

## Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

IF YOU HAVEN'T, you should; if you have, good. That's about all this political observer has to say on Election Day.

The way I see the picture, no matter who wins today, most of us are going to have to work just the same and there's no time like the present. So, with a mellow "B Pluribus Unum" and "May the Best Man Win," we pick up the salt shaker.

The next time curiosity about football announcers stirs me into action I'm going to look up Bill Stern. Working with pioneers is no go unless, of course, you're a pioneer.

"Where's the broadcasting booth and what kind of coffee do they serve?" I asked as the green of Roosevelt Field in Southport came into view after the side gates were opened.

### Is the Air Conditioning Working?

OF THE THREE in the car besides myself, Mike Dunn, director of sports and special events for WXLW, elected to speak.

"The broadcasting booth is on a telephone pole on the 50-yard line and coffee is served at the concession stand," Mike answered while Ward Glen, commercial and color man, and Nathan Hally, engineer, kr cked themselves out laughing.

"Do you think the air-conditioning will be working tonight?" Ward Glen managed to sputter to Mike. "And another thing, if my electric foot pad goes on the blink, I'm going home."

Even though there was more, I caught on immediately when the crowd's nest on the pole came into focus. Just room enough for a couple of guys. I thought, provided the microphone wasn't too large.

Be're the game between Washington and Southport got under way, a few duties had to be performed by the three-man team. Mike talked to the officials, Ward and I talked to the coaches, got the lineups and arranged for two spotters, who I learned to my horror, saw the game in the crowd's nest along with four other people, and Nathan set up his equipment—on the ground, lucky fellow.

Three minutes before the kickoff, Southport rooters saw six men begin to climb a 30-foot extension ladder. A nice cheer went up for Mike, Ward, Jack Smith, Washington spotter; Barton Spencer, Southport spotter; Joy Miles, public-address handler, and a member of the press who wondered about the wood in the platform, what was good for splinters, and how many bones would a man break if he fell 30 feet to the cold, cold ground.

It was easy to breathe if one didn't overdo it. The carpenter who built the thing undoubtedly never planned on having more than one man and a small boy in it at the same time.

As we battled and shoved for position, Mike told me to make the best of the situation. "Once," Mike yelled straight up into the 8 o'clock blue although it was intended for me, "we did a broadcast from a ladder at a 45-degree angle and it was higher and worse than this."

"That I gotta see," I snapped. The reason for my sharpness was that Ward Glen had poked me in the eye with his pad and that made me a bit uneasy. You understand, I hope.

Ward started the broadcast with the usual



'OOOOOH, HE'S SPILLED'—Football is watched in all kinds of weather and stadiums. Mike Dunn (left) and Ward Glen broadcast football in all kinds of weather and under conditions which make playing safe in comparison.

thing you hear—"a word from the sponsor." There was no doubt in my mind before Ward was through that the Dill Implement Co. was paying their wages and bringing football into your living room.

I heard most of the game over the public-address system. The gentlemen who were mentioned most were Mike Purichia, Ed O'Reilly, Don Leppert, Don Korteptep, Bob Wheeler and a fellow named John Dawson. Dawson kept going in and out as if he were delivering "coal to New-castle," jump at a time.

### They V... a Hardy Outfit

AT THE HALF I had a chance to look at my program and see which side some of the boys were playing on. It makes the game more interesting. It felt good to be able to move my arms, too.

At the beginning of the fourth quarter, Mike turned the microphone over to me. Those boys have a good time when they go on a broadcast. I'll tell you. Part of the fourth quarter became a total blank. One of the spotters told me the score was 20-7 in favor of Washington.

The WXLW crew is a hardy outfit. When the season ends, they will have broadcast 22 games in similar, little better or worse conditions. When basketball begins, the threesome has a tentative schedule of 60 games. Possibly 70.

As I said, pioneers have it rough. But high school football must go over the ether and WXLW intends to send it, come crowd's-nests or 45-degree-angle ladders.

## Memo to Winner

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, Nov. 2—Dear Mr. New President, whose name I don't know yet, would you spare a minute to hear the words of a cornfed consti-tuent? You might like to know what your new boss's expect of you.

We don't expect miracles, because magic is not in you. You all were politicians—good, bad and indifferent—and your net experience in lofty statesmanship is nil.

I think what we need is an executive, this trip, and I think we're gonna collect one. I think what we want is a boy who will get the crop in, the fences mended, and shake up the hired help, which has certainly gotten out of hand.

But there are two things we don't want, boys. We don't want any delusions of immortality in that nice white house; no Neros, no Napoleons, no single-handed molders of destiny.

And we don't want to turn that spacious Washington dwelling into a clubhouse for old friends, hangers-on and free-loaders. There is a very nice kitchen in the White House—what say we leave it to the cooks, and keep the unofficial cabinets out of it?

### Leave J. Edgar Alone

I KNOW THAT all politicians owe debts for past favors, but insofar as possible, Mr. New President, will you please pay off with minor ambassadorships to tinpot principalities, and keep their claws out of important business?

We have had a recent experience of shoddy leadership in running a nation, and before that we had some striking examples of what happens when a guy gets so big for britches that any pal of his is automatically a copper-fastened genius. I would like fewer Harry Hopkinses, Henry Morgenthause, Ed Pauleys and Harry Vaughans in this administration.

Leave J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI alone. Don't bounce Edgar upstairs to some fancy foolishness, like the heading of a special mission to correlate the consumption of borscht with Communist sympathy.

The FBI is about the only institution in the government which holds, and has earned, the simple faith of the nation as a nonpolitical arm, as solid as Sunday. Leave it alone. There are

jobs enough to pay off the boys with, and we don't want some comic-book Hawkshaw playing cops-and-robbers with a going concern.

Just haul off and kick the combined services smack on the fanny. Get those admirals and generals and 26-year-old air force colonels into line, and in a hurry.

We have been horsing around with this unification, one way or another, for three years, and the Bureau of Ships is still arguing the superiority of the dreadnaught over the bow-and-arrow. Get yourself a defense chief who will drive those guys into line. Keep the politics up on the Hill and out of the Pentagon.

### You're in Command

IF WE GOT to have a strong armed force, quit fiddling with it and get it. If not, disband, and send Henry over to make peace with Uncle Joe, and let's knock off all this argle-bargle. And, for the love of the Lord, lay down some law about all the publicity-happy brass hats shooting off their mouths every time they want to make a personal point. You're the commander-in-chief, Mac. Make a noise like one.

We would like some help in the tax tithes, but we won't holler too loud if we can see a return on the investment. And that doesn't mean throwing it up in the air, for all the spongers here and abroad to rake in by the bucketful.

Shoo the bugs out of that spending-apree we have in Europe or quit it. I will buy their bread, but I am tired of furnishing the apartments of mistresses of opportunists, if you know what I mean.

Go through that State Department with a flame-thrower. Clean out the power-gooey military statesmen and amputate the global bleeding heart. Try to keep party politics out of your foreign policy.

Let us also please stop buying votes with special concessions to farm blocs and labor blocs and all the other blocs, and pay a little more attention to Joe Tremble, who pays the freight.

These are just a few orders, Mr. New President, from your new boss. I mean me and the 140-odd million people who will pay your grocery bill for the next four years.

## Of Cats and Men

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2—I hate cats, myself. They know this and they delight in giving me the shivers by rubbing themselves against my ankles. Other people, like Robert Lothar Kendall, president of the American Feline Society, Inc., love them.

There is no accounting for tastes and anybody who's all caught up with politics at this particular moment can learn here, this minute, about National Cat Week, which is almost upon us. I would not fool you.

From cat advocate Kendall, who takes a good deal for granted, I have this communication:

"Dear friend of cats: You will be pleased to know that the week of Nov. 7-13 has been set aside as National Cat Week. The Society is proud of its efforts in behalf of the cat. More has been accomplished in this past year toward acquainting the public with the virtues of this noble God's creature than during the past 72 years by the combined 600 humane organizations in the United States and Canada. The general public is becoming more and more cat conscious, directly through the efforts of the American Feline Society, Inc."

"Help save America's cats," is the slogan. "Adopt a cat."

### A Nice, Clean Bite

THAT IS NOT ALL. The cat fanciers are putting out stamps, advertising the virtues of the noble creatures, and selling same (stamps, not cats) at \$1 per hundred. The proceeds will go for catnip and allied supplies.

Too many people have cats all wrong, according to the founder of Cat Week, and thanks to him I now come to the interesting facts concerning cats:

"You, Sir and Madam, are much safer being bitten by a cat than, say, your own child, because a cat's mouth is cleaner, bacteriologically speak-

ing, than that of a human. A cat is a great little help around the house, keeping the mice killed."

But do not expect your cat to eat its victims; their tails and hides are poisonous to cats. Cats are not treacherous. Neither do they carry diseases, nor bring bad luck. These are old wives' tales, which the Society would thank me for not repeating.

A cat needs store-bought meat, fresh milk and clean water. It appreciates them and will repay their slight price in mouse-extinguishing service.

### Cats in Song and Story

THE FELINE SOCIETY has, of course, adopted a theme song for National Cat Week, entitled "Tabby the Cat." It will be delighted to send to librarians its special library kit, containing further information about the noble animals for display in reading rooms.

For those who would organize local cat clubs, it has plans. For newspaper editors it has pictures of cats. For canners of cat food it has literature. For school teachers it has cat stories. For stamp collectors it has a limited supply of last year's cat stamps. For \$250 anybody can join the Society for life. Annual memberships range from \$5 to \$25.

The lovers of cats, it is easy to see, mean business. There is no angle they have overlooked. And as Chief Felineist Kendall said:

"While great work has been accomplished, more, much more, remains to be done. This year's National Cat Week theme—'Help Save America's Cats—Adopt a Cat!' should become a slogan to be applied throughout the year. It requires so little effort to be kind to your cat or any cat for that matter."

You may turn now, gentle reader, to the political columns: I think I will, myself. Just writing about cats gives me the all-overs.

## The Quiz Master

??? Test Your Skill ???

Q—How did Joan of Arc convince her king that she was divinely inspired?

A—She refused to kneel to the puppet king who occupied the throne to deceive her, and picked out the real king from among the attendant courtiers.

Q—Does a mockingbird have a natural song or does it merely imitate other birds?

A—In addition to the mockingbird's natural song he possesses the unusual power of imitating the notes of many other birds that he hears about him.

# The Indianapolis Times

SECOND SECTION

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1948

PAGE 9

## Air, Traffic Mishaps Kill 9 in State

### Parachute Fails, Flight Instructor Dies

Air and highway accidents claimed nine lives in Indiana yesterday, state police reported today.

Two brothers-in-law died in a plane crash in DeKalb County and a Topeka, Ind., man was killed when his parachute failed.

In traffic accidents three men were killed in a train-car crash in northern Indiana and three more died as the result of injuries received in accidents.

The dead are:

Rex Brooks, 24, Angola.

William Saganel, 24, student at Tri-State College, Angola.

Dave Hooley, 30, Topeka.

Orville S. Hardin, 19, Louisville, Ky.

Homer Ward, 21, Louisville.

Kenneth N. Manning, 25, Charlestown.

Arnold Cook, 17, Paoli.

Hiram Isom, 23, Connersville.

Joseph Malott, 39, Petersburg.

Rented Plane Falls

Mr. Brooks and Mr. Saganel were injured fatally when their rented plane crashed four miles northeast of Waterloo in DeKalb County. Mr. Brooks was piloting the plane.

Mr. Hooley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Hooley, Lagrange County residents, was injured fatally in a parachute jump at Meyers Airport in Ft. Wayne yesterday. The pilot of the plane from which Mr. Hooley, a flight instructor, was making his first parachute jump, said the ripcord apparently caught on the plane and opened the chute prematurely.

He was dragged into the rear wheel assembly of the plane and received a skull fracture. He died at Lutheran Hospital later yesterday.

Car-Train Crash Kills 3

The two Louisville men and the Charlestown, Ind., resident were killed in Speed a few minutes after they had obtained jobs at the Louisville Cement Co. in Speed.

The car in which the three men were riding was struck by a southbound Pennsylvania Railroad train at the cement company's private crossing. It was not determined which man was driving the car.

Mr. Cook died yesterday of injuries received Sunday when his car went out of control and overturned on State Road 37 near Paoli.

Thrown From Auto

Mr. Isom died in Fayette Memorial Hospital, Connersville, last night of injuries received when he was thrown from a car driven by Frank Day, Glenwood, near Liberty yesterday. The car was attempting to pass a truck in U. S. 44 when he lost control and crashed.

Mr. Malott died in Vincennes hospital yesterday of injuries received in a traffic crash near there Oct. 23.



IN THE HALF LIGHT—The early morning hours brought a rush to the polls of the 11th precinct, 7th ward, at 2001 N. Talbot Ave. An apartment and rooming house area, population is dense and voters usually ballot before going to work.



HIS FIRST VOTE—Mrs. Foy Wade, Democratic vice committeewoman of Pike Twp. 2, instructs her son, Norris, in the operation of the voting machine. A Purdue University student, he drove to Indianapolis early today to vote.



LAST-MINUTE CAMPAIGNING—In the darkness before the polls opened, energetic Republican workers of Pike Twp. 2 strung posters of favorites. Putting up the sign are Mrs. Ira Ward, vice committeewoman, and Dr. G. P. Silver, township chairman.

## 'EISENHOWER WAS MY BOSS' . . . By Kay Summersby

# Ike's Interest In People Revealed

### General Gives Driver Candy

INSTALLMENT 3

GEN. EISENHOWER

hurled dozens of questions at me about women ambulance drivers; how we got along with our male colleagues, how we managed in the rough spots. Then he asked about women who acted as air-raid officials. He went into the subject of our auxiliary forces in the Army, Navy and Air Force.

His curiosity about people, and the individual, eventually overwhelmed his broader interest in women at war. "Tell me," he said, "how did you ever wind up with the Americans?"

I explained that the big Blitz, the steady Blitz, was over by the summer of 1941. About that time, I ran into an American colonel at a cocktail party. He mentioned that his little group of seventeen officers "observers" (then in civilian clothes, as America wasn't in the war) needed drivers who knew London. I told him about our work and how life at Post No. 1 had turned dull. Several days later, a few MTC girls were transferred to U. S. Army headquarters. Sheila and I were among them.

"And I've been with the Yanks ever since," I ended.

GEN. EISENHOWER suddenly winked at Gen. Clark and seemed to shake off his serious mood. "Do you enjoy driving us around London?"

I answered that it must be obvious.

"Well, one of your girls wouldn't!" He laughed. "Remember that first afternoon when we got here? I walked up to the girl at the head of the line of cars and asked if she were our driver. She looked me straight in the eye and said, 'Oh, no! I'm driving a three-star general!'"

The next day I drove my two generals out to Northolt. The weather was lifting. They were heading for Scotland and then the United States. We all got out

and shook hands. "Be sure and let me know if you ever come back to London," I said. "It would be a pleasure to drive you both again." It had been better than most jobs; still, I was just saying the usual goodbyes, wartime goodbys.

GEN. CLARK mumbled something about my "efficient driving." Gen. Eisenhower went back into the car. When he stepped out there was a previous, priceless box of sweets in his hand. "Here you are, Kay. We want you to accept this little box of candy as some sort of appreciation. And if we're ever back this way, we want you to drive us."

Within a fortnight I was driving a new general, Carl (Tooley) Spaatz.

The now-famous and retired Tooley was, in early 1942, a grimly silent major general. As chief of the new Eighth Air Force, he had a gigantic job. And he spent every waking moment pondering over problems involved in the daring principle of daylight bombing. A rather unspectacular, balding man who would hardly stand out in a crowd, he called to mind that passive stature. "The Thinker," he concentrated so intently that I often thought he was asleep. Naturally, he had no time for the ordinary little details of everyday life. He was, in fact, coldly impatient with them.

GRADUALLY, I became experienced in a part I was to play for Gen. Eisenhower: That of "unofficial a. d."

It was rather embarrassing the first time. I had just let Gen. Spaatz out at Claridge's after a long, tiring day. He leaned in the car window and said, "You'd better come on up, Kay. I may need you later." I parked and joined him at the elevator.

Walking into his suite was very much like walking into a Hollywood version of a cocktail party. In fact, it was a Hollywood version, because the General's aide, Maj. Sy Bartlett, was and is a writer in the movie capital.

Using the exclusive hotel and the high-brass atmosphere as props, he had begun to stage a straight run of parties attended by other Hollywood-Broadway figures and the show people of London's West End. The smoke, the noise, and the rank were overpowering.

THE GENERAL nodded briefly to everyone and strode into another room. I trailed along. He

closed the door, sighed heavily, and sagged into a chair. I stood there uneasily, then sat down stiffly.

We sat like that—without a word—for the better part of two hours. He sat and thought; I sat and fidgeted. Finally, he looked up. "Thanks, Kay. Guess I won't be needing you any more tonight."

The scene became a common occurrence. I think it was partly because the General wanted me to stand by for any sudden trips, partly because he liked to have company during those mighty thinking bouts. I learned to smother any feminine instincts at conversation. Instead, I took along newspapers, magazines, and books to while away the hours or drowned myself in meditation. They were curious periods, those.

Yet I grew to understand the deep concentration of Gen. Spaatz, to respect the enormity, and loneliness of his task, and, finally, to feel perfectly at ease in the silent hours at Claridge's.

SEVERAL TIMES Gen. Spaatz directed me to tour bombed-out sites around London. It was no morbid, sight-seeing curiosity.

He had been in battered London during the original Luftwaffe assault, sitting on roofs during the heavy raids and making notes on Nazi tactics.

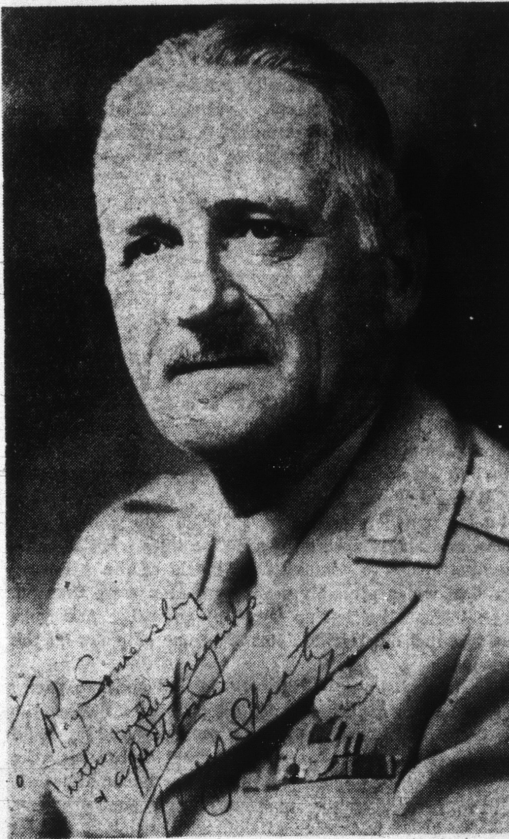
Now, he studied the debris it self with all the intensity of an engineer. He was studying bomb damage first hand; there was no better laboratory, outside Hitler's Europe.

In the Lambeth district I pointed out our old MTC headquarters and he soon got me talking about those experiences. It knocked a few chips from me. I even told him about Dick.

I didn't tell him all the details but I did confess that Dick was my own, very special American, that he had been ever since the days when I was an ambulance driver and he was a United States Army "observer" at the Embassy.

MY TWO-STAR passenger leaned forward. For once the furrows were gone from his forehead, the cold-steel missing from his eyes.

"Kay," he said, "I don't talk much. But I've hung onto you as a driver because you have a conscience something like mine."



INSCRIPTION—"To Kay Summersby . . . with highest regards and affection. Tooley Spaatz."

You never complain if I keep you, late or if I ask you to do some odd job any other driver would bitch about." He smiled. "I never realized what these evening chores mean. From now on, any time your captain isn't away on a trip—just let me know. We'll arrange time-off, somehow. War stops for some things."

He turned again to the bomb damage, his brow ridged, his shoulders hunched, his eyes squinted in that old intensity of concentration.

THAT'S THE WAY things were until one fine summer evening when I pulled up at Claridge's, almost four weeks later. Gen. Spaatz jumped into the back seat.

Two wide shoulders appeared in the door, each bearing two stars. Above them, a full face with a broad grin—Gen. Eisenhower.

NEXT: Gen. Ike becomes supreme commander.