

Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE what can go into a 21-inch ladies' overnight bag. Gordon Volkenant, associate director of research for the Minneapolis Honeywell Regulator Co., is proof of that.

There were two things I knew about Mr. Volkenant when I waited for him to check in at the Sevin Hotel. He was supposed to be fully informed in the field of electronics and was bringing to the city a bag—tricks to demonstrate before a meeting of the Reserve Officers' Association.

Late in the afternoon when I had everyone at the Sevin except the house detective looking for him, Mr. Volkenant checked in.

"Where's your electronic equipment?" I asked. "Time is getting short. Do you have a truck at the loading platform?"

Mr. Volkenant handed a briefcase and a small bag to a bellhop. "The little bag marked 'fragile' has all my equipment."

It Was All in the Bag

ALL THE WAY to the 11th floor and his room, I pleaded with him to quit pulling my leg. The bellhop cast suspicious glances at us when Mr. Volkenant told me to keep my shirt on and he would show me electronic flame detectors, guided missiles, proximity fuses and "junior atomic bombs."

"Everything is in the overnight bag," insisted the Minnesota scientist. The "fragile" overnight bag was set on the floor gingerly. I wouldn't be surprised if the bellhop left for the Ozarks immediately after that.

"I'll freshen up after I show you what I have for the lecture," Mr. Volkenant said opening the

case. A Fuller brush salesman could take a few lessons on packing from him.

"Amuse yourself with this eight-tube circuit plug dangled from a wire about two feet long. Mr. Volkenant said the gadget was capable of picking up stations 1000 miles away. It did work beautifully."

It's Really—Simple'

UNFORTUNATELY, Mr. Volkenant is a very energetic fellow. Get interested in one thing and you may miss three other points he's making.

"The public has the mistaken idea that electronics is a complicated field. It's simple—really." Mr. Volkenant was dragging out a whole mess of junk. "Here's an electronic tube."

He held a small base affair with a tungsten filament, a piece of screen wire, a tin can and a water glass. Nothing to an electronic tube, he said.

"If you had super-electron microscopic eyes you could see million upon millions of electrons jumping away from the filament. Could be a bent hairpin, too. But you don't have those kind of eyes, do you? No. So, to illustrate what I mean I'm going to take this ordinary Fourth of July sparkler and light it." Mr. Volkenant could put a sideshow Barker to shame after he got started.

The sparkler sputtered. That's what happens in an electronic tube, he said. Then he brought in how powerful the electron is. How fast they travel. Something close to 20,000 miles per second. The screen wire stops or controls the "little guys" as Mr. Volkenant refers to the electrons. It serves exactly as a venetian blind does in a home. Every minute I expected to hear, "Get away from me boy, you bother me."

In a matter of minutes he made an electric light bulb glow, a siren sound and a bell ring. All this he did without wires. In his pocket he carried a flat box with four push buttons.

"Electronics can do anything. With it a man has a sixth sense, which enables him to see, taste, hear and feel things he had never been able to detect before."

The photo-electric cell? Simple. A piece of baling wire. Flame detectors that can prevent disastrous fires? Simple. A piece of baling wire and an electronic tube. Oh, yes, and the "little guys." I don't know why he uses "little guys" when he means electrons. You can make a subject too simple, you know.

Boiling everything down, including Mr. Volkenant, I would say he's about as fast as an electron which goes 20,000 miles per second.

I'm going to stick around and see if electronics will cook my steak in 10 seconds, kill all the germs in my apartment, sound an alarm when a lighted cigarette falls to the floor and guide me home from a party when the atmosphere is "foggy" outside. That's asking a bunch of "little guys" to do quite a lot. Mr. Volkenant said they can do it.

"They can do anything."

"GILLIONS OF LITTLE GUYS"—Electronics? So simple it makes Gordon Volkenant laugh. Here Mr. Volkenant demonstrates electrons with a sparkler. That simple, he says.

Hardway Boys

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, Apr. 13—Every time you see a piece in the papers about the new war-gadgets—about the guided missiles, the germs, the rockets, the radar, the new jet jobs—sit back and say a small prayer for the House censor. He can use any odd prayers you throw at him. I know. I was a censor once.

You've probably been wondering how this general and that admiral can get up and sound off about all the new bric-a-brac we've invented to kill people; how Glenn Martin can arise to chant the praises of radioactive clouds and pernicious bugs. It sounds top-secret, and it was top-secret, until some poor guy, or some poor guys, decided that it was okay to ladle it out to the public.

It's presence in the press is known as public relations, which means building character by letting the people in on the act. Before they can be let in on the act, from a standpoint of military security, a flock of things first must be established. Such as: Does Enemy X know we have it? If so, how much harm can the knowledge do? If we know Enemy X knows, then maybe we better talk about it and put some heat in it. If Enemy X doesn't know, then perhaps we'd better walk around the corner and surprise him with a fresh wrinkle. Or then again, maybe we better clam down. Shhhh.

All this ifing and whereas finally winds up on the neck of some poor fellow who eventually takes the rap for whatever decision is made. He can be a general or an admiral or a civilian or even something as lowly as a naval lieutenant. You can tell him, at sight, by the crossed ulcers on his coat. He wears them both inside and outside.

He Never Sleeps

NOBODY EVER LOVED a censor, whether he is acting inside the organization—or, in time of war, in direct control of the press, a censor is a bum. He is the no-guy. He slaps the candy out of the baby's fingers, and he never sleeps. He never sleeps because, when he hits the hay, he wonders if some innocent little thing he passed that day has just lost the current war or will lose the next one. It is a lousy way to make a living.

For my sins, I got made into a censor during the last 12 months of the war. I censored the Navy and I censored the Army and the B-29's and the British Fleet and the Marines. It is a thing I never want to do again.

Still Kissless

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Apr. 13—I am the proud proprietor of a patent breath sweetener, as produced by that West Coast scientist and friend to humanity, Bing Crosby. It arrived in the nick, because I had onion on my luncheon hamburger.

So I took a couple of deep drags (as per directions) and absorbed into my lungs a load of what Prof. Bing calls neutrogen. The flavor was fine, something like cough drops.

I sat there, sweet of breath, waiting for some of the beautiful young ladies in the city room of the Washington Daily News to test Dr. Crosby's breath-o-therapist. Their interest in science was nil; not a one of 'em tried to kiss me.

This disappointment got me to thinking that it had been many a month since I'd visited the U. S. Patent Office to see what the Hollywood professor's fellow inventors were doing. I took a final whiff from my new breath controller (it is a small tin box with a hole in it and nice-smelling stuff inside) and beat it over to the marble halls of the inventors. A good thing, too.

No-Splash Dog Washer

I RAN IMMEDIATELY into Patent Number 2,438,979 of Frank Lee Short, a New Yorker who has solved the problem of washing his dog. He used to get a bath, himself, every time he bathed his pup. Sometimes this beast, half-bathed, would escape to the living room and what that did to the carpet only Mrs. S can report adequately.

So our inventor built a wooden frame which fits inside the bathtub. It has two leather straps which fit around the pooch to be cleaned and buckle securely to the sidebars. That's all there is to it; simple, like all great inventions.

Thomas F. Saffady, of Detroit, turned up as

The Quiz Master

?? Test Your Skill ??

To what family does the Monkey-Puzzle tree belong?

It is a large evergreen tree of the pine family native to Chile. This tree sometimes grows 100 feet high and is said to have derived its name because monkeys could find no way to climb its interlocking branches.

What is meant by the Open Door Policy?

The Open Door, a distinctive foreign policy of the U. S., in general means equality of opportunity and, as applied to the Far East, means commercial equality.

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PAGE 11

SECOND SECTION

Being Born American Best Gift On Earth, Says Prize Orator

Broad Ripple High Senior Credits Greatest Heritage to Living Under Constitution

THE UNITED STATES today holds many meanings for many of its citizens.

Much of this thinking is jumbled. Perspective has been lost. But that is not the case of a 17-year-old Broad Ripple High School senior. He is Ross Copeland, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Copeland, 6180 Compton St.

Recently he won his high school and district meet of the American Legion National High School Oratorical Contest. The Constitution was the subject.

He admits no deep-seated motive brought about his firm belief in his nation.

"Why I feel as I do, I don't know. I do know that I believe deeply everything in my speech," he said.

Mr. Copeland was eliminated from further national competition when he placed second in the zone meet. This was his second year as a contest entrant.

He plans to enter Indiana University next fall and take work leading to enrollment in the medical school.

Here is a digest of his oration:

The Pulse of a Nation

Somehere in these United States a baby is being born this very minute. Be it black or white; be it of wealth or poverty; be it fair of form or twisted in shape—it has already received the greatest gift of mankind. It has been born an American.

It is impossible for this infant to realize his legacy. He has been born into a country that seethes with ambition. Born of a nation pattern of its dictates. For this little band of exiles, of dreamers, of poets of statesmen built better than they knew, for they built for all ages, for all nations, a code which is indisputed. Thus we hope anew, for what problems we that were not faced and conquered by our forebears? We have that heritage which they had not: A constitution conceived by them, accepted by us, feared and respected by all peoples.

Victory is ours by virtue of our Constitution. The giant's hands are now secure with new found strength. And again we feel confident that the problems of today are but the problems of yesterday—and are problems no more.

AND WHEN a hand or that giant grows leperous with racial discrimination and religious intolerance, that Constitution purifies, and the hand is cleansed.

Should the other hand become lethargic with despair over world affairs, the memory of the chaos in which other men conceived the Constitution inspires and goads it on.

To confirm our faith in our ability to stem the dissension and doubt which loom on our horizons, we have only to recall those chaotic days which fanned the spark of patriotic fervor into the steady flame of Constitutional security.

Though time's kindly curtain dims the fears and turbulences through which it emerged, re-sume discloses problems not only akin to but surpassing of problems today. The nation was divided between joy at having gained its independence and drifting away from the haven of peace toward which it had sought.

If those cowardly kings would know how dearly we cherish the privileges and the responsibilities through which it emerged, re-sume discloses problems not only akin to but surpassing of problems today. The nation was divided between joy at having gained its independence and drifting away from the haven of peace toward which it had sought.

IGNORANT of the privileges of American citizenship under that Constitution, those evil-monarchs ask, "What premium is it you offer? What titles do you bestow your immigrants that induce them from our imperious shores to your young nation?"

Premier? We offer a haven to the oppressed, granting equality and opportunity, liberty and justice to all who seek it and deserve to have it.

Titles? No titles—except that one which they will utter with uplifted head and proud voice: "Now I am an American."

Freedom? We offer a haven to the oppressed, granting equality and opportunity, liberty and justice to all who seek it and deserve to have it.

Freedom from Want—Strong in our might, we coax the golden grain from the soil. Cattle feed upon the plains. Furnaces blast a song of steel to come. We are free from want, free as only

Much as they wish it, our blessed nation will never degenerate to their system of government by some, for some. It will forever remain a government by all, for all.

How calmly we accept the Four Freedoms.

Freedom of Religion—that right to worship a divine being as we choose. So that in a



FIRM BELIEF—Ross Copeland, Broad Ripple High School senior, worked hard for accuracy in his creation on the Constitution for the American Legion National High School Oratorical Contest. He defined the Constitution in terms of today and won his school and district meets.

gathering of mixed religions we

might see the capped head of the Jewish elder bent close to the rosary-twined hands of the Catholic.

Where they would efface the inalienable rights of men, we would protect them for eternity. They are strong in greed.

We are strong in faith.

THE TASK before us is no easy one. It will call for sacrifice. Not always will it be the popular course to follow. But it will be right. Let us adopt this course of action—call it the European Recovery Program or Marshall Plan or what we will—in the spirit of Lincoln's words: "With malice toward none" determined at the same time to make right the master of might.

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Some say that our horizons have been reached. This is a

philosophy of despair. Our nation is only on the threshold of great

freedom.

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