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## Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

**DIAMONDS** are kind of nice. You know, I wish I had a potato sack full of the things. Diamonds are hard, too. Joseph Berning, diamond cutter, currently showing off his trade on the main floor of Rost Jewelry Co., 25 N. Illinois st., has been telling me interesting things about "ice."

The fact that diamonds are hard comes straight from Mr. Berning. I figured that part about diamonds being nice all by myself. Anyone have a diamond mine they want to sell?

Of course, a guy can't look around the store for any length of time trying out the locks on the showcases and carrying chewing gum on the tips of his fingers without attracting the attention of Mural Rothbaum, treasurer of Rost.

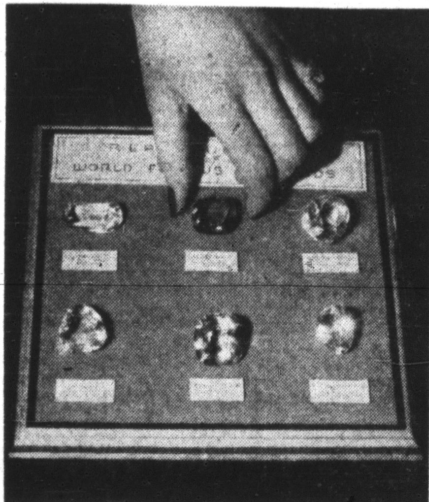
Mr. Rothbaum also is up on his diamonds. He said I could buy a diamond for as little as \$49.50 all the way up to one for the paltry sum of \$10,000. The alligator leather on my billfold jerked a couple of times and called it quits.

### Yeh... I See the Ice

"SEE this rough diamond?" asked Mr. Rothbaum, to which I said I saw the rough diamond. So?

"If you saw this stone in the street you'd kick it," chortled the treasurer trying, no doubt, to illustrate how unpretty a rough diamond is and how pretty a polished stone is. The kind of stone he sells for \$10,000, for instance.

He was wrong in thinking I would kick the rough diamond. True, the stone he held between his fingers was dull and resembled nothing more glamorous than a chunk of glass but, he didn't know that I only kick empty tin cans in the street. The habit of kicking rocks and stones was broken several years ago.



Falsies... Reproductions of world famous diamonds catch the glances of the curious. With the real McCoy on display, Rost Jewelry would be showing more policemen than diamonds.

OK, OK, so you don't kick stones." Mr. Rothbaum didn't wait for me to tell him a little story about kicking stones. He had me by the arm and we were walking to see diamond-cutting as being demonstrated by Mr. Berning.

"If you should select a loose diamond and a mounting," explained my friend, "we'll have our diamond setter set the stone while you wait." I thought that was a peachy service.

"What's the difference between a diamond setter and a diamond cutter?" was my question of the day.

The man behind the cutting wheel, who represented the J. P. Knight Co., diamond cutters and importers, Cincinnati, glanced at Mr. Rothbaum. "Expert?" he asked.

While everyone waited for someone to break the silence, I inspected the machine. Rather a crude affair with a iron polishing wheel as the main attraction.

The wheel (all this stuff I found out later when we started talking) was impregnated with diamond dust and olive oil. Diamonds, you know, are so hard it takes other diamonds to cut them. And don't ask what was used to cut and polish the first diamond because you're liable to get into the same kind of a predicament you get into when you ask: What came first, the chicken or the egg?

Mr. Berning explained his trade to me. Try to imagine a short course in diamond-cutting which normally requires a four-year apprenticeship. In a few thousand words I gathered a few basic facts. Not quite enough to get a job, though, cutting diamonds.

Usually a stone is cut in half making two pyramids. These two pyramids in the rough (not to be confused with making small ones out of big ones) then are squared up. That means a cutter has put in eight facets on top and eight on the bottom.

Confused? So was I. But listen, the "table" is the flat top surface, the "girdle" is the extreme edge of a stone from which point the tapering downward begins and ends in the "culet," the very bottom point.

From there a process called "brilliance" is applied to the diamond. This brings out the sparkle. This puts the stuff in a diamond that knocks your peepers loose.

### Can't Knock Out Any...

ALONG with the brilliance of a cutting process is going on which eventually puts 58 facets in a stone. That number of facets is recognized as being correct for getting the maximum brilliance.

"How many stones can you knock out during one working day?"

Mr. Berning seemed hurt. "I can't knock out any during one working day. What do you think I'm operating, a drop forge?"

Well, he can, if everything goes right and a stone isn't exceptionally hard, cut and polish a small one in 12 continuous working hours. Once he worked 10 days on a stone.

I was hoping one of his samples dropped accidentally in my cuff. No such luck.

Imagine, his firm keeps a close inventory of the ugly, rough unpolished stones he works on. I declare.

## The Hucksters

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, Mar. 31—All admirers of the hair-trigger action for which America is noted must delight in the last gasp of the dying Gaul, Jim Forrestal, as he bows out of the job of Secretary of Defense. This is the sharp order to the fighting factions in Army, Navy and Air Force to clear all future stories on new gimmicks in death-dealing through the headman's hands.

This timely gesture, shaped to restrain the feudin' services from competition for newspaper space, has only taken some three years to flower—during which time Mr. Forrestal was always ostensible boss of everything in the war business.

All this time, the competing forces have phenagled fresh wrinkles in planes and guns and germs and rockets and ships and stuff to rain down credit on their own individual heads, and to shove a scornful finger at the opposition. The fact that it all was in direct disobedience to presidential decree never made any difference whatsoever.

### Brass Hats Well Stuffed

EVERY TIME the pressure kids wanted to make a point, they dusted off a tame brass hat, stuffed him with new statistics, and unthetured him at a chicken-patty party with press and radio present. All the services were guilty—the Ground Forces selling the draft, the Air Force peddling the planes, the Navy hustling carriers and subs and anti-subs.

The atom-smashers chimed in, on the side, with the rocket boys and the germ-growers shoutin' Hallelujah in a chorus of doom. It was noisy hucksterism in the best modern sense, practiced callously and cynically. And often, it would seem, with small regard for truth or consequences.

We have been belabored, say, with germ warfare for the last three years. Mr. Forrestal himself came up with a statement the other day that there wasn't much pure fact in all the loose talk about winning one or losing one with microbes. Were all the germ-vendors lying, then?

Secretary Forrestal also lost a knee-and-

thumb battle with young Stu Symington, the Air Force fellow, which is one of the reasons why Mr. Forrestal ain't top dog anymore. Mr. Symington, who is real pretty and tall and smart and as tough as a willow switch, bluffed James right off the table, and made the mutiny stick.

There is no harder thrower in Washington than Mr. Symington, who has made his own rules and faced down the boss and who has sold his Air Forces and their 70-groups over all the opposition they could heave at him. This is an admirable quality for any Rover Boy, except when you're trying to synchronize a military force. Then it becomes simple sabotage. Possibly one solution would be to see how Mr. S. comes out with Louis Johnson, the succeeding chief, and if he whips Looie, too, then we might promote him to be he-coon of the whole whole business.

The Navy, although not so floridly successful as the Air Force, has shined as wishfully as Mr. Symington's boys. They staged their recent dramatic maneuvers to throw a cramp into Air Force prestige. But Mr. Symington called and raised with the globe-circling non-stop trip of the Lucky Lady II, smack in the middle of Navy histrionics.

### 'Lady' Had Her Seamy Side

YOU HAVE read much of the Lucky Lady, but little of the deaths of the crew of the crashed B-29 which made her dramatic flight possible. You can call it an unfortunate accident in line of duty, one way, but you can also call it a sacrifice in human lives for a publicity point. The Lucky Lady's flight was not so much a routine operation as a stunt to kill the Navy's bid for public favor, and nobody has denied it.

That is the kind of stuff the new Forrestal ruling is supposed to throttle. It won't, of course, even though it should, unless the new secretary of defense, Mr. Johnson, is tougher than the old. But what troubles me is why it took three years to file a restrainer to keep the competitors from playing Hamlet to each other's discredit, and to the nation's loss.

## Necessities

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Mar. 31—The ladies of this nation, who have trouble enough as it is keeping their hips slimmed down, are about to converge on Congress, which seems still to believe in bustles.

The ladies are sore. I don't blame 'em. The war's been over now for four long years, but they're still being socked a 20 per cent luxury tax on their handbags. Hmpf.

Last time they depended upon Washington to protest this palpable injustice the Republicans were in charge. The ladies said their handbags were necessities. The Congressmen were unimpressed.

A particularly unhappy female with a feather in her hat and a gleam in her eye leaped up, strode to the big desk of the Ways and Means Committee, opened her handbag of red alligator skin, and turned it upside down.

"There," she said, as an incredible assortment of merchandise, including one nylon stocking (in case she should get a run) cascaded to the mahogany. What, she demanded, did the lawmakers expect her to do with these necessities, except carry 'em in her bag?

### Horried at Thought

THE THEN chairman, Harold Knutson (Minn.), said he had spent his entire lifetime without a handbag. He said he used pockets to carry his underwear. "Madam," he said, "pockets are not taxable."

The lady was aghast. She said pockets in her dress would put bumps on her hips. The gentleman from Minnesota said what was wrong with bumps? If they saved 20 per cent, that is? The lady glared at him, stamped her belongings back into her reticule, and swept out of the room. Her delegation stamped along with her. And you know what happened then.

Rep. Knutson lost out in the last election. I have no doubt that the ladies of Minnesota, worry-

ing about bumps on their hips, in large part were responsible.

Take warning, lawmakers. The ladies are about to return. The gallant Rep. Robert L. Doughton (N. C.) is boss man of the committee this year and I have no doubt he'll avoid political suicide on the hip problem. He'll keep out of any such controversy.

The trouble, from the ladies' viewpoint, is that the Democrats are as old-fogeyish about luxuries as the Republicans were. Mostly they want to hold on to their wartime excise taxes. Claim the country needs the dough.

So the Association of Handbag Manufacturers, the assorted leagues of women shoppers, the retailers, and everybody else connected with handbags are about to descend upon the Congressmen to tell them once again about the facts of feminine life.

That isn't all. The ladies are angrier still about the 20 per cent nick on cosmetics. Every time a female gives her lips a swipe with rouge, (and how many billion times a day this happens in the aggregate nobody knows) she pays a small tribute to Honest John Snyder, the Secretary of Treasury. The annual take runs into the millions.

### Congressmen Worried

THE LADIES claim that if their face powder is to be taxed, then why shouldn't their husbands pay a similar duty on their shaving cream? Hasn't a woman got as much right to look nice as a man?

These questions the lawmakers already are trying to answer, because their wives are asking 'em. And the big drive for witnesses now is on in the cosmetics industries, the housewives' associations and the women's clubs.

The embattled ladies are going to have a few things to say to those Congressmen and the latter, I hasten to report, are worried. They remember what happened to Knutson. Pocketed.

# The Indianapolis Times

SECOND SECTION

THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1949

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## Tech High School To Present Annual 'Sketchbook' Tomorrow

Photos by Bill Oates, Times Staff Photographer



Tech High School's 17th annual "Sketchbook" will be given at 8:15 p.m. tomorrow in the school auditorium. Song and dance in the first act will be offered by Nancy Pearson, Milly Davison, Mike Springer, Dorothy Straub, Jo Nell Alcorn and Jean Buel (left to right).



Roberta Moon, Pat Bradway, Mary Lou Hurley, Mary Lou Beck, Martha Sue Beck, Sandra Hunter and Janet Spall (left to right) rehearse one scene from the "Cornbelt Symphony" act of the Sketchbook. These girls are members of the chorus line appearing in the third act.



Betty Wilson, Peggy Cantrell, Mary Payton (foreground), Jim Kimmell, Bill Sullivan and Raymond Van Busum (left to right) are part of the "Cowboy and Cowgirl" number included in the all-school talent show. Pupils have chosen "Westward Ho" as the scene title.



Tech actresses call this song-and-dance act the Woo Ga Ma Choo Ga, with a scene setting in the year 1929. Left to right are Sharon Baldwin, Jackie Maddox, Joanne Dennis, Fran Forbes, Charlotte Green and Gertrude Weest. For the Sketchbook theme, Tech has chosen, "Gold Is Where You Find It."

## Woman With Year to Live Plans \$10,000 Grim Fling

But Oklahoma Heart Victim Is Puzzled

Over Just How to Spend Modest Fortune

OKLAHOMA CITY, Mar. 31 (UP)—If you had only one year to live and \$10,000, how would you spend the time and money?

That is the question a 51-year-old Oklahoma City widow asked today.

A retired business woman, she has worked hard for 17 years to build up a modest fortune. Now she has learned a heart ailment will probably end her life within a year.

"I've worked and sacrificed a long time for security," she said. "But I haven't had any fun. I never learned how to spend money."

She has more than the \$10,000. But that's the amount she picked at random to give her grim "fling" the flavor she feels her life so far has missed.

Her 27-year-old daughter will be well provided for. If death delays its arrival, the \$10,000 won't be needed. So how to spend it?

"The first thing people think of is travel," she said. "But you think, what's the use?"

"The Preacher Says" "You talk to a preacher and he tells you to give it to the church or to some needy people. Maybe I'm selfish, but I can't live money for those purposes. I want to spend it on myself. I want to plan a way to spend the money so every day I will know what I'm going to do that day."

"What would you buy if you were on a shopping tour? New clothes? They wouldn't interest me. A new home? A new car? The one I have is in good condition."

"I just know somebody, somewhere, will have a better idea than I have."

Yes, she has thought of marrying. Her first husband has been dead since the first World War, and she lives alone with a Pekinese dog.

"Terribly Lonely" "I am terribly lonely," she concedes. "But I would want to know someone pretty well before I thought of marrying him."

Even if she finds the right man, however, she won't leave her estate to him. He will just help spend the \$10,000.

With the warning of her death, the anonymous widow, named Mrs. Heart by the Daily Oklahoman, here, has found fate playing its tricks with fine irony.

"I've lost all fear," she said. "I used to be afraid to travel by plane—made me ill. But now it doesn't bother me at all."

"And another strange thing, I play cards sometimes, and I used to lose at poker all the time. Now I'm a consistent winner. I can't lose. If I spend \$10 or \$15 on a dinner, I win it back. I just tell my friends my luck has changed."

## Find Hoosier, 90, Walking in Daze With \$4000 Cash

CHICAGO, Mar. 31 (UP)—The little shabby old man attracted the attention of cruising police as he hobbled along on his crutch and cane yesterday. In fact, they felt sorry for him.

He identified himself as Willard Burley, said he was almost 90 and told them he was from Logansport, Ind. Police said he appeared in a daze and kept mumbling something about his being in Chicago to collect money a man owed him.

The patrolmen wanted to help him out, so they gave him a lift to the station and offered him a bed. When they searched him as a matter of routine they found almost \$400 in \$100 and \$20 bills stuffed in his wallet. He had a Logansport bank book.

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## Churchill to Talk In Boston Tonight

Hints Proposal for West Political Union

BOSTON, Mar. 31 (UP)—Win-

ston Churchill arrived here today to make a much-heralded speech in which some observers believed he might propose a political union of the western world.

The 74-year-old wartime British Prime Minister, who came by train from New York, speaks at Boston Garden tonight in the high point of Massachusetts Institute of Technology's mid-century convocation.

About 50 persons, including newspapermen and photographers, were present when Mr. Churchill's train arrived at South Station.

Two cars carrying the British minority leader and his party were detached from the rest of the train and held in the yards. Secret Service agents and plainclothesmen patrolled the area.

He was tendered a dinner in New York last night by Bernard M. Baruch, elder statesman and financier who will introduce him tonight.

His hour-long address at 8 p.m. (Indianapolis Time) will be carried to the nation by three national radio networks and four television systems. Short wave stations will beam it abroad to the rest of the world.

Mr. Churchill himself refused to disclose in advance the subject of his speech.

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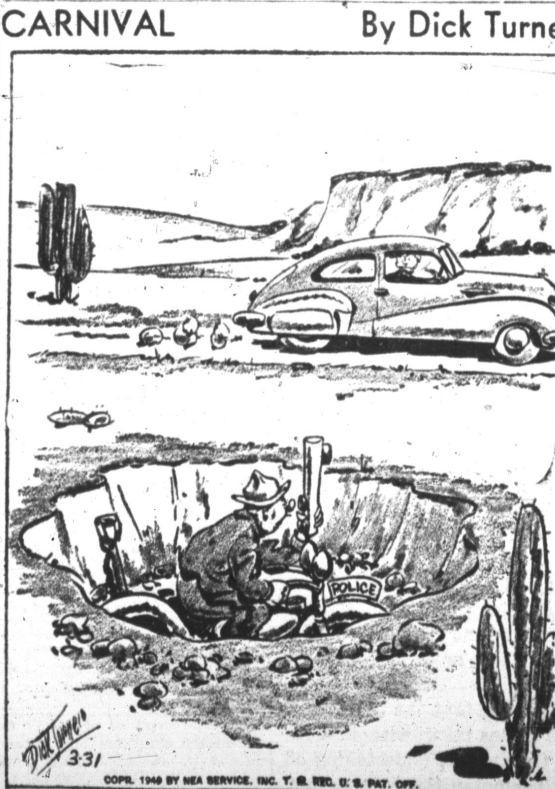
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"You'd think SOME company would put up a signboard out here SOME place!"