

Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

LOOKING OVER THE records that have been piling up in Room 232 of the Federal Building, one might say that the practice of using intoxicating liquor has practically disappeared.

Of course, all one has to do is look into a few taverns and one might be inclined to say Bacchus' followers are not quite ready to switch to Ovaltine for nightcaps.

So, what gives? Has Dr. Gallup been working in the city on the 9-17? No. Are the sunspots out again? Probably. Is something fouled up? Could be or else most of the 4000 applicants for temporary Christmas employment with the Post Office are a cross-section of a sudden mass movement to go the straight and narrow without an artificial titter or wobble.

Mr. Hamilton, however, thinks certain people are prone to stretch virtue and an answer just a little in certain circumstances. His application blank is as good an example as any. I pointed out too, that the application blank asks: "Use intoxicants?" to which a hearty fellow might say to himself "No, I drink them" and proceed to scribble a negative in the blank. Entirely possible.

Christmas Planning in July

THERE ARE more important problems than intoxicants in Room 232 and Mr. Hamilton wasted little time in getting to them. The major problem to get the right help to the right place at the right time so the mails will get through again this Christmas.

"I started to work on Christmas plans last July," sighed Mr. Hamilton. I hesitated to ask him if he thought he should have started in April. It's comforting to find out other people have problems, usually bigger than you have, but still take everything in stride until they have it whipped.

Unit supervisors let Mr. Hamilton know how much temporary manpower they will need, when they'll need it and where. This year, even though the number to be employed will be greater than last year, Mr. Hamilton has a personal interview office working for the first time. Each applicant comes in to answer the questions the department asks.

By the time the mail business hits its peak day before Christmas, more than 1400 extra postal workers will be pitching for Uncle Sam. Those 1400 will have been picked from 4000 applicants, most of whom do not use intoxicants.

While I stood in the examining room, daring

not to ask for an application blank and spoil the record, Mr. Hamilton continued to impress that there's more to Christmas mail than what you find in your box.

What a man could see with his own eyes was impressive, too. Besides Muri Bridgewater, station examiner, Mr. Hamilton had three interviewers and typists busy. The way Mary Ellen Walsh, Mrs. Bobbie Moore and Mrs. Alice Fundendurk tossed forms around it could have been an induction station.

"Where do you check for flat feet?" The boss of the examining room said they didn't check for flat feet. The office assumes an applicant with flat feet wouldn't apply for a carrier job. If they do, and they're assigned to a loaded sack, that's tough. It sure is.

Naturally, former servicemen have preference for the jobs. Most of the openings are for mail handlers, clerks and carriers. There are few typist positions open for the Christmas rush.

After 12 years of this type of work, Mr. Hamilton recommends with some gusto that persons applying for any kind of employment where it's required to write an answer to write one. Don't leave a space blank.

He said in previous years before the personal interview, hundreds of applications were automatically set aside because pertinent questions were left unanswered.

Now to the Point: Mail Early

IT WAS significant that a majority of those present in the room were in their late 20's. I brought it to Mr. Hamilton's attention. He countered with the information that a good percentage of those hired every year are college students.

The interviewers have run into three types of applicants. The favorite is the man or woman who answers questions promptly. Not so favored are those who are evasive in answering and those who go into their life histories.

The postal mechanism is ready to get an early start, Mr. Hamilton said with a grin that seemed to demand the obvious. Ah, this kid can be sharp on occasion.

"Do you want me to mail my Christmas cards early?"

He said yes, and he added everyone on the payroll would appreciate it if the stamps were all one way and envelopes were tied in a bundle.

"I'll tell my friends to do the same," said I. Mail early!

Mexicans' Diet Peril, Says Doctor

Country of Dwarfs Is Predicted

MEXICO CITY, Nov. 27 (UP)

Mexico will be a nation of dwarves within half a century, Dr. Francisco de P. Miranda, Mexican nutrition specialist, fears.

The doctor said the nation must increase its protein intake or be content with growing down.

The nation's diet as a whole is definitely sub-standard, Dr. Miranda said. Mexicans currently are eating worse than even the war-torn nations of Europe, he added.

The Mexican diet figures out to 1637 calories a day, Dr. Miranda said, while the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization estimates that a diet of as little as 2400 calories a day is close to the danger point.

"The three principal diet deficiencies of the Mexican people are lack of protein, riboflavin and niacin," Dr. Miranda said.

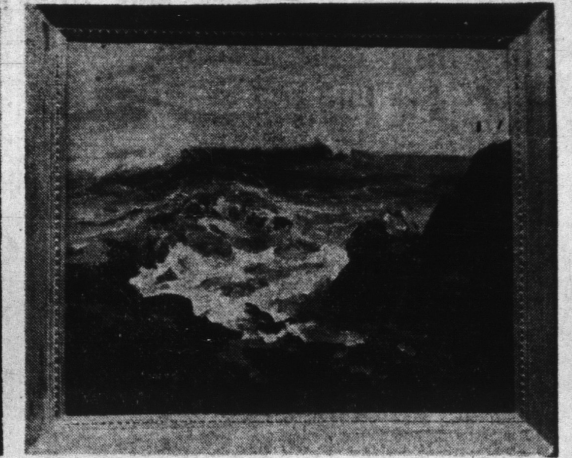
Brown County Artists to Open Show Here Tomorrow



They say prophets are unknown in their own land, but not in Indiana where C. Curry Bohm of Nashville is duly appreciated.

One of the pillars of the Brown County Art Colony, Mr. Bohm occasionally sends his paintings to Indianapolis for people to look at.

His newest show will open tomorrow at the H. Leiber Co. In it are paintings like these showing the diversity of scene Mr. Bohm likes to paint.



The sea-scape, of course, is New England and its storied rock-bound coast. The might of the smoking sea, the granite durability of the rocks and the salt sea-sky are hallmarks of a Bohm seascape. In contrast, "October Ends" is somewhat characteristic of the artist's mountain and hill country landscapes. Mr. Bohm likes New England, the Great Smokies and Brown County, Indiana, for his portrayal of the earth's moods.

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How about your Christmas cards? The Post Office is about ready for them. Shown here (left to right) is Gus Hamilton, administering the oath to Warren Beville, Eugene Minniefield and William Clark, just three of the 1400 extra helpers.

Six-Gun Shortcut

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, Nov. 27—I see where this Patricia Schmidt, the slant-eyed gal who gunned her lover down in Cuba, while caught up in a fit of romantic pique, is going to reap an advertised three grand a week for doing a kooch dance in some nightclubs.

This, I would think, is an acceptable substitute for talent, and might even lead stage-struck kiddies to attempt a shortcut to fame by way of the subnoised .38. It is faster than a steady practice of the time-step, if a little rough on the target.

Miss Schmidt, who used to wiggle under the name of Satira, pulled a mere 18 months in a Havana juzgado—pronounced hoosegow—for the sin of expressing her displeasure at a Mr. John Lester Mee with a gat, to such point that Mr. Mee became deceased. Cuba being romantic and Miss Schmidt pretty, I was surprised she stayed unsprung as long as 18 months. But she is back in business, now, as an Oriental-type dancer. It smacks nostalgically of the yesteryear, when a little man named Samuel J. Burger used to appear with a smoking contract before the damsel dropped the smoking gun.

Shot-in-the-Arm for Show Biz

THERE IS SOMETHING a little morbid in all of us, I suppose, which makes a headline-character attractive to the God-fearing yokel, even if she gained her fame by feeding her grandma a daily diet of ground glass.

I remember Mr. Burger exploited the widow of Legs Diamond, the defunct gangster, and also the father of that lovely fellow, John Dillinger. Kiki Roberts, a showgirl who had shared Mr. Diamond's favors, went into the arts as a counter-attraction to Mrs. Diamond, over the burlesque runway, and business was real brisk for both lorn females for many a day.

Poor Mr. Mee seems to have been an even greater boon to show-business than the late Mr. Ziegfeld. I note another item which says a Chicago nightclub is dickering for the services of his wife, to double-bill with Satira, the outcome of which negotiation has not been announced yet.

But shortly after the charming Satira tickled her friend-boy into oblivion with a .22 slug, I saw that still another Mee amour turned up in a Greenwich Village ginmill, at a fairly fancy figure. And with, if I may append some dramatic criticism, a very fancy figure. This one was named La Tirana, or something, and she shook a cute hip.

She was a very comely dame, dark and bumpy in the correct sites, and she wiggled with skill and precision. Her singing voice was rather pleasant, but a few of the more sensitive onlookers questioned the good taste quotient in her choice of numbers. Considering that her late gentleman friend had been expunged in Havana, we thought it rather poor form to spend so much time on Cuban songs.

Homicide and Hooch Pay Off

I DO MY REFORMING on alternate Michael-mases, but it does appear that the lively arts today are not knocking themselves out in an effort to set a moral example for the young and impressionable. We have a real hot movie going now, called "Kiss the Blood Off My Hands," and if it follows the book it will deal in the nobility of murder as an adjunct to pure love.

On top of the fun-and-games in the Hollywood reeler set, we get a picture of the week in Life magazine, devoted entirely to a lovable character named Robert Walker, who plays sympathetic, sensitive juveniles.

Mr. Walker, his eyes a-bear and his shirt tail winging, has just informed the cops that he has been drunk for 20 years, and looks it. And Mr. Robert Mitchum, before the Johns snatched the reeler from his fist, had been booked to give a delinquency talk to an adolescent audience.

I suppose this is all part of our raucous times, and I am an old fuddy-duddy. It seems silly to spend all those years learning the piano and taking elocution when a few evenings on a shooting range, getting sharp with a gat, or a penchant for public dope addiction is all you need to be a sure-fire at the boxoffice.

No. 1 Pedestrian

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27—I've been out watching a pedestrian in Paradise. For him the red lights are green, the taxis are honkless, and the cops are all smiles. When he steps off the curb he need not look, nor even listen.

Name of Truman, Harry S., and you can't tell me he doesn't enjoy it. Who wouldn't? When the traffic light waits for him instead of vice versa?

Our President has to commute these days by ankle power between his office and a temporary furnished house across the street, on account of termites in the attic of the White House.

He Could Even Jaywalk

SO WHEN MR. T. strides out of his office with a retinue of Secret Service agents in his wake, a cop pulls a switch in a box on the curb and, wonder of wonders, the lights turn red in all directions. The trolleys on Pennsylvania Ave. squeal to a halt; the cabs on Jackson Place slam on the brakes, and the federal limousines on W. Executive Ave. purr patiently.

The No. 1 pedestrian strikes out across the avenue of the Presidents with never a worry about being nicked by a truck. He waves in friendly fashion to the other pedestrians who have stopped to watch this miraculous spectacle, and almost runs up the steps of Blair House, a yellow-painted brick pile across the street and half a block down from his office.

He could jaywalk catcornered across the intersection if he wanted and nobody'd say boo, but he hasn't yet. Always walks straight across one street, up on the curb, and then across the other. Only trouble is that he never follows the same route twice. Sometimes he crosses Pennsylvania Ave. first; sometimes he heads the other way. This is turning the photographers into nervous wrecks.

You may ask what are photographers doing, waiting on street corners morning, noon and night for the President? They've already got his picture walking across the street. But I have interviewed the gentlemen of the lens and can report they are taking no chances. Anything might happen.

A presidential garter could break. A gust of wind might blow off Mr. Truman's jaunty fedora. He could stub his toe and fall flat on his face.

The cameramen aren't hoping that any of these disasters befall the top pedestrian, you understand, but then again they could and if they do they'll appear in the public prints.

Blair House is a first-class place in first-class repair, which the government has used these many years to put up visiting kings, dukes, prime ministers and such-like. There have been no complaints from them and I presume there'll be none from Mr. Truman. At least it's a better place to sleep than the White House. The floors don't creak at night and there's no chance of loose plaster filtering down on a fellow's face.

Gotta Watch These Workmen

WORKMEN HAVEN'T actually started tearing out the rotted timbers upstairs in the executive mansion yet, but they're figuring on the backs of old envelopes and should get to work with their crowbars soon. Making the White House a safe place for life and limb has been estimated as a \$1 million job.

This seems a little high to me. I remodeled a white-painted house of my own a while back and the bill was a little less than that, including a bathroom de luxe. I'd hate to see the No. 1 pedestrian saddled with a jerry-built house, of course, but neither do I want those contractors to bilk him. He might look in on 'em occasionally to see that they don't put too much sand in the plaster.