

I have just bet an additional \$90,000 that Indianapolis is the best town in America

In spite of the contemptible little handful of municipal matricides, who spend their time sneaking around for a chance to stab Indianapolis in the back—this town is headed straight for a MILLION POPULATION, and you can't STOP HER. I have just put up NINETY THOUSAND DOLLARS more on that proposition—ninety thousand that I made right here in Indianapolis feeding Indianapolis people on good Indianapolis food. What do you think of my judgment? Am I FARSIGHTED, or am I just a plain FOOL?

THE way to find out is to watch the WHITE restaurant. If it keeps on growing and I eventually have to bet another ninety or a hundred thousand on still further EXPANSION in order to keep the sidewalk cleared in front of my place—then my belief in the future of Indianapolis is JUSTIFIED. If my business shrinks the knockers win. Meanwhile the steam tables, over at our place, are still hot; and a steady stream of people rolls in and out, in and out—A CONSTANT REBUKE to the ANVIL CHORUS—a constant PROPHECY of the great Indianapolis that is TO BE.

Decoration Day we fed FOUR THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED PEOPLE—and every mouth was satisfied—no kick on price nor on the quality of the food—not a SINGLE WHIMPER. Nobody went away feeling JIPPED. They paid six cents for six cents worth—NOT TEN. And they ate in an undisturbed and appetizing atmosphere of QUIET and REPOSE—no sweating waiters, no swinging doors crashing into loaded trays, no screaming down food chutes. Just the nerve soothing strains of a little good music and food—REAL FOOD. Which leads me to stand up and utter a heartfelt word of praise for CARL FISHER and JIM ALLISON. I was only one of the many who BENEFITED from that wonderful crowd. The fact that the world's greatest SPEEDWAY is here and that we still have the support of men like Fisher and Allison is one of the reasons why I bet ninety thousand more on Indianapolis.

Prior to that, for almost a year, any noon hour you would find people in line clear out in front of our place—sometimes the line would run clear to Marketstreet. I figured that conservatively A THOUSAND PEOPLE A DAY became disgusted with trying to get into the WHITE CAFETERIA and went away UNFED. And still, when I made up my mind to DOUBLE THE CAPACITY of the place and take care of those THOU-

SAND a DAY—NO MATTER WHAT IT COST, the kind of people that Indianapolis needs to get rid of tried to discourage me with talk about peak prices—high cost of material—high cost of labor. LISTEN! NOTHING would have cost as much as letting that THOUSAND A DAY get away from me.

Incidentally, I feel that my policy of GOING AHEAD is the right one in this period. I don't want to influence or advise anybody; but if I had a lot in Indianapolis that needed a house on it—I'd take care of at least ONE of the 8,000 Indianapolis families that need homes. Would I build NOW? I most certainly WOULD. I'd start a different set of hammers working in Indianapolis.

If you are with me in my little anti-pessimism demonstration, a good way to show me where you stand is to drop around and take lunch with me just once. I am sort of holding open house Thursday and Friday for my friends and for those who are morally behind me in this thing. Anyway, you ought to see the biggest, cleanest and most economical high-grade restaurant in Indiana so you'll be loaded with facts when the timidity boys start pitying poor Keller. I want you actually to see how we feed the throng without crowding or anybody getting excited. Really, it is a delightful sight, besides I guarantee you the best feed you have had for many months—AT THE MONEY. I want you to see a living example of what honest service, honest prices, and plain courage will accomplish even in "this difficult reconstruction period." If I can do it—anybody can do it. Come in and you'll catch the big idea.

Yours for a real Indianapolis that will put a muffler on our anvil chorus.

Hubert H. Keller
President
WHITE'S RESTAURANT COMPANY

Opening Thursday and Friday

