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Hoosier Vagabond

By Ernie Pyle

WITH THE ALLIED BEACHHEAD FORCES IN ITALY, March 23 (By Wire)—We were due to sail for the Anzio beachhead a few hours after I got aboard our LST.

But at the last minute came a warning of a storm of gale force brewing in the Mediterranean, so we laid over for 24 hours.

Some of the sailors took the opportunity next day to go ashore, and asked if I didn't want to go along. But I said, "What for? I've been ashore for three months already." So I stayed aboard, and just killed a full day doing nothing.

We were tied up along the waterfront street of a small port city near Naples. All day long the sailors and soldiers down below to catch cookies and chocolates and knick-knacks the sailors and soldiers would throw down to them.

There must have been 200 people on the dock, either participating in the long-shot chance of actually catching something, or there just to look on. Most of them were children, boys and girls both. Mostly they were ragged and dirty. Yet they were good-natured.

Every time a package of crackers went down from above, humanity fought and stamped up over it like a bunch of football players. Now and then some youngster would get hurt, and make a terrible face and cry. But mostly they'd laugh and look a little sheepish, and dash back in again after the next one.

Pass the Biscuits

ALL ITALIAN children call all American soldiers "Hey, Joe," and all along the dock was a chicken-yard bedlam of "Hey, Joe, Joe, Joe." Each one crying at the top of his lungs to call attention to himself, and holding up his hands.

The soldiers' favorite was a stocky little fellow of about 8, with coal-black hair and a constant good humor. He was about the only one of them who wasn't ragged, the reason being that he was entirely clad in military garb.

He had on a blue navy sweater. Then for pants he had the biggest pair of British tropical shorts you ever saw, which came clear below his knees.

His legs were bare. He had on gray army socks rolled down to his shins. And on his feet were

a pair of brand-new American GI shoes, which must have been at least size 8. To top it all off, he had a beguiling grin with a tooth out in the middle of it. Pretty teen-age Italian girls in red sweaters would come and stand at the edge of the throng watching the fun. But the sailors and soldiers at the rail would soon spot them, and the play for them would start. Reluctant and timid at first, they would finally obey the sailors' demand that they try to catch something too, and pretty soon would be in there battling for broken crackers.

Most Americans are touched by the raggedness and apparent hunger of the children over here. But it was hard to feel sorry for these kids, for although maybe some of them really were hungry, the rest of them were just having a wonderful mob-scene sort of good time.

Hunger Was Genuine

IT WAS the old women in the crowd that I could hardly bear to look at. Throughout the day there must have been a couple of dozen who came, tried for half an hour to catch something, and finally went dejectedly away.

They were horrible specimens of poverty and insatiable. They were old and pitiful, and repulsive. But their hunger most surely was genuine.

One elderly woman, dressed in tattered black and carrying a thin old shopping bag on her arm, stood at the far edge of the crowd, vainly beseeching a toss in her direction. Finally one sailor, who had just started on a large box of nabscoes piece by piece, changed his mind and threw the entire box toward the old woman.

It was a good throw and a good catch. She got it like an outfielder. But no sooner did she have it in her arms than the crowd was upon her. Kids and adults both tore at the box, scratched and yelled and grabbed, and in five seconds the box was empty and torn.

The poor old woman never let go. She clung to it as though it were something human. And when the last cracker was gone she walked sort of blindly away, her head back and her eyes toward the sky, weeping with a hideous face just like that of a heart-broken child, still gripping the empty box.

It was a lot of fun watching this foreign riot of childish emotions and adult greed that day. But some of it was too real—greed born of too great a necessity—and I was glad when word came that we would sail that night.

Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

TRAFFIC WAS heavy on N. Meridian yesterday morning when a shrieking siren heralded the approach of a city ambulance on Michigan st. An elderly Negro with a strong sense of civic consciousness stepped off the curb and flagged down the cars until the ambulance passed. Then he motioned traffic to go ahead, and went on about his business. We need more such citizens.

Speaking of traffic, we're a little discouraged about the prospects of ever getting our pedestrians educated to observe traffic regulations without a policeman standing there holding a club over their heads. We've observed the downtown section the last few days during the afternoon hours when the police were not on watch, and the number of folks walking against the red light was disheartening. . . . Municipal Judge John Niblack is being ribbed by some of his friends with the suggestion he turn his musical talents to advantage in his campaign for the Republican nomination for prosecutor. In his younger days, Judge Niblack was quite a virtuoso on the harmonica and mandolin, with "Pretty Little Redwing" as his favorite selection. So far, he has resisted the idea. . . . Victor Weller, the former state trooper, is home on 15-day furlough after completing his boot training at Great Lakes. And we're told many of his feminine admirers in the statehouse are happy to see him again.

'Reds' Rule Committee

"SEE RED" was the slogan adopted by the Red Cross campaign committee of the Public Service Co. of Indiana. The reason: It was an all-red-haired committee. The chairman, John Mellett, is a "red-head"—or was before his hair started turning pink—and he chose a red-haired committee from each department. They are Les Leonard, Alice Rudbeck, Iva Williams, June Herrell, Avis Worth, Lillian Martin, Bertha Fesmire and Katherine Todd. Their goal was \$1500—50 per cent above last year's contributions by the 330 employees—and it looks as if they'll make it. . . . Bob McMurray, an executive of the same com-

pany, left Tuesday for Annapolis to report as a lieutenant commander. A graduate of the naval academy, he received his commission last Friday. . . . A couple of gals driving across 42d st. were horrified the other evening to see what appeared to be a human leg, unattached to a body, laying in the street beneath a parked car. Stopping quickly, they turned their car's spotlight on the leg, and then discovered it merely was a wooden leg. They haven't figured out yet how it got there. . . . Even the dining car porters have to use psychology. Jim Dilley reports that while on a recent trip to New York, he got aboard the Spirit of St. Louis. Shortly after the train pulled out, the dining car porter came through shouting: "Dinner now being served. No dining car service after Columbus." Everybody rushed for the diner and stood in line. It suddenly dawned on Jim that the train wouldn't reach Columbus for another three hours. He mentioned this to the porter, who replied: "Sure, but if you don't scare them, they'll all wait until we're almost there."

Key Troubles

MRS. AL BLOEMER frequently has trouble finding her car keys around home, we hear, but that's nothing to the trouble she had Tuesday. She drove downtown to buy a new coat, visiting three stores in the process. When she got ready to go home, she couldn't find the car keys. She had a vague impression of having dropped them in her coat pocket, but they weren't there. Then she realized she might have dropped them in the pocket of one of the coats she was trying on. She started backtracking and about an hour later found them in the pocket of a coat in one of the stores. . . . The Shortridge Daily Echo reports that James C. Beane, English teacher who returned to Shortridge recently after nearly two years with the army air force (intelligence) "hasn't become assimilated yet." We echo the Echo: "Tother day when the buzzer sounded to announce the close of class, the pupils made the usual scramble for the door, when what to their consternation did they hear but the strident command of the erstwhile captain—'H-A-W-L-T!' The pupils froze in their places until Mr. Beane gave the command, in somewhat less strident tones, 'Dismissed!'"

Hitler's Hungary By Ludwell Denny

By Ludwell Denny

WASHINGTON, March 23.—As expected, the Russian advance into Bessarabia has forced Hitler to reinforce Rumania and Bulgaria and to occupy Hungary. Hungarian occupation merely brings into the open the Nazi control hitherto operated through

Horthy's Fascist regime. The change is about the same as when Vichy France was occupied. Though this move is not without political significance, its immediate importance is military. Hitler is buttressing his southeast wall. To do that he must weaken his west wall on the eve of Eisenhower's invasion—or at least use his central reserves.

Risky as that is, Hitler has no choice. Now that the tide has turned, he cannot hold his so-called allies except at the point of a gun. He learned that in Italy and Bulgaria, and in a different way in Finland.

Surrounded by Nazis

HUNGARY OF COURSE had long been surrounded by Nazi forces. Even had the Budapest Fascist government succeeded in recent peace feelers, and signed an armistice with the allies, it would have been powerless to deliver. The gestapo could have called in neighboring Nazi troops quickly.

But by moving in advance Hitler improves his Balkan position generally. First, he puts more reliable troops on the Carpathian mountain barrier facing the Russians.

Second, he protects and improves his major Danubian supply lines into southeastern Europe. Third, he reduces the danger of a Hungarian-Rumanian war behind his lines—or, if one begins, he can stop it.

Fourth, he is in better position to prevent a Rumanian run-out. Fifth, he stiffens his shivering puppets elsewhere. Sixth, he can purge any anti-Nazi leaders who have been misled by Horthy.

Played Both Ends

LIKE THE Badoglio group in Italy, Hungarian rulers have long tried to play both ends. While they went along with the axis, they kept furtive contacts with the allies in the hope of being let off lightly in case of axis defeat.

They took as much territory from axis conquest as they could get and shared in the rape of Yugoslavia, but contributed to Hitler only as much as he forced. Meanwhile they continued to exploit their own people, who never liked the Germans and who were less enthusiastic about the war after large losses in Russia.

Most of the Hungarian democratic leaders are dead, imprisoned or in exile. The democratic underground is small. So hope of effective Hungarian revolt now is slim. But there is a better chance of organized sabotage on Nazi transport and communications and of some guerrilla warfare linked up with Tito in Yugoslavia. Meanwhile major pressure on the Balkans will probably have to come from without—from allied air and supply bases in southern Italy, and particularly from the advancing Russians in the East.

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

CARACAS, Venezuela, Wednesday.—Back in the mountains of British Guiana are flat plateaus where the handy rancher can build himself a home and in 20 years so Maj. Art Williams told me, he can be secure enough financially to send his boys and girls away to school. Men and women must work hard, however, and no weaking could succeed. Spaniards, Scotchmen, Americans from Texas and various other pioneers are today ranching successfully, and their stories seemed like those written about our own early pioneers.

The officers at Atkinson field gave me a most interesting bag made by a Mr. Melville, one of the ranchers, who is a friend of our guide, Maj. Williams. He killed a jaguar and a deer, and he dressed the skins to make this very unusual and beautiful bag.

Maj. Williams also flew over the old Dutch seat of government, where the diamond shaped fort

and old Dutch government house stand, and he pointed out forests of greenheart wood which will not float but must be loaded on barges for transport.

At 5 o'clock we landed at the U. S. naval base. Here we went directly to mess with the enlisted men. The boy next to me came from Washington, D. C., and I have promised to tell his wife how he is when I get home. There was a boy from Seattle, one from Minneapolis, one from New York and one from Arkansas. I had a chance to talk to a number of the boys and some of the girls brought out for a dance by the U. S. O. Later we went to the movies with them all, and saw a gangster film I am sure took their minds from the war. I was breathless when it was over.

Then we went to the naval hospital, where again they had very few patients. This is evidently a healthy spot. It is a tribute to the work done by "malaria control" and clearing the jungle around the bases. Finally we went back to the dance at the mess hall, and spent an hour or more talking to various boys as they gathered around.

The Indianapolis Times

SECOND SECTION

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WILLKIE WAGES 'MIDDLE ROAD' VOTE CAMPAIGN

Hopes to Win Independents By Attacking Both FDR And GOP.

By THOMAS L. STOKES
Script-Howard Staff Writer
WITH WILLKIE IN WISCONSIN, March 23.—Wendell L. Willkie is carefully building up, in his Wisconsin primary campaign, a middle-of-the-road philosophy designed to attract the large independent vote.

Upon this he is resting his chief claim for renomination as Republican presidential candidate.

Mr. Willkie is frank about his objective. As he describes it, the only way the party can win is to adopt a forward-looking program, both domestically and internationally, to appeal to the independent vote.

He estimates that vote as between 35 and 40 per cent of the electorate. That seems high. But polls show a much larger percentage of voters undecided this year than usual, which indicates a greater degree of independence.

Difficult Task

This is a difficult task. He is trying to show, on the one hand, that he is not a New Dealer, not still a Democrat, not "another Roosevelt" and, on the other, that he is not an old-line G. O. P.-type Republican.

When he arrived here, he found the air full of talk that he is not a real Republican. He has been dangleing these rumors before his audiences—rumors, as he describes them, that "I'm a carbon copy of Roosevelt," that "I'm in league with Roosevelt," that "I'm trying to help the administration."

"I've never talked politics with President Roosevelt in my life," he says.

Then he reads his bill of particulars in proof that he's not a Democrat or New Dealer.

On foreign policy, he specifies, he has disagreed in a number of instances with the administration, including most recently the Polish question. He even went so far as to accuse the administration of having no foreign policy.

Calls Cabinet 'Yes Men'

On domestic policy, he charges the administration with poor administration and the President with having a cabinet of "yes men." Outstanding men are needed, he says. He holds up two cabinet members as horrible examples—Secretary of Agriculture Wickard and Secretary of Labor Perkins.

The independent commission in Washington, he says, should be more independent. They are too much under the executive thumb.

He saves his heaviest attack for the "power complex" which he attributes to President Roosevelt and the administration, and he describes the New Deal regime as being "tired and cynical," with a supreme belief that they know what is good for everybody in the country. This, he concedes, is often a sincere belief, but the egotism of it he deplores as the result of people being too long in power.

He tempers his criticism of the New Deal by admitting that it has achieved some worthwhile reforms. He speaks harshly of those who are against everything just to be against, who react adversely to everything the administration does.

'Just Pathological'

"They are not thinkers—they are just pathological," he says.

On the other hand, he denounces standpat Republicanism as bitingly as any Democrat ever did, and, if he should get nominated, President Roosevelt, or any of his campaign speakers, would be able to quote him at length without bothering to coin any new phrases.

He tells time after time, here in Wisconsin where isolationism is so prevalent, how he fought for lend-lease and he takes credit for helping to get the bill through congress, though 80 per cent of the Republican party leadership, he says, was against it.

In telling an audience at Manitowish yesterday that they must "bear in mind always that the objective of the party is to advance social relations," he said:

"I'm anxious to remove the impression that the Republican party is brutal, cold party that does not recognize social obligations."

GUY SALLEE SEEKS ELECTION TO HOUSE

Guy D. Sallee, owner of the Sallee Spray Painting system, today filed as a candidate for the Republican nomination for state representative from Marion county.

Mr. Sallee said that, if elected, he would work to:

Pay \$300 compensation to world war I veterans.

Exempt all persons serving in world war II under the selective service act from payment of taxes equal to a \$300 bonus or less.

Force corporations to re-employ veterans of world war II and establish equal rights and privileges by crediting their war service as continuous employment.

Levy special soldier bonus peace tax on enemy-owned patents and property now sold outright by the U. S. alien property custodian.

Fiery Lava Flows Over Village of San Sebastiano



As lava from erupting Mt. Vesuvius threatens this San Sebastiano street (the lava wall can be seen at the end of the street) allied personnel (center) move forward to help evacuate houses. This village, a short time later, was virtually buried by the white hot rock.



Here a fiery wall of lava crushes homes in San Sebastiano as the worst volcanic eruption in over 70 years makes thousands homeless. Quick action by AMG officials and troops saved many lives by evacuating refugees in every available army vehicle.

HOUSE IS WARY OF SUMNER PLEA

Feels Move to Place Japan First Smacks Of Meddling.

WASHINGTON, March 23 (U.P.).—House military affairs committee members, wary of being accused of meddling in war planning, declined comment today on demands by Rep. Jesse Sumner (R. Ill.) for immediate action on her proposal to delay the western European invasion and speed up the war against Japan.

Miss Sumner has two bills before the committee to:

1. Postpone invasion of Europe until President Roosevelt can secure agreements to a declaration that the sovereign rights of oppressed nations will be protected.

2. Unify the Pacific command under Gen. Douglas MacArthur, and send him ample equipment "to defeat the Japs within one year."

Questions Legality

Committee members hesitated to comment publicly, but one said privately: "It looks as if Miss Sumner is proposing that congress take over military operations."

"That doesn't sound very logical to me," he added.

In a letter addressed to all members of the military affairs committee, Miss Sumner said that "this is the opportunity for the American congress to initiate a service of historic magnitude."

She declared that American war aims in Europe have been blocked and unexpected developments in Italy "have already made the promised invasion this spring a quixotic—impossible to prepare adequately."

Opposite in Pacific

"In the Pacific it is the opposite," she said. "There, delay militates against the United States."

"I am advised that with a single unified command and amphibious equipment provided immediately, it is possible—using power already allotted to the war against the Japanese—to defeat the Japs within one year."

"Congress, led by your committee, is the only hope in sight. If we wait like windmills to be moved by public opinion, it will certainly be too late. The information is leaking out too slowly. At this timid rate, public opinion will never gather effective strength."

BOY, 6, DROWNS IN CANAL AT BLACKFORD

James N. Dixon, 6-year-old son of Mrs. Beatrice Dixon, 123 Douglas st., was drowned in the canal at Blackford st. today while romping with playmates.

Two youngsters with the boy said he toppled off the east side of the Blackford st. bridge as he "reached for a bug."

Jury, Old Enough to Recall His Comedy, Pleases Chaplin

By FREDERICK C. OTHMAN
United Press Staff Correspondent

HOLLYWOOD, March 23.—A jury of seven women and five men, all old enough to remember when Charlie Chaplin was the funniest man ever to stumble across the silent screen, settled down today to hear the story of his adventures with Joan Barry in New York and to decide whether they justified sending him to prison as a white slave.

The white-haired Chaplin, who earned \$8,000,000 entertaining just such people as those who are sitting on the jury, admitted that he took Miss Barry to New York, but contended that he was only the picture producer looking out for the interests of his starlet.

He has subpoenaed among others J. Paul Getty, the oil millionaire and hotel proprietor, to testify that Miss Barry spent three weeks in October, 1942, at Getty's Hotel Pierre, while Chaplin remained at the Waldorf-Astoria. Chaplin and his lawyer, Jerry Giesler, insisted that does not look like violation of the Mann act to them.

Prosecutor Charles H. Carr prepared a 15-minute opening oration, which he said would "lay the case out in the open." He said he could present his case in two days of testimony.

Giesler said that it would take at least five days to have the facts for the defense related.

The dapper Chaplin was particularly pleased with the jury, consisting entirely of citizens in their late 50s and early 60s.

The women of the jury included two spinsters, the Misses Loretta Easley, a piano teacher, and Miss Pearl A. Adams, who said she worked as a part-time book binder. Their sisters in the well-polished jury box consisted of comfortable, motherly-looking housewives.

Among them were Mrs. Beatrice Allan, the stately, gray-haired wife of a construction engineer; Mrs. Vera L. Danilus, who varies her duties as a housekeeper by functioning as an air raid warden; Mrs. Lydia M. Hussey, mother of three children, including a 36-year-old daughter; Mrs. Edith E. Lewis, smartly turned-out wife of a canned goods broker, and Mrs. Hazel M. Gill, wife of a steamfitter and mother of five.

The outnumbered men of the jury included Grant Ritchie, a retired farmer who said he was nearly 70; Bernard Davis, weatherworn caretaker at the estate of Movie Producer Jack Moss; Roscoe S. Reeder, dignified advertising executive; Rowan T. Segner, half-bald banker, and Claude Millsap, salesman for a shirt manufacturer.

Two alternate jurors are C. E. Kells, an accountant, and Mrs. Margaret Ingram, Hollywood widow.

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12 SENTENCED TO TERMS IN FEDERAL JAIL

Defers Final Action on Local Men in Alleged Gas Black Market.

Judge Robert C. Baltzell meted prison terms to 12 defendants in Federal court yesterday. Of 60 persons arraigned in the overtime session, 38 pleaded guilty.

Sentencing of five Indianapolis men allegedly linked in a wide-scale black market gasoline racket was deferred. OPA affidavits charge the defendants with exchanging more than a quarter of a million gallons worth of already-used gasoline coupons stolen from downtown bank vaults.

The defendants are Clarence Teneyck, Ernest H. Jones, Charles Gilbert, Theodore Howard and Leslie Woolen, Jones, Gilbert and Howard pleaded guilty. Teneyck's trial was set for May 3.

Pleads Not Guilty

James J. Gavin entered a not guilty plea to charges that he falsified his 1937 and 1938 income tax reports by allegedly failing to file \$88,000 in horse bet winnings.

Gavin was given a two weeks' "reconsideration period" during which time he may change his plea.

For admittedly burglarizing the Clayton postoffice, Theodore Ben Able was sentenced to a 10-year prison term to run concurrently with three other terms he now is serving for similar offenses. Judge Baltzell delayed sentencing of Theodore Garfield Riden, Able's alleged accomplice. Riden, who is 63, was brought into court on a stretcher.

Receives 3 Years

Frank Clifford West received three years on his plea of guilty to using the mails to defraud. West admitted reaping \$2000 by answering war-scarcity want ads and selling articles he did not own, obtaining the money in advance. An associate, Charles Greene, was referred to probation.

Henry Ellis Mayberry and Wilbur William Smith were sentenced to two years each on white slave charges. Clarence Hamlett received three years for violation of the Mann act.

A merchant seaman from Indianapolis, Fred F. Pacella, who said he had been torpedoes three times, was meted five years for admittedly stealing seven automobiles while on a cross-country trip from Seattle.

Charge Draft Evasion

Two Indianapolis youths, Harry Robert Legg and Harry Humphrey, were sentenced to three and four years, respectively, on selective service counts. Another man charged with draft evasion, Richard Clifford Barker, was allowed to enter the army in lieu of a sentence.

Pleading guilty to the theft and forgery of government checks, Israel Willis Jr. and Earl Lee Caldwell were given two years each.

After he confessed to theft of a watch and ring from soldiers' mail passing through the South Illinois st. branch postoffice, Joseph W. Hinton, 426 W. 40th st., was referred to probation.

Sol Sattinger, operator of a Madison ave. retail liquor store, conceded that he had "taken advantage of the Christmas rush," "to sell whisky above the OPA ceiling." He said he sold three cases to an army officer at \$47 over the ceiling, and had disposed of two more cases at a price ranging \$45 higher than the OPA limit. He was referred to probation officers.

Trial for the following Indianapolis men pleading not guilty to draft evasion charges was set for May 3: Archie Webster, Mahlon Kimball, Stanley Lee Beecham, Robert Stephens and Harold Richard Smedley.

EXPLAINS GOSPEL PROMISE IN SERVICE

"We rush in urgent, wanting something done about it right away, when we pray," the Rev. James M. Lichtner of Webster Groves, Mo., told his noonday congregation in Christ Episcopal church.

"We're looking for a magic that will take away our troubles all at once," he said. "If God should interfere through miracle and coerce us into righteousness, we would be machines, not men. The Gospel promise, as I read it, isn't that we'll have an easy time of it, but rather that we'll have the strength of God himself to count on when the going is tough."

Noonday services will continue daily, Monday through Friday at Christ church for the remainder of Lent.

HOLD EVERYTHING

During the last 11 years in Cincinnati he had aided in creating the Airport Recreation field and trebling the city's recreational facilities.

Reservations for the luncheon may be made at the league office, 507 Illinois building.

ILKA CHASE'S NIECE WEDS NAVY OFFICER

PALM SPRINGS, Cal., March 23 (U.P.)—Mrs. Mildred Woodward, New York, niece of author-actress Ilka Chase, and Navy Lt. Craig Smith, San Francisco, were honeymooning today at the Palm Springs Racquet club.

They were married yesterday at the cottage of Basil Brewer, New Bedford, Mass., newspaper publisher. They will live at Burlingame, Cal.

"Regardless of your Victory garden, I've got to submerge!"