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Inside Indianapolis

Hoosier Profile

SOME 20 ODD YEARS AGO a young woman fresh from a farm in Morgan county joined a local Business and Professional Women's club to "fill in" her spare time. Next week portraits of that same farm girl will pop up in store windows all over town as the state honors its No. 1 businesswoman during the observance of "National Business Women's Week."

We say "the same farm girl" advisedly because national and international acclaim haven't changed Sally Butler, newly elected president of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women. A warm personal approach and a total lack of aloofness that were traits of the Morgan county girl are two of the outstanding attributes of the woman who's achieved what no other Indiana woman has ever attained, the national B. P. W. presidency.

Indicative of her total lack of affectation is the fact that people begin thinking of her as "Sally" rather than Miss Butler on first meeting. None of the older members can remember any other national president ever being spoken of as anything but "Miss." Now members who've only seen their new officer in formal meetings refer to the homey-looking gray-haired executive as "Sally," as if she were a personal friend instead of a national figurehead.

Rise Not Meteoric

MISS BUTLER'S RISE to national presidency was in no way meteoric. Her progress in B. P. W. was marked with steady plodding, the same type that carried her from a temporary civil service clerk in world war I to a deputy manager of community service in Indiana's U. S. saving bonds division. . . . She



Indiana's "Gal Sal." . . . Sally Butler, president of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women.

Kentucky Dew

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—Our Uncle Samuel, I think, needs a drink of his own schnapps. He's in the whisky trade (yes he is, ladies of the W. C. T. U.) and he is what you might call nervous. His hand is a little shaky.

The war did it, ladies. The army and the navy used spirits of trumfetti for medicinal purposes. A dozen different distilleries made this medicine for the government and nasty-tasting stuff it was, too, being mostly bonded pre-war, bourbon.

So the war ended and the army and navy started turning over this surplus tonic to the war assets administration. It wasn't long before the surplus property boys had 62,000 quarts of the horrid fluid in storage at Richmond, Va. The Virginia state liquor commission offered to take this off the government's hands, but when that deal was announced there was anguish screaming.

Surplus Liquor Piling Up

NUMEROUS VETERANS' organizations said didn't the WAA realize congress had promised ex-soldiers first crack at all surplus supplies? The war assets people canceled that one and the 62,000 quarts of federally owned tiger milk remain in Richmond. That was only the beginning. Each day brought new consignments of surplus drinking liquor to the federal sales department.

As of now (tomorrow there'll probably be more) the surplus experts have 230,000 quart jugs of this nauseous liquid in depots all over America. Some of

climbed steadily from minor committee positions to state president, regional chairman, national recording secretary and national first vice president. She was carried into national presidency by an overwhelming vote in Cleveland last July. . . . Six days after her election she was whisked off to Brussels for an international board meeting. No sooner was she back from Europe than she was whisked up in a whirl of activities that has kept her flying back and forth across the nation. Her schedule for last week included a lecture at the National Safety council in Chicago; a brief stop-off back in her office here; a flight to New York to attend the United Nations session on the status of women. . . . Whether she's attending a local club meeting or speaking at a national meeting she wears simply tailored suits, inconspicuous costume jewelry and sensible shoes. In a private conversation or speaking publicly she still retains a slight southern Indiana twang; often uses down to earth phrases like "right proud" or "right happy."

Doesn't Like to 'Just Belong'

UNLIKE MANY CLUBWOMEN, Miss Butler doesn't believe in "belonging." She once found herself a member of too many organizations to take part actively in all. She immediately dropped most of them, rather than retaining membership just to say she "belonged." It's characteristic that she dropped those organizations solely for too much get-togethers. "I can't stand a hit-and-miss attitude and I can't bother with groups that have no purpose" was the way she explained it. . . . Her friends describe Miss Butler as a "self-made woman." She attended the State Normal college at Terre Haute and Madam Blaker's here. Later she was appointed primary teacher in Morgan county after her brother married the primary teacher. "Her father was superintendent," she laughs, "and kept the job in the family." She resigned shortly after to teach at Madam Blaker's, dropped that to take a civil service job at the start of world war I. . . . That ended her education until she was firmly established in civil service and on her way up in B. P. W. At that time she decided she needed more educational background. With her typical "get it done" attitude she enrolled and graduated from I. U. law school, got herself admitted to the state and federal bar. She never practiced, but felt she got what she needed from the course. . . . Miss Butler was well-liked as a state officer. She once introduced a project to sponsor ambulances through the purchase of bonds; got the women so enthused that 40 ambulances were bought. . . . Her first national project, the sponsoring of Belgium children by B. P. W. members, drew such enthusiastic response that now, almost a month after she introduced the project, the officials still haven't finished tabulating. The prestige which the state has gained from her election, plus her personal popularity may result in B. P. W. emerging as an even stronger factor in Indiana club life. Indiana officers are going to try to double membership with a "Rally to Sally" slogan. . . . If they succeed, and there seems to be a good chance that they will, it will probably make "Sally," in her own words, "right proud."

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—Our Uncle Samuel, I think, needs a drink of his own schnapps. He's in the whisky trade (yes he is, ladies of the W. C. T. U.) and he is what you might call nervous. His hand is a little shaky.

Suggest Rat Poison Label

THAT LABEL, unfortunately, is illegal. The law says that a bottle of Kentucky dew has got to say what's inside. So the war assets fellows have about decided to empty their 230,000 bottles into one big tank. They will mix contents well and rebottle it into 287,500 fifth gallons. These, at \$5 each retail, will be worth \$1,437,500.

So far so good. Only what is uncle going to call his medicine? At this writing a man, whose address I must keep secret, is thumbing through hundreds of old whisky labels, looking for ideas. He also is receiving helpful suggestions. We drys have urged that he label each bottle, old rat poison. Several wets (people with whom I personally would not associate) have sniffed the stock. They agree that the government should call its whisky, old salubrious, with a picture of uncle in red, white and blue, of course, upon the label.

That's still just a start. If 13,000,000 veterans insist upon their fair share, there's only enough to give each one a short snort. And uncle would have to set up as federal bartender. This is an eventuality he hopes to avoid because, as I said before, his hand is shaky.

Frankly, he doesn't know what to do. The distillers, who made the unpleasant stuff in the first place, want to buy it back. Veterans in the liquor business insist they should get it to resell to other veterans. Anyway you look at it, uncle's headed for a hangover.

By Maj. Al Williams

rack of cutting appropriations for the army and navy combat air forces when a politician seeks to promote his own economy prestige, the coast guard appropriations for air-sea rescue have been cut to the bone.

Air-sea rescue operations require a complete, up-to-the-minute network of communication. Any slip-up in the communication setup can mean, as it did mean recently, the death of coast guardsmen. Obviously, the other requirements are first-class aircraft—not cast-offs from other services—facilities for training pilots and adequate appropriations.

Natural Function of Coast Guard

IT WAS coast guard aircraft and pilots from Argentina (Newfoundland) which reached the land-crashed Belgian transport. If we fly the oceans we are bound to have a few landings at sea. Such an emergency means rapid, accurate communications certifying the plane's position, cleared through a rescue co-ordination center, and the immediate dispatch of the most modern, fully equipped plane and crew—plus a standby for unforeseeable contingencies. These facilities must be spaced strategically along our coastlines and at whatever island positions are available along the ocean airways.

Such an air-sea rescue agency is a natural function of the U. S. coast guard because it represents an extension of its surface life-saving operations. It is difficult for airmen to understand how the men charged with national policy-making can dare to ignore the moral responsibility for providing such life-saving facilities.

Some day, unfortunately—as always happens—there will be a "distress call" for more air-sea rescue facilities than we possess. And then the decision will be forced from those in the high places who should set up such an agency now.

By Eleanor Roosevelt

bogged down on the political level. If we want one world, we have got to find some level on which we can work together.

Break Down Trade Barriers

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S recent speech in Zurich, suggesting a federation of European countries, dealt with political questions. But I wonder if he could not find, on the economic and humanitarian side, something which would start us actually co-operating.

For the recovery of Europe, the one essential thing is to break down trade barriers and allow free travel from one country to another. Wouldn't it be possible to have an economic federation, leaving to every country its political sovereignty but doing away with restrictions so that travel and trade could be accelerated?

Could we not also give assurance that, as far as it lies in our power, the United States will continue to work with the United Kingdom and the U. S. S. R. to help all the European nations needing relief?

Such a plan would not create more divisions and might start us working together. It seems to me essential that, somewhere, we begin building our confidence in each other through working contacts.

SECOND SECTION

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1946

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BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN—

Stalingrad Back At Work Amid Ruins

(Last of a Series)

By JOHN STROHM

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STALINGRAD, U. S. S. R.—Ragged, barefoot workmen trudge through the rubble of Stalingrad to their battered tractor factory, once more turning out farm machinery instead of tanks.

The ruins of Stalingrad stretch like a blotch on the earth across 40 miles.

The ruins are ugly but the people who live here have an almost reverent feeling about their city. It was here the tide of Nazi conquest was turned. It is both an atrocity and a monument.

The same people who saved Stalingrad because they obeyed the order: "Die but don't give an inch" now labor in the chaos of broken stone.

They have a certain pride. It shines on the bristly face of an old farmer as he slaps the flank of a camel, beast of burden in the countryside.

"This handsome fellow is the real hero of Stalingrad," he smiles. "He carried the shells to Katushka when mud stalled the trucks."

We went to the Stalingrad tractor factory, built with the help of American engineers in 1932.

It switched from tank to tractor production at the end of 1943 and is steadily getting back into production, with about two-thirds of the workers it had before the war.

THE FACTORY is not clean. It is not well-lighted. The work seems poorly organized.

But I saw tractors coming off the assembly line. This factory, while still digging out and repairing war damage, hopes to make 6000 tractors this year.

"How did you ever get back into production so quickly?" I asked the manager, a vigorous young man who has been in charge since the factory was built.

"WE FIXED UP some of the equipment, not too badly damaged by fire."

"We cannibalized other machines, and we got some new ones from our Ural factories—well, anyway we got going again."

He was happy. "We're getting some new machinery from America—it's the best."

The factory looms large in the life of the worker.

He lives in a factory home, his children go to a factory school, he plays on a factory athletic team.

His tiny ones are taken care of at the factory nursery, while he and his wife work, and the factory doctor is the family doctor.

The average factory worker in 1940 earned about \$360 a year—less than a dollar a day.

The Five Year Plan calls for a 50

per cent boost—earnings for the average worker in 1950 of 6000 rubles, or about \$480 a year.

The government has kept the price of basic food rations for workers very low. But because of food scarcity, these items are not always available.

That's one reason why the government encourages a factory worker to have his own cow, chickens and garden. The more food the industrial worker grows himself, the better.

THE FACTORY manager hands out small plots of land to the workers, and also helps them establish co-operative livestock breeding societies.

Farmers are well off—comparatively speaking. In the towns a chauffeur gets about \$85 a month, a stenographer, \$44; a construction worker, \$27; a policeman \$38 a month.

But a farmer, by selling on the free market half a gallon of milk daily from his privately owned cow, can make \$360 a year from that alone. That's more than the entire salary of the construction worker.

COLLECTIVE farming is a mixture of collectivism and private enterprise.

(Editor's Note: Recent reports tell of a purge among collective farm officials in the Soviet Union who are accused of "introducing the principles of private property.")

"While I was in Russia," says Mr. Strohm, "I was surprised to find that the government sanctioned this private property. Farmers were encouraged to own a certain number of livestock, to sell livestock produce and produce from their privately-farmed plot of land on the free market."

WE MET three ox carts from a collective farm, making their first delivery of grain to the government.

The driver and the farm chairman helped straighten out a few basic questions many of my farm friends had told me to ask:

"Who owns the land anyway?" was the first.

"The government owns the land, but collective farms (there are about 245,000) have the privilege of using the land."

"IT SEEMS to me," I said, "that a farmer, who is a pretty individualistic fellow all over the world, would need more incentives than he has on a collective farm."

But we have incentives," protested the chairman, and he gave an example: The work of the farm is divided into four brigades. The brigadier and his workers have the



HUMAN MUSCLE MOVES STALINGRAD RUINS: Crews of women labor to clear the rubble of war from Stalingrad streets; some work barefoot in the broken bricks and stones they are moving by hand.

responsibility of tending certain fields, growing certain crops.

For instance, the quota for a 20-acre field of wheat is 20 bushels to the acre.

But if this brigade, by its good work can make that field yield 28 bushels to the acre, then they've over-fulfilled the plan by eight bushels, or 160 bushels in all.

UNDER the incentive system, this brigade gets to divide one-fourth of this surplus, or 40 bushels, among their workers, according to the number of labor-days each put in during the year.

"And what is a labor-day?" I asked.

"A labor-day is the way we measure our various farm jobs.

Cutting half an acre of hay with a scythe is 1½ labor-days credit."

"YES, BUT what about those jobs that just can't be measured that way?" I asked.

"Oh, but we have a measurement for all of them. For example: Hauling 15 carloads of manure weighing 770 pounds each to where they plant the cucumbers is one labor-day," he explained.

On this farm, 119 workers (96 are women) tilled 960 acres of plow land.

That's eight acres per worker on this grain and vegetable and fruit farm.

IN THE Ukraine on a grain farm it is a little more than that. In

Byelorussia, on several farms visited they had about seven acres per worker.

"The American farmer couldn't afford to use that much labor on his farm," I told them.

"And what about the people, are they looking for war?" my correspondent friend asked.

I'M NOT a strategist or a psychologist, but the words of one Russian sounded to me like good sense. He said:

"Anyone who says the Soviet Union wants war is crazy—unless it is our leaders who are crazy."

"The people have been living on promises of better things in the sweet bye and bye ever since the revolution. They accepted world war II as an excuse why they could not achieve a higher standard."

"NOW THEY want to work for peace-time goals. Our government must consider the people—not war."

The man who said that was not an official. My eyes and ears can vouch for what he says of the hunger of the Russian masses for the good things in life.

Whether the men in the Kremlin give heed to that hunger is something which no reporter, free or restricted, can answer.

I have told only what I have seen and heard and pictured only what was before my lens.

We, the Women

Times Change; Now Father Minds Baby

By RUTH MILLETT

IN THE OLD days Papa had his night out with the boys and mamma wouldn't dream of spending an evening with the girls, leaving Papa at home as a baby-sitter.

But times have changed. Now the girls are going in for evening parties and get-togethers.

It started during the war, when lonely wives had to occupy their evenings somehow, so switched their bridge-playing from afternoon to after-dinner. And they've stayed with the altered schedule.

ONE REASON may be that war turned many young husbands into home-lovers who would rather sit at home with the evening paper and the radio than go to a movie, with the result that their wives get an over-dose of sitting at home.

The other reason is the scarcity of baby-sitters.

It's a problem for Mamma to find somebody to watch the kids in the afternoon. But going out in the evening is a cinch. Papa can baby-sit.

Grandma, who thought it was a wife's duty to be at home whenever her husband was around, would be horrified at the idea of wives' evening parties. But it seems to be working out all right with the young couples.

THE HUSBANDS apparently aren't objecting to the baby-sitting arrangement, probably for two very good reasons.

It lets them out of gossipy bridge sessions.

And the wife who has her evening out can't very well object to a husband's weekly poker night.

So, unless you don't mind being thought old-fashioned, don't turn down an evening invitation with the explanation: "I'd love to come—but George will be home."

The modern wife will answer: "That's perfect. Then you won't have to scare up a baby-sitter."

Windsors Hope To Be Received

LONDON, Oct. 12 (U. P.).—The question today was—will the royal family receive the Duchess of Windsor, now that she is back on English soil?

Both the duke and duchess hope so. But they aren't sure.

"We hope to see the royal family during our visit, but cannot say we shall," the former King Edward VII told newsmen last night during a brief chat at the gates of the Earl of Dudley's estate as the couple arrived from France.

It was the first formal visit to England for the duchess, the former Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson, since her marriage to the duke. It had been regarded as the very first return to British soil, but the duke disclosed last night that she had made an unpublicized visit here for three weeks in September, 1939, just after the war began.

TROOP SHIPS ARRIVE DEPART NEW YORK, Oct. 12 (U. P.).—Ship movements scheduled in New York harbor today: Arriving—Zebulon B. Vance, Bremerhaven (troops). Departing—Marine Roblin, Bremerhaven (troops); Ballou, Bremerhaven (troops).

BUS WRECK HURTS 12 WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 12 (U. P.).—Twelve persons were injured, several seriously, when a Greyhound bus traveling in a heavy fog upset after plunging down a five-foot railroad embankment nine miles south of here today.

BARTON REES POGUE . . . Times Roving-Rhyming Reporter

The Kid Has Gone to College

WHILE BROADCASTING my "Wayside Windows" program from WLW a listener asked that I write something about this experience of having a child get away to an institution of higher learning.

This mother said their little white dog was lonesome. Each evening at about 4 o'clock the animal would station

himself at the front window to watch for the coming of his master, but no boy came home.

The birds at his garden pool seemed to chirp rather lonesomely.

The game mother and child had played each spring at finding first flowers in the nearby woods would be no fun with him away.