

## Inside Indianapolis 'Helping Wounded'

TWO DOCTORS, who have been so busy in the army that they haven't had time to write, got a little news of each other the other day. They had been friends at Indiana university medical school here several years ago. Capt. Jack D. Hull, stationed at the Stout field hospital, was taking care of some all-evacuated patients, one of whom was to be flown to Beaumont general hospital at El Paso, Tex. Knowing that his medical school friends, Capt. Richard Stauffer of Ft. Wayne, was stationed at Beaumont, Capt. Hull wrote, "Hi, Dick. —Jack" on the neck of the patient's cast. He also told him to "ask for the bone doctor from Indiana when you get to Beaumont." The patient apparently did, for the other day Capt. Hull received a postcard from Capt. Stauffer, saying he had seen the message. He was busy all right—he is acting chief of the orthopedic section at Beaumont with 2200 patients. . . . Mrs. John L. Haines of Carmel has the secret of keeping a night-blooming cereus in bloom. It takes seven years for the plant to bloom and then each bloom only lasts for a few hours—never to bloom again. Mrs. Haines' aunt, Mrs. J. C. Hennigar, left her cereus in the care of a neighbor while she went on her vacation. The flower bloomed just two days before she was expected home. Knowing how disappointed Mrs. Hennigar would be over not getting to see it, Mrs. Haines tried experimenting. She waxed the bloom in paraffin. It turned out grand, Mrs. Haines tells us, and now it is the talk of the neighborhood.



Miss Galvin

## On 'Postman's Holiday'

WHILE HUNDREDS of Indianapolis school teachers were vacationing or working at other jobs this summer, about 29 of them were helping wounded soldiers at Billings hospital get their diplomas or brush up on their studies. And they were mighty proud of their job, too. Ten of the teachers, headed by Miss Cecelia Galvin, are retired. The other 19 gave two half days a week during their summer vacation. Seven of this 19 came from Tech; one, Mrs. Cleo Frazier, from Manual; two from Washington;

## Burma Pipeline

"ON THE BURMA ROAD, IN CHINA." —"Fill 'er up with gas!"

The highway on which these words, a motorist's dream, are pronounced most often today is the Burma road. And the place is the POL, the filling station on the longest military pipeline in the world.

POL stands for petroleum, oil and lubricants. But this and other filling stations here are not like the glorified American kind, with neon lights and initialed overalls, white tie and salesmanship. In China you just drive into one of a pair of parallel muddy ruts, between which runs a pipe with gas hoses hung on it. You climb out yourself—there are no hovering attendants—and fill 'er up.

The line from Assam in India, paralleling in part the Burma road, and climbing the Himalayas into China, is only small in diameter, but it's 925 miles long. It cheats on enough of those dizzy serpentine roads to be able to make Kunming in about 100 miles less than the Burma road. And it never runs dry. That's because the place where it starts in Assam—not mentioned just yet—is fed by pipeline from Calcutta, about 750 miles away.

## Flown Across in C-109's

PART OF the gas is used in Assam to take the ceaseless shuttle of C-46's and C-47's across the hump. Much avgas, which was the blood of the 14th air force, is flown across in C-109's, a big four-motor Liberators specially converted for gas-carrying. And every drop of avgas used in China today is American-refined from American fields—none from the Persian gulf.

At a place on the Burma road in China you talk to G.I.'s. Breaks occur along the line, they say.



## By George Weller

"We usually find leaks soon because the gas is another they usually catch fire," said Charles Wroblewski of Chicago. The hardest construction job was taking the pipeline across hundreds of ravines, brooks and rivers.

Polated gas is worth \$100 for five gallons, according to George Thuerk, Chicago, who has worked the whole line from Yunnan-Yi to Burma. So great is the temptation that Yunnan's governor, Lung Yun, in the war days issued an order: "Stealing of gasoline from the pipeline has occurred from time to time and such illegal acts are not only detrimental to armed resistance but amount to high treason."

## Patrolled Daily by G. I.'s

ALMOST EVERY 20-foot length of the pipe is observed by some patrolling G.I.'s each day. Lung Yun has decreed death as the penalty for any Chinese caught tapping the pipeline and resisting arrest.

The gas climbs 13 mountain crests, the highest in Burma being 4200 feet, in China 8750 feet, wherever power flags, the pumping stations whip it up. The pipeline has its own telephone system, separate from the Calcutta Kuhming-Chungking line made by American engineers.

Recently two G.I.'s gave their lives to try to stop a leak in the pipe. Nobody knows exactly what happened when Pvis. Jerry Meany of New York city and Joseph Graci of Johnston, Pa., went out at the dial hands fell. But the dial hands did not rise, and the followup party found the bodies of both men in a burned out clearing, dead beside the pipeline they served.

The pipeline patrol camps, high in the mountains and far from the road, are probably the smallest self-contained elements in the army. Several camps have only four or five men. Their work, though dull, is highly responsible.

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## By Dr. Frank Thorne

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—A new chemical rat-killer, just released from under wartime wraps, appears to be just about as deadly to rodent pests as D. D. T. is to flies and mosquitoes. It was developed by chemists and biologists of the U. S. fish and wildlife service at the Patuxent research refuge near here and at the wildlife research laboratory near Denver. First report on the new rodenticide is given by E. R. Kalmbach of the Denver laboratory, in the forthcoming issue of *Science* magazine.

Chemically, the poison is sodium fluoracetate. For convenience, it is known by number 1080—it was the thousand-and-eighth in a long series of toxic materials tried out, under a transitory of funds from the office of scientific research and development.

The new ratbait seems to be the deadliest stuff ever tried out for the purpose. In carefully controlled tests, it has been able to kill the common Norway rat in concentrations as low as five milligrams per kilogram of body weight, Mr. Kalmbach states. That means that if a rat weighing half a pound swallows a pinpoint speck of it, weighing less than two ten-thousandths of an ounce, he will die. To certain other rodents, such as prairie dogs, 1080 is deadly in even smaller doses.

## It's Easy to Dilute

ONE ADVANTAGE of 1080 is its easy solubility in water. This makes it possible to dilute it down to manageable doses, and probably also to add disguising scents or tastes in case rats become too wary. However, the latter precaution should not be necessary: If a rat-infested area is properly baited with 1080



## My Day

HYDE PARK, Sunday.—In the last few weeks I have been much in and out of New York City, and I found myself rather frequently on the subways. It has warmed my heart to discover how many people would stop and speak to me as they left the train, often murmuring: "We loved your husband."

I always like that because, like the elephant's child in Kipling's story, I have an insatiable curiosity about people in general. The glimpses one gets into people's lives from casual conversations are often very valuable in helping one to understand the general ideas and feelings of the country as a whole.

One very nice letter came to me the other day from a gentleman who thought he had sat opposite me on a subway train, but evidently was not quite sure. So he wrote to find out.

He is himself a Republican and says so, but he puts in this sentence: "Since my grandsons and my daughters are great admirers of our late president, I am inclined to believe that the knowledge that I sat for about a quarter of an hour opposite you would give them a sense of great satisfaction."

I certainly appreciated his magnanimity and wrote him that I had more than likely been on that subway train, since I was travelling quite frequently the route he mentioned.

## By Eleanor Roosevelt

Taxi drivers very often tell me of their experiences with "Roosevelt hatters," but it never seems to have changed their own feelings in any way and they are, many of them, "pro-Roosevelt."

Over the Labor Day weekend, the library at Hyde Park was visited by thousands of people and since the grave and the house are not yet open to the public, I could see little groups of people standing by the fence just looking at the hedge which surrounds the rose garden where my husband is buried.

In driving back from the Post road through the woods to my cottage, one of those days, I picked up a man and his wife and little girls. They had come up from the station by taxi and had been told that a bus would take them back to Poughkeepsie if they walked just a little way through the woods to Route 9-G.

It proved to be rather farther than they had expected and the little girl was carried when I picked them up. I gathered, nevertheless, that in spite of weariness they were glad they had made the trip.

I don't think they knew who I was, so they were not saying anything for my benefit. At least, that was the impression the friend with me got from the conversation.

I am convinced that the library here is going to fulfill a two-fold purpose. In time, when the books and papers are gathered and catalogued, it will be a mecca for students of this period of history.

But many, many people are going to get interest and pleasure and broaden their horizons generally by spending an hour or so just looking at the general collections.



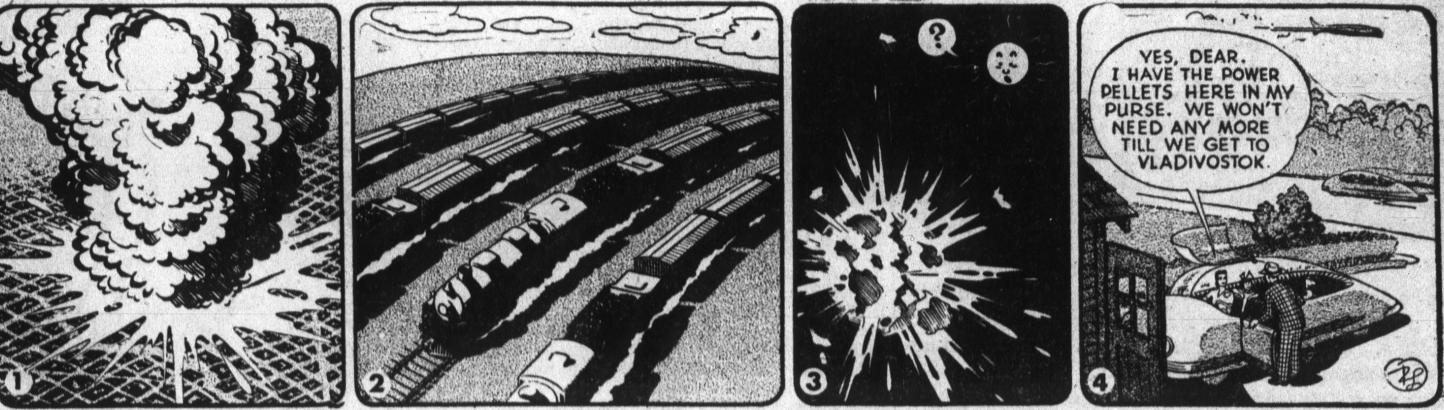
## The Indianapolis Times

## SECOND SECTION

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1945

PAGE 9

## THE STORY OF THE ATOM



1. Before August 5, 1945, most people who had heard about the great energy stored in atoms thought the idea the merest theory. But on that date, the vast power of the atom was demonstrated. An atomic bomb, the explosive content of which weighed only a few pounds, was dropped on the Japanese base city of Hiroshima, from an American plane.

The army base was blown into a cloud of smoke, dust and rubble, rising 40,000 feet.

2. People over were aghast as scientists estimated the power of the atomic bomb. The power in one pound of explosive was equivalent to 15,000 tons of TNT, enough to fill four trains of 75 cars. The atoms in the bomb contained a potential power equivalent to that produced by nearly all the hydro-electric plants in the United States, running for one hour, or approximately 10,000,000 kilowatt hours.

3. People realized at once that the atomic bomb could be a great source of evil. A small enemy plane, stealing through the overcast with a few pounds of bombs, could wipe out such great cities

as New York or Chicago. A few tons could submerge such an island as Japan. An heavy enough bomb might cause an earthquake or some other great world-wide disaster.

4. Other people, more hopeful and optimistic, saw the force inside the atom becoming a great power for good. Under proper control, it could unshackle man forever from the chains of hard labor. A pound could drive a great liner many times across the world's oceans. Just a few grams would keep an automobile running the entire life of the car. Less than a gram could easily send an airplane around the world without stopping to refuel.

TOMORROW—The Secret of Atomic Power.

We, the Women  
Give Customer  
A Break, Speak  
To Him Kindly

By RUTH MILLETT

PARENTS who want co-operation instead of squawks from junior are told that "small fry" react more obligingly to pleasant requests than to scoldings, and to positive rather than negative suggestions.

For instance, parents should say, "See if you can keep the water in the bathtub, Willy," instead of "Don't splash the water, Willy."

Well, how about—one customer instead of insulting him is again the order of the day—giving sales people and others who deal with the public a list of "better ways to say things."

FOR EXAMPLE, "Shoes are on the second floor," instead of "You'll have to go to the second floor."

"I'm sorry, but we haven't a purple suit in the store," instead of "But purple just isn't being worn this season."

"I'm sorry you didn't find just what you wanted," instead of a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders or "I've showed you everything we have."

"THE STORE manager, Mr. Sod-and-so on such and such a floor is the person to see about that," instead of "You'll have to see the manager. I don't know anything about it."

"I'm afraid there are several ahead of you—but I'll take care of you as quickly as I can," instead of "You'll have to get in line."

"Could I help you, please," instead of "What is it you want?"

"I'm sorry, but we haven't a size 42 left," instead of "That isn't made in anything larger than an 18."

"I'm afraid this isn't your size," instead of "This is way too small for you."

The gracious, pleasant phrase isn't any more trouble to use than the one that irritates. And it certainly would pay off in the better humor of Mr. and Mrs. Public.

LOCAL MAN DUE TO ARRIVE TOMORROW

S. Sgt. John E. Hunter, Indianapolis, is scheduled to dock tomorrow in New York aboard the Daniel Huger. Seven other local men landed Friday aboard the Claymont Victory and the U. S. Victory.

The men who docked Friday are S. Sgt. Charles Shirrell, 725 N. Alabama st.; Pfc. Charles Colmey, R. R. 10; Lt. Robert Flegg, 358 S. Sheffield ave.; S. Sgt. John Laffey, 302 Parker ave.; Cpl. Donald Tudor, 1402 Olive st.; Pfc. William Knight, 1862 Gent ave., and Pvt. John Miller, 1509 S. High School rd.

HANNAH

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WAC's TO HURRY HOME

CAIRO, Sept. 10 (U. P.)—Maj. Gen. B. F. Giles, commander of American forces in the Middle East, announced today that every effort will be made to return all WACs in this theater to the United States within 60 days.

—By Buford Tune

WATER from unknown sources should be boiled before using. Objectionable odor, taste, and hardness are unimportant from a health standpoint, as the main

Trained inspectors can judge the quality of well water by observing the location, construction, and method of operation of the well.

Public health laboratories often receive samples of water for analysis collected under unsatisfactory conditions. Write or call your health department for assistance before sending samples.

Wells located in limestone subsoil may be contaminated by sewage from a distance, while other wells are usually safe if protected from surface flooding and located at least 50 or more feet from a privy or cesspool.

Springs are natural wells and are subject to the same contamination as well water. All spring water should be regarded as contaminated except when it flows in such a way that it can be protected from contamination with surface water, or from ground water which flows near the surface above the impervious layer.

Contaminated water supplies result from mixture with infected human excreta. This water may taste all right and look all right, but it is dangerous to use. Sewage may be discharged directly into a water supply. The contents of privies or cesspools may seep through the soil and pass into the source of supply, or storm water may carry excreta from flooded outdoor sources.

SANITARY supervision of all water supplies safeguards the production of safe drinking water.

## DOTTIE DRIPPLE

