

Inside Indianapolis

Hoosier Profile

WHEN ARGUMENTS wax between the drivers and the promoters at the midget auto races, Ted Everroade can step in and talk on either side . . . he formerly was a driver and now is a promoter. He's head man at the new track across 16th st. from the big 500-mile plant.

Ted . . . and it isn't "Theodore," but just plain Ted . . . persuaded a group of sports-minded Indianapolis men to go in with him on this latest venture. The group battled shortages, priorities and what-not but finally managed to have things in readiness to open the night before the 500-mile race. Thousands of potential Speedway customers flocked to the track and the owners fretted and staved, trying to send everyone away happy.

After the last patron had left the place and the last usher was paid off, the sweating owners unanimously and unceremoniously gave Mr. Everroade "the title of "track manager." It's his baby, now, and the rest of the incorporators watch the show from the boxes.

Motors Music to Him

TED WAS bitten by the speed bug at 19, shortly after getting out of Columbus, Ind., high school. Racing motors were music to his ears and he caught on as a "grease monkey" for Doc Oldham, a dirt track driver at Columbus. . . . "I barnstormed all over the country with him," Ted recounts, "first as a 'greaser' and then as a riding mechanic."

Later, he began to get chances to drive and raced from 1921 until 1932. He rode with Johnny Seymour as a mechanic in the 1930 500-mile race and was banged up considerably in a seven-car wreck that year. . . . "I came off lucky in that one," Ted recalls. Prior to that his assortment of fractured bones in crashes added up to a broken back, one leg, both arms, a collar bone and both hands.



Ted Everroade . . . between driving and promoting, it's easier to drive.

Kansas Plains

LAMAR, Colo., July 20.—Today we drove 400 miles across the rolling, almost treeless plains of Kansas under a scorching sun. So far as I am concerned, these farmers are entitled to every penny they can get for their crops.

They were going to it, despite the 102-degree temperature. In some fields they were busy harvesting wheat, and in others they were riding tractors and pulling plows. Little clouds of dust told where they were working when rises shut them from view.

Windmills were whizzing in the hot blasts that swept across the plains, and cattle were hunched around the water tanks, switching their tails.

At some of the few shady spots along the highway, cars and trucks were parked, and their occupants were lying on the ground asleep. Maybe they are wise. They stop and sleep in the heat of the day, and drive late in the afternoon and at night.

Life on the plains of Kansas looks lonely. Homes are far apart. You can look out and see your neighbor's house several miles away, but you can't run over at any time for a chat, or to borrow his lawn mower or a cup of flour.

We started the day's drive from Yates Center, Kan., and the first town we passed through was Eureka.

And in Eureka there is a mighty frank grocery. In huge letters across the front of the store was this sign: "Guaranteed Toughest Meat in Town."

Trees Form Archway

WE STOPPED FOR lunch in Wichita in a combination cafeteria, grocery, soda fountain, drug store and bakery. The bakery department, however, was out of business. No sugar. We got good lunches for 65 cents.

The residential section of Wichita is very pretty. Elms grow on each side of the street and meet overhead, forming a green, cool archway.

At Greensburg we stopped to see "the largest hand-dug well in the world." It is 32 feet in diameter.

Science

I AM STILL amazed that anything so terrible as the atomic bomb could provide so beautiful a spectacle. For my recollection of the atomic bomb explosion over Bikini lagoon on July 1 is a scene of incredible beauty.

Sitting at my portable typewriter in the wardroom of the U. S. S. Appalachian an hour after the detonation, I was surprised to find myself using such phrases as "creamy white" and "streaked with pastel shades—pink and saffron and salmon," to describe the atomic cloud.

At the moment it was difficult to believe that a sudden reversal of the wind might have caused 25,000 deaths in joint army-navy task force 1. Yet I had known before I went out to Bikini that we were betting our lives on the skill of the weather forecaster.

Just What Did They See

THESE IS SO much discussion at the moment as to just what observers on the Appalachian did or did not see that it occurs to me that the reader might like a detailed report of what I saw.

If it differs from what some other people report they saw, I can throw little light upon the subject except to say that both psychologists and lawyers have become accustomed to finding considerable differences in the stories told by witnesses to events of far less significance than the detonation of the fourth atomic bomb in the history of the world.

July 1 had been chosen as "A-day," the day on which the atomic bomb was to be dropped. But whether or not July 1 or any other day between then and July 20 was A-day, depended entirely on the weather.

My Day

NEW YORK, Friday.—Ever since last Tuesday morning, I have been spending a good deal of my time in the Harkness pavilion at the medical center, or in the subway going back and forth.

It seems to me as though I have spent a good deal of my life sitting around in hospitals waiting for other people to have operations, seeing them off to the operating room, and then waiting for their return. The first day, I spent waiting for a gleam of recognition from the patient, is trying because you know that, under the best of circumstances, nobody cares who is around during the first few days after an operation, because the discomfort is so great! The patient's thoughts are completely centered upon what can be done to relieve the immediate plan.

My secretary, Miss Malvina Thompson, who has been with me for so many years, was operated on yesterday morning, and I left the hospital in the evening feeling relieved that she was at last on the road to recovery.

I told the surgeon that I had never had an operation, and then remembered afterwards that many years ago, so long ago that it had receded

Mr. Everroade accumulated enough cash from his mechanical and racing ability to start a garage on Virginia ave., which he operated until he branched into the promotional business on a full time basis. In the meantime, he promoted dirt-track and midget races in West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Florida. . . . "Most times we made money, but of course there were the bad ones too, when we got bad weather breaks and other disappointments."

Ted's chief attribute as a promoter seems to be his ability to get things done. He can serve in a concession stand, or as an announcer, as the guy who answers the telephone, or, if necessary, as the fellow who sweeps the track. Mr. Everroade knows that all of these jobs have to be done, and if no one else is handy, he's apt to be doing one of them.

Is midget auto racing another miniature golf bubble? Definitely not, Mr. Everroade thinks. All over the country attendance has been growing and faster better cars are being built, he points out. . . . "The G. I.'s are new fans. Midget auto racing had just begun to develop in this section of the country when they went out to fight." Then, too, Mr. Everroade figures that the amusement dollars still will be plentiful for some time to come—as long as the shortages continue. Stock-car events didn't click at the new track, however, and Mr. Everroade doesn't plan to continue with them. . . . "They may go for 'em at other places, but not in Indianapolis, so there's no point to keep running," he reasoned.

Has 'Chunk' of 500-Racer

MR. EVERROADE owns a chunk of the rear-engine racing driven by George Barringer in the last 500-mile. This car holds 38 world's records on the Utah Salt Lake flats and is supposed to bid for more. But Ted's attention now is largely centered on midget racing. One of the interested spectators at pre-race activities at the west side midget track was Rudi Carraciola, Swiss racing star hurt badly in a crash at the 500-mile race while taking his driver's tests. The European star was fascinated by the little "doodle-bug" racers and, through his convalescence at Methodist hospital and at Tony Hulman's Terre Haute estate, kept thinking of their possibilities in Europe. Mrs. Carraciola serves as something of a business manager and agent for her racing husband, so she was instructed to get all of the details of track construction, methods of operation and specifications for the tiny cars. . . . All of this was provided her by Mr. Everroade, so if the sport spreads to the continent upon the return of the Carraciolas, the Indianapolis promoter will have helped with the inauguration. He'd even like a fling at it over there himself, but Mrs. Everroade and Ted's 21-year-old daughter like it better in the Hoosier state.

Mr. Everroade isn't the picture of the typical promoter. His suits aren't checked and he smokes cigarettes in preference to big black cigars . . . but the car he drives has Indianapolis Midget Speedway painted all over the sides.

"Just to let 'em know there is such a place," he grins. (By Bob Stranahan)

er, and 100 feet deep, cased with native stone. That doesn't sound so deep, but when you look down into it you think it's half a mile.

Tourists may look down into the well free. If you want to go down the ladder to the bottom, though, it costs 30 cents. And you have to climb back up under your own power. Didn't appeal to me.

Son Tries to Catch Rabbit

DODGE CITY has one of the swankiest motor courts in the United States, but it was too early for us to stop there.

When we reached Garden City we decided we had better spend the night there. But there were no vacancies—not in camps we thought inviting. So we headed on west to Syracuse.

We began seeing an occasional jackrabbit, and I said those were just about the fastest things on four legs.

Young Edon, who was captain of his high school track team scoffed. "Shucks! He could catch 'em."

"Okay," I said. "The next time we see one, I'll stop and let you try."

Soon we saw a couple of enormous ears sticking up above a clump of grass near the road, and I put on the brakes. Edon got out, took a running start, jumped the wire fence—and charged towards the ears. A rabbit made a frightened leap—four or five other jackrabbits jumped out of the grass—and in a flash they were just bouncing streaks across the plains. Edon was running as fast as his long legs would carry him. He made a noble effort, but he might as well have saved his energy. Those rabbits made a monkey of him. He came back grinning sheepishly.

We couldn't get a cabin at Syracuse, and said goodby to Kansas and came on to Lamar, Col. Here we got a two-room unit for \$5. The speedometer showed 421 miles for the day. Our Kansas gas cost us 19 cents a gallon.

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By David Dietz

The plan was to have the ships of task force 1 leave Bikini lagoon and stand off to sea on the other side of Bikini Island to the northeast. It was necessary, therefore, to have winds blowing from the northeast, not merely the surface winds, but the winds in the stratosphere as well.

Plans Were Very Exhaustive

PERSONS who belittle the atomic bomb as a weapon forget this. The plans for A-day even included preparations for the emergency evacuation of Kwajalein, 220 miles from Bikini, should unexpected winds have developed.

Nobody talked very much about what the Appalachian would do if the winds changed unexpectedly. One officer summed it up when he said, "We'll run like hell and hope for the best."

Moving the ships of task force 1 out of Bikini lagoon was in itself a time-consuming maneuver and for this reason the go-ahead signal for A-day had to come nearly 24 hours in advance.

As a result, the weathermen of task force 1 had to give Adm. Blandy the go-ahead signal at 10 a.m. on the day before A-day.

At 10 a.m. on June 30 came word from Adm. Blandy that July 1 would be A-day and that the lagoon was to be evacuated according to plan.

An elaborate system had been worked out for abandoning the target ships. In each case, the senior officer was the last to leave the ship and before he left, the navy signal flag for "Y," a diagonally striped red and yellow flag, was hoisted on the ship.

Any one left behind by accident was to hoist all the signal flags the ship possessed.

By Eleanor Roosevelt

completely into the background of my memory. I had been operated on! It was done in my own home, a tiny house on 36th st. One of the bedrooms became the operating room.

Only two things now stand out in my mind. First, that I returned to consciousness to hear the doctor inquiring of the nurse whether she could feel my pulse or whether I was gone! Later, I remember saying that the pain of the next few days was far greater than any I had ever experienced in having a baby, and that I didn't think it was worthwhile because you didn't have anything to show for it afterward!

It was winter and, for some unknown reason—perhaps just because I wanted to make everyone as uncomfortable as I was—I insisted that both my windows had to be kept open all the time. The nurse and my poor family had to look after me while I sat in my coats. In retrospect, I think I was a far more inconsiderate person and much worse patient than any others have had to look after since! I imagine it is just as well that my life since then has been so uneventful as far as illnesses go!

By David Dietz

SECOND SECTION

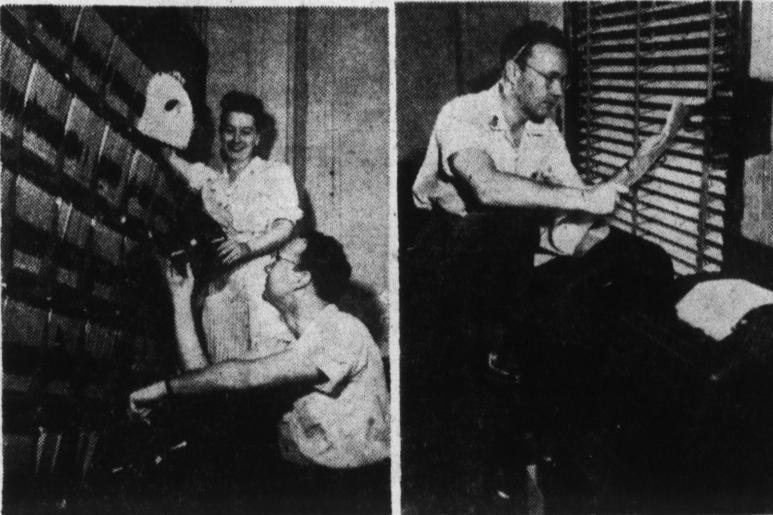
The Indianapolis Times

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1946

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CAMERA CLOSEUP . . . By Tim Timmerman

Dials Twist and Platters Spin



LETS LOOK AT THE RECORDS . . .

William Faulkner, WISH radio announcer, lines up the disc for his late evening record program after a visit to the station's 3000-record library to consult with Music Librarian Eleanor Brown.

THE EVENING'S NEWS . . .

Next Mr. Faulkner scans the telephones of the wire services in the station newsroom to plan the five-minute newscast which leads off the recorded and transcribed program for late hour dial twisters.

IN THE GROOVE . . .

Carefully Mr. Faulkner lowers the needle on the first record for the night. By the time the clock hands point to midnight, signaling the close of the program, at least a dozen listeners' favorites will be broadcast.



ON THE AIR . . . Control Engineer Samuel Harris signals the go ahead to Mr. Faulkner, seated at the mike in the studio, and the program is under way.

BREATHING SPELL . . . His work over, Mr. Faulkner relaxes with a cigarette as he listens to a network broadcast which takes over the final five minutes of the hour.

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