

# Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

A CERTAIN firm manufacturing hydraulic equipment is proud of the accuracy with which the parts of its equipment are machined. Keating & Co. was preparing some advertising for the firm, and the copy was to include one ad telling how the hydraulic parts were machined down to three-thousandths of an inch.



Writing the ad, Larry Sogard of the Keating agency thought up the slogan, "Accurate to a Cat's Whisker." Very proud of his idea, he showed it to the hydraulic firm's advertising manager. "But," protested the cautious manager, "are you sure a cat's whisker measures just three-thousandths of an inch?" That stumped Larry. That evening he mentioned his problem to his neighbor, Horace F. Weakley, 525 W. Westfield blvd. Mr. Weakley, plant manager for Esterline-Angus, said maybe he could find a solution. The next evening, Mr. Weakley called over to Mrs. Sogard. "Tell Larry I've got the cat's whisker," she said. "Why, Horace, have you been drinking?" asked Mrs. Sogard. He assured her he hadn't, and asked her just to pass the message along. Larry went over, and sure enough—Mr. Weakley had a cat's whisker. "This cat came walking across the lawn," he explained, "and I made up with it. And when it wasn't looking, I yanked out a whisker." He added he thought the "darned cat was going to tear me to pieces." Well, to keep a long story from getting any longer, they took the whisker and measured it and found it was 11 thousandths of an inch in diameter at one end and two thousandths at the other. That didn't discourage Larry. He went right ahead with the ad on the theory that somewhere between 11 thousandths and two thousandths the cat's whisker just had to be three thousandths.

## A Case of Telephonitis

HERE'S A COMPLAINT from a reader out on N. Tuxedo that probably will strike a responsive chord with a lot of other readers. She asks: "In Heaven's name, is there anything a body can do to stop this epidemic of people trying to sell stuff over your telephone? Twice today I've been bugged in from the yard where I was stretching curtains. And once

I ran up the basement steps to answer my phone, only to have someone ask if I'm in the market for a new fur coat, or do we have hospital protection in the home. Last week it was insulation, and before that I was called out of bed, when ill, to inform some stranger that our winter coal has been ordered. So far, I've remembered that I am a lady. But the next person who gets me down from a stepladder to sell me something over my telephone may get a piece of my mind. It's definitely irritating and annoying, and seems an unnecessary burden on our war-crowded telephone wires. I'm mad clear through!" Wow! I'd hate to be in the boots of the next salesman to try telephone salesmanship on that housewife.

## The Mayor's Mementoes

MAYOR TYNDALL's desk at the city hall now is adorned with a picture frame containing mementoes of his long military career. In the frame he has placed his major general stars, his various regimental insignia, all his campaign ribbons, and his Distinguished Service Cross and French Legion of Honor ribbons. Also on the desk is an onyx elephant given to the mayor several years ago by the late M. Bert Thurman, former Republican national committee man. . . . In case you ever get to wondering who was the youngest sports editor in the world you can find the answer in Charles Fisher's volume, "The Columnist." It's a book with the various chapters devoted to noted columnists. In one place in the book, you'll find Mr. Fisher saying: "When Westbrook Pegler was born he was sports editor of the Minneapolis Journal." That ought to end all competition. However, by rereading what went before, you can figure out that the author means that when Westbrook Pegler was born, his father was sports editor, etc. But who am I to be criticizing? . . . Col. Will H. Brown, the city schools R. O. C. military property custodian, and Mrs. Brown celebrated their golden wedding anniversary today. They had a family dinner yesterday at their home, 3777 N. Meridian, for their two children, Mrs. Addison Parry and Albert W. Brown. Col. Brown served overseas in the other war. He told friends at the school board offices he was going to give his wife a \$50 bill for an anniversary present, explaining: "She's a dollar a year woman, and this is her pay for 50 years."

# Hoosier Reporter

By Lee G. Miller

WITH THE 25TH DIVISION AT BALETE PASS, LUZON (By Wireless).—I chinned a while longer with some of the men of Company D, 35th Infantry, and then decided I'd better take a look at the crest of Balete Pass, which was just around a bend in the highway.



There wasn't much there. One very dead Jap in the road. A ruined rehouse on the left. Clouds obscured the view, but on a clear day you could look northward and downward toward the Villa Verde trail and Santa Fe. From here on it would be downhill for these tired troops, who hoped there was truth in the rumor that they would be relieved when Santa Fe was taken.

Jim Hutchison came along and we returned to our jeep, which wasn't quite where we had left it. One of those Jap mortar shells had struck a hillside just above, showering dirt and rocks on it, and our driver explained that "I took off." As we left they were bringing two bodies down the hillside on litters—soldiers killed the day before.

Portable Hospital  
ON THE WAY home we noticed a medical installation and stopped off. This turned out to be a portable surgical hospital attached to the 35th regiment. The commanding officer, Maj. Francis H. Burke of Rockville, Conn., showed us through his neat tent unit, and said this was about its fifteenth location since the Lingayen landing in January.

Once his unit had handled 28 major surgical cases between dusk and 10 the next morning. This was in a churchyard at Puncan near here.

Only one patient was there when I went through.

## Prizes Jap Operating Table

BEFORE THIS he had showed me a captured Jap operating table, an adjustable and collapsible job of stainless steel which he prized highly. Before getting that, all they had for a table was a litter supported by two wooden horses. When it was necessary to elevate a patient's head they had to do it with piled blankets. The Jap table had a panel which could be adjusted to tilt the head and shoulders.

The major invited us to mess. So we dined with him and his staff—Capt. Sam Munger of Greenwood, Miss., and Bill Robins of Houston, Tex., surgeons, and Capt. Lester M. Saldman of Kingston, Pa., anesthetist.

They told us about one case where it took 50 men eight hours to bring in a wounded man from a ledge. Pfc. Hershel A. Smethwick of Flint, Mich., one of the 33 enlisted men in the unit, told about a bridge named after his son.

It seems Smethwick was the first man to drive over a bridge just finished south of Puncan. A captain and a lieutenant of the engineers at the bridge stopped him and asked for a drink of water. He produced two canteens. The water must have tasted fine, for they agreed to name it Dale Bridge, after young Glenn Dale Smethwick.

And Cpl. Alvis T. Lemonds of Kennett, Mo., who had driven in with the patient mentioned above, told of having just seen three Japs come down a hillside, waving white flags, up the road a piece, and surrender.

# World of Science

By David Dietz

A POST-WAR BATTLE between the steam locomotive, the Diesel-electric locomotive and the all-electric locomotive is brewing in the railroad world. Please note that I did not say the old-fashioned steam engine because changes in design are making the battle inevitable. Not only is the familiar type of reciprocating engine being improved, but designers are turning to another way of utilizing steam—namely, the turbine.



The steam turbine has been used for decades to turn the generators in the big electric power plants. The trick is to reduce the turbine in size and still keep it efficient. Although intensive work started about 1930, progress was not rapid.

General Electric built two steam turbine locomotives in 1939. These locomotives, not now in use, employed an electric drive such as is used in the Diesel-electric locomotive. That is, the turbine was used to run an electric generator which supplied power to electric motors mounted on the axles of the driving wheels.

New Type Tested  
IN MARCH of this year the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad asked permission of the WPB to build three steam turbine locomotives with electric drives. The work will be done by the Baldwin Locomotive Works and the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.

Last month the Pennsylvania railroad completed tests of another type of steam turbine locomotive.

This employs a direct type of drive instead of the electric type just described. The new Pennsylvania locomotive is a 6500-horsepower giant capable of making 100 miles an hour. Engineers of Baldwin, Westinghouse and the Pennsylvania co-operated in its design.

## Very Little Friction

AT THE HEART of this newest iron horse is a compactly built turbine containing 1000 chromium-steel blades. Steam from a conventional boiler is directed against these blades under a pressure of 300 pounds. The blades spin at a maximum speed of 9000 revolutions a minute.

Reduction gears transmit this power directly to the driving wheels of the locomotive and it is claimed that there is so little friction that 97 per cent of the turbine's power is put to work.

As evidence of the fact that the reciprocating type of steam engine is still as important a factor as ever, Ralph P. Johnson, chief designer of the Baldwin company, calls attention to the fact that the "T-1" built three years ago by his company for the Pennsylvania. Mr. Johnson claims that the records show that this locomotive will out-perform the most powerful Diesel-electric locomotive at speeds above 26 miles per hour.

Many authorities feel that complete electrification, such as exists on the Pennsylvania, between New York and Washington, is the ideal solution of the power problem but this is possible only where the density of traffic is great enough to justify the initial installation expense.

And finally, it might be said that many engineers are wondering about the gas turbine, now finding its way into the big cargo airplanes. Perhaps it also has possibilities for railroad use.

# My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

HYDE PARK, Sunday.—I have a letter in my mail which I think shows a bit of short-sightedness that we should take note of and explain very promptly.

The writer, evidently someone with boys in the service, feels that people who have worked in war plants—where before the war they were farmers, or household workers, or perhaps mothers of families who stayed at home—should all be urged to return to their original employment and should not receive unemployment compensation.

I don't believe that men or women will have to be urged to return to their former work, for I think one predominant trait of the American people is that they prefer to work than to sit idle.

By and large, we do not like receiving money and sitting in idleness unless we are ill, tired out or cannot find work.

In this last case, unemployment insurance is not only a God-send to the unemployed, but a God-send to the economy of the country as a whole.

That is the point I want to bring out today. Unemployment insurance is not a plan just for the benefit of the people who happen to be out of work—or who do not want to work, as certain people seem to feel may happen. It is a plan to keep our whole economy from starting on a downward spiral. If

many people stop buying, there is no market for anyone's goods.

I think mothers will go back to their homes and, where they have small children, will be better for the children. Many people went to work for patriotic reasons or because they had debts they wanted to pay off—perhaps a mortgage on the farm—and they wanted to meet the post-war period in a stable financial condition.

That was the reason why many farmers went to work in shipyards or in war plants. In the days when they couldn't sell what they grow, they had to incur debts and mortgage their farms. War work gave them an opportunity to get out of the red, and they took it, as they should. But often they put in long hours at home, after the work was done, to keep the farm going, and even the younger children helped.

To deny unemployment insurance to war workers, however, would be a very unwise move. Every citizen of the country, including our returning servicemen, depends for a livelihood on factories, farms and business going at full tilt. Our servicemen must find work to do. Unless people are able to buy food and clothing and goods of all kinds, the conversion period will be a very bad period indeed, and may even start us on a new depression. Anyone who went through the early thirties can hardly wish to see those conditions return.

President Truman has done a wise thing, from the economic standpoint of the country as a whole, in advocating more generous unemployment insurance.

# The Indianapolis Times

SECOND SECTION

MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1945

PAGE 7

GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR: HE HAS HIS HUMAN SIDE, AND HIS FOIBLES —

# The Man Who Will Lead Yanks to Tokyo

By FRANK H. BARTHOLOMEW

MANILA, June 4.—Gen. Douglas MacArthur has no political or personal aspirations of any kind for the post-war period and his intention is to retire and live quietly with his family.

This I learned in discussion with the man who will lead the American armies to Tokyo in the war's climax.

MacArthur's ambition is to enjoy his family and he plans to retire, possibly to California, Wisconsin, Texas or Washington, D. C. He would prefer to retire now at 65 and turn the next phase of the war over to younger men—if it were not for a single fact.

That is his belief that he has learned how to capture objectives with maximum safety for the American, Australian and Filipino troops under his command.

MORE THAN any other commander, MacArthur believes, he can conserve men and save their lives. That is the primary reason he never has left the Pacific since the first shot of the war. He hasn't been back to the United States for eight years.

MacArthur is a tall man with Indian-like straight black hair, combed flat across his head.

He paces back and forth in a spacious but simply furnished office in one of Manila's ruined buildings. His aides always see that he has a fairly large office because his pacing back and forth is his principal exercise.

FROM THE windows of his office MacArthur can survey the rubble of this great far eastern capital recaptured from the enemy and largely ruined in the process.

Behind him lie a chain of battles which may be textbook material in the world's military colleges for generations. Ahead is Tokyo.

And around him are legends and controversies.

MacArthur at 65 is easily the youngest man of his age I have ever seen.

He had an unlined face, vital black eyes, restless energy and some of the frustration of a caged lion when I last saw him in Australia two and a half years ago.

Then he was pulling his make-shift army and air force together and laying his initial plans to cope with an enemy firmly lodged in defensive areas of Japan's own choosing.

Today after the tremendous expenditure of energy which went



Gen. Douglas MacArthur

into his spectacular progress across New Guinea to the Philippines he looks younger and more sure of himself than ever.

MacARTHUR impresses you first of all as the embodiment of military leadership and secondly as a patrician.

His head is high. His chin, his aquiline nose and black eyes are always up.

There is nothing half-fellow-well-met about him. His natural reserve undoubtedly is a contributing factor to the swarm of critical anecdotes, many of them untrue—which concern him and have been permitted to go unchallenged.

MacArthur is not in any sense consciously superior or distant. But he has no penchant for jocularity or small talk. He is intensely serious in his address to any point under discussion.

is an actor and a good one. He has a flair for dramatics and showmanship.

MacArthur has his human side and his foibles. His disdain for pronunciation of place names exceeds that of Winston Churchill. He is obviously more interested about capturing places than pronouncing their names.

With MacArthur Kwajalein becomes "Kwajaleen." Hitler's retreat is "Burksgratchen." Two Jims becomes something I wouldn't even try to spell. A communique is a "communeek," and you can take it or leave it.

He has one consistency about this inconsistency. Once he has made "Lingayen" out of Lingayen it is "Lingayen" for all time.

HIS DAY begins at 7 a. m., when, usually in his dressing gown, he reads the news and overnight dispatches at breakfast.

He lives quietly with his wife and his 7-year-old son, Arthur, in a private home in the unreckoned residential quarter of Manila.

He gets to his office about 9:30 a. m. seven days a week.

He spends the first half of the day in consultation with his staff. He holds few full staff meetings, usually calling in officers individually for their reports and to discuss plans.

THE DISCUSSIONS usually take place with both men standing or pacing the floor. These conferences run until 2 p. m. when he rejoins his family for lunch.

He resumes work at 4 p. m., spending an hour catching up on dispatches and reports and at 5 p. m. receives any visitors.

He goes home about 7 and his staff calls him on any important developments.

He likes immediate action and decisions and dislikes delay and postponements.

MacArthur has no hobbies. He takes an occasional drink. His conversation usually is temperate but when aroused his profanity can be electric.

HIS PRIMARY interest outside his military tasks is in his family.

Young Arthur has lived most of the last half of his seven years in London's hotel in Brisbane, Australia, while his soldier father fought his way north.

Now life is more pleasant for Arthur who has his first pony. He also has some rabbits, a hen and chicks and a dog.

The youngster has his father's black hair and eyes. He is tutored by an Englishman liberated in Santo Tomas prison since no Manila schools are yet open.

He is learning the usual subjects for a 7-year-old plus music and languages with emphasis on French.

SENATORS FIND G. I.'S GIVE THOUGHT TO WORLD ISSUES —

# Yank Forum Queries Too Hot to Handle

By J. EDWARD MURRAY

ROME, June 4.—The senate's interstate commerce committee was on the spot—put there by 500 G. I.'s whose questions were too hot to handle.

The committee and the Red Cross people thought it would be nice to have a forum for the boys at a Red Cross club here yesterday. But when the soldiers got finished firing questions the senators and their sponsors were not so sure.

Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Montana, opened the session with a three-minute talk stressing that everything he and his colleagues said was strictly off the record.

Then the G. I.'s opened up on him and Senators Homer E. Capehart, Indiana, Ernest W. MacFarland, Arizona, and Albert W. Hawkes, New Jersey.

Russia was the big topic, and the senators squirmed when they were asked why the Russians wouldn't let anybody in Berlin, including the senators.

Frequently the senators had to help each other out with their answers. Sometimes they went into a huddle, before coming up with the answer.

Somehow the question was raised whether American soldiers would be ready and willing to fight Russia. There was no discussion of that one, but it set off lots of other questions.

"I thought America, Britain, and Russia were fighting the same war," said one soldier.

"If a conflict between Russia and the United States is imminent, what is the conflict?" demanded another.

"Why has this discussion taken this trend?" a third asked. Wheeler and Hawkes did most of the talking for the senators, and two G. I.'s who defended the

Communists did the most for the soldiers. The debate ranged to the accompaniment of boos and clapping.

More questions were hurled at the senators. "Why is Britain not criticized for its policy in Greece, if Russia is criticized for policy among its neighbors?"

"Why is the United States on her side not doing more about educating other people in the ways of democracy?"

"What about the French and the Gestapo-like treatment of the Arabs?"

"Whew," said one of the senators afterwards, who insisted he remain anonymous. "We thought the boys would want to talk about going home."

It's Auto Use  
TAX TIME Again  
IT'S TIME again to buy another auto use tax stamp.

They will be placed on sale Saturday, Will H. Smith, internal revenue collector, announced. Mail orders for the stamp will be filled, he added, provided certified checks, cash or money orders are enclosed. No personal checks, please, Mr. Smith requests.

Every motorist must have this stamp and display it by July 1.

16 NIGHT STUDENTS TO BE GRADUATED  
Sixteen students of Manual night high school will be graduated at 7:30 p. m. Thursday in the school auditorium. E. H. Kemper McComb, principal of Manual, will deliver the address and certificates will be awarded by H. L. Harshman, assistant superintendent of schools.

Night students will present a pageant and the Manual band will play.

Students to be awarded diplomas and certificates are: Sylvia Brown, Vera Butch, Lillian Blau, Marjorie Deaton, Adria Deika, Laura Clark, Helen Gracia, Mary Hef, S. Sgt. Ralph Killian, Pfc. Warren Morris, M. Sgt. Edward, Freda Waddell, Edgar Walsh, Betty Waters, William Weber and Wendell West. Noble H. Poole is principal of the night school.

"I'm headin' fer 'th' la-4-244 round-up!"

Labor

# Friends Pay Tribute to Miss Perkins

By FRED W. PERKINS

WASHINGTON, June 4.—Frances Perkins, the first woman to sit in a presidential cabinet, and one of the two original veterans of the Roosevelt administrations, will retire as secretary of labor soon.

—and some of her friends think recognition should be given to her 12 years of service.

These friends say that Miss Perkins is not to be blamed

for the multiplication of labor agencies under the New Deal and the wartime years, nor for the amputation of important functions from the department of labor—a condition that her successor, Judge Lewis B. Schwellenbach, is expected to try to remedy with the support of President Truman.

ONE of the recent tributes to Secretary Perkins was in the United Mine Workers Journal, which recounts the pulling and hauling over appointment of a labor department head when Mr. Roosevelt took office, and adds:

"Despite all that is said to the contrary, we believe that Secretary Perkins was the best of the lot of candidates. She came into office from the ranks of the social workers. Sociologists have never been among our favorite people."

"It has been said over and over again that she became secretary of labor because Mrs. Roosevelt wanted her, that Mrs. Roosevelt stood pat at all times against her dismissal. All of this may be true. We don't know. But we do know this much—that the late President Roosevelt did make a good choice in appointing Secretary Perkins as between her and Dan Tobin, who was Jim Farley's labor skate assistant during Roosevelt's first campaign in 1932."

"SECRETARY PERKINS inherited a mess. During her tenure of office, many laws were passed which changed the game of our industrial relations. She had to withstand the onslaught of labor leadership's criticism and that of the pirates of big business, as well as the political 'bodies'."

Despite all the "bodies," she has performed her work mightily well within the confines of the limitations imposed upon her."

Meanwhile, the response of labor organizations to Mr. Truman's selection of Judge Schwellenbach is not uniform. William Green, A. F. of L. president, has praised it, although previously he had called for a labor secretary "from the ranks of labor."

Philip Murray, head of the C. I. O., has had nothing to say on the subject, and is expected to await developments.

We, the Women  
Americans Are Too Forgiving For Own Good

By RUTH MILLETT  
THE short news item that told about a man being fined \$10 by a six-man jury for being cruel to a rat, raises the question of whether or not the American mind will ever know how to cope with the Nazis, now that they are conquered.

The man fined for cruelty allegedly trapped a rat and tied him to a tree, so that his two cats could practice rat catching.

MAYBE it wasn't a pretty sight. But if a man's abode is infested with rats—a loathsome animal without any loveable or redeeming qualities—it seems as though he might use any method possible to get rid of them.

But a rat tied up—in the sentimental American mind—isn't a rat at all, but a fellow creature that deserves fair play and a sporting chance.

That kind of sentimental bosh makes us lose sight of the fact that a rat trapped, is just a rat—and what becomes of him doesn't matter, so long as he isn't allowed to live and reproduce his kind.

AND SO is a defeated and captured Nazi a Nazi still. Let's hope that our sentimental pity for anything caught or captured won't let us forget that or start talking about compassion and fair play.

An American editor, back from a tour of German concentration camps, has declared that the whole German people should be held responsible for war atrocities, and that until we have eliminated the German general staff, we are going to have the seeds of another war.

Undoubtedly that is a hard-headed, practical, sane view of the matter. But will we carry it through—we, a people who can be so sentimental and forgiving that we worry over what becomes of a captured rat?

HANNAH

Every motorist must have this stamp and display it by July 1.

16 NIGHT STUDENTS TO BE GRADUATED

Sixteen students of Manual night high school will be graduated at 7:30 p. m. Thursday in the school auditorium. E. H. Kemper McComb, principal of Manual, will deliver the address and certificates will be awarded by H. L. Harshman, assistant superintendent of schools.

Night students will present a pageant and the Manual band will play.

Students to be awarded diplomas and certificates are: Sylvia Brown, Vera Butch, Lillian Blau, Marjorie Deaton, Adria Deika, Laura Clark, Helen Gracia, Mary Hef, S. Sgt. Ralph Killian, Pfc. Warren Morris, M. Sgt. Edward, Freda Waddell, Edgar Walsh, Betty Waters, William Weber and Wendell West. Noble H. Poole is principal of the night school.

"I'm headin' fer 'th' la-4-244 round-up!"

Up Front With Mauldin

16 NIGHT STUDENTS TO BE GRADUATED

Sixteen students of Manual night high school will be graduated at 7:30 p. m. Thursday in the school auditorium. E. H. Kemper McComb, principal of Manual, will deliver the address and certificates will be awarded by H. L. Harshman, assistant superintendent of schools.

Night students will present a pageant and the Manual band will play.

Students to be awarded diplomas and certificates are: Sylvia Brown, Vera Butch, Lillian Blau, Marjorie Deaton, Adria Deika, Laura Clark, Helen Gracia, Mary Hef, S. Sgt. Ralph Killian, Pfc. Warren Morris, M. Sgt. Edward, Freda Waddell, Edgar Walsh, Betty Waters, William Weber and Wendell West. Noble H. Poole is principal of the night school.

"I'm headin' fer 'th' la-4-244 round-up!"