

Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

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

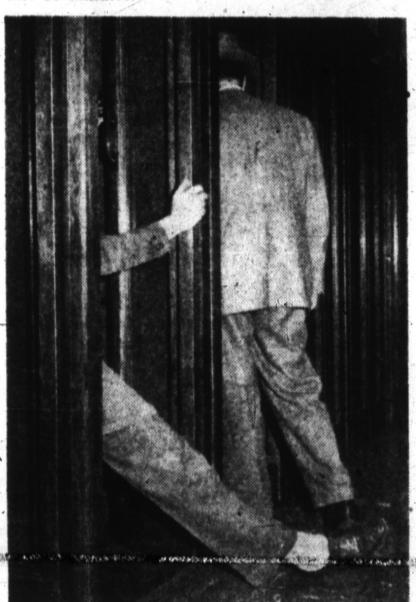
Now, if someone would ask me what I like to watch best, I would be forced to say people. Any kind of people as long as they're people. For my money, any time, I'll take people before monkeys, ants, spiders, elephants, politicians (during election time), houseflies, mosquitoes, whales—the list is endless.

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—Portions of customers to the Indiana Bell Telephone center just use the phone and leave. And then—there are other customers with problems on their minds.

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 Gen. W. A. Worton, is an amazingly intricate operation.

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

It uses bombs and planes and rifles and battleships 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 gloriously 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 predicated 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 ports for the debarkation of guns, men and materiel was an over-all amphibious operation, with the success of air and manpower dependent on how well we lugged them from ship to shore.

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 sharply co-ordinated assistance to

Before I report an eye-witness account of some of the things man does while using this *tear-kid*—

much to have a minute's silence and inactivity in memory of Alexander Graham Bell! It would?

Anyway, on 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, too. 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 astounded 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 hearty 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 chagrin? She got a busy signal on the other end of the line.

One elderly man, wearing a dark blue suit, pipe-neck 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-age 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 gal 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.

"Yes it is," she said, "stick around until that man comes 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.

NOR DO I mean the military part of the parade, which took up the first hour. The troops, the tanks, the trucks, the guns were well displayed but nothing special. The 30 airplanes (which included only five four-engined planes, three of them bombers) were not impressive compared to Western nations' air spectacles.

Business really got good when I had the old man, the love-sick young man, the teen-age 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,

"Quite a place," I said to Dorothy Seaver, at the desk upon leaving.

"Yes it is," she said, "stick around until that man comes 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.

The Indianapolis Times

PAGE 23

SECOND SECTION

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1948

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 at Coney Island on a hot summer day. They had shrunk beside

Mr. Welles 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 displayed but nothing special. The 30 airplanes (which included only five four-engined planes, three of them bombers) were not impressive compared to Western nations' air spectacles.

Business really got good when I had the old man, the love-sick young man, the teen-age 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,

"Quite a place," I said to Dorothy Seaver, at the desk upon leaving.

"Yes it is," she said, "stick around until that man comes 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.

NOR DO I mean the military part of the parade, which took up the first hour. The troops, the tanks, the trucks, the guns were well displayed but nothing special. The 30 airplanes (which included only five four-engined planes, three of them bombers) were not impressive compared to Western nations' air spectacles.

Business really got good when I had the old man, the love-sick young man, the teen-age 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,

"Quite a place," I said to Dorothy Seaver, at the desk upon leaving.

"Yes it is," she said, "stick around until that man comes 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.

THESE officers first appeared a few minutes before the Poliburo put in its appearance. After the military part of the parade, extra files of secret policemen were marched in line the entire circuit of Red Square, before the people were allowed in for their spontaneous demonstration."

Across the hundred-yard cobble 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 alternately faced opposite directions 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 crack Guards Divisions. These 20 files of troops split the people's procession into 20 long narrow lengths, 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 Poliburo, a few other top Soviet figures, and some bearded 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, alone, the other leaders started up, with Molotov in the van.

THEY GROUPED themselves on either side of him. But the leader had first made his solitary, symbolic appearance. The tail-

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 for 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, 5102 Pendleton Pike, distributor for Pole-N-Pond, 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 aluminum.

Smith-Robinson Inc., sporting goods store at 435 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. 13th St., has contributed a quantity of dry flies he makes by hand.

Already announced is The Times' \$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., 251 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 or gap or pause. A voice over the back of each boy and others loudspeaker regularly bade those in the square to "Hurrah for Stalin." "Hurrah" is the same word in Russian as in English.)

Those opposite the tomb always had to report fully on the marchers, and only one had reported, it would have gone badly with the other.

Stalin occasionally moved from side to side of the 40-foot reviewing walk on top of the tomb, to stretch his legs. But he never sat down, and he never long stopped waving in acknowledgement of the cheers. He was within 60 feet when he came to the end of the reviewing walk nearest me, and through powerful field glasses I had several good, hurried looks at him.

He is a short man, even among his short companions. He has a small complexion; it sees little sunlight. His hair and mustache were grayer than I expected; his features had life and expression when he talked, and once or twice chuckled, with his associates. Otherwise his face was an impassive mask, with many wrinkles and pockmarks that do not show in his official photographs. It is the strongest face I have ever seen. Stalin was right when he chose "steel" for his party name.

He sits in a corner of the box shielded from the audience, so sprinkled thickly through the orchestra, easily recognized by their ill-fitting blue or gray suits and the fact they never talk to any enter or leave. Then some people in certain parts of the theater can see him silhouetted for a moment against the light of the passage outside. (His favorite, the Bolshoi performance is reportedly Tchaikovsky's opera "Eugene Onegin".)

Hundreds of secret policemen are everywhere in the Bolshoi period after the curtain has again risen.

He sits in a corner of the box shielded from the audience, so sprinkled thickly through the orchestra, easily recognized by their ill-fitting blue or gray suits and the fact they never talk to any enter or leave. Then some people in certain parts of the theater can see him silhouetted for a moment against the light of the passage outside. (His favorite, the Bolshoi performance is reportedly Tchaikovsky's opera "Eugene Onegin".)

These officers first appeared a few minutes before the Poliburo put in its appearance. After the military part of the parade, extra files of secret policemen were marched in line the entire circuit of Red Square, before the people were allowed in for their spontaneous demonstration."

Across the hundred-yard cobble 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 alternately faced opposite directions 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 crack Guards Divisions. These 20 files of troops split the people's procession into 20 long narrow lengths, 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