

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THE NEW INDIANA BELL telephone directory, which you weren't supposed to use until 1:30 a. m. yesterday, is obsolete.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 old 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-8861 (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 was 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 cashash... to ze office of Joe Emond, boss man of the directory department. The department that requires the fulltime services of 58 girls.

Since the directory was coming out officially Sunday, a visit to Mr. Emond, 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 The book you got yesterday is obsolete.

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 as 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 crowds 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 helpless 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."

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 astagh. What if the package burst? And spiled 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 tall and almost cadaverous Rep. L. Mendel Rivers of S. C. (who likes oleo) got into a battle with the pink-faced and poly-poly Rep. H. Carl Andersen 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 lawgivers could look at 'em.

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

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, 1861, 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 volume 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.

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

Mr. Emond was seated at his desk intently working over a loose-leaf book when I slapped 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 jibber-jabber short, we finally came in on the same beam. Oh, the new phone book... the one... yeh... yeh... oh, that one.

Mr. Emond lighted 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 microscopied 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. Emond 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. Emond 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 48 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.

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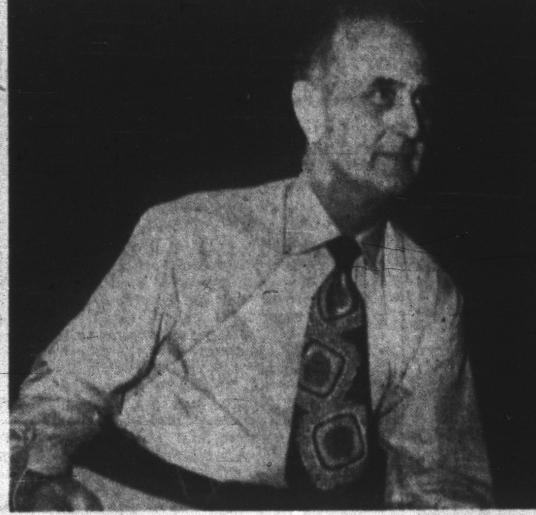
SECOND SECTION

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

A Report on Men's Fashion by Ruth Ann Hamilton



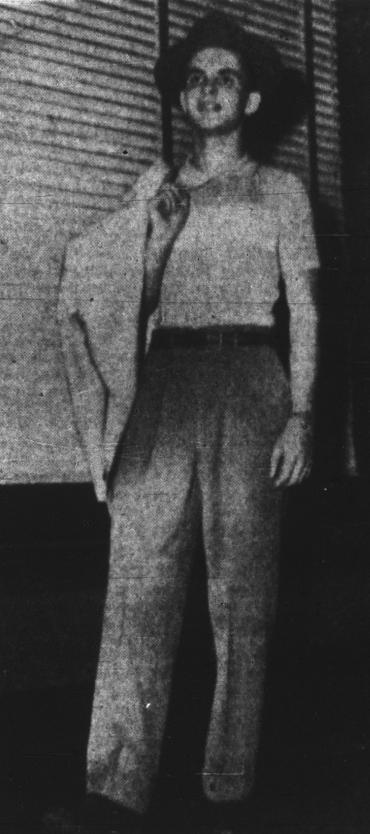
What are men wearing this season, or does anyone care? Women care. So do men, but they won't admit it. Here's Shideler Harpe with a three-button tweed sports jacket, worn with button-down shirt of Oxford cloth. And a hat. Hatters say you must have a hat this season. A new hat, that is.



This is the bold approach to neckwear. Paul Reed sports a bright four-in-hand against a solid color pastel shirt in new helio shade. Heberdashes 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 the shoulders for a golf swing, dodging traffic in W. Washington St. or strap-hanging homeward in your favorite bus.



High school togs 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 gabardine suit coat is full. No semi-zoot suit trends this year. Boxy is the word, with only a suggestion of contour. Drape and all that.



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

It Happened Last Night—

Artie Shaw Will Conduct Symphony in Temple of Bop

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



By Earl Wilson

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 beret-wearers who are crazy about be-bop music, and probably lots of other things.

"I think it's going to be one of the best things that ever happened to music," Artie told me this very a. m.

And I could tell you more about the great oleomargarine debate, but it hardly seems worth while. How many billions of words, literally, have been wasted by the lawgivers 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.

Let US not forget the freshly colored oleo of

Rep. Granger. He was getting softer by the minute and 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. Rep. Granger handed it to her, anyhow. She looked at it, sniffed at it, and placed it on the next seat. Then she vanished.

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