

## Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

ABOARD THE U. S. S. ROCHESTER, Oct. 7.—"Time to get up, Mac, if you want a turn in the crew's galley," a voice in the dark called. "Well, I asked for it. At 3:30 a. m. there I was hitting the cold, quivering deck to help prepare breakfast for 1100 hungry seamen. When I reached the galley men already were chasing pots and pans. With the sea still kicking up a fuss I wondered how many of the 1100 would be eating breakfast.

Ship's cook 3C and Captain of the Watch Lawrence Epperson of Hugo, Okla., straightened me out. "Quit wondering," he said, "drink your coffee and hit the four cases of tomatoes with the can opener." Aye, aye, sir. Opening cans of stewed tomatoes at that hour puzzled me. What was on the menu? SC/3C Cecil Duck, Pensacola, Fla., said fresh fruit, minced beef on toast, hashed brown spuds, bread, butter and coffee. Snap it up Mac. Cecil manned the six 90-gallon copper (steam cooking vats). He had the spuds and meat on. SC/3C Richard Morway of Worcester, Mass., and S/IC Frank Wiswell of Boston, who was striking for a cook's rate, were slapping slices of bread on the grills. Every so often the galley seemed to try to shake itself loose of all kitchen utensils. Breakfast at home was never like this.

The cans of tomatoes and catsup were emptied into a steam table insert. This was dumped into the beef and onions and celery added. That, one of the cooks told me, was minced beef. Our work moved rather smoothly in spite of the rough weather. Not so with the bakeshop across the way. It was too rough to bake just then.

Someone handed me a spatula before I could chew the fat with the bakers and I took my place at the grill where mountains of toast were being made.

### Cases of Oranges

A HANOVER, PA., reserve, SC/3C Walter Toot, put his back to case after case of oranges. The two chow

lines with their steam tables were ready to go. The hashed brown potatoes were brought up by SC/3C Ben Motes of Harrisburg, Pa.

When Chief Commissary Steward Robert Graham of Miami appeared we were shipshape. The chief just beamed.

The first batch of early eaters appeared at the windows. They were steward mates and mess cooks. I handled the toast. Another man passed out the spuds, another covered the toast with the minced beef and still another handled the fruit and butter. Coffee was in the mess hall.

In less than 10 minutes the first serving was through and we had a chance to eat what we had wrought. Not bad. We didn't linger over breakfast. The big run was due. That's when you become a mechanical man. Men kept shoving trays at me and I kept handing out toast until I had hardly any control over my right arm.

### Rough Weather Rough on Diet

THE LINE I was in served 521 men and the other 403. A couple hundred men missed chow. Rough weather has a tendency to shorten the lines. The ship's cooks had a few minutes to themselves while the mess cooks cleaned up the galley. I was glad I had ship's cook status.

It was a pleasure to get the next duty. While some watched turnips in the coppers and others were putting sweet potatoes in the ovens, I dipped the most beautiful pork chops I had seen in a long time in egg batter and then rolled them in flour. This was one time I really whistled while I worked. Man, at the present prices it would have been good duty just to touch the meat.

The bosun could pipe down dinner anytime now. After food like we were going to get for dinner we didn't need the 40 MM-machine guns to knock that towed target out of the sky. We could probably fill it full of holes with orange seeds.

## I Miss Grandpa

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—I miss my grandpa in this current crisis of short skirts versus long; of Vishinsky versus the world; of rocketing prices and feverish junctions to eat less. Grandpa could have told me where we ought to chop off aid abroad, and how to get the British back on their feet. Sound or not, grandpa was powerful firm in his thinking.

It would take grandpa about three minutes to settle this long skirt-short skirt thing. If you've been showing your legs for the last five years, he would have said, then doddle it, you might as well keep on showing them. With the price of bourbon all out of kilter, it is a sin to waste money on new rigger's just because some limp-wristed Frenchman has decided to tack another 12 inches on everybody's dress.

Grandpa had little feeling for modes. A woman was a bundle of calico with a fluctuating talent for baking beans, and so long as she was decently covered that was all grandpa asked. It was his opinion that a woman with good looking legs always contrived to show them, no matter what the styles. A woman with bum gams couldn't hide them often enough to make any difference, even if she was swathed to the toes.

### Intended for Protection

"CLOTHES," grandpa once told me, "were invented to fend off the rain, and to keep you from getting scratched up with briars. It is the penalty we pay for not being hairy all over."

I shudder to think what the old man would have said if he had seen the hats I recently saw on Madison Avenue. One lady was wearing a sensible enough lid, except for one thing. Sprouting from the crown was a wire, and atop the wire was a facsimile of her hat. Sticking out of that was another wire, with a smaller facsimile of the facsimile. And believe it or not, there was an even tinier replica of the preceding replica, growing out of that.

Hat No. 2, would have been all right, except for one thing. On the crown was a tiny dog. And a tiny tree. And a tiny fireplug.

Hat No. 3 took the complete cookie. There was a

beautiful flower, which appeared to be dew-moist. On almost invisible wires were two hummingbirds. The hummingbirds had their flaps down, and were in process of dive-bombing the blossom. Grandpa would have said that this was going too far. Even for women, this was going too far. Hats were originally invented to keep the sun and water off your head.

Grandpa would have been very succinct on limitless aid to Europe, and permanent subsidization of Britain. He had a parable along those lines. He used it every time I hit him up for a dime.

"There was a man once," grandpa used to say. "Owned a store. Good store. Did a nice business. But this man also had a do-less brother who couldn't keep a job. But the man figured kinkfinks was kinkfinks, so he let his no-account brother run up a big bill—each month. Every now and then when his brother came around he'd slip him a \$10 bill.

### Both Become Penniless

"IT WASN'T so very long before the man who owned the store couldn't pay his own bills. His brother got most of the money and the creditors got the rest of the cash. The man lost his store, and it wound up with both of them penniless."

"The man that owned the store was cold broke. And his brother wasn't no better off than before."

"Credit," grandpa said, "is a very tricky thing to play around with. I have never yet heard of anybody who didn't hate the man he borrowed from. I never knew of a business that could hold out long if it had to lend money to the customers in order to peddle the stock."

Concerning Mr. Vishinsky's bellows, grandpa would have dusted off another favorite saw.

"The loudest hound," he used to say, "never trees the coon."

My grandpa would have nothing to say about the World Series.

"Baseball," he once remarked, "is for boys. If it isn't for boys, why else do they play it in short pants?"

## Courting

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—Oyez, oyez, oyez: The honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable court.

Having said that in tones which might have sounded ringing had it not been for a half-acre of red velvet drapery installed to deaden echoes, the chief spread the black tails of his frock coat (so he wouldn't wrinkle 'em) and sat down.

The eight justices sat down, too, thereby hiding from public view eight widely assorted swivel chairs, which had given the chamber of the multi-million dollar, white marble court house some of the aspects of a second-hand furniture store.

### Douglas Out; So're His Tonsils

THE NINTH CHAIR of black leather with depressions especially selected to fit the frame of Justice William O. Douglas, was vacant. Mr. Justice Douglas was home, consuming soup. He'd just had his tonsils yanked and for the time being was able to utter croaking noises, only.

His cohorts looked fit and suitably sun-tanned, as well as a little warm in their long black robes. These garments are made of fine wool, I was informed, and are good for years of hard wear, barring moths.

The 1947 term of the court barely had started, before Justice Robert H. Jackson, was objecting to a decision his cohorts made last session. Actually he just mumbled, kind of, and thereby managed to confuse even further the 35 nervous lawyers waiting for one of the big moments of their lives.

They sat in freshly pressed pants and new cravats of dignified pattern, waiting to be sworn in before

the bar of the supreme tribunal. Each had his sponsor along to inform the court that he was a smart fellow and well able to practice there.

First up was Attorney General Tom Clark to introduce his new solicitor, Phil Perlman. They looked like the Smith Brothers, without the whiskers, in identical claw-hammer coats with white carnations in the lapels, and striped pants, like diplomats. No spots.

The chief justice told Mr. Clark's man to go over by the clerk to be sworn in; then came the rest of the lawyers, one every 15 seconds. Mr. Chief Justice Fred Vinson waved 'em all over toward the clerk. When all were packed tightly in the aisle, including two lady lawyers in skirts with the long look, the clerk told them to raise their hands and be sworn in. Then he led 'em out the side door. The entire proceeding took 14 minutes.

### They Have 40-Cent Lunch

THE JUSTICES walked out to lunch, which consisted of spaghetti creole, 40 cents. They had theirs in their private dining room; the new practitioners before the supreme bar slugged theirs in the court's cafeteria.

Next week the justices will begin handing down opinions. I must report one earlier decision which indicates the court is co-operating fully with the fuel-saving campaign. Its retiring rooms de luxe contain automatic wash basins, which used to fill them selves to the rim and then turn themselves off. No more.

The supreme court this term gives a man a half-inch of hot water in which to wash his hands and not one smidgen more.

## Skelton's Scheme

By Erskine Johnson

HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 7.—Exclusively Yours: Red Skelton is telling friends he's starring in a 16-mm. movie, which he's filming himself, just for laughs. But the real reason is that he wants to show it to his M-G-M bosses and say, "This is what I've been telling you I can do." Sometimes Hollywood executives have to be hit over the head.

Radio comic Henry Morgan had to take off 10 pounds around his tummy before they'd let him make his film debut in "So This Is New York." The last time a radio comic made his film debut they had to take 10 pounds off his head. Rudy Vallee, by the way, will go western, with an accent yet, in the same film.

### Hunt for 3 Adrift 13 Days in Pacific

HONOLULU, Oct. 7 (U. P.).—The Army and Navy today intensified an air search for three men who have been missing for 13 days.

They are believed to be adrift in the Pacific—probably without food or water.

The men are Radio Operator William B. Hopkins of Washington, D. C., and Seamen Leonard Metts and Winston H. Crosby, both of Johns Island, S. C.

They were believed to be drifting on four powerless, surplus mine-sweepers that were cut loose while under tow from Mexico to Manila. They were gone.

The new baby daughter of Joanne Dru and Dick Haymes will be christened Barbara Nugent Haymes. Now that the baby has arrived, Joanne can hardly wait to return to the screen. She made her debut in the lamented "Able's Irish Rose," which turned out to be just a thorn.

Dennis Day is having his first real romance. The lady is not an actress.

Bob Crosby finally gave up his fight to play film heavies and returns to the bandstand in "Champagne for Everybody."

Polish-the-apple, Hollywood style: Band leader Lionel Hampton, after working in "A Song Is Born," gave Director Howard Hawks a four-foot gold loving cup engraved: "To Hollywood's Best Director."

### Never Too Late—

RIDGEFIELD, Conn., Oct. 7 (U. P.).—The Democrats boasted their first victory in the 238-year history of Ridgefield today. Harry Hull, a Democrat, defeated John Smith, a Republican, for the office of selectman in yesterday's election.

### CWS TO MEET

The Roberts Park Methodist Church Woman's Society of Christian Service will present Mrs. Rudy Bogaz in a talk on "The Gospel of Our Generation" at 2 p. m. Thursday. Business and luncheon will precede the program.

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# The Indianapolis Times

## Red Cross Helping Local Man To Bring Wife, Baby From Serbia

### Red Tape Is Being Untangled In Effort to Reunite Family

By VICTOR PETERSON

THE COMPLICATIONS in the life of James William Alexander have been enough to make most men give up hope.

Twice crises in the life of the native of Serbia have brought him in contact with the home service department of the American Red Cross.

The first crisis has long since been solved. The second is in the process of being untangled.

A naturalized citizen, he returned to his birthplace as a missionary. While there he married and acquired a family.

Last year Mr. Alexander returned to Indianapolis. His children, except the youngest, were admitted to the country by virtue of being American citizens by birth.

THE BABY, who now is 3, was too young to leave her mother.

Mrs. Alexander could not come to the U. S. as she is not an American citizen. She must await the unraveling of red tape in this country and in her homeland.

Meanwhile, Mr. Alexander, who was making little progress alone in getting his wife here, appealed to the Red Cross.

Negotiations now are under way for mother and child to join the rest of the family which is living at the Yugoslavia Home, 3626 W. 16th St.

WHILE awaiting his wife, Mr. Alexander and his oldest son Dan are working to keep the family supported.

Dan was with the allied armies in Yugoslavia and an effort

### Show Movies to IPL Auxiliary

The Indianapolis Power & Light Co. Auxiliary of American Legion Post 300 will meet Friday night in Ipalco Hall. Entertainment will include moving pictures presented by the post.

The auxiliary president are Mrs. Francis May, Knightstown Home; and Mrs. Emma Ledig, rehabilitation; Mrs. Vaneta Shine, poppy; Mrs. Elda McGill, service sales; Mrs. Marie Spangler, child welfare; Mrs. Helen Phiergo, Americanism; Mrs. Aera Connelly, membership; Mrs. Helen Souert, music; Mrs. Inez Sullivan, publicity; and Mrs. Dan and Mrs. Sophia McGill, publicity and radio.

### OUR TOWN . . . By Anton Scherrer

## Indiana's Favorite Artist Painted Famed Poet Five Times

WE'RE IN A POSITION to know something about the number of times James Whitcomb Riley had his portrait painted. Brandt Steele, who has kept count, recalls no less than 10 such pictures. And of these, five were done by his (Steele's) father.

Theodore C. Steele painted his first portrait of Riley

in 1878 when the poet was 29 years old. It was the year Riley started the world with "a hynde of wylchencraft—an idle dreme"; "The Flying Islands of the Night."

At that time the Steele family lived above Mr. Lyman S. Ayres' dry good store (33 W. Washington St.)—the building recently vacated by the L. Strauss people.

And it was in this home that Mr. Steele also had his studio.

Brandt, then somewhere around 7 years old, remembers that Mr. Riley amused the Steele kids with funny stories all the time he had

## Fun, Cash Still Await Photo Fan

Fun and dollars continue to await Indiana picture-snappers in the Times Amateur Photo contest.

Each mail brings in new ideas and poses by those who make a hobby of taking pictures. The contest, which offers \$5 for the best photo of the week, will continue weekly as long as suitable entries are received.

There are no restrictions on who may enter, except that each entrant must be one whose chief source of income is not derived from photographic work.

The contest is state-wide. Two of the pictures which appear in the best-of-the-week group which will be published in the Times tomorrow are from photographers outside of Indianapolis.

Any size picture is allowed but all must be in black and white. On the back of each photo must be written photographer's name, address, telephone number, type camera and film used, shutter speed, diaphragm opening, type lighting.

The deadline for each weekly contest is midnight Friday. Mail or bring pictures by that time to: Amateur Photo Contest, Indianapolis Times, Indianapolis 9.

### Farnsworth Firm Fills Public Relations Post

PT. WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 7 (U. P.).—President E. A. Nicholas today announced the appointment of E. E. Perrey as director of public relations for the Farnsworth Television and Radio Corp.

Mr. Perrey succeeds Paul J. Boxell, formerly of the Indianapolis Times, who has joined a New York public relations firm.

Before joining the Farnsworth firm in 1946, Mr. Perrey was news editor at radio station WHAS in Louisville, Ky.



TANGLED LIFE—James William Alexander, naturalized native of Serbia, works with a will at his job at the Fairmount Glass Co. With the aid of the American Red Cross home service department, he is attempting to bring his wife to this country.

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THE picture hanging on its walls until 1902, the year the club disbanded (diagnosis: financial difficulties).

Probably because of a well-founded belief that the Press Club couldn't possibly come to life again, the portrait was taken for safe-keeping to the office of the Journal.

Apparently, the picture was considered part of the Journal's property, for when that paper was sold to the Star, the portrait went with it along with all its other assets. In 1907, after all known methods of resurrection had failed to restore the Press Club, George C. Hitt talked the Star people into letting the Indianapolis Literary Club have the picture. And it is on the walls of that 70-year-old institution (824 N. Penn.) that the portrait now hangs.

THE NEXT portrait—the seventh by the way—was the one the Bobbs-Merrill Co. commissioned Mr. Steele to paint. They still have it. Indeed, they're holding on to it mightily—as a matter of fact, as tenaciously as the Literary Club people are holding on to theirs.

After that came the famous por-

trait painted by John Singer Sargent. It's quite a story, too. Seems that sometime around 1900, Mr. Riley gave a reading of his poems at English's for the benefit of the Art Association of Indianapolis.

After all expenses were paid, they had \$1500 left. This sum was dangled in front of Mr. Sargent—the world-acclaimed portrait painter—at the time—in the hope that he might bite. To the surprise of everybody, that's exactly what Mr. Sargent did—notwithstanding the fact that he was asking (and getting) \$5000 for a portrait at the time.

IN THE SPRING of 1903, Mr. Riley went East and sat for Mr. Sargent. Exhibited in Indianapolis in the fall of the same year, the portrait split the town in two—one faction, led by Morris Ross, who contended that "it is Riley to the life"; the other, led by Louis Gibson, who pronounced it "a distinguished failure." Time has vindicated Mr. Ross. Today the Sargent portrait of Riley is one of the most popular pictures in the John Heron Art Institute, not only because it reveals the 54-year-old poet at the

height of his career, but because it is a typical example of Sargent's that sometime around 1900, Mr. Riley gave a reading of his poems at English's for the benefit of the Art Association of Indianapolis.

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### Hoosier War Dead

### Due in State Soon

First bodies of Hoosier war dead are scheduled to arrive in Indiana late this month. Col. C. A. Beauchamp, executive of the Indiana Military District, said at Ft. Harrison today.

First point of contact for relatives seeking information regarding the return of their war dead should be local headquarters of either the American Legion or the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Col. Beauchamp said. These organizations have assumed responsibility for arranging military funerals when they are desired by next-of-kin.

Managers of several local factories have announced they will allow time off without loss of pay for veterans who are asked to participate in military rites. Army recruiting stations also will furnish information, Col. Beauchamp said.

Bodies of Hoosiers who fell on Pacific battlefields will be repatriated through the Chicago Army Depot and those who died in the European Theater of Operations will be returned through the depot at Columbus, O.

### Faces Murder Hearing In Dice Game Row

Raymond Johnson, 32, of 548 N. Senate Ave., was held by police today on a charge of murder in connection with the fatal shooting last Saturday of James T. Penner, 25, of 625 N. California St., during an argument over a dice game.

Penner was found dying on the floor of the Sunset Smoke Shop, 808 block, Indiana Ave. Saturday afternoon.

### Bed Catches Fire

Mrs. Fern DeBorde, 23, of 1309 E. Market St., was in General Hospital with severe burns she received when her bed caught fire from a cigaret last night.

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