

Inside Indianapolis

Hoosier Profile

A DAVENPORT, Iowa, surgeon 17 years ago moved his practice, wife and 6-year-old daughter to Indianapolis. The surgeon's wife, a native of Marion, Ind., looked forward to the change. In the state capital she planned to take a rest from charitable and social activities—at least for awhile. Today, still looking forward to that rest, winding up last-minute details before the Community Fund drive opens Monday, is Mrs. Daniel J. McCarthy, one of the three associate chairmen of the residential division of the fund. The division, comprising 2000 workers, has a quota of \$79,000. Mrs. McCarthy is sure her workers will give every citizen in the division a chance to wear the red feather. Working on the organization of the drive since last August, her busiest two weeks begin Monday with the "kickoff" luncheon at the Claypool hotel. But when the whistle blows ending the drive with its never-ending telephone calls, early and late meetings, Mrs. McCarthy is going to finish compiling a cookbook. She started the book five years ago. Some of her prize recipes date back to 1911, the year she was married. "I've neglected the cookbook something terrible," Mrs. McCarthy said. The book will include a recipe for fried chicken from George Ade. An oyster recipe from Cole Porter is her favorite. A graduate of St. Mary's of Notre Dame, Mrs. McCarthy's secret ambition was to become a journalist. She didn't receive too much encouragement from her father in that field. Instead, she majored in French. Her teacher, Sister Eugenie, a daughter of a French count, made a terrible impression on Mrs. McCarthy. So much so that she named her only daughter, Eugenie, after the teacher.

She Likes Chic Hats

HER EARLY schooling in the arts and French tradition becomes apparent in talking with Mrs. McCarthy. Wearing a cross between a Princess Eugenie and a "Robin Hood" type hat she commented that "I like chic hats but not freak hats—because when you're 50 years plus you have to get a hat that does something." When world-war I began the McCarthys were living in Davenport. It wasn't long before Dr. McCarthy left with a Red Cross medical unit overseas. With this unit the surgeon went through Romania and Serbia. Active at the time in the Davenport symphony organization—after her husband was gone—Mrs. McCarthy returned to Marion where she conducted surgical dressing classes. Besides that she was one of the "Four Minute Women" urging Americans to buy Liberty bonds. "I'll never forget how scared I was the first time I spoke," she said. After the war and her husband's return she again resumed her busy life in Davenport. Then came the hope of a rest in Indianapolis. It wasn't long before she was busy in the activities of the St. Joan of Arc church here. When the family moved to their present location at 3055 N. Meridian st., Mrs. McCarthy plunged into the activities of SS. Peter and Paul cathedral. The charitable programs of St.



Mrs. Daniel J. McCarthy . . . after 17 years there's a vacation around the corner—maybe.

Vincent's hospital appealed to her and she found time for them.

Found Plenty to Do

DURING WORLD WAR II the energetic Mrs. McCarthy found plenty to do with the Red Cross. This list included chairman of the "Downtown Sewing Center," vice chairman of the "Mile Square" of the Red Cross and many hours at the Red Cross Canteen. Last August Mrs. Charles Efronymson, chairman of the residential division, called her to help in the 27th annual Community Fund drive. "You know, I had never worked for the Community Fund and it didn't take me long to decide my answer." The other two associate chairmen are Mrs. Royer K. Brown and Mrs. William Wemmer. All her life a foe of prejudice and narrow-mindedness, Mrs. McCarthy feels strongly for the fund and what it does through the agencies it supports. "You know everyone benefits from the fund—there are no prejudices, no lines of demarcation for aid when the need arises. You don't have to mention this, but when Mrs. Efronymson called I was tickled because I felt it was about time I pitched in and helped as best I could." Mrs. McCarthy, still holding to her idea of immediately returning to her cookbook in two weeks, commented that Christmas is just around the corner. "I like Christmas because there are so many things a person can do." Well, the cookbook will still be there—after Christmas.

(Ed. Sovola.)

Greasy Spoons

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—The time has come to remind the keepers of this nation's restaurants that the war is over. The day of the skimpy serving for patriotism's sake is no more.

You hear that, geniuses? There is plenty of everything to eat, with the possible exception of rice. I seldom go for chop suey anyway. What I mean, keepers of the greasy spoons, is that the biggest wheat crop on record is being turned into flour now.

From now on the waiter will bring me rolls, plural. If he brings me a roll, singular, I'll throw it at him.

Upon these rolls I shall spread butter thickly. You restaurateurs may discard your undersized molds. Those of you who have cut the resultant small squares of butter in half to make triangles, doubtless have become experts at the carving of minestrines.

Use your new-found skill carving prayers on the heads of pins. Do not try to continue carving my butter in Lilliput pellets unless you want a small poke in the eye.

Silent, Attentive Operation

YOU CAN BUY all the butter you need. I know it is expensive, but so are your meals. When I have to pay \$2 for dinner in a second-class joint, I want at least three full-sized pats of butter. I do not intend to remind the waiter of this. As I consume my butter, he will replace it with new, silently and attentively.

And another thing, mine hosts. You may begin now to discard your old razor blades, toss 'em in the trash. Do anything you want with 'em, except

By Frederick C. Othman

carve my meat. The day of the translucent slice of beef is gone.

There is more meat in the markets and the stores now than in six long years. I, for one, shall be delighted to help eat it up. You carvers will cooperate. When I order my next slice of prime ribs, well done, you will see that it is thicker, by considerable, than a lettuce leaf.

Refill My Coffee Cup Often

I MUST INJECT also a warning to the hamburgoers. Hamburger sandwiches now cost 25 cents and up. This is too much, even when they contain meat. If I must pay the price, then I shall expect the goods, consisting of meat in a slab at least a quarter of an inch thick and two inches in diameter. Surely that is not too much to ask for my quarter.

Coffee, my dear friends, no longer is rationed. Mostly you get 10 cents a cup for this, unless you run a fancy place and charge even more. Just refill my cup as often as necessary and for free, unless you are prepared to have it poured down your shirt front.

In coffee goes cream. This cream comes in jugs which are small enough at best. See that they are filled hereafter to their tops. That brings us to my favorite dessert: Ice cream.

I do not like this in a ball the size of a small marble. Let us have no argument. Get yourself some new and bigger scoops, or I'll quick-freeze you.

Seriously I am serious. If there is in the land a restaurant serving pre-war size portions today at any price, I apologize to the proprietor thereof. I'd also like his address. I want to eat with him.

By David Dietz

beverage industries and may help end the world-wide sugar shortage.

It is important, however, to remember that such sweetening agents merely impart a sweet taste and do not have the nutritive or caloric value of sugar.

Produced in Powder Form

THE NEW SUBSTANCE is produced in the form of a powder composed of orange crystals. In its pure form, it is so sweet that the tiniest pinch placed on the tongue can still be tasted a half hour later.

The stuff is not very soluble in water, but this is not as great a drawback as it would seem at first, because only a very little need be used to obtain the desired sweetness in a solution.

It is one of seven new substances discovered by Dr. Verkade. All of them belong to the same chemical family, which he designates as the 1-alkoxy-2-amino-4-nitrobenzenes. None of the others, however, have the extreme sweetening power of the one already described. They range from 120 to 2000 times the sweetness of cane sugar.

Perhaps a word should be said about the long chemical names of these compounds. While such names are pretty unintelligible to the layman and certainly impossible for him to remember, they convey a great deal of exact information to the chemist. They are, in fact, precise descriptions of the chemical structure of the compounds in question.

The layman should not quarrel with the chemist for using these types of names because the chemist today has to deal with tens of thousands of organic compounds and if each one was given a single name, the business of connecting these names with the chemical formulas would be an impossible task for the chemist.

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NEW YORK, Friday—I have written many times in this column of the need for research in the field of cerebral palsy, and the need for further study of the heart diseases from which so many children suffer after attacks of rheumatic fever.

One of the great difficulties encountered by children who suffer from cerebral palsy is the lack of public care available on a low-cost basis.

In addition, there has been very little assistance available at high or low cost, for continuing education for young people who may be able to learn to do some kind of work—and even hold an outside job if they have the proper facilities and can return to congenital environment.

Just the other day I received a story about a new undertaking in this field which interested me greatly.

A group of businessmen has just been granted a charter by the New York state division of corporations to run on a non-profit basis a club for spastic young men.

Need Government Aid

PEMBERTON HOUSE will be its name, and it is not a charity. Each member will pay his share of the cost.

These costs, because of privacy and homelike atmosphere and because of the special care required,

will not be low, but it is possible they may be considerably lower than adult spastics now pay in private institutions and for special care and attendance at home.

Of course, to establish this house will require

good spastic people as well. Care

that improves their general health and training that makes them able to enjoy many things and to develop certain gifts so they need not feel a useless burden on the world are as important to spastics as to the victims of infantile paralysis.

Demolition and explosion of "duds" throughout the reservation by post ordnance personnel materially increases the danger at this time.

PRESS RENT RECONTROL

PT. WAYNE, Ind., Nov. 2 (U.P.)—Morgan L. Fitch, vice president of the Great Lakes region of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, told Indiana realtors last night that the OPA should be pressured into releasing rent controls.

The Indianapolis Times

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1946

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SECOND SECTION

BARTON REES POGUE . . . Times Rhyming-Reporter

TRAVELOGUE—Too Hopeful

IT HAPPENED at Greensburg, the only city in the world that has a lumber-bearing courthouse tower. Greensburg might easily boast of having the most outstanding reforestation project in either hemisphere.

But other things than trees growing out of courthouse towers happen in Greensburg, where friend Bob Doles sells coal, and friend Ed Hancock publishes the daily paper.

This "it" of which I speak happened on a New York Central train, which had lightened its load to quite a degree at the local station. . . . Mr. Pogue no tower and no tree.

Chicago and Indianapolis passengers of the world war II were pouring into the coaches.

OUR HEROINE, hereafter referred to as "she," definitely was unshoed in war-time travel. Indeed this must have been her first orientation day, for any matriculated "freshman in travel" would have known that the wise passenger, like grain going into a bin, would be spurned in her first rampage down the aisle.

(By single I mean an unshared occupancy.) But the singles at this late date were NOT BARE, so the poor traveler got none.

For the third time she pegged down the aisle, this time in search of a liberal half of a single seat.

But again the poor traveler got none . . . she stood. In those days of rabid confusion one might, with

consent of the aisle-seat sitter, sort of perch on the arm of a seat or bear down easily on an up-ended seat case.

In either instance much too much

of even a small individual remained seated.

This lady stood . . . it may be she was the very lady I heard about. Looking for luggage she asked the clerk if he could possibly show her something more comfortable.

SHE STOOD. And standing there she thought long, long thoughts. I did not inquire into her thinking, but I believe I knew her mind.

She was wishing that at the next stop a vacancy might occur near her, so she might have the rare privilege of diving into that emptiness far in advance of her greedy-eyed adversaries. Verily there were many others being supported by their arches.

If this is hope, isn't it? And better to hope for half a seat, and get it than have to stand all the way to Chicago.

IT'S HOPE THAT BIDS OUR FEARS BE GONE

And faith to take their place;

IT'S HOPE THAT MAKES THE GRAVE A STEP

To immortality—

God has hope, and we may

share

In His divinity.

IT'S HOPE THAT BIDS OUR FEARS BE GONE

And faith to take their place;

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HOPE THOU TILL DEATH SHALL COME

To terminate life-streams

Beyond the failures of today

Keep dreaming dreams!

The victor's crown may come to you,

Defeat your way attend,

But hope must have no sunset hour,

It's day must never end!

IN BANE AND BLESSING, PAIN AND PLEASURE,

FOR HIM, WHILE OTHERS GROPE

IN DARK, THERE IS THE VISION OF A DAY

WHEN TOIL SHALL BEAR ITS FRUIT,

WHEN THINGS HE DREAMED WILL COME TO HIM,

HIS LABOR AND HIS FAITH TO SUCCEED.

IT'S HOPE THAT MAKES A MERRY EYE,

THAT MAKES A SMILING FACE;

Lewis Hides As Battle Over Mine Pay Opens

By FRED W. PERKINS

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—In "Operation Eyebrows" the navy is proceeding under a strict news blackout until higher authority decides whether to make a fight or a beachhead.

From some secluded command post John L. Lewis is directing the strategy for his side.

It isn't in his penthouse office atop the A. F. of L. United Mine Workers' building; nor in the Massachusetts Ave. apartment that the union maintains for its leader when he wants to get away from it all, including newspaper reporters.

It might be in Mr. Lewis' Alexandria (Va.) colonial mansion, but the reporters wouldn't gamble the taxi fare out there. It was evident from other happenings that the celebrated basso was not yet ready to thunder.

HOWEVER, THERE are low rumblings from West Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky. Followers of Mr. Lewis are starting scattered strikes in those mining regions. In one instance a union leader said the men would work because they had no contract, the operators report.

Mr. Lewis' record is clear on that, because he wrote to "Cap" Krug, secretary of the interior, that the labor contract with the government would be effective during the 20 days he is trying to wrangle a wage boost on top of what he won after Uncle Sam took over more than 3000 coal mines last May.

THE SCATTERED strikes are familiar symptoms of major mine trouble. They serve to impress Washington with what may happen. Mr. Lewis, while disavowing all responsibility, can point to them as proof that his men are "restless." Sometimes he uses them to prove the existence of "shrunken bellies" among the miners.

So observers are watching for the scattered mine strikes to appear in other sections—such as western Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio and Illinois. One factor is that the squirrel-hunting season is on. Another is that coal miners like to take off on election day, which will be Tuesday.

THEY'VE BEEN putting out a lot of coal. The last few weeks have been 12 million-toners, which is "just about as far as you can go." Nobody can dispute him when "Big John" says his boys are tired. Also, most of the miners possess folding as well as jingling money. A lot of coal, but not enough to bring stockpiles up to where, in event of a big strike, we wouldn't be caught—as the war production board used to say—with our plants down.

Whatever happens, it is certain not to come before election day. The preliminary huddles of U. M. shock troops with Navy Capt. N. H. Collison, coal mines administrator are off until Monday.

We, the Women Appliances Save Work, So Keep 'Em in Repair