

Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

No one ever asked me what I like to watch best. (Watching and observing you know takes up half my working time. And looking doesn't take up the other half, sir.)

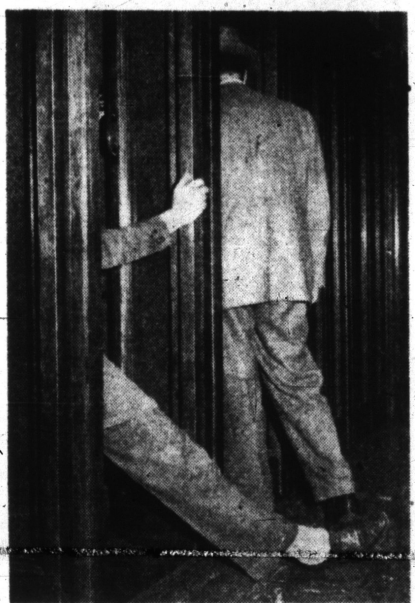
Now if someone would ask me what I like to watch best, I would be forced to say people. Any kind of people as long as they're people. For my money, any time, I'll take people before monkeys, ants, spiders, elephants, politicians (during election time), houseflies, mosquitoes, whales—the list is endless.

You may try to argue the point with me, and no doubt, you may have some very fine arguments favoring a species of insect or animal, but I must hold out for homo sapiens. Stop and think a minute.

Who has more problems? Who has more worries? Who has more to worry about? Who acts the silliest of all living organisms? Who can get into hot water quicker, deeper and more often than you know who I'm talking about? From that, doesn't it follow logically that man would be the most interesting to watch? OK. Let's not argue anymore about it. You'll never convince me monkeys are funnier than people.

People Always Put On Show

THE BEST PART about people is that they put on a show wherever they happen to be. One of the best places right now (the furniture is in excellent shape) is the Indiana Bell telephone center in the Claypool Hotel. An afternoon can go by so fast in the joint an hour's snooze feels like 15 minutes.



HELLO—One of a number of customers at the Indiana Bell telephone center just use the phone and leave. And then there are other customers with problems on their minds.

Before I report an eye-witness account of some of the things man does while using this telephone, let me say that I am not a telephone person. I am a typical afternoon, here's what you would see if you had the time to fritter away in the telephone center. It's fun to imagine what each user of the nickel wonder is going through. I never hesitate to use my imagination to make someone more interesting than he really is.

A good illustration of that would be the guy who had a most satisfied air about him when he closed the folding door. He dialed with zest and confidence. He laughed; he slapped his plaid-covered knee; he did most of the talking. A heavy fellow. I imagined that he had just found out the market fell from under the used car business.

A teen-aged girl emerged from a booth shortly after my arrival and gave everyone present a devastating look. At the time I had no idea the teen-aged girl with a devastating look was to spend the afternoon in the center. The reason for her change? She got a busy signal on the other end of the line.

One elderly man, wearing a dark blue suit, pince-nez glasses and a big front liberally covered with cigar ashes, squeezed into a pay station. I watched him fume and stew until I couldn't see him for the cigar smoke.

My attention for the next five minutes centered on a young fellow who obviously was unlucky in love. The way he looked I judged he had just quit his job and was telling his girl he was leaving for the French Foreign Legion. His feet were on every part of the booth except the ceiling. I almost suggested he join a circus instead of the Legion.

Business really got good when I had the old man, the love-sick young man, the teen-aged girl with the busy signal and a nervous middle-aged man who watched his wrist watch as if it had a fuse on it, all working to amuse me. The fact that they were behind glass made it look all the more like a show.

Don't get the idea that all Indiana Bell's customers were funny. A goodly number came in and made phone calls and left. Just as you or I would do. Nothing dramatic at all. In fact, there were some who didn't have their feet in the aisle, didn't pound on the ledge or the glass, didn't shout, tear their hair or take notes on the glass. Dull.

Coins Put Into Ventilation Slots

YES, SIR, PEOPLE are wonderful. The old man almost choked in the booth but he didn't throw his cigar away. The young girl chewed her fingernails for an hour waiting to get through and when she did she talked for an hour. The love-sick boy went out the door turning hand springs. (Life can be beautiful.) The man with the wrist watch left with his shoulders dragging on the floor. (Life can be awful.)

"Quite a place," I said to Dorothy Seaver, at the desk upon leaving. "Stick around until that 'come out of the long distance booth' and asks for the money he just put into the ventilation slots."

That wasn't funny. It just so happened that I put some money into the slots a couple of weeks ago. It made me feel so foolish I didn't say anything. People. They're funny.

Bury the Hatchet

By Robert C. Ruark

NORFOLK, Va., Oct. 7.—The common-sense command, or amphibious training center run by Adm. R. O. Davis, Adm. Fred Kirtland, and Marine Brig. Gen. W. A. Horton, is an amazingly intricate operation.

It is as intricate as a war, in that it deals equally in airpower, seapower, manpower, gunpower, and supply.

It uses bombs and planes and rifles and battle-ships and landing craft and infantrymen and radar and transports and submarines and medical skills and underwater demolition and freight ships and tanks and flamethrowers and engineers.

It is a complete and happy weld of the three services, which battle valiantly and ingloriously against each other in Washington.

Its job is to prepare to fight a war, anywhere, anytime, with a minimum of mistakes, casualties and tragedy—and to win it with what we've got instead of what we might get.

It predicates its operation on three commodities—complete co-operation of the separate forces, sweaty practice of all theory, and a staggering selflessness on the part of the men who run the show.

World War II, fought largely without benefit of friendly forces for the debarcation of guns, men and material was an over-all amphibious operation, with the success of air and manpower dependent on how well we lugged them from hither to thar.

Same but More of It

WORLD WAR III, if it occurs, threatens to call for even more complete co-operation of separate arms.

It is Adm. Davis' idea that if an operation demands overseas transport, it should be Navy-run. When it switches into phase II of air bombardment and support, it should be Air Force directed. When it achieves phase III, the direction of landed troops, the top command should go to the Army's field forces.

In all three phases, the two inferior commands should be of sharply co-ordinated assistance to the main effort.

As I understand the scheme, I am supposed to lug around a suitcase full of batteries, tubes, and other weighty widgets. Say I am stretched out on the sofa of some friendly Senator, comfortably, so that I can think better about the problems of the honorable boss. My suitcase is by my side. It starts to yowl and goes clankety-clank.

And there's the editor on his private radio, telling me to get up off my big, wide couch and beat it out to Fourth and Main where a street car has rammed a beer truck. This is going to play hoo with my thinking. Yours, too.

Cops are going to have a hard time growing out of their hats so the chief can catch 'em napping. Truck drivers, hackers, roadbuilders, ferry boat chauffeurs, firemen, railroad conductors, tree choppers, movie directors, electric linemen, auto mechanics, newspaper reporters and no telling who else will be under the boss' thumb constantly via radio.

Keep Close Tab on Husbands

WORSE STILL is another government idea whereby there will be a radio phone service so that any wife can phone her husband wherever he is, so long as he has his little suitcase with him. If he doesn't answer, this indicates he's ditched his machinery and I don't envy him when he gets home.

This is no nightmare dreamed up by a space-writer for amazing science magazine. It is upon us, fellow citizens, and we've got to act fast if we are to escape the perambulating telephone.

the boss commander, and all three forces should be letter-perfect in each other's jobs.

To that end, his training is set. It stresses timing—split-second timing. It stresses repetition, until everybody from stem to stern can do it half asleep, scared stiff, sick, wet, dry, cold.

"We got a secret ingredient here," Adm. Kirtland said, with a grin. "Work, sweat, blistered hands, sore backs, sore feet, practice."

Everything is practical. When they teach a man how to hit a beach, they take him out and he hits the beach from an attack transport. They have two beaches—one with smooth water, one with rough.

They blow up the beach as he comes ashore. Navy, Army, Marine aircraft fly down his throat. He gets wet. He learns to shoot by shooting. He learns gunfire co-ordination from an electronic net board that allows actual communication between plane, shore, ship and station.

Beat Him With Hard Work

THEY beat him to death with ground work. For instance, there are 11 courses in the gunfire support school. One sample course lists 18 sub-courses, including everything from aerial map reading to radar, for a total of 353½ hours. Just one course.

If a man is specializing in logistics, there is a collection of real planes, ships and vehicles for him to load and unload. If he is learning underwater demolition, he swims under water with a pack of wetproof explosives and blows up things. If he is taking communications, he communicates. He doesn't play at it. The marvels of radar and radio are there to be used.

Under the Kirtland-trained man, a full division can qualify for battle in 90 days, either on the premises or afield, in which case a cadre of experts pack their equipment and travel to the scene.

The troops in that case get orientation, specialization—such things as waterproofing a jeep, preliminary landing training and actual landing practice.

The place is a miniature league of combative nations. Greeks, Turks, Canadians, Italians, Latin Americans have all gone through the mill. The amphib base at Little Creek, Va., is a military babel of tongues, skills, services and practices—with rough, after all, the way you fight.

arguments about the kind of ultra-high frequency wave lengths they needed to keep in touch with their help. I saw no wives, but I presume they will be along later.

These demanders of personal radio stations included representatives of all the fire chiefs in America, all the police departments, the Delaware Lackawanna and Western railroad, a couple of television outfits, the newspaper publishers, the city of Indianapolis, the Florida Foresters, the San Diego Gas and Electric Co., the Albuquerque Gravel Products Co., the Boston Tow Boat Co., the Yellow Cab Co. of Philadelphia, and the Western Union Telegraph Co.

Phone for New Directions

IF ONE of the latter firm's messengers gets lost, he can phone headquarters for new street directions.

There was a good deal of jockeying over who gets which wave band and most of the testimony involved kilocycles, megacycles, and other electronic gibberish. Chairman Wayne Coy announced that the proceedings probably would be the longest and the most complex in the history of the Communications Commission's history.

The lawyer of the Association of Police Chiefs did mention, though, their fond hope that soon every cop on his beat will be connected constantly with the sergeant at the desk. Mr. Coy hasn't asked me to testify yet, but I am ready.

I don't want to be connected constantly by radio with anybody. Nor do I feel strong enough to carry a radio station on my ceaseless rounds. As for the boss, by name Laurence Rutman, I like him fine. But if he figures he's going to phone me wherever I am, and thereby interrupt my thinking in his behalf, he can go blow out a detector tube.

Or, so help me, I'll drop my suitcase by accident on a cobble-stone street every time the thing buzzes.

Other local sports goods firms

The Indianapolis Times

SECOND SECTION

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1948

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SURPRISES IN RUSSIA

By Sam Welles

Might Of Russia Is Symbolized By Her Patient, Plodding People

Red May Day Parade Overshadows Anything Else Observer Has Seen

Sam Welles, former executive in the State Department and correspondent for Time Magazine, visited Russia in 1947. Here is the second of two articles, condensed from two Russian chapters in his forthcoming "Profile of Europe."

THE people were the single most impressive thing I saw in Russia. They made the Red Square May Day parade my single most impressive experience there.

No one who has seen Moscow's May Day parade could ever possibly underestimate the might and magnificence of Russia. I stood at one spot and watched a million people walk by. I have seen

Bastille Day crowds in Paris and Holy Week crowds jamming St. Peter's in Rome and the great square outside. I have seen the Easter parades of Seville, Spain.

In Britain I have seen the processions and vast crowds for a king's funeral and a king's coronation. I have seen the crowds on Coney Island on a hot summer day. They all shrink beside a Moscow May Day.

I do not mean the military part of the parade, which took up the first hour. The troops, the tanks, the trucks, the guns were well deployed but nothing special. The 310 airplanes (which included only five four-engine planes, three of them bombers) were not impressive compared to Western nations' air spectacles.

NOR DO I mean the appearance of Stalin and other members of the Politburo on the reviewing level atop Lenin's tomb. That was interesting, not least because of the heavy guard of uniformed secret police officers—not soldiers, every one of them—each with a gun, all of these of the tomb and kept alert through the long parade by being replaced with files of fresh officers every half hour.

These officers first appeared a few minutes before the Politburo put in its appearance. After the parade, the secret police officers of secret policemen were marched in to line the entire circuit of Red Square, before the people were allowed in for their spontaneous demonstration.

Across the hundred-yard cobble-paved width of Red Square, other files of troops were placed every 15 feet, stretching the whole length of the square, from the Historical Museum on the west to St. Basil's Cathedral on the east. These troops stood literally shoulder to shoulder and directed so they could watch everybody.

EVERY THIRD one of these troops was also a secret policeman; the rest were picked soldiers from the Kremlin's elite Guards Divisions. These files of troops split the people's procession into 20 long narrow lanes, like 20 parallel pieces of spaghetti, and of course controlled and directed the people every instant they were in Red Square.

When Stalin arrived, just as the Kremlin clock struck 10, he came through the gray-painted door under the small turret in the Kremlin wall directly behind the tomb. On either side of this door are the black marble squares behind which are the ashes of Communist heroes buried in the Kremlin wall, including one American, John Reed.

He swung round the tomb and walked up the steps on its front. Red Square side to the lower reviewing level, accompanied by the Politburo, a few other top Soviet figures, and some bemused secret police officers. Then he mounted the steps to the upper reviewing level all by himself, to a patter of applause from the small crowd of pass-holders. Once he was up there in the center, the other leaders started up, with Molotov in the van.

THEY GROUPED themselves on either side of him, against the wall, his solitary, symbolic appearance. The tail of the parade, a few hundred yards behind, was still in the square.

STALIN—A voice over the loud speaker bade those in the Red Square to "Hurrah for Stalin."

Strauss Donates Trophy for Fishing Rodeo

By ART WRIGHT

The jackpot of prizes continued to mount today for The Times Fishing Rodeo which will be staged Saturday from 8 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. at Bryant's Creek Lake in Morgan-Monroe State Forest.

L. Strauss & Co. has added a trophy for the champion fisherman (or woman, or child) of the day.

Vonnegut Hardware Co. is giving a \$45 Hurd rod and built-in reel.

Bush-Callaham Sporting Goods Co. will award a tackle box with trays.

Robert L. Davis, 3102 Pendleton Pike, distributor for Pole-N-Rod will give away three of these compact rods that fit into a case. One rod, worth \$25, is made of Beryllium copper; one worth \$12.50 is a steel-aluminum alloy, and one worth \$7 is made of 50-yard nylon line and 75-yard nylon slip-casting line.

Smith-Robinson Inc., sporting goods store at 455 N. Emerson Ave., will give a \$22.50 Ashaway Spinning Reel.

The Sportsman's Store will provide a fisherman's surprise gift. Bill Beck, of 4914 W. 15th St., has contributed a quantity of dry flies he makes by hand.

Already announced in The Times is the \$65 plywood boat that can be carried on top of an automobile, the gift of Em-Roe Sporting Goods Co.

Hoffman's Sporting Goods Co., 631 Massachusetts Ave., will provide a useful prize yet to be selected.

Other local sports goods firms



MAY DAY PARADE—This slow, steadily moving mass goes on hour after hour the whole great width and length of Red Square. "No procession I am ever likely to see will have the force, impact or sheer splendor of those million ragged people," reports Sam Welles.

whenever he is there—two at the top or gap or pause. A voice over the back of each box and others loudspeaker regularly bade those in the square to "Hurrah for Stalin." "Hurrah" is the same in Russian as in English. The fact they never talk to any of those opposite the tomb always did, though there was never a cheer from the whole crowd in Red Square at once.

But everybody as they came by turned their faces quite naturally and spontaneously up toward Stalin and the leaders on the tomb. Shifting the range of my field glasses around through the crowd, I could see that most of them were smiling. The children especially would wave and cheer. At last this seemingly endless stream of humanity did gradually taper to an end. It was Russia that had passed in the shape of her greatest strength: Her patient, pliant, almost tireless people.

FOR WEEKS before that May Day parade I had seen various civilian columns around Moscow protesting for their part in the "spontaneous" people's demonstration. That, plus all the guards I saw in Red Square, made me a bit cynical about this "people's" part of the proceedings before it started.

But nothing prepares one for the parade, a milling mass of humanity it was. This, in the living, slowly moving flesh is the great flowing tide of man, woman, and child power that is the chief single characteristic of this vast land. Part of the procession was in organized groups. Most of it was people, just sauntering along. Whole families were there. Mothers walking hand in hand with little girls and boys, fathers with still smaller children on their shoulders.

There were not only endless pictures of Stalin and the Politburo; endless red flags; endless factory, club, shop and organization floats and banners. There were kids tugging at toy balloons and occasionally, as at any circus, losing their grip so the gay-colored bubbles floated up over the crowd.

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FISH FOR RODEO—Dumping tagged fish (big ones, too) for The Times Fishing Rodeo Saturday in Bryant's Creek Lake at Morgan-Monroe State Forest are Chester Bastin, R. R. 3, Martinsville (left), and Clarence May, superintendent of the Avoca State Fish Hatchery, where the fish were obtained. Sorry, fishermen, the lake is closed until 8 a. m. Saturday, when the Rodeo opens.

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THE END