

Inside Indianapolis By Donna Mikels

WE USUALLY START OFF by telling which block we just visited but today we're stumped. We aren't just exactly sure of the name of the street. Or even that it is a street, to get right down to facts. . . . We visited the 800 block on Lincoln, a peaceful South side byway. At least it was peaceful before we got there and stirred up an old dispute about whether the proper name is Lincoln st. or Lincoln lane. As far back as most of the residents can remember it's been called a street. However, on the original plat it's a lane," according to Mrs. Jennie V. Smith, 839, one of the people who would like to resume the name "Lincoln lane." Mrs. Smith can be classed as something of a Lincoln expert, too. She's lived in the same house 35 years, in two different locations on Lincoln. Her husband, the late O. L. Smith, built up the section, constructing several of the houses. At one time part of the 800 block was called the O. L. Smith addition. . . . Back to the street-name controversy. Mrs. Smith says she remembers that they began calling it a street after the paving went in and a trolley was routed on it. She'd like to see the people start using lane on their addresses, to gradually reconvert Lincoln back to a rustic title. . . . This isn't the only name trouble the street's had, either. During world war I, Mrs. Smith recalls, "the north side wanted us to change the name of Lincoln so they could have a Lincoln st. The people out here put up a howl, though, and the northsiders didn't get their way." She doesn't recall what the North side street was eventually named.

Youngsters 'Second Mother'

ANOTHER VETERAN resident, Mrs. Earl C. Lombard, remembers hearing about her husband's brother driving cows down Lincoln lane, when it was just a cow path. Dr. and Mrs. Lombard have been Lincoln residents some 25 years. . . . In addition to being the two "old-timers," both Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lombard are "second mothers" to all the youngsters on the street. Mrs. Smith now hands out cookies and kind words to children whose mothers and fathers before them used to toddle over to "see Miz Smith." The same second-generations are following in their parents' footsteps on Halloween. It's neighborhood tradition for the kids to "trick or treat" the Lombards. However, no one can ever remember a Halloween when they didn't get a "treat." One time back when the mothers and fathers of the present young fry were in school, a South side teacher asked her pupils to write a composition on what they did each Halloween. It turned out that darned near everyone in the class "went to Lombards." There are plenty of children in the block. When we visited Lincoln, most of the young boys were grouped obviously around a boy named Al, who had a "real two-wheeled bike." The bike subsequently got two of the youngsters, 4 and 5-year-old John Lee and Richard Lloyd Smith, in trouble. The bike rider crossed Leonard st. and did the Smiths. Their mother, Mrs. E. R. Smith, 835, saw them cross, something which they're expressly forbidden to do. It was in the house for them and in the



Aiming at higher education . . . Peder Pedersen and "Butch" Barnes set up an apple barrage on St. Paul's Lutheran school.

house they were to stay until they could learn the cars and trolleys are a little bigger than they are.

Learned Their Lesson

TWO BOYS down the street, Peder Pedersen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pedersen, 811, and Allen "Butch" Barnes, learned that fact the hard way not so long ago. "Butch" was struck and thrown several feet while his best friend, Pedie, watched horrified. Fortunately, "Butch," the son of Patrolman and Mrs. Harold Barnes, 802, wasn't seriously hurt. His bruises were enough to teach him how to cross a street. As for Pedie, the sickening sight of "Butch" being hit impressed him more than 100 lectures on safety could do. . . . Incidentally, we were intrigued by the spelling of Pedie's name. His grandfather, Peder Pedersen I, who came right from Denmark to Indianapolis, died just before Pedie was born. He was named after his grandfather, even to the Danish spelling of the name. Pedie and Butch Barnes have become fast friends because they're the only boys in the families. They're both very envious of six sisters who have achieved something the boys long for—"going to school." The boys are so interested in school that they play right around St. Paul's Lutheran, where several of their sisters are enrolled. The other day they got a little too interested to please the school authorities. . . . They got a sudden burst of pity for the students inside so they stood in an alley and tossed apples in to the hungry school children. But even the faculty got a kick out of the two blond tots getting food to the "prisoners."

Convention

By Frederick C. Othman

HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 7 (U. P.)—The frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is being shocked. Cider's gushing golden in the mills. The fields are hazed in purple. And the paper shuffles back in Washington are a million miles away.

Poor devils. I wish a few of 'em could be along with me, sniffing the spicy smells of harvest time and maybe even talking to a few of the citizens here in a land where the dollar, in spite of everything, still is worth a dollar, or almost.

They'd learn, I think, a little humility.

What I'm trying to get at is the fact that I drove here from the capital to attend a sample of that great American institution, the convention. Where everybody wears a badge on his lapel, has a wonderful time, and maybe even does a little business on the side.

Ladies Are Sore

THIS PARTICULAR CONVENTION happened to be a meeting of Pennsylvania newspaper publishers. They brought their wives along, their editors, and many of their reporters. The U. S. bureau of labor conciliation will be interested to know that boss and hired hand weren't bitter enemies. They were pals, boss bought reporter eggs for breakfast; boss' wife talked with reporter's wife about meat, lack of it. I don't believe that Secretary of Labor Lew Schwellenbach will have to worry much about these people. OPA Chief Paul Porter need not worry about them, either.

The publishers held one session concerning the newsprint supply. The papermakers' agents were there. Several men had copies of the Philadelphia

Record, printed in part on brown wrapping paper. They were worried about the paper shortage, but they were not planning on any appeals to the OPA.

I believe it is fair to say they were figuring on ways to remain in business in spite of the OPA. What Mr. Porter does, or doesn't do, is a matter almost of academic interest to them. They're depending not on the government, but upon themselves. Worried they may be, but they still know how to smile.

Eggs, With Apologies

THEY EVEN SMILED when I made a speech. They said—and that shows how diplomatic an editor can be—that it was a good try. The meeting was held in Harrisburg's biggest hotel, where the manager had posted a sign for his help. The sign said, by golly, that the employees should realize they weren't doing any favors for the guests. The guests were doing the favor by stopping there.

The service was excellent. The prices were reasonable, and the food, what there was, was good. Mostly it was eggs in all styles, served with apologies. My waitress wished she had some bacon for me. I am sure she was sincere.

The convention's over now and Washington's only a two-hour drive away. One of the editors bought me a farewell cup of coffee and a sandwich; he wanted to know how much rent I paid and for what. I told him. He said he had a good house, with a vegetable garden and two apple trees in the back. It costs him \$25 a month. In a couple of weeks he and the boss are going to take a few days off to get some meat. They're going deer hunting. The editor said he felt sorry for me living among the lawyers and pounding out pieces about their doings. I think I understand.

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The fact is that, with the war ended, the airlines are in a mad scramble for overseas routes and business. They placed orders for the latest and largest airliners, converted many war-used planes and began high pressure selling of fast overseas air transportation at lowest acceptable rates. They failed to "stop, look and listen."

'Safety' Was Slogan

THEY FAILED to take a leaf out of the book written during many years of pioneering in overseas travel—book by Pan American Airways. For Pan American, while building up global flying from infancy, had made "safety" its slogan to a point where many critics had claimed they lacked aggressiveness.

In connection with today's critical situation, this writer has two questions.

ONE. Why, when the safeguarding of lives has been questioned, should any airliner be allowed to take to the air, until that condition has been remedied to the complete satisfaction of everyone concerned?

TWO. If it was known that certain vital modifications were essential to provide safety within limits of human ingenuity, why was it not ordered done even though every airliner might have to be grounded?

There certainly was no hesitancy in grounding the Constellations—and that was just as it should be.

Aviation

IT IS TIME for aviation in general and aviation administrative offices in Washington to stop, look and listen.

This writer holds no brief for any airplane, any airplane manufacturer, nor the civil aeronautics board or administration. But he does feel that something must be done—and immediately—if commercial aviation in general is not set back about 10 years.

He never could understand the sudden action on the part of the civil aeronautics board in grounding all Constellations, following a couple of minor accidents—with no one injured—even after a TWA test Constellation cracked up, killing all but one of its test crew.

That crackup, it later developed, could have been averted.

The fact remains that no Constellation had ever suffered an accident in which any passenger or member of a crew on a regular commercial flight had been injured in 182,758,000 passenger-miles of scheduled airline service.

But, for the sake of argument, let's say that the grounding order was essential and right.

66 Persons Killed

WHAT HAPPENED after the grounding, however, should be of vital interest to everyone.

Douglas DC-4's, the same planes which, as C-54's, had piled up a wonderful safety record in flying the North Atlantic and many other trans-ocean routes during the war, were rushed in to fill the gap by overseas and domestic airlines. Still, we find two commercial DC-4's cracking up in Newfoundland, with a total death toll of 66 persons. The most recent was this week's crash, killing 39, the worst in aviation's history.

My Day

HYDE PARK, Sunday—I notice that Governor Dewey claimed all the things as Republican policies and Republican achievements which the Democrats also have stated were their policies and to which they feel they have contributed immeasurably more than the Republicans.

Mr. Dewey was appealing the other night to the voters to elect him and the progressive Republican party.

The Democrats, in other words, are saying that on their records the people of the state can expect more, consistent progress from them than from the Republicans. They are claiming that the Republicans are giving only lip-service to certain policies—that, on the record, the Republicans have not given performance to the same extent that the Democrats have.

The voters themselves have to decide this. They will decide it. I hope, by weighing the character and capacity of the candidates and their records.

Ask Labor's Support

YET THERE is one point I think worth mentioning. When the Republican candidate, Mr. Dewey, claims that he and his party are a part of progress, they are soliciting the support of labor and the elements of progress within labor.

In doing this, the Republicans do not expect to be accused of Communism. Neither should the Demo-

By Eleanor Roosevelt

crats be accused of Communism when they seek the same support. There are certain elements among the labor groups that are said to be either Communistic or too much influenced by Communist members. But the vast majority of labor is simply progressive."

Mr. Dewey and Mr. Ives both repudiated Gerald L. K. Smith's support the other day. But they cannot get rid of his support, and the support of those who follow him, by repudiation. This cannot be done any more than either the Republicans or the Democrats can get rid of Communist support by repudiation.

Communists Not Large

IT STRIKES me that this hue and cry about Communist support is raised largely as a red herring, since the number of Communists in this country is not very large. They are very vocal and they are very well organized. When they get into positions of trust within a group, they are dangerous, because their methods of work are not entirely above board and they work so hard.

I acknowledge the challenge the American Communists present to those of us who believe that democracy is a better form of government than Communism. We believe that it has been proved through the years that democracy is able to give a better standard of life to the people as a whole.

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SECOND SECTION

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A NEW TIMES SERIAL—

Shade of Sycamore . . . By Percy Marks

CHAPTER ONE

"BRUCE BARTLETT!" cried Rose, her voice rising until it attained a thin squeal of horrified incredulity.

"You're not, Gayle! You're not going to marry that wolf. You can't! You're joking!"

She paused in her pacing to glare at Gayle, who was lying back against the pillows on the davenport. "I don't believe it. I've seen what I've seen and I still don't believe it."

"I'm not fooling. Look," Gayle slipped her hand under a pillow and produced a small box. She touched a spring.

"THE LID flew open and a diamond ring stood revealed, the superb central stone set in a cluster of smaller diamonds. "We're really engaged, Rose. I wrote the folks this morning. I'm not telling anybody else yet but you."

Rose stared at the diamond. "Must have cost him all of a week's allowance," she observed, her voice powder dry.

Laughing softly, Gayle slipped the ring on the fourth finger of her left hand. "It's beautiful, and you know it—and the diamond isn't so big. Bart wanted to give me a sapphire, but I said no, a diamond on nothing."

"I DON'T care if it was just a chip, but it had to be a diamond. I'm a corn-fed commoner from Ohio, and I always planned to have a diamond engagement ring. Nothing else would seem right."

"Right?" Rose took a step and let herself fall into a big overstuffed chair. "Right? Nothing could be wronger—nothing! You can't be such a fool, Gayle."

"YOU'VE GOT brains. Listen! That bird will make life hell for you. He's not good. You know he's no good, Gayle; where's your sense? I never thought you'd fall for a pretty face."

"PRETTY? Do you really call Bart pretty, Rose?"

"No, darn it! He's not pretty; he's so handsome he's a pain in the gizzard. That's one trouble with him. He's a regular poster, and there's just about as much to him. He's rotten spoiled. Look at him, Gayle! It's all in his face. Anybody can see what he is."

"Did you ever see anyone more popular?" Gayle asked patiently. "Now, be honest. Have you?"

"That's another thing wrong with him. He's—" Rose flung her arms wide and cried helplessly, "Oh, what's the use?"

GAYLE sat up straight on the couch. "You won't believe me, Rose," she began, "but I'll bet I know everything you're thinking."

"BART is making a touch-down; Black Bart and his current deb dancing in the Sert Room; Black Bart wearing the latest thing in sport jackets; Black Bart—"

Gayle's laugh interrupted further listing by Rose.

"Exactly," Gayle said. "Just exactly."

"HE KNOWS he's handsome, I guess. I don't know how he could help knowing it, and, of course, he knows he's a great athlete."

"Everybody in the country who ever reads a newspaper or a magazine knows that. But he doesn't show off his looks or talk about his athletic fame; he never mentions either. He's really very modest. And he's kind."

A strong word of disbelief formed on Rose's lips, but for once she did not let it escape. "And now," she said softly, "you're going to marry him. A rich man's wife . . . Will you like that, Gayle?"

"NO, I told him I wished he hadn't so much money, and he said



"I'm not fooling. Look." Gayle touched a spring in the small box and the lid flew open. A diamond ring stood revealed. "Must have cost him all of a week's allowance," Rose observed.

When I first met Bart, I didn't think any better of him than you do. It's taken nearly three years for me to change my mind. . . .

"Black Bart with the swivel hips," Rose observed, her voice honed to a razor edge with sarcasm.

"I KNEW who he was the minute I saw him, even before Nate pointed him out. My goodness, how the girl fell on him!"

" Didn't I read somewhere his father was sick?"

"Yes. He's an invalid now. It's his heart. Bart says he may live for years, or he may die minute."

"TOUGH. That's tough." Rose patted Gayle's hand with her right hand and squeezed lightly with her left; then she freed both and placed them in her lap. "Thanks for getting mad."

"You were really very mild, for you, I mean," said Gayle, turning to smile at her. "I wish you liked Bart, though. You don't know how I wish it."

"Maybe I will some day. I hope so, but I believe what I see in a face, Gayle. Most people never look at other people—not really, but I do."

"BART looks arrogant and sullen and selfish and childish to me; that's what I don't like about him." She shrugged her shoulders. "But why go into all that again? You think I'm nuts."

"Gayle stood up. "No," she said, "I'm not nuts; I'm not nuts but wrong for once."

Once more Rose sighed. "I hope to goodness I am."

he didn't really have any money at all. He works in the New York office, you know, but he doesn't make much. He lives mostly on an allowance from his father."

"You love the beast. Is that it?"