

Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

GOLD HILL, Ore., Feb. 14.—For several years travelers have been writing me that the next time I passed through southern Oregon I must stop and see the "House of Mystery," in which everything leans to the north. So this time I did. I explored it, I sniffed, peeked, measured, balanced and sighted—and everything does lean to the north, including people.

This "House of Mystery" is about halfway between Grant's Pass and Medford, and four miles off U. S. Highway 99. It is operated as a tourist attraction. They charge 30 cents a person.

John Lister, a chemical engineer, retired 12 years ago because of ill health, moved up here and devoted his talents to getting this spooky phenomenon in shape for public presentation.

Lister now lives a few miles farther up the creek. He keeps a guide and caretaker here beside the House of Mystery—in an unmythical cabin of his own—to guide tourists.

The House of Mystery is an old frame building that was once an assay office. Some 30 years ago it sort of leaned over and slid part way down the hillside.

The building sits in the center of a 125-foot circle, and anywhere within this circle everything acts funny. Trees lean north, bubble-levels won't work, plumb-lines don't hang straight, people's heights aren't the same. It's enough to drive a man nuts.

It's Hard to Believe

THEY NEVER DID get it over to me exactly what causes it all. You'd assume there was a body of ore directly underneath that exerted a strong magnetic pull; but they say that isn't it.

Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

PROFILE OF THE WEEK: Howard Scott Morse, head man at the Water Company, all round sports enthusiast and, appropriately enough, "a water witch." It was just about a year ago that he walked into his office carrying a forked stick and, in the

presence of numerous skeptics proceeded to give a demonstration. The stick never wavered until it was over the drinking fountain where it twitched so violently it nearly got away from him. It did the same thing above a fire plug. That established his reputation.

At last to his own satisfaction. Howard Morse's close friends call him Scotty. He's 60, stands 5 feet, 7, and weighs probably 160. He has well-developed shoulders from canoe paddling. His dark, bushy eyebrows contrast markedly with his almost white hair—what there is of it. His complexion is fair. Born in the East, he still retains an eastern twang, says "ideal" and "Cincinnati."

At his desk he wears glasses which he takes off and puts on a dozen times during a conversation. When he's thinking, he sometimes takes one of those bushy, black eyebrows between thumb and forefinger and wrestles it around his forehead. He follows a statement with an inquiring: "Huh?"

Just an Average Golfer

Ordinarily he's rather serious but he has a sly sense of humor. He often kids in such a serious vein that the person being kidded doesn't know it. He's even tempered, as a rule. When his indignation is aroused he gets quiet and analytical, rather than noisy and demonstrative.

It would be difficult to name a sport in which he isn't interested. He likes hunting, fishing, football, basketball, hockey, often takes the family to baseball games. He's still proud of the fact he and his son, Dan, now a young engineer at Allison's, once won the father and son tennis tourney at Culver. He manages an occasional nine holes of golf on an evening, with his wife as his partner. Usually he breaks 100.

One of his favorite sports is canoeing, at which he excelled in his youth. He keeps a canoe on White River and loves to paddle up the river before breakfast Sunday mornings and other times when the motor boats aren't too thick. His other prime favorite is "roughing it" on camping trips with his scientific Club pals. If he had the time, he'd practically live in the Great Smokies.

Worked in the Wild West

Howard Morse has a background of municipal research and engineering. Born at Dedham, Mass., he got his degree at M. I. T., taught there a year and then spent four years on irrigation construction in the wilds of Montana and North Dakota. That was shortly after the turn of the Century, and it started his love of outdoor life. Successively he served as sewage engineer for Louisville and then Cincinnati, directed Cincinnati's Municipal Research Bureau, moved to the Detroit bureau, then to Akron as public service director, next as the Goodyear labor department manager, and as the Akron school business manager. That brings him up to 1925 when he came here to head the Water Co. as vice president and general manager.

He's deeply interested in civic problems. Give him a civic job to do and hell and high water won't stop him. He's prompt, and thinks luncheon meetings should end promptly at 1:30 p. m. By then it's time for business men to get back to work, he insists.

Likes His Own Product

He makes it a point to know everybody employed by the company, likes to wander around and chat with them. He was pleased once when an employee at the Riverside Plant stopped him and firmly insisted on seeing his permit to visit the plant.

One of his favorite relaxations is cribbage. He likes baked beans, and pines; smokes cigars at his office and a pipe on trips. On the corner of his desk he keeps a water-jug from which he takes a swig now and then. He's so sold on his own product that he takes an ice cold shower in it each morning.

He likes tweed clothing and Scotch plaid ties; seldom bothers to wear a vest. Sometimes he shows up at the office, in the summer, wearing a short-sleeved sport shirt.

Driving to work, he often picks up strangers, likes to get them to talking. Last year a young woman who had just missed a bus frantically stopped him and asked to ride downtown. En route she explained she was late to work and was afraid she'd lose her job.

"Where do you work?" he inquired. "At the Convention Bureau," she replied.

"Well, then your job's safe," he smiled. "I happen to be the president of the bureau."

Washington

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—As an academic statement of the theoretical possibilities, it is accurate, I suppose, to say that we can lose the war.

But the realistic fact is that we won't lose the war. First, I know we won't lose the war when I see something like the Chrysler tank arsenal and know that the same miracle of war production is being wrought over and over again in many parts of the country. I know it is a mathematical certainty that we shall far outdo the Axis.

Second, do you know any American who is ready to give up until the war is won? Everything I hear is the other way.

Third, MacArthur and his men, and the men at Wake Island, have set an example of courage and skillful fighting that will be the pattern of American fighting and its inspiration throughout this war. All American fighting forces will make it their business to live up to the heroic level which has been set in these opening engagements.

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But this war is going on. It is going on until the

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Friday.—One of my old friends remarked yesterday that it was a curious thing how willing we are to ask artists to contribute their time, their money and their talents for charitable and civic purposes, and yet we will not concede that they have a right to take part in a broad effort of preparation for war on a paid, or an unpaid basis.

It doesn't seem exactly a generous attitude on the part of the public, does it?

This is, of course, merely a prelude to saying that I am delighted that Mr. Melvyn Douglas is to make it possible for many people in the artistic professions, who have offered their services in the war effort, actually to do things which will contribute to the morale of the nation.

The gentlemen who spoke so harshly about him seem not to be aware of the fine work which Mr. and Mrs. Douglas have done in the migrant camps in

Our young guide, named Charles Taylor, started us out by putting my friend and me on opposite ends of a level concrete slab. My friend was considerably shorter than I, and my eye-level rested just on top of his hat.

Then the guide had us change places—and I'm telling you my friend was about six inches taller than he was before, and my eye-level was on his chin. He said I looked shorter.

Then we went into the Mystery House itself. The floor is very slanting. Of course that gives you a sense of unbalance. But furthermore you get the sensation that the whole place is moving. Tourists actually get seasick standing perfectly still in there.

Baffles the Scientists

THEN OUR GUIDE took an old broom, and kept balancing it until it finally stood there all by itself. And do you think that freely balanced broom was standing straight up and down? It was not. It was leaning over at an angle! Everything in the circle leans at 7½ degrees.

The guide says lots of scientists come here for a look. He says big scientists are easy to deal with, and are grave about it. He says it's usually high-school science teachers who are so smart and yell it's all done with mirrors.

The last phenomenon came as we walked down toward the entrance. It was a steep slope. During the first few yards you felt your weight heavily and had to hold back, as you do going down any hill.

And then all of a sudden, at a given spot, you suddenly felt freed, you didn't have to hold back, and it was like walking on level ground—although you were still going downhill!

Don't ask me what it's all about. I wouldn't know. The guide kept saying something about a demonstration of the basic principles of relativity. If I stayed around long I'd soon be demonstrating all the fundamental principles of schizophrenia.

Peace to His Ashes—This Guy Had What It Took'

Navy Pays Full Tribute To Man Who Shot It Out With American Destroyer

By ROBERT J. CASEY

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WITH THE PACIFIC FLEET AT SEA, Feb. 14.—The officer on the signal bridge took a last look at the stretch of blue water where one unidentified Japanese—accompanied by a lot of other unidentified Japanese—had just died. And he laid down his glasses.

"If Japan ever gets around to putting up a statue for that guy," he said, "I'll contribute—and so will the rest of the United States Navy."

"Peace to his ashes," commented the marine sergeant at the five-inch gun. "He had what it took."

After that nobody said anything much because the main battery had begun to fire, and waves and currents of sound were shaking the ship and beating in one's ears. But none needed to say anything.

It was the unanimous sentiment of everybody, probably including the skipper of the destroyer now cruising off beyond the end of the island on a dubious quest for possible living among the certain dead.

Dawn and Bombers

THE FLEET, as you know, had come to this dangerous corner before sunrise after an audacious drive at high speed through the submarine zone which had been looked on as the main defense of this region.

It had spread out for the elimination of the Japanese bases on the Gilbert and Marshall Islands. Squared on schedule our unit had slipped over to the edge of possible mine fields and steamed slowly, momentarily awaiting bombing planes—bombers planes and light enough to shoot by.

The gunnery officer stood looking now at his stop watch, now at the moon, yellow and blatant and presently at the shadowy line forming on the starboard horizon. The cloudy sky in the east became streaked with bands of soiled white dimming to black in the north where the sea was still hazy and mysterious.

The bombers came. We could not see them but the red glare of bursting bombs flashed unsteadily against the dark sky over the atoll. After awhile the thumping, unreal noise of explosions came back to us. The gunnery officer took another look at his watch. The sun was coming up fast now. In a moment a man could see what he was doing. In a moment it would be the zero hour—or its modern equivalent—

Then out of the puffy cloud-bank to the north came one small plane, a Japanese patrol boat, low, shapely, and less beautiful than the average tuna-smack. It was obviously bound for the lagoon somewhere over there under the fading moon, on some prosaic errand such as the quest for dried fish and rice for the evacuation order, Washington loaned Chungking another \$100,000,000 as soon as Tokyo granted recognition to the puppet Nanking regime.

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This "New Order" means Japanese military and political domination of the whole of the eastern part of the mainland of Asia, and similar domination of as many of the colonies and islands southward of China as Japan may be able to grab from nations feeble by the war in Europe.

It means economic monopolies end of possibilities for freedom or autonomy for any of the aspiring peoples of the Far East. Japan may reiterate her intentions to bring "independence" and the end of the white man's domination in East Asia, but no one will believe in the sincerity and these announced intentions when the cases of Korea and of Manchukuo are considered.

New Order Defined

PRINCE FUMIMARO KONOYE, in December, 1938, during his first term as Premier, defined this "New Order" in a statement that, previous to being made public, had been approved at a secret meeting of the Imperial Conference. He began by announcing a firm resolve to carry on the war until the "complete extermination" of the "anti-Japanese Kuomintang," and then to found a "New Order" together with those far-sighted Chinese who share our ideals and aspirations.

Japan, China and Manchukuo, the Premier said, would be united by the common aim of neighborly amity, economic co-operation and a common defense against communism. China, he said, must join with Japan, Germany and Italy in the Anti-Communist Pact. In order to make the proposed alliance secure, Japanese troops

must be "stationed at specific points," and Inner Mongolia must be designated as "a special anti-communist area."

As to economic relations, China, said the Prince, would be "asked to limit her interests" to those third powers "who grasp the meaning of this new East Asia and are willing to act accordingly."

A dark prospect, apparently, for the economic future in the Far East of those who do not accept Japanese definitions!

Life-Giving Sword

NOT UNTIL after Germany had conquered much of Scandinavia, overwhelmed the Low Countries and forced France to a surrender did the Japanese "New Order in East Asia" plan broaden to include more than Japan, Manchukuo and occupied China. On June 28, 1940, however, Hachiro Arita, then Foreign Minister, broadcast a statement envisioning Japan as heading and controlling an enormous aggregation of satellite states in East Asia and the South Seas.

Mr. Arita, by implication framing a new Monroe Doctrine for the Far East, said with reference to the eastern Asiatic mainland and the South Seas: "The uniting

pair of shells close to his stern; there was one white fountain, then some black smoke. After that only one yellow flash on the port side marked the little guy's answer.

The little guy's speed was still exceptional and his ship was under control when he swung it about to dodge what should have been a knockout from the destroyer.

The ungainly shape and low deck of his craft saved him then—a brace of shots that at the same distance would have knocked a hole in a cruiser chipped some more stuff off the deckhouse and failed to explode till it hit the sea beyond.

Fine Day for Battle

THE JAP'S twisting movement had been completed before the destroyer fired again. That salvo was a straddle over and short and it told everybody including the skipper just how close the finish was. Despite that he let off both starboard guns once for very close shots before the next shell from the destroyer silenced them both.

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The next salvo from the tin can hit him somewhere amidships. The ship dissolved and the destroyer steamed swiftly over the turbulent water to pick up the survivors. There were no survivors.

The sun had struggled from its cloud of wrappings. The light was strong and the heat was rolling up from somewhere. One of the big ships of this unit had moved in with her turrets pointed toward the feather-trimmed reef. The guns went off in the distant silence and the blue water leaped up in the lagoon. It was going to be a fine day for a battle.

CASEY'S CONCLUSIONS

Robert J. Casey, who yesterday wrote an eye-witness account of the raids on Marshall and Gilbert Islands, here tells about a meeting between a U. S. destroyer and a Japanese patrol boat.

Mr. Casey, at the close of his dispatches, summed up his reaction to the raids in the following fashion:

"Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor proved merely that some officers, who believed that the rules of gentlemanly conduct still existed between the nations, were caught off watch."

"Not even a blind shogun thinks such an attack could ever get started again in Hawaii."

"The blasting of the Marshalls, however, demonstrates that the Marshalls can just as easily be blasted again tomorrow, or can be occupied tomorrow, or can be used tomorrow as a stepping stone in a general smash at Japan."

"Bases that were scattered to make their destruction impossible, now turn out to be too well scattered to be defended. A fleet that was supposed to be on the bottom proves to be afloat and adequate."

"What the United States wants to do in this part of the Pacific, it is now fairly evident the United States can do."

Date With Destiny

WE KNEW THERE were human beings on the destroyer because we had met and chimed with them—but not until afterwards did it occur to us that there might be something besides springs and wheels and boilers in the galloping tub that our tin can was pursuing—that a skipper with considerable skill and resourcefulness and no lack of guts

down into a battle—not only a battle, squarely onto the course of a destroyer which promptly raked it with two forward guns and set out on the chase with great white plumes tumbling over its plunging bows.

The destroyer, up against gunpower capable of sinking it on a direct hit, swept south and east trying to get on a course parallel to the fugitive and close enough to finish it off—but not too close. Billows of yellow vapor came back over the "tin can" as it gave the Japs a pretty demonstration of ranging fire.

Meantime the Jap wasn't doing such a bad job himself. There was not much time to go into the details of this spectacle at the moment. We were engaged in a job so unusual as to be fantastic and on the edge of our real battleground a couple of ships were tossing dynamite at each other in a sort of preliminary bout. We didn't stop to figure what the crew was doing or thinking on either of these ships.

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JAPAN Unmasked

By HALLETT ABEND

Chapter XII—Subterfuge, Hypocrisy

THE JAPANESE public, and the Government, too, were startled at the first American reaction to the signing of the Tri-partite Pact, which was to send special ships to the Far East and to advise all Americans to leave Japan, occupied China, Manchukuo, Korea, Formosa, Hongkong and French Indo-China. The public had been told that when Japan signed with Germany and Italy, the United States would modify its policies in Japan's favor. Instead, following the evacuation order, Washington loaned Chungking another \$100,000,000 as soon as Tokyo granted recognition to the puppet Nanking regime.

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other side is licked. The longer it goes on, the closer comes the day of inevitable defeat for Germany and Japan.

Because the longer the war goes on, the more telling will be the blows from this fresh country against the weary, thinly spread spider web of the Axis. Ford's Willow Run bomber plant will, a few months hence, be turning