

Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

THE NEW INDIANA BELL telephone directory, which you weren't supposed to use until 1:30 a. m. yesterday, is obsolete. (At last I have a scoop).

What's more, the volume with 436 pages in the alphabetical section and 404 pages in the yellow section was on Feb. 10, 1949, a day after the printer in Chicago said, "Joe, no more listings." (Stop the presses).

Before you throw the directory in the furnace and call RI-9861 (there goes my scoop), I'd better tell you that for mechanical reasons, setting, printing and the like, your new book is as up-to-date as possible. Relax.

The fact still remains, though, that it was obsolete on Feb. 10. The information comes straight from Joe, the man who heard the printer in Chicago say, "Joe, no more listings."

So... Come Weeth Me

IF I SOUND as if this obsolete business were always at my fingertips, I'm glad. It just goes to show how easy it is for a man and his typewriter to appear smart after Joe gives with the information.

So, come weeth me to ze casbah... to ze office of Joe Emmond, boss man of the directory department. The department that requires the fulltime services of 53 girls.

Since the directory was coming out officially Sunday, a visit to Mr. Emmond, I thought, would prove interesting. He probably was proud as



Check... and check and double check. Blanche Harper (left) and Virginia Puckett go over new telephone directory listings. The book you got yesterday is obsolete.

punch and would welcome me with a quarter cigar. That's what I thought.

Mr. Emmond was seated at his desk intently working over a loose-leaf book when I slipped him on the back and said, "Congratulations!"

Somewhat startled, my friend asked for what. What? The new phone book, of course. The new phone book? Why, the new phone book wasn't coming out until Apr. 7. It wasn't either. Yes, it was. It's out or will be out Sunday. You're nuts. How much can a man stand?

Well, to make a long jabber-jabber short, we finally came in on the same beam. Oh, the new phone book... the one... yeh... oh, that one. Yeh, that one.

Mr. Emmond lit his pipe and began talking. The reason he was a little slow on the uptake was that actually the new book was an old book.

"Up here we've forgotten about it," he said. "On the 7th we have our operator's book coming out and soon the South Bend and Evansville phone books have to be completed. Also, you know (how would I know?), we have 45 other Indiana city phone books to compile."

What followed in the way of information almost knocked me over. In one corner were eight teletype machines continually pounding out service orders. The company will average 300 changes a day.

Listings at Finger Tips

NEW ORDERS completed up to 4 p. m. are daily teletyped to Chicago. The next day at 11 a. m. the information operators have the new listing at their fingertips. That's daily.

Each step of transcription is checked twice. Every discontinued listing and every new listing is hawk-eyed in the office, practically microscoped in Chicago, double-checked on its return and finally the printer furnishes a stickum paper with the exact listing on it. The listing is sent to the customer who is advised to make any necessary changes. Mr. Emmond is most unhappy when one error occurs in 4000 listings.

A record is kept of all potential and actual errors. The way it figures out, Mr. Emmond explained, there are 45 chances for making an error in each listing.

"We don't turn around here without checking it," laughed the boss. "Look at those girls, checking and rechecking, bringing our working book up to date every day, working on the operator's book which comes out every two weeks, the 45 other city directories and the supplement of the common names such as Smith and Brown which are listed according to street and number. The latter is especially for operators."

Phew. You delivered 200,000 new books? And they would be four miles high if stacked? Only 157,000 alphabetical listings in the new one?

The girls must not be disturbed you say? No errors. Thanks. I'm beginning to see spots in front of my eyes. Not spots, listings.

Tulip: A Tough Bud

By Ernie Hill

LAS PALMAS, Canary Islands, April 4.—Two years ago, a young rooster made a sad debut in the cockfight ring here.

All but dead, he was carried out after three minutes.

So... Don Luis Cabrera, one of the leading trainers on these Spanish islands, decided to use the bird of a sort of a punching bag and sparring partner for tougher youngsters for awhile before sending him to the soup bowl.

The cock, however, got tired of being pecked silly, knocked over and spur-ripped. He began to hold his own in the training ring.

Don Luis decided to let him live.

Last week, "The Purple Tulip" won his fifth fight in a row and was proclaimed "the toughest bird on two feet" by Spanish cockfight experts.

"The Tulip" has beaten the best from Madrid and from Tenerife in the Canaries. He will now have three months' rest in the country before any more bouts.

At the Las Palmas rooster gymnasium, cockfight addicts are flocking out to see "The Tulip" before he goes to the mountains.

'The Tulip' Shows Off

"THE TULIP" enjoys the show. He struts and postures in his outsize cage, and crows with full self-assurance when on display. Don Luis says he's the smartest bird he has ever handled in 20 years.

Roosters that are tagged for the soup bowl lead a hard life. In training others, they are held by the feet as a decoy. Those on the list to fight in the next few weeks, maul the hapless bird until it is virtually unconscious. Then the unfortunate one is turned loose to be knocked over. That raises the ego of the one that must fight.

"But 'The Purple Tulip' started to fight back," says Don Luis. "He was tired of being pushed around. I could tell he had spirit. That's why I gave him another chance."

Since he got that chance, "The Purple Tulip" has killed four out of five opponents. He entered the ring last Sunday a 2-to-1 favorite.

Like a boxer, he feinted and bobbed until he found an opening. Then he spurred his opponent on both sides of the neck. He was "the victor" in two minutes, eight seconds.

Las Palmas' cockfight ring is in the downtown area. The fights attract 1000 to 1500 people every Sunday. Bets usually range from \$1 to \$10. Each better is his own bookie standing up and announcing how much he wants to bet. Someone in the crowd waves acceptance.

To keep cockfighting on a high social level, men must wear both coats and ties to be admitted. Very few women attend.

There are two cockfight training grounds here. They produce rival teams which meet every Sunday except when a team comes from Spain or from another island.

They Go at Everything

AT PRESENT the San Jose team has 500 cocks in training. In the city 300 are preparing for fights coming up. In the country are 300 more getting basic training and resting from past fights.

"We have to keep them caged all the time," says Don Luis, "because they would fight each other and kill hens and baby chicks. They just love to fight. They will go at anything."

"Small dogs run from them. They have injured children with their spurs. All they want to do is battle."

Don Luis says he has been informed that there are first-class cocks in California, Texas, Venezuela, Mexico and Cuba. He would like to match his against them. The Canary Island chickens have beaten everything in this part of the world.

"The Purple Tulip," says Don Luis, should be at peak performance in early fall. He's looking for an opponent with a reputation.

Off-Stage Act

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Apr. 4.—In my day I've seen strange things come out of congressional pockets. Including rabbits and once a bottle of beer, but I still was not prepared for what Rep. Walter K. Granger of Utah extracted from his double-breasted blue suit.

"I suppose," said he, "that I really should wash my hands first."

That being impossible on the floor of the House of Representatives, he pulled from his pocket one soggy pound of white oleomargarine and announced that he didn't feel too sorry for housewives using their time to mix in the yellow color.

"I now propose," he continued, "to show you how easy this process is." The gentleman from Cedar City kneaded that envelope of margarine, he pounded it and he punched it and the sergeant-at-arms was aghast. What if the package burst? And spilled greasy goo on the baby-blue carpet?

No Bust—and No Mess

THE GENTLEMAN'S oleo by now was soft. He rolled it between his hands, like an oversized cigarette and in two minutes flat it was yellow. No bust; no mess. The sergeant subsided. Mr. Granger said no housewife ought to kick about a little chore like that. And the battle over whether yellow oleo should be legal was back where it started nearly 60 years ago.

The arguments in general sounded like a cracked phonograph record until the fall and almost cadaverous Rep. L. Mendel Rivers of S. C. (who likes oleo) got into a battle with the pink-faced and roly-poly Rep. H. Carl Anderson of Minn. (who prefers butter).

They were going good, when Rep. Ben F. Jensen of Iowa suggested they stop in their tracks and stand there so their fellow lawmakers could look at 'em.

And there Mr. Jensen was, a kind of master of ceremonies in a congressional beauty contest.

Mr. Andersen, he said, obviously ate plenty of good, fresh cow butter. And look at him, gentlemen. Mr. Jensen said. Robust, healthy, and clear of eye; pleasantly plump, vigorous, and brimming with the joy of living.

Allowing the beaming butter eater to sit down, Mr. Jensen suggested that the congressmen observe Mr. Rivers.

"He is too thin," said Mr. Jensen. "His skin lacks that tone of health. He is old looking and he is gray, and yet he is the same age as Mr. Andersen. Why?"

Nobody answered, except Mr. Rivers, who protested that he was not either sick, but Mr. Jensen shouted him down:

"This is why: The gentleman from South Carolina likes oleo. He eats it."

He Spies a Gentle Woman

LET US not forget the freshly colored oleo of Rep. Granger. It was getting softer by the minute and he didn't know what to do with it. He spied Rep. Helen Gahagan Douglas of Cal. Did she want it? The gentle woman said she did not. Rep. Granger handed it to her, anyhow. She looked at it, sniffed at it, and placed it on the next seat. Then she vanished.

And I could tell you more about the great oleomargarine, but it's debarbly seems worth while. How many billions of words, literally, have been wasted by the lawmakers on this subject in the last half century nobody knows.

Nor can anybody tell at this moment whether oleo is going to be freed of its taxes at long last, or whether the yellow variety will be prohibited as though it were cocaine.

The Senate's got to go to work on the problem next and some of the gentlemen there, I understand, feel that margarine should be dyed purple, while Sen. Raymond Baldwin of Conn., holds out for a deep orange.

The Quiz Master

??? Test Your Skill ???

How many hunters are killed each year in the United States?

In an average year in the United States, approximately 800 hunters are killed and 2000 injured.

Who is the author of the song "There Will Be One Vacant Chair"?

This piece was composed at Thanksgiving, 1951, and published in Chicago. H. S. Washburn was responsible for the words and George F. Root for the music.

If scientists cannot see molecules, how do they know how large they are?

One way of determining the size of molecules is to find the least dense into which a known number of them can be squeezed. Another is by noting the average distance one travels before it hits another. The various methods agree very accurately.

Is the Indian population of the United States increasing?

Yes. There has been a steady increase of Indian population on reservations. This is largely due to health education and medical care.

Are any two things exactly alike?

Scientists generally state that there are no two objects in the world just exactly alike, no matter whether they are natural or artificial.

What is the number of foreign students presently enrolled in American colleges?

A total of 23,714 foreign students are now studying in this country. The students represent 130 countries and island groups and are scattered among 1068 colleges and universities.

How much of the land of Alaska is arable?

Alaska has about 55,000 square miles of potential farm lands and another 25,000 square miles suitable for grazing stock.

The Indianapolis Times

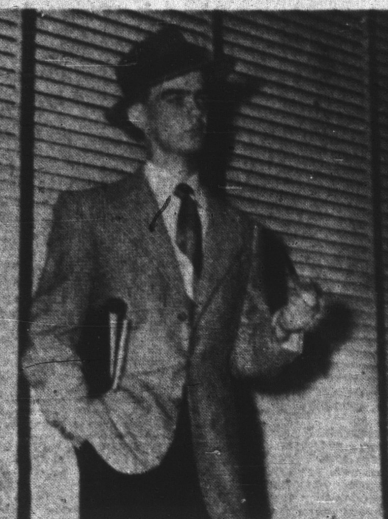
SECOND SECTION

MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1949

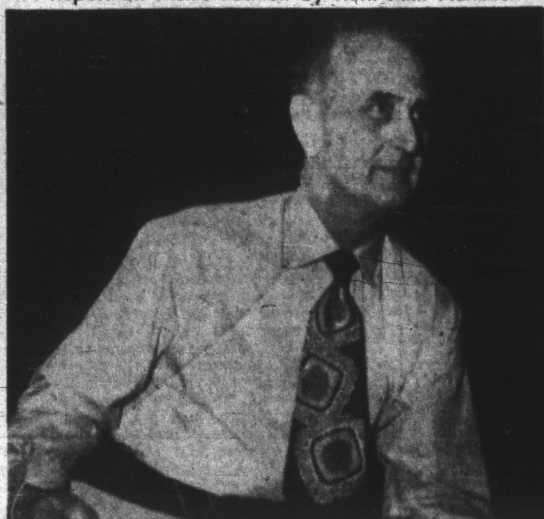
PAGE 9

Roomy, Versatile, Gay Clothes On Tap For Gents This Spring

A Report on Men's Fashion by Ruth Ann Hamilton



What are men wearing this season, or does anyone care? Women care. So do men, but they won't admit it. Here's Shideler Harpe with a three-button tweed sports jacket, worn with button-down shirt of Oxford cloth. And a hat. Hatters say you must have a hat this season. A new hat, that is.



This is the bold approach to neckwear. Paul Reed sports a bright four-in-hand against a solid color pastel shirt in new halo shade. Haberdashers are featuring the gay tie this season. Nothing less than brave are these cravats with sports scenes, hand painted panels of surrealist design. Impressionism dominates the arty tie.



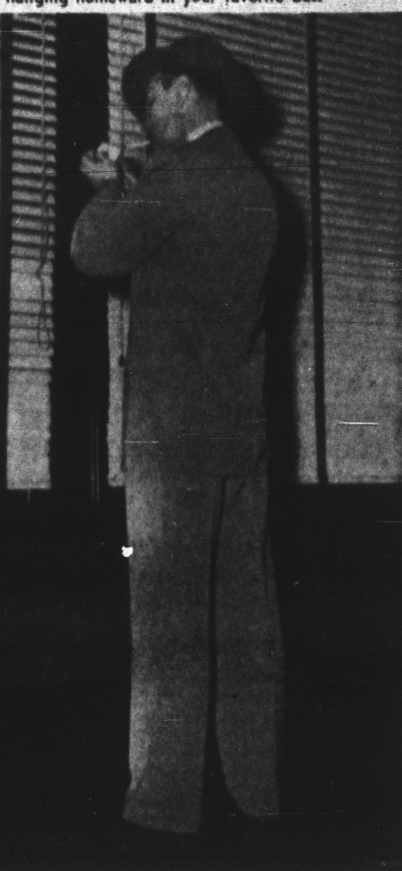
The four patch-pocket jacket is out front this spring. Wallace Nees selects a single-breasted one in light, soft Shetland wool. Four pockets instead of three means an extra pocket. There's enough room in W. Washington St. or strap-hanging homeward in your favorite bus.



High school tags are versatile. The new club collar on Don Shaw's polo shirt dresses it up enough for movie dates. But it has the ease and comfort of a T-shirt. The hat is pork-pie, modified.



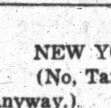
Gray with a bit of white is for men of all ages this spring. J. H. Steinmetz wears a suit of gray worsted with a thread of white yarn. It will remind you it's spring lest you forget on a chilly day. Neat.



The straight, easy cut of Gordon Raeburn's gray gabardine suit coat is full. No semi-zoot suit trends this year. Boxy is the word, with only a suggestion of contour. Draps and all that.

Artie Shaw Will Conduct Symphony in Temple of Bop

Beard-and-Beret Set Ignored by Night Club During Opening Week in Favor of Music for Long Hairs



NEW YORK, Apr. 4.—Artie Shaw is going to... (No, Taffy, no. Not get married again. Not just yet anyway.)

Artie, who gave up music forever, is going to conduct a symphony orchestra in a Broadway cafe.

This'll astonish all people who astonish easily.

Artie, the clarinet genius, will conduct this long-haired music at "Bop City," a new spot dedicated to the idea that everybody is entitled to his own brand of pain-in-the-neck.

Earl's Pearls

Saloon sign: "If the television performers look good to you, you've had enough to drink." ... Frankie Marlowe at the Strand contends that when you bet it all on the nose, you pay through yours.

Mr. Marlowe

hot for you. He'd let you play what you wanted to.

"So I said, 'Here's the deal. I got to play concert stuff. It'll cost dough.' They said O. K. So I threw one more curve.

"I said, 'No serving drinks while we're playing.' They said, 'That's rough, but O. K.'"

"It's a hell of a deal. Never been a place where you could relax over a drink and listen to good music.

"I'll get men from the Toscanini orchestra—finest men in the country."

"They'll link you with be-bop now," I said.

Berets, Whiskers

"THE STUFF about berets and the whiskers—what's that got to do with music?" Artie continued.

"It's some kind of outlet for exhibitionism.

"One night I went to the Royal Roost and talked to one be-bop kid there who had a little beard. I said, 'What do you want to wear



Artie Shaw

You see, this controversial be-bop—Benny Goodman likes it but Tommy Dorsey says it set music back 20 years—gets a big cafe in its honor Apr. 14.

Possibly fearing that hordes of people might be painfully apathetic, Ralph Watkins, Bop City boss, induced Shaw to put 40 symphonic musicians in the spot opening week.

"IT'S A switch," Artie said. "When they first asked me, I said, 'You know I'm through with dance music.'"

"They said, 'The guy's kinda that for'

Undated Date That Failed Too Much for Girl of 17

Ends Life Dressed in Her Very Best After Inducing Family to Go to Movies

PORT WASHINGTON, N. Y., Apr. 4 (UP)—Sharon Cate, a tall, auburn-haired 17-year-old with green eyes, was in love with a college freshman, Roderick Turner, also 17.

Rod was home on spring vacation from Cornell University and they had a date nearly every night last week.

But Saturday night Rod failed to call. Sharon dressed up in her best outfit, a powder-blue corduroy jumper and a frilly white blouse, and waited.

Giant Skyliner Crosses Atlantic in 12½-Hour Hop

LONDON, Apr. 4 (UP)—The world's largest commercial landplane, Pan American Airways' "Flying Cloud," landed here today on a maiden trans-Atlantic flight marked by slight engine trouble between Newfoundland and Ireland.

Fifty-nine persons, including a crew of 16, stepped down from the 71-ton sky giant after it landed at Heathrow Airport to complete an 80-minute flight from Shannon, Ireland.

DURING the 12½-hour trans-Atlantic flight, an oil leak forced chief pilot Capt. Robert D. Forgy of Valley Stream, L. I., to cut one engine and feather the propeller as a safety measure. Despite the cut, the plane landed 10 minutes ahead of schedule at Shannon.

The Stratocruiser's maiden voyage set the stage for regular trans-Atlantic flights by the 75-passenger double-deck plane, which some persons have nicknamed "Flying Cocktail Lounge."

Windsor in London For Family Visit

LONDON, Apr. 4 (UP)—The Duke of Windsor returned for a family visit today to the British royal residence at Sandringham, ruled as King Edward VIII for 11 months.

The Duke arrived on the overnight ferry train from Paris and drove to the home of his mother, Queen Mother Mary, with whom he will stay. He plans to visit his brother, King George VI, who is convalescing from a leg operation, and his favorite niece, Princess Elizabeth. He also will see for the first time his great nephew, Prince Charles, son of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Institution Inmates Say They're Tired of Venison

COLUMBUS, Ind., Apr. 4 (UP)—State Conservation Officer Ivan Bridgewater said today that inmates of Jackson County public institutions are sick and tired of venison.

Mr. Bridgewater was called to dispose of a deer killed on a highway near Seymour. The Conservation Department rules provide that the carcasses be offered to institutions as a free meat supply.

But none in Jackson County wanted the deer. They've had no more recently they're all tired of venison, Mr. Bridgewater said.