

Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

CONSTRUCTION ON the Speedway's new southwest turn grandstand is progressing at full speed again.

Sources close to the nuts and bolts and steel rivets required to build the 3200-capacity stand feel it will be ready for the 500 in fact; it will be ready for qualifications if another crescent wrench isn't thrown into the job.

Personally, I believe the sources were kidding me when I turned in my bridgeman's belt and dolly bar to Arthur (Bolts) Wellman, rivet boss. Bucking rivets is a little out of my line.

Let it be known immediately that Bolts' gang is one of the best I have ever run into from the standpoint of giving a new man a reception, a break in (in two) on the job and making his feel like one of the boys.

Loaded but Fast

THIS SHOULD SURPRISE you it did me, but less than 15 seconds after Earl Ellis of the H. D. Tousley Co., the man who designed the grandstand, said, "New man on the job," I had a horse-sized chew of Mail Pouch in my mouth, steel helmet on my head, a bridgeman's belt around my hips and a 15-pound dolly bar in my hands.

Three seconds after that, Dale (Whitey) Shue, riveter, and Milton (Buckets) Totten, catcher, were pushing me out on a purlin beam. The ground was roughly 25 feet below. It was rough.

"Anybody got a safety belt?" I asked about the same way a drowning man would ask for a life belt.

Never should have asked that question. The picturesque language it provoked would have heated a rivet. A couple of the men were practically doubled up laughing.

Another gang of men was working on the roof supports, approximately 65 feet above the ground, was informed that Whitey and Buckets had a guy who wanted a safety belt.

Well, it happened that Jack Kelly, Arthur (Fido) Faust, Rufus Marks, Herbert Barker, Paul Uligh, Leon Brown and Virgil Teeter didn't fall from the steel beams is beyond me. But, I had my own problems.

I was straddling a narrow I-beam and holding another with my hands. It took all my steel nerves to keep my eyes focused to where Whitey was pointing and yelling.

"Grab that pin. C'mon, let's grab that pin."

In order to grab that pin it was necessary to let go of something with my hands. Grabbing the barrel pin with two hands wasn't right. Buckets informed me lustily of "hat as he waited for a red hot rivet from Roy Smith, heater.

"Get your dolly bar ready to buck the rivet."

Blyth Brenton, the buckler I had replaced for the nonce, was suggesting in a voice usually used when a cattle stampede is in progress, that I relax.

After a pin is knocked out it should be quickly placed in the barrel pin pouch on the left side of the bridgeman's belt. That's because a rivet catcher at the same moment is slipping a cherry red rivet where the pin was and the riveter is already waiting with the pneumatic hammer.

You should know that the dolly bar is a hunk of steel about the size of a baseball bat. With it

you back up one end of a rivet. Two hands work best.

"Get that bar in place . . . put some weight behind it . . . hold on to it . . . ease up now . . . grab that pin . . . get that bar in there again . . . take your crescent wrench and get that nut and bolt off . . . put a pin in there . . . put your wrench back in your belt . . . hold that barrel pin . . . get your bar up . . ."

Friends, my very dear friends, I almost cried.

All through this, remember, I'm chewing tobacco. I don't especially like to chew tobacco. Also,

and this is important, I don't want to fall 25 feet on my ear or any other part of my anatomy.

However, Smitty is heating rivets and throwing. Buckets is catching. Whitey is pounding with his hammer and I'm swallowing tobacco juice, bucking rivets, holding on with my knees and praying just a little. Bolts and Brenton just laugh and laugh and holler.

Gentlemen, One Side

CRAWLING BACKWARD each time higher as we finished riveting sections was excruciating. The oil legs were shaking and it wasn't from breaking the hammer, either.

A new instrument of torture was handed me and the dolly bar was jerked from my clutching paws. "That's a nine bar. It's easier to handle but a new man has to break in on the dolly bar," sniped Whitey. "Get the nine bar in there."

Just when I thought I was going to fall on the beam the hard-driving, hard-talking members of Local 22 relented. They actually helped me, practically led me to safety.

Someone said, "He might be all right." The words were music to my ears. A package of Mail Pouch was stuck in my hand.

My chew, where was it? Gentlemen, one side.



Look out below . . . look out above, too. Riveting is simple for those who know, such as (left to right) Dale Shue, Milton Totten and Blyth Brenton.

Mutated Mink

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, Apr. 2—The mink, an amphibious musteline carnivore of the genus *Putorius*—show over. Kieran, your competition is here—the mink is a nasty little beast, but he has died gallantly for decades to demonstrate man's domination by woman, an ambiguous crepe de chine carnivore of the genus *Uxorius*.

Even more than the diamond on third finger, left hand, a sufficiency of mink pelts on the female form was the loud badge of topmost success in the lady's league. It should that man was rich, that he cherished her above all others—or else he had been apprehended for naughtiness and was paying off for peace.

The mink coat was the pinnacle of girlish dreams, in that its possession took you from behind the counter and shoved you into the queen class. Mere mention of the magic word induced a slumberous, stunned, look, somewhat mixed with naked craving. This languorous look is invoked only if the mentioner is a man.

A Jungle of Mink

JUST LET another woman possessively utter the word—or worse, illustrate it with a coat of her own—and such lances of poisonous hatred dart from the minkless dame's eye that a male eavesdropper is shocked by the pent-up violence behind the fluffy facade of sugar and spice.

New York is a veritable jungle of mink, so that a man strolling through the middle 50's feels suddenly that the animals have taken over the city. You can watch the magic at work. All women who wear the stuff imagine they have automatically lost 20 pounds, grown a foot, resemble Hedy Lamarr, and pack the siren punch of Madame DuBarry. They have achieved the presidency of their guild.

Before the mink industry went mad, all a man had to do was score with his maid—or remove himself from a matrimonial hook—was pawn his birthright and come home with the coat. That was when things were simple. But such is no longer so. I was doing a little research in front of one of the big celebrity traps the other day,

and I wouldn't dare buy a dame a mink coat today—not even if I had the money.

Prior to 1935, mink was mink, like diamonds are diamonds. But the furriers got busy with madame's natural susceptibility to change, and started tampering with the sex life of the mink.

First we had light mink, and then we had the very dark. Then we went to blond mink, and black mink. This bred silverblue, platinum, Kohinoor, Starlight. Out of them came white, Polar Pastel and hair-blue. They all paid off in the current aberration—lord save us all—which is called Breath of Spring, yet. This costs nine million dollars the square inch, and the minks who bear it dine off caviar and are kissed to death by Ingrid Bergman when the time comes to yield the pelt.

Getting Complicated

AN ORDINARY stupid man is fuddled enough with wild mink, ranch mink, Canada mink and Labrador mink, but when they start to hurt the mutations at him he just covers his head and whimpers. Where even the most pampered woman used to get 10 years of mileage out of one coat, and love the donor most of that time, now the one-coat girl is a practical pariah at the 21 Club.

"Pssst," they say. "Here comes poor old Gertie, still wearing last year's silverblue. You suppose her husband's got outside interests, now?"

Or—"Poor darling. Trying to wear Royal Pastel with that hairdo. Maybe her husband is slipping in the street, like they say."

You would not dare fetch home a Kohinoor if Breath of Spring was on Milady's mind. You would get crowned with a cupid if she had her mouth fixed for one kind and you dragged in the other. And, with mink now-as-fleek as other female fashions, you are automatically out of high style every spring.

I run on about this, but actually it's no problem of mine. I have just bought mama a steel trap and half-a-fish, and if she's the girl I think she is, she can go out to the marshes and corral her own coat.

Coolidge Economy By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Apr. 2—The gentlemen didn't exactly charge Cal Coolidge with ruining the White House. Not in so many words, they didn't. But the implication was there: Cal was a house wrecker.

Along in 1926, soon after Mr. Coolidge signed his second lease on 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., the roof sprang a leak. He wanted it fixed in a hurry, but the public building people took it up with the architects. The House Appropriations Committee put in its oar and first thing anybody knew Mr. Coolidge's leaky roof was a \$375,000 project.

So the boys hauled \$375,000 worth of steel girder and reinforced concrete, weighing nobody knows how many hundreds of tons, and installed same on the topside of the mansion. Without any thought of whether the ancient walls would hold the weight.

A Magnificent Ruin

ACCORDING TO THE EXPERTS now testifying before the Committee on Public Works, the White House has been collapsing slowly ever since, and unless they spend \$5,412,000 patching up the place it soon will become what they call a magnificent ruin.

The idea, which they didn't express quite so bluntly, seemed to be that if Cal had swabbed a little tar on the old roof instead of holisting up so much ironmongery, the White House today would be about as good as it was before the British set fire to it.

At this very moment, testified the pink-faced, tweed-suited Harry G. Hunter, the assistant commissioner of public building, Coolidge's roof is pressing with shattering force on the ancient piers and, turning their very bricks into powder.

"Who," thundered the Democratic gentleman from New York, Rep. Charles A. Buckley, "was responsible for that?"

Well, sir, that roof was installed 22 years ago. And Mr. Hunter said he didn't rightly know who the villain was because, of course, he wasn't working here then.

The Quiz Master

?? Test Your Skill ??

What two Presidents were bachelors when elected?

James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland were bachelors when elected. During his first term, however, Cleveland was married to Frances Folsom. Buchanan is the only President of this country who was never married.

How long did Joe Louis hold the world heavyweight championship?

Louis held the heavyweight crown longer—11 years, eight months and one week; successfully defended it more times (25) and earned more money (about \$4,500,000) than any other boxer before him.

Potomac Patter

Atlantic Pact Fete Tonight To Be Really Swanky Affair

Carlton Hotel Polishing 'Up Best Silver, Finger Bowls 'Equipped' With Rosebuds

By ANDREW TULLY, Scripps-Howard Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, Apr. 2—That's going to be really hoity-toity shindig President Truman tosses for the Atlantic Pact foreign ministers in the Carlton Room of the aristocratic Carlton Hotel tomorrow.

The party can't be held at Blair House because it's too small, but they're going to turn on the elegance just the same.

Flunkies are already polishing up the gold dinner service and getting out the best silverware and the more lordly waiters are being warned not to lift any eyes when foreign Minister Ernest Bevin of Great Britain starts dropping his ashtrays.

But the real tip-off on the kind of swank that's going to hold forth is the swash announcement from the Carlton inner sanctum about the finger bowl arrangements. Each one of 'em, it seems, will have a yellow rosebud.

Fancy Groceries Dept.: The Iranian Embassy celebrated the Persian New Year with a spread that included platters of lobster and turkey, curried rice, and something called polo jujay, which is rice with chicken, almonds and bits of orange peel. Cedar Rapids is Mrs. Perle Mesta, the hostess of the old bump-bugies.

MR. DIXON says he has sold streetcar bodies to be converted into houses, barber shops, Sunday school rooms, cafeterias, diners, photo studios, clubhouses and even slumbering perches for Georgia chickens.

Even though many of the streetcars began their labors as far back as 1917, most of them will be reconditioned and sent to Europe and South America for more years of hauling passengers.

Equipped with a new motor and a fresh coat of paint, the cars bring between \$4000 and \$10,000 each.

That's pretty tough about Rep. Katherine St. George of New York. When a reporter asked her for a quote during all the recent hoopla about those sinful cocktail parties, Mrs. St. George said, she never went to 'em, so there. Right off the reel, people like the WCTU thought she meant she never touched the stuff and sent her a bunch of letters, patting her on the back. Now every time she takes a gentle sip before dinner she can feel the temperance gang's hot breath on her neck.

Back in Graces

MRS. MORRIS CAFRITZ, wife of Washington's million-dollar real estate operator, was dining with dignitaries that it'll be a wonder if there's enough guests to go around. Busiest of all the visitors is Ernie Bevin, whose schedule called for two receptions, two luncheons, and two dinners in four days.

Saddest sacks in town, with this Atlantic Pact howdy-do, are the Iron Curtain laddies. The best they could offer was a reception the Czech Embassy gave for a couple of their delegates to the alleged New York "peace conference."

Nobody was lounging on any couches nibbling grapes, but that dinner given by Hawaiian Delegate Joseph R. Farrington had the kind of touch the old Romans would have loved. All the corages were flown from Hawaii. Orchids, naturally.

Nothing Elaborate

THERE WAS such a crush at the dinner for Defense Secretary Louis Johnson that the Mayflower the other night that people like Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder, Secretary of the Interior Cap Krug and Clark Clifford, presidential adviser, had to wait in the receiving line for almost an hour before they could shake the new club member's hand. Nothing elaborate, of course—they just took over the entire East Lounge of the Mayflower for the goings-on.

An Indiana lady who's on the committee for the Hoosier Club's Art Salon at the Smithsonian Institution, Apr. 7 to 27, got kind of a shock the other day when she received a postcard assigning her to duty. The card calls it the Hoosier Art Saloon.

Subterfuge

SENATE RULES say positively no smoking on the floor, but Sen. Bill (Chivalry Is Not Dead) Langer of North Dakota gets around it. He gnaws on several stogies a day—but in a genteel way. He leaves their cellulose jackets on.

The National Press Club sent out notices to all 2100 resident members about the Founders' Day party Thursday, Mar. 31. Then followed a postcard, changing the date to Mar. 30. Seems a member of the entertainment committee was assigned to invite President Truman but he got his dates mixed and asked him for the 30th. The committee figured it would be easier to send out 2100 new notices, changing the date, than to ask the President to rearrange his schedule.

Slight Oversight

THAT'S LIKE what happened to the Polish Embassy. It sent out a raft of invitations to a musical but forgot to put enough postage on 'em, with the result that those getting 'em had to pay the three cents due. Few days later, everybody got the following communication from the Embassy: "Enclosing herewith a 3¢ stamp. Chancery of the Polish Embassy wishes to apologize for the discrepancy which occurred in the postage of the recently mailed invitation to a concert at the Embassy on Apr. 1."

Marshall Plan Note: Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin of Great Britain gets \$20,000 a year; our own Secretary of State Dean Acheson gets only \$15,000.

Female-Conscious

AS IF this town wasn't already bugling at the seams with women, the National Woman's Party is holding forth at its annual three-day convention. That's the outfit which is so female-conscious all the books at its headquarters are by women authors, and which won't use any postage stamps except those with women's faces on them.

Eye Examined and Fitted

NOTICE: In Most Cases Your Eyes Can Be Examined and Fitted

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Ancient Trams Return to 'Haunt' Atlanta Citizens

ATLANTA, Ga., Apr. 2 (UPI)—

Atlanta citizens hoped they had seen the last of the city's jolting, old-fashioned streetcars when the final 200 were "retired" recently.

But they were doomed to disappointment.