

Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola



"JUST PEOPLE"—Shoulder to shoulder the work of clearing and salvaging in Coatesville goes on. "Mr. Inside," one of the men helping to lift the machine, witnessed the spirit that will rebuild Coatesville.

THIS MUST BE a hideous nightmare. That's the first thought that came to me as I stood in what was the business district of Coatesville.

There seemed to be a thought for every brick, splintered and twisted tree, every haggard and slow-moving person, whom you knew had lived through the tornado. You could pick out the natives of Coatesville. In their eyes there was that unbelieving, horrified something that remained from last Friday.

It could have been a trick of the imagination. It's hard to say. But everywhere you looked there seemed to be a plea for help. Everywhere. You didn't have to be a construction engineer to see the amount of work that had to be done.

I knew Mark Hadley, Coatesville town board member, was chairman of the committee to clear the wreckage. For some reason I thought it was necessary to see him in order to be able to help.

No one seemed to know where Mr. Hadley was. They knew he was "around" someplace. Why? I wanted to work.

"Start in any place," one man told me. "Any truck that pulls up to be loaded is good enough."

I should have known that. There was no need for the usual formalities. Not one man questioned me when I started to heave bricks into a state highway truck. It was a full 10 minutes before I found out what we were clearing.

It was Herschel Greenlee's shop shop. Kenneth Jones, Danville, was operating a power loader. His job was to dig out the heavier pieces of concrete and brick.

The man in charge of our crew was Raleigh Greenlee, state highway patrolman and brother of the shoe shop owner who was in the hospital.

All Work, No Talk

THEY WEREN'T MUCH talk as we threw house bricks into the truck. There wasn't any belly-aching about the work, either. Everyone seemed to realize 10 or 15 bricks in the truck were better than two minutes of comment on what had happened.

After we had loaded three trucks with brick, someone came to a pile of harness. Mr. Greenlee was called and instructed us to try to find as much

as possible. He said he would try to get a truck for the salvage.

Salvage was also going on in Carl Elliott's grocery store next to us. Foodstuffs were being dug out and stacked in a pickup truck.

Clarence Stubblefield, Coatesville, told me when we paused in our work while another truck was backing into position, that picking and heaving bricks was good exercise for picking tomatoes.

He also pointed out H. H. Hathaway, editor of the Coatesville Herald, who was rummaging through the wreckage that was his print shop.

Somehow Strength Came

MR. STUBBLEFIELD'S comments in the past

SECOND SECTION

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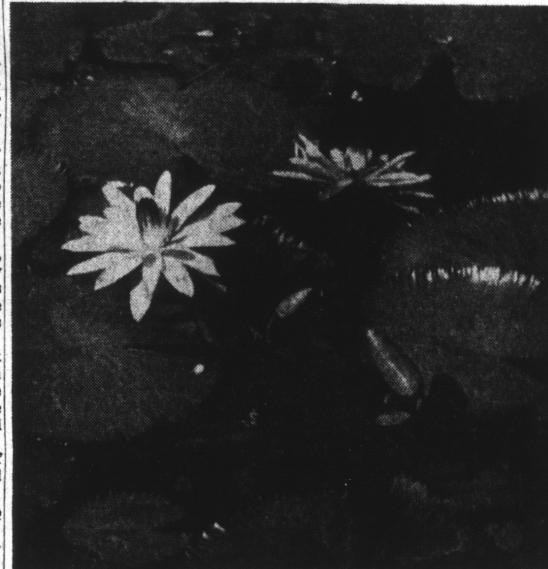
'Primary Colors' Best Of Week; Others In Close Race For Prize



THE WINNER—The best picture of the 34th week in The Times Amateur Photo Contest was "Primary Colors" by Norman J. Gill of Lebanon. The amateur shutter-snapper's model is his daughter, Jeannine. It was taken with a 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 Speed Graphic using Super XX film. Exposure was 1/400 second at f: 32 with the camera eight feet away. Lighting was provided by a No. 22 flashbulb.



RUNNER-UP—Richard Shufflebarger, of Martinsville, a former winner, came back with this honorable mention photo taken at Indianapolis' traction terminal. He used an Argus "A" camera and Plus-X film. Exposure was 1/100 second at f: 4.5.



HONORABLE MENTION—A newcomer, George Hurt, 1125 Newman St., calls this honorable mention entry, "Spring Opening." He used a Welti camera. Exposure was 1/200 second at f: 11.

Mrs. Ross Puts a Wallop In U.S. Mint Production

Supply Soars From \$2 Billion to \$23 Billion During Her 15 Years as Director

WASHINGTON, Mar. 31 (UPI)—Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross probably has made more money than anybody, and President Truman wants her to go right on making it.

He has asked the Senate to approve her appointment to continue as director of the U. S. mint for another five years.

During the 15 years this gracious grandmother has been the

country's official moneymaker, the mint has coined and put into circulation as much money as it turned out in the previous 121 years of its history.

When she became director in 1933 after serving as the first woman governor of Wyoming, the mint held slightly more than \$2 billion in gold bullion. Now it boasts more than \$24 billion.

Large Supply Minted

"All of that gold has gone through the melting pot and a large part of it has been minted," she says in the same tone she uses when she tells how she blended her once famous butter-milk biscuits.

Mrs. Ross is a handsome gray-haired woman who is frankly feminine about her age and unflattering photographs.

She does most of her work in her treasury building office which looks out upon the front door of the White House.

She is a frequent visitor to the mint's seven field institutions for the deposit of gold and silver, and in the case of the Philadelphia, Denver and San Francisco plants for the coining of new money.

Skips Royal Reception

Although she enjoys capital social life, she once skipped a reception for European royalty because she was so engrossed in picking worms from the tobacco on her Maryland farm.

A native of St. Joseph, Mo., Mrs. Ross was a kindergarten teacher before she married William Bradford Ross and became the mother of four sons.

Her husband's death in 1924, a year after he became Democratic governor of Wyoming, projected her into politics.

The voters elected her to succeed her husband. She entered the national field, campaigning first for Al Smith and later for Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

She was vice chairman of the National Democratic Party at the time Mr. Roosevelt appointed her to her present post.

Group to Discuss Manual PTA Plan

Patrons and teachers of Manual High School will decide in a meeting in the school auditorium at 8 p.m. next Wednesday if the southside school is to have a Parent-Teacher Association.

Principal E. H. Kemper McComb is in charge of the meeting.

Alumnae of Masons, honorary girls' organization of Manual High School, will entertain seniors in the active club April 27 and sponsor a card party at the Women's Department Club May 19.

Mrs. Marcia Orme Murphy is general chairman of the card party, assisted by Mildred Otting and Mesdames William Kottkamp, Short, Regina Schuck, Reifeis, Josephine Grahame Wolf, Bernadine Welland Burns, Rose Teiger, Lillian Burnett Henzie and DeLoris Rahm Arterburn.

Libraries to Mark 75th Anniversary

Formal celebration of the Indianapolis Public Library's 75th anniversary will commence next Monday, according to Miss Marjorie McFadden, librarian.

Programs, to be given in Central Public Library, will include a musical evening by the Teen Music Canteen at 8 p.m. Monday; a Junior Chamber of Commerce program with Richard T. James, vice president of Butler University as speaker, 8 p.m. Tuesday; a tea for women's literary club at 2:30 p.m. Wednesday, with Mrs. Jeanette Covert Nolan, Indianapolis author, as speaker; and a birthday day celebration at 8 p.m. Thursday, with Luther H. Evans, librarian of Congress, as speaker.

Carnival—By Dick Turner

ON THE BACK of each photo

should be written the photo

grapher's name, address, tele-

phone number, type camera and

film used, type lighting, shutter

speed, diaphragm opening.

The decision of the judges is

final and all pictures become the

property of The Times. Mail or

bring pictures to Photo Contest

Editor, Indianapolis Times, 214

W. Maryland St.



Sure Are Party

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Mar. 31—The lawmakers were yammering as usual. "Eyebrows" Lewis was making complimentary grunts in the direction of the government. The White House correspondents were worrying about what was worrying the President. And old "Ferdinand the Bull" Othman said to himself, So what? Why not go out and smell the pretty posies?

I tell you, flower-lovers—and entomologists, too—those Jap cherry trees are worth all the trouble they've been for the last 40 years. They don't give any smell (I sniffed 'em carefully), nor cherries, either, but they sure are pretty.

Like a stationare snowstorm. Like a cloud of confetti suspended in air. Like the gauze on Sally Rand; you can almost see through it, but not quite. A little buggy they still may be and perverse I know they are, but I think they're fine.

Twas ever thus. We've had cherry-blossom parties here ever since 1907.

Bob Taft's Mother Did It

IF THOSE Republicans and Democrats will take my word that this essay is strictly non-political, I can report that Sen. Bob Taft's mother, Mrs. William Howard Taft, was responsible for our cherry blossoms. She was a tourist in Japan, where the flowers struck her as being so pretty that she ordered 70 cherry trees planted on the banks of the Potomac.

Her imported trees made such a nice little showing beside the muddy river that Dr. Jokichi Takamine, a Japanese medic living here, said wouldn't it be nice if the city of Tokyo, as a gesture of everlasting friendship to the city of

WORD-A-DAY

By BACH

PESSIMISM

(pē'si-miz'm) noun

BELIEF THAT THE WORLD IS

BAD RATHER THAN GOOD

AND THAT EXISTENCE IS AN EVIL;

THE TENDENCY TO LOOK ON

THE DARK SIDE OF LIFE OR

TO EXPECT FAILURE

(SOB) AM, THERE'S

NOTHING BUT BAD

NEWS TONIGHT!

Mr. Jensen

church are spon-

soring the talk for the com-

munity. Dinner reservations must be

placed with the church office not

later than tomorrow noon.

2-31

Mr. Jensen

is executive

secretary of the com-

mission, will

speak at 7 p.m.

following a 6

o'clock dinner in

the church din-

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