majority of our 130,000,000 have found life too tough and would run like the rats of Hamelin to the luscious graveyard of Being Taken Care Of, if they had the opportunity.

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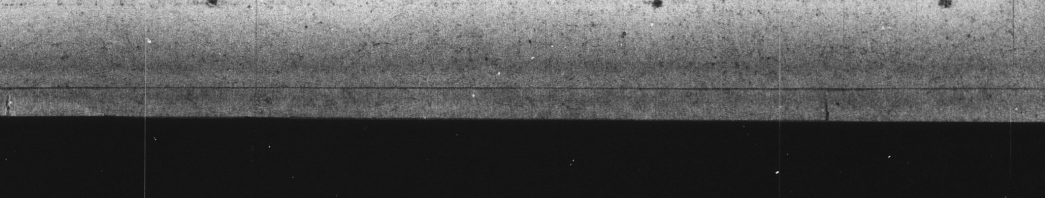
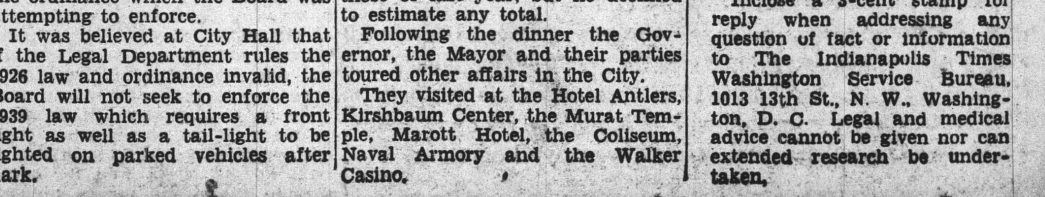
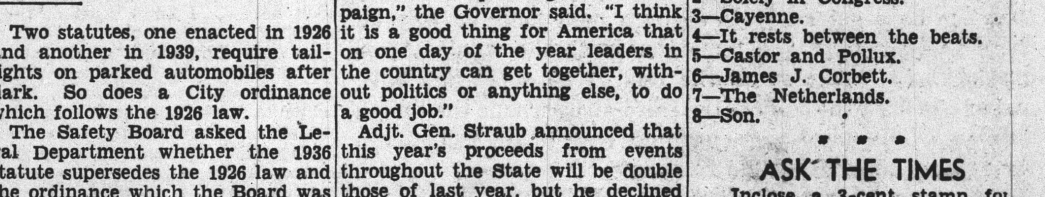
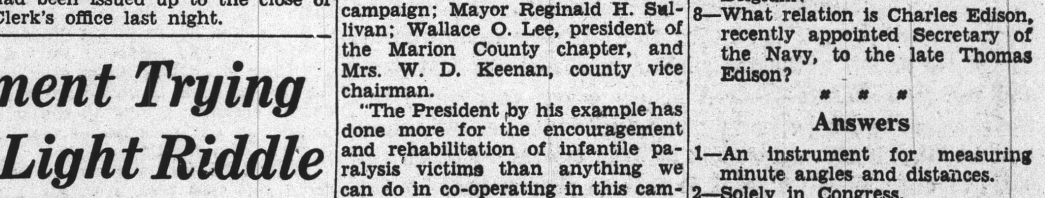
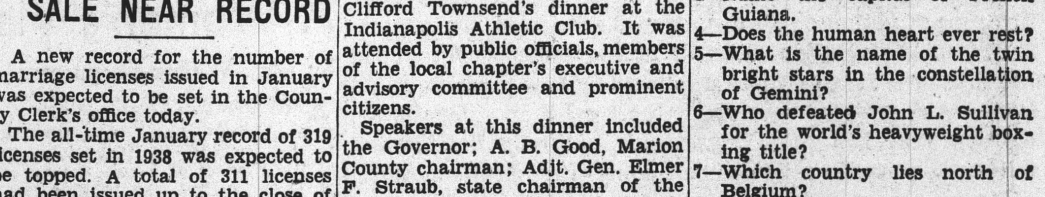
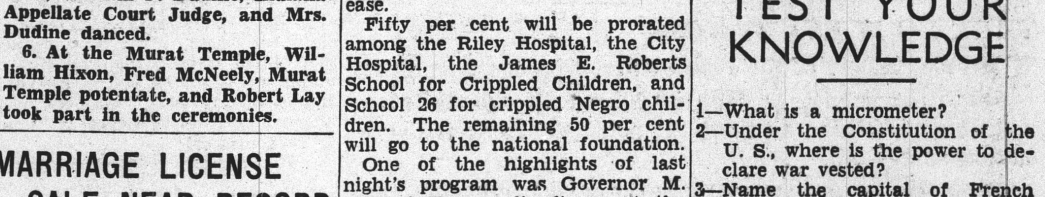
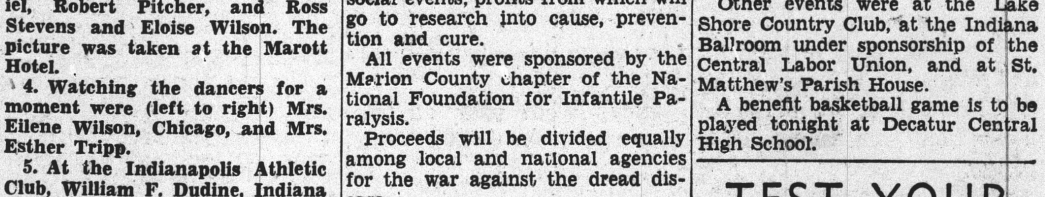
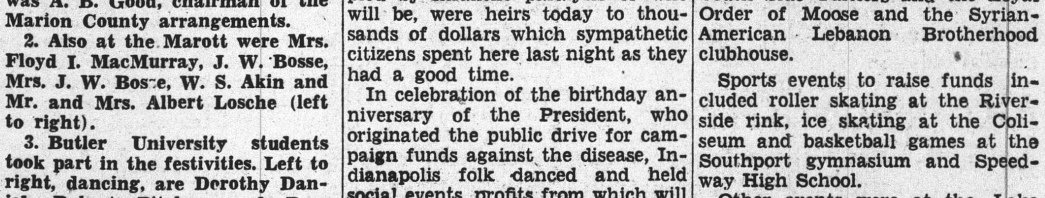
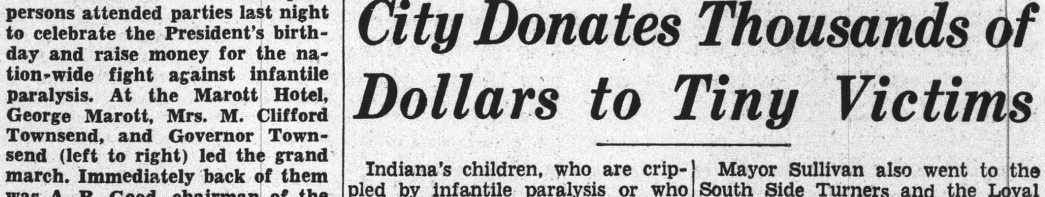
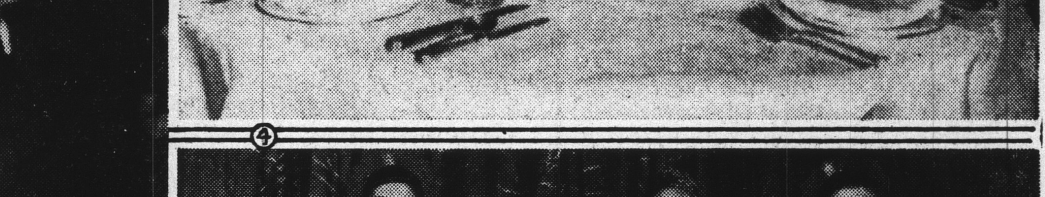
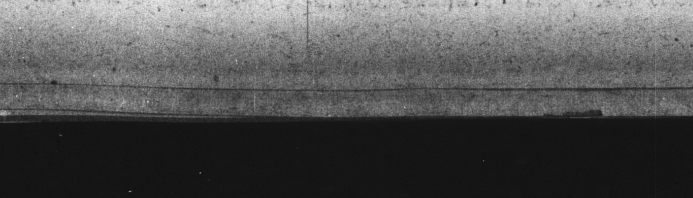
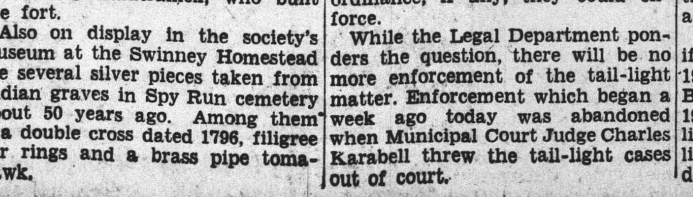
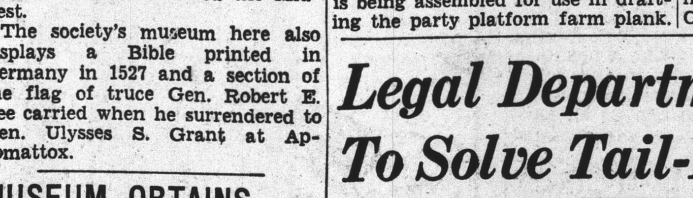
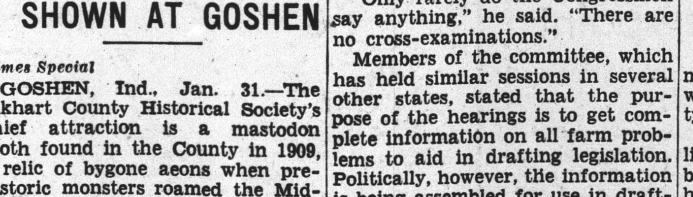
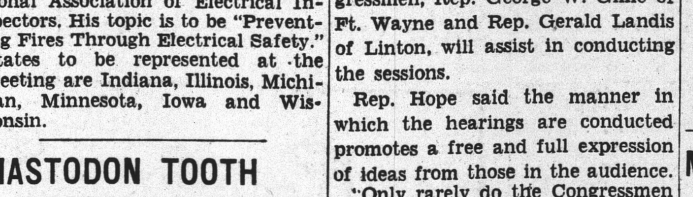
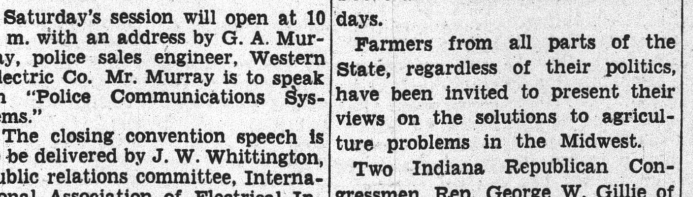
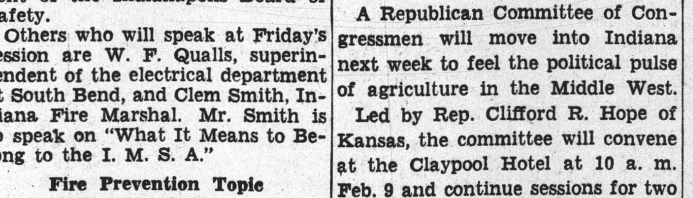
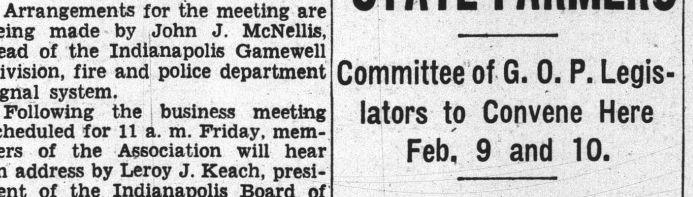
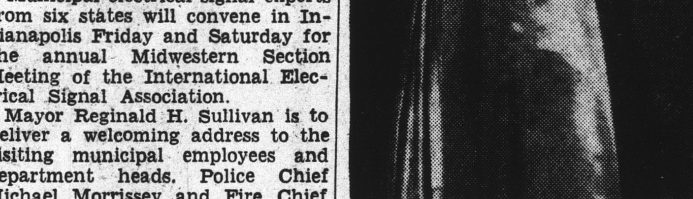
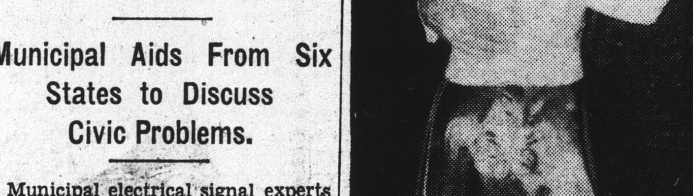
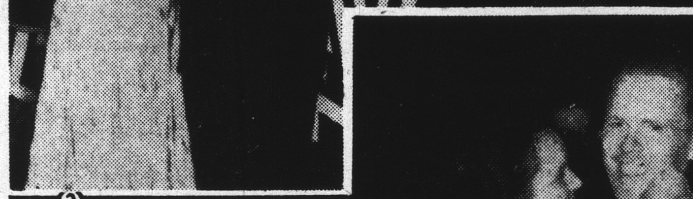
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Dancers Here Help Swell Fund to Battle Paralysis



SIGNAL EXPERTS CONVENE FRIDAY

Municipal electrical signal experts from six states will convene in Indianapolis Friday and Saturday for the annual Midwestern Section Meeting of the International Electrical Signal Association.

Mayor Reginald H. Sullivan is to deliver a welcoming address to the visiting municipal employees and department heads. Police Chief Michael Morrissey and Fire Chief Fred C. Kennedy, also are to speak at the opening session on Friday.

Problems of police communications system and other municipal electrical signal work will be discussed at the two-day meeting, which is to be held at the Hotel Severin.

Keach to Be Speaker

Arrangements for the meeting are being made by John J. McNellis, head of the Indianapolis Gamewell Division, fire and police department signal system.

Following the business meeting scheduled for 11 a. m. Friday, members of the Association will hear an address by Leroy J. Keach, president of the Indianapolis Board of Safety.

Others who will speak at Friday's session are W. F. Qualls, superintendent of the electrical department at South Bend, and Clem Smith, Indiana Fire Marshal. Mr. Smith is to speak on "What It Means to Be a Fire Prevention Topie."

Saturday's session will open at 10 a. m. with an address by C. A. Murray, police sales engineer, Western Electric Co. Mr. Murray is to speak on "Police Communications Systems."

The closing convention speech is to be delivered by J. W. Whittington, public relations committee, International Association of Electrical Inspectors. His topic is to be "Preventing Fires Through Electrical Safety."

States to be represented at the meeting are Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin.

MASTODON TOOTH SHOWN AT GOSHEN

GOSHEN, Ind., Jan. 31.—The Elkhart County Historical Society's chief attraction is a mastodon tooth found in the County in 1909, a relic of bygone aeons when prehistoric monsters roamed the Midwest.

The society's museum here also displays a Bible printed in Germany in 1527 and a section of the flag of the Union of 1863, a relic of the Civil War.

Also on display in the society's museum at the Swinney Homestead are several silver pieces taken from Indian graves in Spy Run cemetery about 50 years ago. Among them is a double cross dated 1796, filigree ear rings and a brass pipe tomahawk.

FT. WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 31.—The Allen County-Ft. Wayne Historical Society has purchased manuscripts relating to Zebulon Pike, who commanded old Ft. Wayne, and Maj. J. Francis Hamtramck, who built the fort.

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