

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 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 shoe 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

THERE WASN'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 tense gave me something of a hopeless, beat feeling. He would point to a pile of rubble and say, "There was the Farmer Supply Store. There was the Miller Implement Co. There was a grocery store. Where those men are walking around was a feed store."

Bending down, picking up bricks and throwing them into the truck took your mind off a lot of things. And when the bricks began to get so heavy and you wondered if you could possibly lift another, there was a smashed showcase to lift out, or a power machine or a shoe stitchee. Somehow the necessary strength came to you.

It took 12 men to lift Mr. Greenlee's power buffer and grinder. There were no more than eight tossing bricks. But when the time came to lift the machine on the truck, we had help. Where did it come from? I doubt if anyone knew. The important thing was that we had enough.

We found small tools like hammers, knives, punches, and clippers. The spirit in which every item was picked up and put in the truck was gratifying. The idea was that when Mr. Greenlee gets out of the hospital he would have the tools to start his shoe shop again.

There, in the midst of disaster, people, just plain people were pitching in with all that was in them. A box of tacks was important. Coatesville was going to get back on its feet. Mr. Greenlee would be needing those tacks, his hammers and that box of rubber heels.

But it needs help. A lot of help. The kind of help that comes from the heart and will get paid the same way—from the heart.

Honky-Tonk

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW ORLEANS, Mar. 31—They sure have frowned up the French Quarter in this town since the war. They've made it a cheap carnival and a clip joint, where it used to be a quietly wicked and fairly economical in its wickedness.

Since the gambling moved out of town into the French quarter, the cops started discouraging lawlessness. They have evidently tried to compensate for a new and unaccustomed purity with a surface gaiety which is a lot less New Orleans than Chicago's loop.

You can't dig up a decent native boogie-woogie virtuoso in the quarter now—not, at least, until Fats Pichon comes back from New York—but there are more displaced Yankee strip-teasers than rats. It's difficult to walk down Bourbon St. without being knocked unconscious by a hurried crowd—a torso that probably was operating in Cleveland, O., before they legally frowned on willful nakedness in that city.

You used to be able to sit down in New Orleans and nibble at a 40-cent drink and listen to a spate of sorrowful blues. If a lady started to disrobe in your vicinity she was apt to be an impressed customer. Nobody grabbed you by the nape, as you walked along, and hurried you to a floor show.

Guys With Turned-up Hats

BUT NOW they have the fat comedians from the Bronx—the kind of doleful comic who turns his hat up in front and rewrites Milton Berle material with a dirty chalk. They have one character proudly billed as an imitator of Al Jolson, which sets some sort of record in fruitless scavenging. They peddle worn-out acts from the cheaper gin mills in the larger Northern cities, and the showman spirit of New Orleans itself is hawked on the streets much as a county fair pitchman sells his combination potato peeler-bicycle pump. The quarter today looks more like 42d and Broadway than the old Vieux Carre.

There are now, just a handful of places which make any attempt to perpetuate the old town's spirit. Charlie Cantrell, at Pat O'Brien's place, herds his raucous tourists indoors, but keeps a quiet patio outside where a man can sip a beer without applauding some fugitive performance from a flea-circus.

Chumps Stand Outside

LAFITTE, away down in Bourbon St., still regards its customers as more amusing than any act which might be booked into the place. Owen Brennan, at the old Absinthe House, took one fling at a big floor show and got sick to his stomach. He is currently awaiting the return of Monsieur Pichon, who can play a piano and cite the virtues of a big fat mama without clubbing the customer's brains out.

But the places are few and far between. The Court of the Two Sisters used to be a tourist but quiet, but now they have piped music into the courtyard and afflict the visitors with a daytime drink which is pink and characterless. The chumps stand for hours outside the restaurants, and are greeted inside with something passing contempt.

They have been forced to mass-produce New Orleans food, even as they mass-produce New Orleans atmosphere—I suppose, to meet the customer demand. I have been very sentimental about New Orleans, ever since the first night I stood the Bourbon St. watch, and I wish they would give the French quarter back to the natives. Stripper I can see in Chicago, flea circuses I can enjoy in New York, and sidewalk pitchmen I can do without, permanently.

The big thing about New Orleans used to be that you could saunter around feeling dangerously wicked on a couple of beers, and while nothing ever came of it the feeling stuck with you. That was impossible today, on account of too many naked Northern ladies, low comedians, guides, shills, queues, tattoo artists, picture-snappers, and praline-peddlers. Trouble is, I guess, that the carpet-baggers have taken over, and us Creoles are being crowded into the gutter.

Sure Are Purty

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Mar. 31—The lawmakers were yammering as usual. "Eyebrows" Lewis was making uncompromising 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 purty.

Like a stationer's 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 problems 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 blooms. 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 Takamino, 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

Washington, made a gift of 2000 more cherry trees?

2000, Then 3000 More

TOKYO SHIPPED over the 2000 young trees with the appropriate diplomatic hoopla and hand-decorated scrolls, but the entomologists (they hate to be called bug experts) of the Agriculture Department were unimpressed. They said these trees were infested with bugs, Oriental scale and other disease too horrid to mention. The bonfire of cherry trees at San Francisco nearly resulted in a diplomatic incident.

Those Japs, however, took this blow like little gentlemen. A group of experts sent the next two years at the Imperial Horticultural Station, grafting bug-free Yoshino cherry shoots on diseaseless wild cherry roots. This time they sent 3000 trees. And they defied anybody to locate a single bug on 'em.

Here my tale gets a little confused. Some of the bugologists claimed the new batch of trees wasn't much better than the first; the diplomats said that if this gift was burned, too, there'd probably be war. Officially those trees were in perfect health and officially that's the way they've been ever since, though some entomologists still mutter (under their breaths) that those trees are responsible for diseased cherry trees as far west as the Mississippi.

So the Japanese trees have been blooming ever since, always choosing a date that officialdom doesn't expect. During the war some misguided patriots tried to chop 'em down and went to jail for their trouble. End report on cherry blossoms. Tomorrow: Skullduggery in high places.

The Indianapolis Times

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 Shuffelbarger, 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 Welta camera. Exposure was 1/200 second at f: 11.



'JAY BIRD QUINTET'—A. T. Colten, 1731 Broadway, another newcomer, earned honorable mention. He used a Model D Graflex with a six-inch lens. The film was Superpan. Shutter speed was 1/40 second and the diaphragm opening was f: 5.6.

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 (UP)—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 McCormick is in charge of the meeting.

Alumnae of Masoma, honorary girls' organization of Manual High School, will entertain seniors in the active club Apr. 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 Pauline Kottkamp Short, Regina Schock Reifeis, Josephine Graber Wolf, Bernadine Welland Burns, Rose Tegeler Hater, Lillian Burnett Hendrix 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 Mrs. Marian 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 clubs at 2:30 p. m. Wednesday, with Mrs. Thor Wesenberg as speaker; a Junior High School Reading Clubs program at 3:45 p. m. Thursday, with Mrs. Jeanette Covert Nolan, Indianapolis author, as speaker, and a birthday celebration at 8 p. m. Thursday, with Luther H. Evans, librarian of Congress, as speaker.

Navy Club Party Ship 42, Navy Club Auxiliary will give a card party at 1:30 p. m. Monday in the Colonial Furniture Store. Mrs. Harry Collins is general chairman. Proceeds will be used to assist disabled Navy veterans.

OES 131 PLANS PROGRAM Naomi Chapter 131, OES, will present an Easter program at 7:45 p. m. Friday in its stated meeting in the Masonic Temple. Elizabeth Van Cleave is worthy matron and Enoch Ballard is worthy patron.

Norman Gill of Lebanon Uses Speed Graphic With Daughter as Model; Newcomers Enter

By ART WRIGHT

A NEWCOMER WON top laurels in the 34th week's judging in The Times Amateur Photo Contest and two other first-timers earned honorable mention.

The first prize went to Norman J. Gill, of Lebanon. He is one of the many photographers outside of Indianapolis who have won recognition in The Times competition.

The two newcomers who won approval of the judges were George Hurt, 1125 Newman St., and A. T. Colten, 1731 Broadway. The other honorable mention winner was a former first prize winner, Richard Shuffelbarger, of Martinsville.

MR. GILL will receive a Times check for \$5.

That amount is awarded to the first prize winner each week. A photographer may submit any number of prints in any week and may enter as many weeks as he chooses, even after he wins.

No one is barred, except employees of The Times, members of their families and professionals. An amateur is one whose chief source of income is not derived from photographic work.

The deadline for each week's contest is midnight Friday. Pictures postmarked or brought to The Times by that time will be considered for the group which appears in The Times the following Wednesday.

ON THE BACK of each photo should be written the photographer's name, address, telephone 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.

Carnival—By Dick Turner



"He's trying to forget his check!"