

Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

HOW YOU DOING today? Say, got your flag up? It's Independence Day, you know. Aren't national holidays that require long week ends often hectic affairs? Sometimes they're fun if they are not overdone, right? But we're taking it easy, aren't we? Just sitting and wondering what the "poor" people are doing. Just for the heck of it let's sort of relax and figure out what some of our neighbors are doing on this 172d anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

The first neighbor that comes to mind is going to be easy. He's a city fireman and is on the job today. His wife is planning to take the kids to the Butler Bowl tonight to see the fireworks. Sahara Grotto is going to fire up about 8 p.m. That will be fun for the kids.

Different Ways to Celebrate

THE FAMILY on Prospect St. is going to be a little tougher. About every year they leave all excited for Toledo only to come back full of stories about how tough traffic was, how much chasing around they did, how Johnny bopped a kid with a baseball and how smart we were for "staying put." We've heard all that before.

Then there's that old couple on Clifton St. who we can be sure will sit most of the day on the porch and not say much. The old man still hangs his small flag up every years. It's probably as old as he is and yet if he hung up a new one it wouldn't seem right. It would be interesting to

see if he wrecks a fender on his new car over the week-end. Boy did he scream and holler when he had to pay \$1950 for the crate. Of course, we don't want to wish him any bad luck, but, wouldn't be a deal if his wife scraped a fender? Maple Road wouldn't be a fittin' place to live for weeks. Guys like him shouldn't own cars or get married.

Too bad about that pretty blond nurse who has to work today at General Hospital. Her friend from South Bend sure must love her and have a lot of patience to put up with a schedule like she keeps. Good gal, though. Somebody has to work and according to the paper they need a lot more girls such as Betty. Takes a lot of that stuff they call fortitude to be a nurse.

Betty can't feel much worse than that salesman from Newark, N.J., who is fed up reading magazines in his downtown hotel room and wondering what his wife and kids are doing. It made him sick to have to send that telegram home saying he had to stay over the Fourth in Indianapolis. Just as soon as he gets back he's going to ask to stay in the home office. Nuts on this traveling. It was OK when he was single but now with a wife and two kids at home. That's the way it goes.

Yes, Sir, It's a Great Day

WE CAN sympathize with that bus driver on College Ave. but he shouldn't be so bullheaded about taking his family for a ride. He shouldn't have raised so much fuss even though he probably is sick of driving and wants to relax on the front porch. It wouldn't tax his energy too much if he took the trolley and drove out to the country. Some guys don't think. That's about all you can say.

There aren't very many people who are giving much thought to the real significance of the day, are there? In fact it's a job trying to find one . . . wup . . . hold on . . . how about that guy on N. Emerson Ave.? What's he reading to his 4-year-old boy? "When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth . . ."

Who is he? Just a guy who likes it here and wants his son to grow up with a clearer idea of what a great place it is. There are going to be plenty of questions about the Declaration of Independence but he'll answer them. He'll learn something, too. Great day, the Fourth of July.

Ah Shudder, Suh

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, July 5—Away down yonder in New Orleans, a man named Hermann Reutsch sits in a sweaty little cubbyhole—his hands poised over a ratty typewriter.

Occasionally you hear a wild squall of triumph from Mr. Deutsch's sanctum, and you know that once again he has found something wicked to say about the state of Texas.

Mr. Deutsch is a professional Texas hater, just as he is a professional New Orleans lover. He has been claiming for some 50 years that "God manufactured N'Awlin with one eye on personal future occupancy. And that the waste building material went into a vast slag heap called Taixus.

When the governor of Texas, out of respect for talent, not to mention personal charm, made me an honorary Texan, Mr. Deutsch blew a gasket.

This spurious Cajun hammered out an editorial so slanderous, so downright vicious in its attack on both me and my adopted state—that Grrreat State of Taixus—that I would have sued him, or even invited him to duel—except he was taking me to dinner at Antoine's that night, and I slay no golden geese.

The man is at it again, now. He waited until I was far away in South America, and then uncovered some facts tailored to smirch the fair name of my adopted state—and smear it he did.

According to a Deutsch editorial, the citizens of Houston have just been apprised that they consumed 200,000 pounds of horse meat under the impression that they were buying top grade beef. Mr. Deutsch couldn't have been more pleased if Texas had seceded back to Mexico.

Can't Tell If It Neighed or Mooed

HOUSTONITES, says Mr. D., have never been noted for their reticence. "They are fond of remarking that when it rains pennies elsewhere, it is raining dollar bills in Houston—the inference being that none but the best was good enough for the best I'll old city in this best of all I'll old worlds."

Yet if the sworn testimony of a meat packer before the Harris County Grand Jury means anything, it is either that the quality of the beef Houston has hitherto been eating couldn't be distinguished from a sirloin or porterhouse or was a hospital case before the butcher got his hands on it . . .

Oh, Florence

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, July 5—The clerks of Gordon Greenfield, the ladies' ready-to-wear man of Brooklyn and New York City, were hysterical. Or else they were scared. There was a female Communist sabotaging the millinery department.

And nobody would wait on the customers of Oppenheim-Collins, operating two of the biggest women's specialty shops in America.

The youngish-looking Mr. Greenfield, who is secretary-treasurer of the firm, got so worried about the way business was skidding that he put checkers at the doors.

They learned that 73 per cent of the women who entered our store in Brooklyn walked out without buying anything," he reported to the House Labor Committee. "And in New York it was 72 per cent of the people coming into our store and buying nothing."

The firm lost money, while most of its competitors were making unusually good profits. Mr. Greenfield blamed Communists in charge of CIO Local 1250. He said they terrified his clerks.

Chairman Fred Hartley, co-author of the Taft-Hartley Act (against which the union is fighting bitterly) wanted to know more about terror in the lingerie counter and fight behind the perfume cases. Mr. Greenfield turned the hair-raising details over to his personnel director, E. Marshall Palmer.

They Just Go to Pieces'

THE LATTER said the Congressmen should understand that the gentle ladies who staff Oppenheim-Collins can't be compared, say, to the huskies building sedans for the Ford Motor Co.

"They are refined women," he said. "They just go to pieces under the treatment of the union. They get hysterical when somebody threatens to bash in their heads. And they are no good as saleswomen for weeks afterward."

It turned out that the union has threatened

The Quiz Master

?? Test Your Skill ??

What is generally considered to be Mozart's most popular opera?

The North Star is never visible to persons in the Southern Hemisphere. It is, however, always visible on clear nights from points north of the equator.

The Indianapolis Times

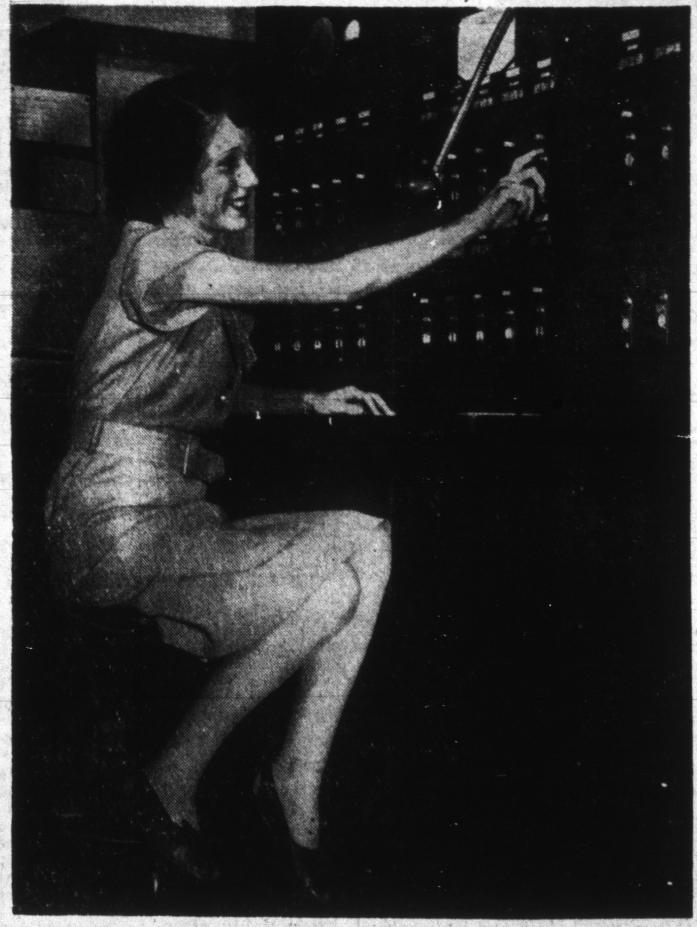
MONDAY, JULY 5, 1948

PAGE 9

SECOND SECTION

Here Are The Mystery Voices Of Automatic Hostess Machines

(Photos by Henry Glesing; captions by Donna Mikels)



NICKEL, NICKEL, NICKEL—All night long the nickels clink into 21 Automatic Hostess machines like this in restaurants and bars over Indianapolis and a soft voice sings out: "Your selection, please." Such adornments as the pretty brunet on this machine and a blond who decorates other machines cause the unseen girls behind the mike to get almost as many requests for phone numbers as for numbers on the phonograph. But what the hopefuls on this end don't know is that their date requests are heard by everyone in the office of Meeker Music Co., Doctors Building, 224 N. Meridian St., and that there's a rigidly enforced "no dating" rule.



MEET 'VICKI'—If you've ever put a nickel in a hostess machine you may have talked to this blond, who uses the mike name "Vicki." She's been spinning the platters for two years now. What's more, she knows the files of thousands of records inside out and is able to locate almost any "old" request within seconds. Here she pulls a request out of the numbered cabinet where the discs are catalogued.

Certainly, my childish faith in Texas has been shattered, and I am beginning now to have an awful feeling about the last barbecue that Messrs. Vernon Frost and Ralph Johnston pressed upon me.

I thought it tasted a mite peculiar, but Mr. Frost kept swearing it was top-grade Brahma beef.

I believe I know now, too, why Bob Kleberg developed a special breed of quarterhorse on the King ranch.

As for the fate of Kleberg's poor old broken down Assail, I can only shudder.

It looks to me like Mr. Deutsch has won this round, and all we can do now is lynch him, and then try to forget the whole horrible story.

It is even more terrible to think that a state which invented the cow can't tell Ol' Dobbin from Ol' Bossy, once he's on a platter. As a commentary on Houston cuisine, it is the infinite insult.

Certainly, my childish faith in Texas has been shattered, and I am beginning now to have an awful feeling about the last barbecue that Messrs. Vernon Frost and Ralph Johnston pressed upon me.

I thought it tasted a mite peculiar, but Mr. Frost kept swearing it was top-grade Brahma beef.

I believe I know now, too, why Bob Kleberg developed a special breed of quarterhorse on the King ranch.

As for the fate of Kleberg's poor old broken down Assail, I can only shudder.

It looks to me like Mr. Deutsch has won this round, and all we can do now is lynch him, and then try to forget the whole horrible story.

It is even more terrible to think that a state which invented the cow can't tell Ol' Dobbin from Ol' Bossy, once he's on a platter. As a commentary on Houston cuisine, it is the infinite insult.

Certainly, my childish faith in Texas has been shattered, and I am beginning now to have an awful feeling about the last barbecue that Messrs. Vernon Frost and Ralph Johnston pressed upon me.

I thought it tasted a mite peculiar, but Mr. Frost kept swearing it was top-grade Brahma beef.

I believe I know now, too, why Bob Kleberg developed a special breed of quarterhorse on the King ranch.

As for the fate of Kleberg's poor old broken down Assail, I can only shudder.

It looks to me like Mr. Deutsch has won this round, and all we can do now is lynch him, and then try to forget the whole horrible story.

It is even more terrible to think that a state which invented the cow can't tell Ol' Dobbin from Ol' Bossy, once he's on a platter. As a commentary on Houston cuisine, it is the infinite insult.

Certainly, my childish faith in Texas has been shattered, and I am beginning now to have an awful feeling about the last barbecue that Messrs. Vernon Frost and Ralph Johnston pressed upon me.

I thought it tasted a mite peculiar, but Mr. Frost kept swearing it was top-grade Brahma beef.

I believe I know now, too, why Bob Kleberg developed a special breed of quarterhorse on the King ranch.

As for the fate of Kleberg's poor old broken down Assail, I can only shudder.

It looks to me like Mr. Deutsch has won this round, and all we can do now is lynch him, and then try to forget the whole horrible story.

It is even more terrible to think that a state which invented the cow can't tell Ol' Dobbin from Ol' Bossy, once he's on a platter. As a commentary on Houston cuisine, it is the infinite insult.

Certainly, my childish faith in Texas has been shattered, and I am beginning now to have an awful feeling about the last barbecue that Messrs. Vernon Frost and Ralph Johnston pressed upon me.

I thought it tasted a mite peculiar, but Mr. Frost kept swearing it was top-grade Brahma beef.

I believe I know now, too, why Bob Kleberg developed a special breed of quarterhorse on the King ranch.

As for the fate of Kleberg's poor old broken down Assail, I can only shudder.

It looks to me like Mr. Deutsch has won this round, and all we can do now is lynch him, and then try to forget the whole horrible story.

It is even more terrible to think that a state which invented the cow can't tell Ol' Dobbin from Ol' Bossy, once he's on a platter. As a commentary on Houston cuisine, it is the infinite insult.

Certainly, my childish faith in Texas has been shattered, and I am beginning now to have an awful feeling about the last barbecue that Messrs. Vernon Frost and Ralph Johnston pressed upon me.

I thought it tasted a mite peculiar, but Mr. Frost kept swearing it was top-grade Brahma beef.

I believe I know now, too, why Bob Kleberg developed a special breed of quarterhorse on the King ranch.

As for the fate of Kleberg's poor old broken down Assail, I can only shudder.

It looks to me like Mr. Deutsch has won this round, and all we can do now is lynch him, and then try to forget the whole horrible story.

It is even more terrible to think that a state which invented the cow can't tell Ol' Dobbin from Ol' Bossy, once he's on a platter. As a commentary on Houston cuisine, it is the infinite insult.

Certainly, my childish faith in Texas has been shattered, and I am beginning now to have an awful feeling about the last barbecue that Messrs. Vernon Frost and Ralph Johnston pressed upon me.

I thought it tasted a mite peculiar, but Mr. Frost kept swearing it was top-grade Brahma beef.

I believe I know now, too, why Bob Kleberg developed a special breed of quarterhorse on the King ranch.

As for the fate of Kleberg's poor old broken down Assail, I can only shudder.

It looks to me like Mr. Deutsch has won this round, and all we can do now is lynch him, and then try to forget the whole horrible story.

It is even more terrible to think that a state which invented the cow can't tell Ol' Dobbin from Ol' Bossy, once he's on a platter. As a commentary on Houston cuisine, it is the infinite insult.

Certainly, my childish faith in Texas has been shattered, and I am beginning now to have an awful feeling about the last barbecue that Messrs. Vernon Frost and Ralph Johnston pressed upon me.

I thought it tasted a mite peculiar, but Mr. Frost kept swearing it was top-grade Brahma beef.

I believe I know now, too, why Bob Kleberg developed a special breed of quarterhorse on the King ranch.

As for the fate of Kleberg's poor old broken down Assail, I can only shudder.

It looks to me like Mr. Deutsch has won this round, and all we can do now is lynch him, and then try to forget the whole horrible story.

It is even more terrible to think that a state which invented the cow can't tell Ol' Dobbin from Ol' Bossy, once he's on a platter. As a commentary on Houston cuisine, it is the infinite insult.

Certainly, my childish faith in Texas has been shattered, and I am beginning now to have an awful feeling about the last barbecue that Messrs. Vernon Frost and Ralph Johnston pressed upon me.

I thought it tasted a mite peculiar, but Mr. Frost kept swearing it was top-grade Brahma beef.

I believe I know now, too, why Bob Kleberg developed a special breed of quarterhorse on the King ranch.

As for the fate of Kleberg's poor old broken down Assail, I can only shudder.

It looks to me like Mr. Deutsch has won this round, and all we can do now is lynch him, and then try to forget the whole horrible story.

It is even more terrible to think that a state which invented the cow can't tell Ol' Dobbin from Ol' Bossy, once he's on a platter. As a commentary on Houston cuisine, it is the infinite insult.

Certainly, my childish faith in Texas has been shattered, and I am beginning now to have an awful feeling about the last barbecue that Messrs. Vernon Frost and Ralph Johnston pressed upon me.

I thought it tasted a mite peculiar, but Mr. Frost kept swearing it was top-grade Brahma beef.