

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. Kealing & 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. In writing the ad, Larry Sogard of the Kealing 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 whiskers." "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 brought in from the yard where I was stretching curtains. And once

The Mayor's Mementos

MAYOR TYNDALL'S desk at the city hall now is adorned with a picture frame containing mementos 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 ox eye elephant given to the mayor several years ago by the late M. Bert Thurman, former Republican national committee chairman. . . . 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 was born, his father was sports editor, etc. But who am I to be criticizing? . . . Col. Will H. Brown, the city schools R. O. T. 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 21st wedding anniversary. 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 resthouse 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 Hutcheson 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,

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.

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



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., surgeon, and Capt. Lester M. Saidman 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. Herschell A. Smetwick of Flint, Mich., one of the 33 enlisted men in the unit, told about a bridge named after his son.

It seems Smetwick 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 Smetwick.

And Cpl. Alvis T. Lemonds of Kennett, Mo., 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.

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