

# 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 172nd 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 year. It's probably as old as he is and yet it's a new one it wouldn't seem right. It would be interesting to

know what they talk and think about. Surely they haven't always been so retiring. They have a son and daughter somewhere. Why don't they ever come around?

Ah, when you get to that happy-go-lucky outfit in Ravenswood you can say they have it made. How they can get so many people over at their place all the time is a mystery. Wonder what their grocery bill is? And it's something of a miracle how Jack can run that motorboat of his all day without a protest. Anybody who has a ride just speaks out and crawls in. Jack will be there whooping and hollering. Someday if things go right maybe we'll have picnic grounds in our backyard, won't we?

It's a cinch that insurance salesman will have a fit 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 it 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 O.K. when he was single but not 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 flivver 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. wuup . . . 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.



**HOW WELL DOES IT FIT YOU?**—A lot has taken place since that day 172 years ago when the Declaration of Independence was signed. It's a good time to think about "Our American Heritage."

## Ah Shudder, Suh

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, July 5—Away down yonder in New Orleans, a man named Hermann Reusch gets in a sweaty little cubbyhole—his hands poised over a rickety 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'Awlins with one eye on personal future occupancy. And that the waste building material went into a vast slag heap called Tairus."

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 Great State of Tairus—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 Moored

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 strloin or porterhouse or was a hospital case before the butcher got his hands on it . . ."

"Or that when a Houston cook did things to a piece of meat, no one could tell subsequently whether it had neighed or moored while still roaming the grasslands deep in the heart of Youknowwhere."

Mr. Deutsch can scarcely contain his ghoulish glee, because, as he points out, the legend of Texas trait that stands out above all others, it is the legend of a Texan's love for his horse—O! Paint his vey own self, Suh.

### His Faith Is Shattered

HORSE EATING in Texas amounts practically to cannibalism, and Mr. Deutsch says that this practice has become so popular that the supply of edible horses is nearly exhausted, and horses for hash are now being imported.

He now warns the Lone Ranger to get Silver out of the state, before he finds himself flanked by a portion of French fries on a Houston dinner table. Hiiyyooooo, ketchup!

When it comes to maligning Texas, I wouldn't trust Mr. Deutsch with a fact as far as I could hurl him, but it seems to me he has my spiritual home over a big, broad barrel.

It is a horrid thing when a state that has ever capitalized on the love of man for his steed suddenly develops a craving to see said steed in a pasture of mashed potatoes and cole slaw.

It is even more terrible to think that a state which invented the cow can't tell O! Dobbins from O! 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 Assault, 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.

## 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. 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 fright 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 genteel 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 store with a strike the first of next month unless it signs a contract which the management believes is a violation of the Taft-Hartley Act.

"So now they're telling these nice women who work for us that they'll have to get heavy shoes for picketing when the strike begins," Mr. Palmer continued. "One of these Communist organizers used to work for us. Her name is Florence."

### Thi...s Are Looking Better

FLORENCE, he said, grabbed a girl from the glove section who did not like the union and told her that if she didn't observe the picket lines next month, she'd have her head cracked.

"It is bad enough to say things like that to men," Mr. Palmer added, "but it seriously upsets women. Our women are of the refined type and they are not geared to take it."

Florence, he said, also took Miss Christine Wade of the Brooklyn store, who was on her way to work, and pushed her into a line of pickets on strike against the Brooklyn Trust Co.

She didn't know anything about the Brooklyn Trust Co. and its strike, Mr. Palmer said. "When finally she escaped from the picket line she was so upset by the union leaders. And she was bawled out by the woman working there as an employee for two weeks."

After the formal proceedings were over, I had a little chat with Mr. Greenfield, and I have some reasonably good cheer for the shoppers of New York.

For two years now the clerks have been in such a state they couldn't wait on the customers, or so worried they stood around in knots without even seeing the would-be buyers.

"But since this investigation began," Mr. Greenfield said, "things are better. A lot better. The Communists have taken off the heat."

That's good. Next time I'm in New York and have to buy a black silk nightgown for a lady, I'll try Oppenheim-Collins.

## The Quiz Master

??? Test Your Skill ???

In the poljestar visible from all points of the earth?

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.

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

"The Magic Flute," an opera in two acts, which had its premiere in Vienna, 1791. It was Mozart's swan song, composed during the last year of his brief life.

# The Indianapolis Times

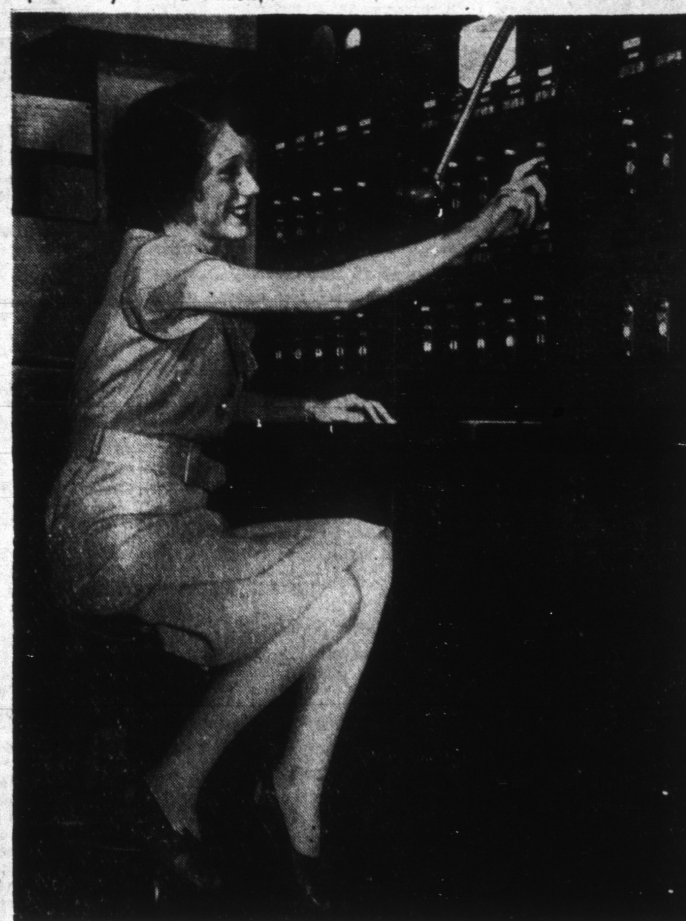
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## Here Are The Mystery Voices Of Automatic Hostess Machines

(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.

MYSTERY VOICE—Meet "Kathy," a five-foot-tall redhead who probably gets more requests for dates per evening than Hedy La Marr in a month. Like other "hostess girls," "Kathy" has learned to joke back with the voice on the other end of the nickel. But all they ever learn about her is her "mike name," "Kathy" (it isn't her real name) and that she isn't interested in a date after work. Two girls work each shift and alternate, one handling the switchboard while the other looks up requests and keeps the turntables spinning. This switchboard has two telephone lines running to each jukebox, one over which the customer talks; the second over which the hostess' voice and the music travels.



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 cataloged. All the "mike girls" must memorize records by their numbers to be able to locate instantly any of the 400 to 500 requests they get each hour. Incidentally, on her off hours "Vicki" is a record collector.

BEHIND THE GIRLS BEHIND THE MIKE—Here are the two mainstays who keep the hostess machines ticking—office secretary Judy Poehlein and Floyd J. Meeker, president of Meeker Music Co. They keep the machines supplied with hit parade tunes, while also supplying each machine with a quantity of old favorites. The wide variety of choice, plus the chance to hear otherwise unavailable old hits, gives the hostess machines an advantage over other juke boxes. Here Judy and Mr. Meeker thumb through some records being relegated to the master file cabinets, which contain some 50,000 platters collectors would like to get their hands on.

## 5000 Motorcycle Bugs Go Wild and Woolly With a Roar

50 Arrested in July 4th California Spree; 'Just a Bunch of Hoodlums,' Says Sheriff

RIVERSIDE, Cal., July 5 (UP)—The unmuffled roar of celebrating motorcyclists echoed through the streets today as heavily reinforced police patrols worked desperately to keep order in the final day of a three-day holiday gathering.

More than 50 arrests were made Saturday and Sunday as an estimated 5000 cyclists moved into town, drinking freely and disrupting traffic at will.

The Sheriff's Training Association, which sponsored the races staged a stunt program last night in an effort to keep the cyclists off the streets. The mob was not as wild as Saturday night, officers said.

### Officers Attacked

Two persons were injured and several officers attacked as they sought to maintain order. Arrests were made for drunkenness, drunk driving, disturbing the peace, failure to disperse and shooting.

### Just Some Hoodlums

In the early morning hours activity slowed and the weary metal plater, stomped out on his back porch waving a revolver and threatening to stop anyone

## Lodge Installs New Officers

Chappell Rebekah Lodge No. 702 has installed new officers to serve until Dec. 31.

New officials include Mrs. Blanch Lizenby, past noble grand; Mrs. Eva Mason, noble grand; Mrs. Nora Bales, vice grand; Mrs. Alice Barrett, right supporter of the noble grand; Mrs. Clara Stark, left supporter; Mrs. Alice Clark, right supporter of the vice grand, and Mrs. Nora Cline, left supporter.

Others include Mrs. Elvora Vice, warden; Mrs. Mayme Nickle, conductor; Mrs. Lydia Cooper, chaplain; Mrs. Wilma Marvel, inside guardian; Mrs. Bertha Doyle, outside guardian; Mrs. Gladys Grant, flag bearer; Mrs. Nellie Nickle, degree captain; Charles Fannie Draper, reporter.

### Dies in Gun Battle Over Fireworks

CHICAGO, July 5 (UP)—James Coglianese, 52, was shot to death in a gun battle with a policeman last night after he had threatened children who were shooting fireworks.

Witnesses said Coglianese, a fire, hitting the officer in the jaw, Nickle, degree captain, Charles Fannie Draper, reporter.