

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 2000 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.

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;

three, from junior high schools and two were elementary school principals. Right now the staff is back down to 12 and there's a great need for help in specialized lines such as shorthand or air conditioning. Since the classes began last April, there already has been one commencement and another is scheduled for Sept. 25. . . . Manual's Arda Knox tells us that teaching the boys is one of the greatest pleasures she's ever had. It is the first time Miss Knox has taught since retiring from the Manual staff in 1939. And there's hardly a day that she doesn't see someone she knows. At the first commencement she ran into Harry King, a Manual graduate whom she had had in her roll room. Harry was pushing one of the soldiers to the platform to get his diploma. She also met Capt. Roy Hines, who saw European service, and Harry Fogel of the medical detachment, both Manual boys. Besides learning their algebra and higher mathematics from Miss Knox, the boys love to "shoot the breeze" with her as they call it. . . . The teachers go to their classes in a Red Cross motor car which picks them up at their homes. Miss Galvin, 836 N. Rural st., was the first teacher called to help out the soldiers, and Miss Knox and Mrs. Mary Edna Eickenberry were about next in line.

A Double Eviction

IT WAS a double "eviction" for Manager Bill Burwell of the Indianapolis Indians in their recent road trip. Not only were the Redskins ousted from first place in the American association race but Manager Burwell lost his home as well. He had sub-leased Johnny Riddle's house while the former catcher and his family were in Cincinnati. But when school started, Mrs. Riddle came home to start the youngsters in school and Burwell was "out." . . . Another request for tickets to the 500-mile Speedway race next Memorial day came into The Times office this week. It was sent from Dayton, O. But Al Rickenbacker out at Speedway tells us tickets won't actually go on sale until about January. All he can do with early requests is file them and let the orders after tickets are printed. About 65,000 tickets will be on sale for the stands alone. That's not counting the fans who want to take to the field. The track has been closed for four years and Mr. Rickenbacker says there's a lot of fixing up to do. They're going to make a complete survey of the place in about a month to see what has to be done.

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 P.O.L., 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 tile 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 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 mentionable 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, C-47's and C-54's across the hump. Much av-gas, which was the blood of the 14th air force, is flown across in C-109's, a big four-motored Liberator specially converted for gas-carrying. And every drop of av-gas 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.

Science

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-eightieth in a long series of toxic materials tried out, under a transfer of funds from the office of scientific research and development.

The new ratbane 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 latent 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 subway. It was 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 George Weller

"We usually find leaks soon because one way or 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. Pirated 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. 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 Kunming-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 Pvt. Jerry Meaney of New York City and Joseph Graci of Johnstown, Pa., went out as 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 Thone

there will be no survivors to teach a younger generation caution. The high solubility of 1080 also makes it possible to offer it to rats in simple water baits; a third of an ounce in a gallon of water has proven quite effective in field tests.

If it has any taste to rats, it must be because they have a more acute sense of taste than human beings. A bit of the pure chemical, well below the toxic level for human beings, was tried out by Dr. Ray Treichel of the fish and wildlife service, now on duty with the war department, and he stated that he could not taste anything at all.

The deadliness of 1080, however, should not be played down, all workers with the stuff agree. One rat died in exactly 20 minutes after drinking water containing it, and at the end of two hours about a score of dead rats were picked up in the vicinity. It is no respecter of animals, and will kill pet dogs and cats, and possibly game and livestock, if they inadvertently get hold of it.

Unlikely for General Use

FOR THIS reason, it is unlikely to be put on the market for general household use, but it more likely to be put in the hands of professional rodent-killers who wage campaigns against rats among wharves, granaries and warehouses, and against too-numerous prairie dogs and ground squirrels on western rangelands.

The high dilution in which 1080 can be used is one thing that will make it less dangerous, Dr. Treichel pointed out. It would be necessary for a man to eat six ounces of an ordinary bait containing it to get a lethal dose. If a little is swallowed it is soon excreted; its effects are not cumulative like those of many other poisons. Moreover, it is not absorbed through the skin like one of the rodenticides in general professional use; this is a very great practical advantage in field handling.

By Eleanor Roosevelt

Taxi drivers very often tell me of their experiences with "Roosevelt haters," 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 week-end, 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 girl. 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 being 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.

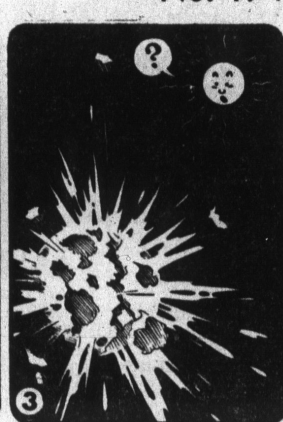
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SECOND SECTION

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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 the world over agreed 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 over-cast 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. A 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.

EYE-WITNESS: Science Writer Rides on Atomic Bomb Mission

'A New Being, Born Before Our Eyes'

WITH ATOMIC BOMB MISSION TO JAPAN, Aug. 9 (Delayed)—We are on our way to bomb the mainland of Japan.

Our flying contingent consists of three specially designed B-29 Superforts. Two of these carry no bombs.

But our lead plane is on its way with another atomic bomb, the second in three days, concentrating in its active substance an explosive energy equivalent to 20,000—and under favorable conditions 40,000—tons of TNT.

We have several chosen targets. One of these is the great industrial and shipping center of Nagasaki, on the western shore of Kyushu, one of the main islands of the Japanese homeland.

I WATCHED the assembly of this man-made meteor during the past two days. It is a thing of beauty to behold, this "gadget."

In its design went millions of man-hours of what is without doubt the most concentrated intellectual effort in history.

Never before had so much brain-power been focused on a single problem.

This atomic bomb is different from the bomb used three days ago with such devastating results on Hiroshima.

I SAW the atomic substance before it was placed inside the bomb. By itself it is not at all dangerous to handle.

It is only under certain conditions, produced in the bomb assembly, that it can be made to yield up its energy. Even then it gives up only a small fraction of its total contents, a fraction, however, large enough to produce the greatest explosion on earth.

In command of our mission is Maj. Charles W. Sweeney, 25, of North Quincy, Mass. His flagship, carrying the atomic bomb, is named "The Great Artiste," but the name does not appear on the body of the great silver ship.

Instead it carries the number "77," and some one remarks that it is "Red" Grange's winning number on the gridiron.

SEENEY's co-pilot is 1st Lt. Charles D. Albury, 24, of Miami. The bombardier upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of depositing the atomic bomb square on its target is Capt. Kermit K. Beahan, Houston, Tex., who is celebrating his 37th birthday today.

Beahan has been awarded the distinguished flying cross, the air medal, and one silver oak leaf cluster, the purple heart, the western hemisphere ribbon, the European theater ribbon and two battle stars.

He participated in the first heavy bombardment mission against Germany from England on Aug. 17, 1942, and was on the plane that transported Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower from Gibraltar to Oran at the beginning of the North African invasion. He has had a number of hair-raising escapes in combat.

The lead ship is also carrying a group of scientific personnel, headed by Cmdr. Frederick L. Ashworth, one of the leaders in the development of the bomb. The group includes Lt. Jacob Beser, 24, of Baltimore, an expert on airborne radar.

THE OTHER two Superforts in our formation are instrument planes, carrying special apparatus to measure the power of the bomb at the time of explosion, high speed cameras and other photographic equipment.

Our Superfort is the second in line. Its commander is Capt. Fredrick C. Cook, 27, of Greenville, Mich. Its other officers include 2d Lt. Hugh C. Ferguson, 21, of Highland Park, Mich., pilot.

The enlisted personnel of this

both the primary target as well as the secondary were clearly visible. The winds of destiny seemed to favor certain Japanese cities that must remain nameless.

We circled about them again and again and found no opening in the thick umbrella of clouds that covered them.

Destiny chose Nagasaki as the ultimate target. At 11:33 we crossed the coastline and headed straight for Nagasaki about 100 miles to the west.

Here again we circled until we found an opening in the clouds. It was 12:01 and the goal of our mission had arrived.

WE HEARD the pre-arranged signal on our radio, put on our welder's glasses and watched tensely the approach of the atomic ship. About half a mile in front of us, "There she goes!" someone said. Out of the belly of the Artiste what looked like a black object came downward.

Bock swung around to get out of range, but even though we were turning away in the opposite direction, and despite the fact that it was broad daylight in our cabin, all of us became aware of a giant flash that broke through the dark barrier of our arc welder's lenses and flooded our cabin with an intense light.

WE REMOVED our glasses after the first flash but the light still lingered on, a bluish-green light that illuminated the entire sky all around.

A tremendous blast wave struck our ship and made it tremble from nose to tail.

This was followed by four more blasts in rapid succession, each rebounding like the boom of cannon fire hitting our plane from all directions.

Observers in the tail of our ship saw a giant ball of fire rise as though from the bowels of the earth, belching forth enormous white smoke rings. Next they saw a giant pillar of purple fire, 10,000 feet high, shooting skyward with enormous speed.

BY THE time our ship had made another turn in the direction of the atomic explosion the pillar of pur-

ple fire had reached the level of our altitude.

Only about 45 seconds had passed. "Awe-struck," we watched it shoot upward like a meteor coming from the earth, instead of from outer space, becoming ever more alive as it climbed skyward through the white clouds.

It was no longer smoke, or dust, or even a cloud of fire. It was a living thing, a new species of being, born right before our incredulous eyes.

At one stage of its evolution, covering millions of years in terms of seconds, the entity assumed the form of a giant square totem pole, with its base about three miles long, tapering off to about a mile at the top.

Its bottom was brown, its center was amber, its top white. But it was a living being, a new species, many grotesque masks gracing at the earth.

THEN, JUST when it appeared as though the thing had settled down into a state of permanence, there came shooting out of the top a giant mushroom that increased the height of the pillar to a total of 45,000 feet.

The mushroom top was even more alive than the pillar, seething and boiling in a white fury of creamy foam, sizzling upwards and then descending earthward, a thousand old faithful geysers rolled into one.

It kept struggling in an elemental fury, like a creature in the act of breaking the bonds that held it down. In a few seconds it had freed itself from its gigantic stem and floated upward with tremendous speed, its momentum carrying into the stratosphere to a height of about 60,000 feet.

BUT NO sooner did this happen when another mushroom, smaller in size than the first one, began emerging out of the pillar. It was as though the decapitated monster was growing a new head.

As the first mushroom floated off into the blue it changed its shape into a flower-like form, its giant petals curving downward, creamy white outside, rose-colored inside.

It still retained that shape when we last gazed at it from a distance of about 200 miles.

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 once in a while the 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. So-and-so on such and such a day 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.

THE DOCTOR SAYS: Wells or Springs May Be Contaminated

Impure Water Spreads Disease

By WILLIAM A. O'BRIEN, M.D.

SAFE drinking water is accepted as a matter of course, but we must not become careless or we will pay the penalty in outbreaks of intestinal and other diseases.

Returning servicemen are more aware of the importance of safeguarding water supplies than the people at home.

Usual sources of community water supplies are lakes and streams. Common method of purification is to mix water with alum which forms a precipitate.

As this settles, it carries down suspended material. Next step is to pass the partially purified water through sand, gravel, and rock filters. Chlorine gas is now added to reduce the bacterial content.

Double chlorination may be practiced if the water is badly contaminated.

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

concern is the possibility of the water containing disease germs. Intestinal diseases may also be spread by contaminated dishes and utensils, flies, or by direct contact with infected excreta.

Water-borne diseases include typhoid fever, para-typhoid fever, dysentery, and cholera. Several virus diseases are now suspected of being spread by water. When epidemics occur, large numbers of persons are infected at the same time.

Citizens have a right to protection against these water-borne diseases, and negligence in operating water purification plants makes the community liable to damage actions.

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.

WAC'S TO HURRY HOME

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

—By Buford Tune

YOU MAKE MORE NOISE DOING NOTHING THAN ANYONE I EVER SAW!

DOTTIE DRIPPLE

