

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1945

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The Cenotaph, War Shrine, Is Symbol of Fourth of July

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War Memorial trustees tried, without success, to have the body of Capt. Gresham removed to the Cenotaph.

THIS MOVE gathered momentum after the Legion discovered his grave in Evansville was ill-kept and weed-grown. Instead of an imposing memorial, the grave of America's first World War I casualty was a more or less anonymous disgrace, the Legion charged.

But according to Frank Henley, executive secretary of the War Memorial, plans to transfer Capt. Gresham's body to Indianapolis were balked by Evansville city officials. Later, Legion and War Memorial spokesmen said Evansville sentiment against the disinterment was engendered by "politics." Anyway, the move bogged down.

DESPITE failure to bury World War I's first dead serviceman in the Cenotaph, a bronze plaque to his memory was inserted in the north side of the Cenotaph's granite platform. It reads:

"In Memoriam, James Bethel Gresham of Evansville, Ind., corporal Co. F, 16th Inf., 1st Division, A. E. F. Killed at Bapaume, France, Nov. 3, 1917. First member of American Expeditionary Forces to lose his life in action in the World War, 1917-1918."

Erected at an estimated cost

of \$75,000, the Cenotaph was dedicated on Nov. 11, 1932, by Paul V. McNutt and Raymond Springer, both candidates for Governor that year, and both past state commanders of the American Legion.

THE SITE is considered the American Legion's most sacred shrine here, Legion officials say. Male visitors are asked to remove their hats and a reverent attitude is requested of all persons in the presence of the tomb. Small stone insets in the lawn remind: "This ground is dedicated to the illustrious dead. Fitting recognition is desired."

Mr. Henley said he presumed the Cenotaph's general dedication would apply to World War II as well as World War I dead:

"They're really casualties of the same broad conflict," he pointed out. "Future generations won't divide their respect."

TROOPS MOVING TO U. S. FROM ANTWERP

PARIS, July 4 (U. P.)—The port of Antwerp began shipping soldiers to the United States today with 1500 men. The number moving through the port daily will be increased gradually, it was disclosed in a note from Col. Dowell Gullatt, port commander.

Gullatt said soldiers who left today were members of re-deploying units. They and others going from Antwerp are to be carried home in converted Liberty and Victory cargo ships.

SEERS CASH IN ON WAR FEARS

Fortune Teller's (Illegal Here) Very Busy.

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her trance and nipping at my ankles added nothing to the atmosphere.

Working on hints which I dropped purposely, she told me my husband was alive, was in the thick of battle and that an airplane was bringing a letter to me.

She worked on a much sounder basis than some later seers, trying to calm my fears with a "chin-up" routine. In return I nodded a surprised assent to most of her guesses about my family and past life, leaving her in a good mood as she placed two bucks in the pocket of her starched print apron.

I heard about Mrs. King after I got a cold brushoff at the roccoco residence of Mrs. Dolly Clark, at 1415 Central ave.

She sees that Dolly works by appointment only, and a good volume, too, judging from the number of people who had mentioned going to her when I asked if they knew any fortune tellers.

I later got into the Clark combination home and "church," a large brick building which flaunts stained glass windows, rows of smoothly polished pews and a large painting of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane.

The occasion was a mass meeting, at which more than 30 women and one soldier dropped a quarter and a question in the box and waited for Dolly to tell all!

Sits by "a Departed"

The service opened with a few feeble attempts at hymns—the pianist couldn't play them and no one, including Dolly, seemed to know the tunes.

I stayed only part of the service, most of which was taken up by the sobbing indiscretions of a woman who told the congregation that Dolly had predicted the suicide of a very near and dear relative and that the suicide occurred May 6.

I was sitting next to the bereaved, but scolded quick when Dolly beamed and said she saw the "departed" sitting between us.

Philosophic Reader'

The next stop provided a decided contrast. Mrs. Anna Scott, 3625 Birchwood ave., was a tall, statuesque woman, with white hair piled high on her head, dangling earrings and an old-fashioned dog collar.

She said she was a philosophic reader and spent the first half hour (the fare was \$1 for 30 minutes) outlining the philosophy of her work and the next half hour talking things over with my grandfather to find out how my husband was.

She had quite a time getting a relative to do the work and tentatively killed off most of the members of my family. Just to expedite things I finally told her my grandfather was dead and we worked from there.

Husband Has Fever'

She saw my husband as perhaps suffering a fever but he was "coming home." For the \$2 I got message from my "departed" daughter, my two dead aunts (I have none) and most of the living members of my family whom she saw "in spirit."

She opened and closed with a prayer, put heavy stress on religion and intermixed sound philosophical creeds with her predictions.

I rushed away to be on time for an appointment with Mrs. Betty Bruce, 3225 N. Illinois st., who sat on her sun porch and drew gloomy pictures from the birth dates of myself, my "husband" and other members of the family.

A Cheery Interview

Without stopping for breath she told me my husband was either dead or missing now, that if he was still alive it wouldn't be long.

She said he undoubtedly was a drinking man, that he was due for a 12-year bad luck cycle "if he lives through it," that she saw another letter edged in black for me and all sorts of other cheery news about my immediate family.

About 30 minutes—two bucks.

My next stop was a home on W. New York st. It looked like a cigarette line. I won't mention the woman's name because all I can report is hearsay.

I had an appointment at 4 p. m. and left about 30 minutes later without an audience when the 2 o'clock appointments were called in.

About 10 women, one fidgety man and one teen-age boy had been waiting as long as two hours for admission.

One of the women urged me to come around the last Saturday of some month, when you get ice cream and cake and a 10-minute reading all for one ticket.

She confided that the food wasn't too good, but the reading was worth the price—she thought that had been upped to 50 cents.

Booked Up Two Weeks

When two others and I finally gave up the ghost and left they regaled me with the wonders which this particular seer had performed.

Their only complaint—one which I heard repeated later—was that she wasn't foretold enough to make only one appointment for each hour, also the waiting line was getting out of hand.

I couldn't see another prospect on Shelby st. A party at his residence told me he'd "gone into defense work" and only gave readings on Sunday.

Two others whose names I had heard mentioned frequently also were unavailable. One on N. Keystone ave., has cut her schedule to

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

JAP "SUICIDE" BOMB

Canopy, which may be discarded, permitting escape of pilot if he desires. Pilots not locked in as once supposed, but most are carried to their death.

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Length—20 feet

War head

Wing span—16 feet

Three rockets in here propell bomb

Exhaust opening in tail



Bomber carries suicide bomb to point over target, then . . .

releases it. Suicide pilot sets off rockets and . . .

. . . plunges into death dive, while bomber pulls away.

The picto-diagram and photos above illustrate how the Japanese flying "suicide bomb" operates. Yanks have dubbed it the Baka bomb—baka being Jap word for "stupid" or "fool." The bomb, which is actually a flying torpedo, is carried under the belly of a medium bomber and released over its target—usually a ship. Once free, rockets in the tail section propel it in its death dive at over 400 miles an hour. The warhead in the nose explodes on contact.

Allied Press Enters Berlin With Troops; 140 Correspondents to Tell of Occupation

By JACK FLEISCHER
United Press Staff Correspondent

BERLIN, July 4. — The main American and British forces were moving into Berlin today for their long-delayed joint occupation with the Red army.

Spearheads entered the city yesterday in a driving rain.

Sixteen thousand men and 4000 vehicles of the American 2d armored division make up the American occupation force. And the 82d airborne division is expected later.

The main body of British troops is expected today. Canadian and French contingents were on the way.

With the advance guard of troops, about 140 allied correspondents arrived in Berlin. Most of them are American and British.

Two days a week and takes no appointments.

Another on Harris st. turned me down twice, saying both times she was booked up two weeks in advance.

Bright and early the second day, I visited Mrs. Ethel Abraham, 108 S. Rural, apparently one of the few seers whose spirits will work in the morning.

I later learned that most of the women reserve the morning for making appointments, muffle the telephone bell at noon and spend the rest of the day in readings.

Mrs. Abraham is a "psychic card reader." She had a little trouble pronouncing "psychic," but no trouble with the cards. My "husband," she said, is alive, but the death card kept appearing with him.

I had a lot of trouble keeping her on my problem. She kept wanting to tell me about impending weddings, success, trips, "more money in a financial sort of way," and a new husband.

I left there wondering about that tall, dark, married man who keeps thinking about me—she told me my husband was stocky and fair.

Just Like She Said'

Another client in the waiting room confided that she wouldn't make a move without consulting the card reader.

"I'm here to tell her my husband got a discharge, just like she said," she said.

The card reading seems to be the most inexpensive way of being buffeted around by fortune tellers. I paid only 50 cents for five shuffles and a wish.

I called it quite after about an hour and a half with Julie Suratt, Apt. 13, Richelle apartments, 420 E. North st.

Miss Suratt is of French descent. She has a Virginia accent and knows people from Kentucky.

While we waited for her "spirit," a Chippewa Indian who whooped (also with a Virginia accent) but strangely could not be seen, she told me the story of her life.

I got about an hour of her personal history, then the elusive Eskie (the Indian) finally related to tell the inside dope (Julie said).

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Their only complaint—one which I heard repeated later—was that she wasn't foretold enough to make only one appointment for each hour, also the waiting line was getting out of hand.

I couldn't see another prospect on Shelby st. A party at his residence told me he'd "gone into defense work" and only gave readings on Sunday.

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There are numerous French correspondents, lesser numbers of Belgians, Danes and Chinese. Brazil and Poland have one each.

Headquarters of the American zone was established in the southern suburb of Zehlendorf. The American zone is under Maj. Gen. Floyd Parks, 1st airborne army.

Brig. Gen. John H. Collier, Dallas, Tex., commands the 2d armored division.

Little Fraternization

Troops and correspondents started moving on Berlin at dawn yesterday. The press corps came from Halle. There had been several hitched during the last few days in arrangements for Americans and Britons to enter Russian-occupied Berlin.

The press convoy of about 70 jeeps and 20 trucks waited at the Dessau bridge across the Elbe for 90 minutes, largely due to a traffic tie-

ironic note in the whole proceeding.

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up when Russian convoys kept moving westward across the single-tracked wooden military bridge.

Due to language difficulties there was little immediate fraternization between the western allies and the Russians.

Those who arrived yesterday noticed at once the large numbers of horse-drawn farm wagons and well-worn Russian and German trucks on which the Russians rely for transport. American trucks sent to Russia also showed wear and tear.

Few German Civilians

Most of the Russian uniforms were well worn but some officers and men had new ones and many wore rows of medals on their chests.

There were few German civilians in towns and villages through which we passed. They appeared glad to see Americans and the children waved.

Those were almost no young or middle aged men