

Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

EXCEPT for having to chew on a few feathers, my visit with three feather merchants proved worthwhile. Aaachoo.

Probably the most interesting bit of information gleaned at the E. F. Burkle Co., 541 N. East St., was that pillows are to be used to support the head while sleeping. Imagine.

It's going to be tough but from now on I'm going to try not to squeeze, smash, twist, wrestle with my pillow and see what happens. Probably won't be able to sleep.

Walking into the productive section of a feather merchant's place of business is like walking into a snowstorm with the wind and the cold taken out of it. You feel a chorus of "Jingle Bells" tickling your ribs.

Air Thick With Flying Feathers

FRED PRUITT and Edward Thomas were in the process of finishing a pillow order. Feathers were flying all over the room and landing behind my collar. The last time I had seen so many loose feathers was at college. It cost the house over \$50 to replace what went up in a cloud of white and to this day I'm sorry I led the freshmen against the seniors.

A quick turn around the plant revealed a Rube Goldberg contraption which Fred said was a feather renovator. Right next to it was a bin, quite similar to the old-fashioned coal bin but, of course, there were feathers instead of coal in the bin.

In one corner of the room was a pile of mangy-looking pillows waiting to be put through the mill. A couple snooze bags were in even worse shape.

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Find Everything Except Money

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Many foreign materials are found while renovating feathers. It's not uncommon to find needles, rocks, pins, razor blades, corn cobs, pieces of bone (from boneheads, no doubt), and peanut brittle. Once Mr. Thomas retrieved a pair of scissors.

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"Do you make a pillow that's guaranteed to make a man sleep?" Burkle's doesn't go that far. No feather merchant does.

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"Here's another 'drop in the bucket' my order for 'You, Too,'" writes Mrs. Peter Grant, 357 W. 224 St. Every drop counts. Mrs. Grant. There were 17 yesterday for a total of 676. One of these days it's going to rain letters. Rome wasn't built in a day.

Snooze bag . . . Fred Pruitt, pillow maker, has plenty feathers in his cap.

Damp Distinction

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, Aug. 2—It is fine and refreshing to these bleary eyes to see the commotion starting again over a husky young doll's chances of swimming the patient old English Channel. I notice also that miniature golf is springing up again, 'yo, and all may not yet be lost in a world of atom-spurred confusion. Who knows, flagpole sitting may be just around the corner.

Miss Shirley May Frances is the newest candidate for damp distinction, and much fuss is being made over her. I understand she is a home-loving girl, who wants neither fame nor fortune for herself, that she is kind to her mother and delights in wearing blue jeans and loafers. This is completely in the tradition of Miss Gertrude Ederle, now middle-aged, ill and deaf.

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'Expert' Analyzed Her Diet

A CAPT. ALEX RUTHERFORD, who described himself in big black type as "famous British expert on the cross-channel swim," sent learned daily treatises, describing Ederle's diet and exercise, to Dr. Field Malone and Grover Whalen, and was given a gigantic tickertape parade, during which six people were stomped in varying degrees of seriousness. Offers totaling \$900,000 were waiting for her.

The bare beginnings of the German Bund paid her tribute as a German, and lawyer Malone presented the injection of Teutonic prejudice. She so many banquet meals that she fainted, later, and had to go to bed. On the day of her triumph, the New York Times played her in a top headline over "Coolidge to keep hands off Mexico and 'Delegation here to send aid to British miners.'

The world that day belonged to little Trudy Ederle, the butcher's daughter, and it was not such a lousy world, at that.

"I positively did not play my ukulele when I should have been swimming," Miss Ederle answered spiritedly.

Overtime

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2—Congress still is in session, or is it? Some experts say yes; others, equally as erudite, claim the gentlemen now passing laws are so many squatters going through motions that mean nothing at all.

The situation is a weird one. Three years ago Congress passed a law forcing itself to quit work every summer on July 31, unless the country was at war, or the President had proclaimed a state of emergency.

Republican chieftain Joe Martin of Massachusetts says the war was over four years ago, and, as for emergencies, all he's heard President Truman say is everything's swell. Unless Congress itself passes a concurrent resolution, which it hasn't, he fears that somebody may go to court and toss into the wastebasket all the laws passed after last Sunday. The theory would be—and they have to pardon the phrase, gentlemen—that they were adopted by an incompetent body, to wit: by Congress that didn't exist.

No Telling What Court Might Do

SILENT JOHN RANKIN, the Democratic statesman from Mississippi, agrees. He says no telling what the Supreme Court might do about this, if anybody suggested it. He points out that the court decided a few days ago that an alleged Communist who committed perjury before the House Un-American Activities Committee was not guilty. He perjured himself, all right, but the high court held that since some of the committee were out to lunch, a quorum wasn't present and the committee itself wasn't legal.

Speaker Sam Rayburn is inclined to shush the worriers. He says, and has so ruled formally, that no matter how many years have passed since

the shooting stopped, we're still technically at war. Yes, says Mr. Martin, and we probably will be for the rest of our natural lives unless Russia calms down. Furthermore, injects Mr. Rankin, who knows that the Supreme Court won't decide one day that the war is ended? Then where'll Congress be with its alleged laws?

These questions Speaker Sam ignores. He says not only are we at war, but we are in a national emergency. President Roosevelt declared that we were on May 27, 1941. That was eight years ago, and the speaker hasn't heard anybody in the White House say otherwise.

Plenty of Work Left

AND ALSO he does not care to prognosticate his word—about what the Supreme Court may do. Mr. Martin, Mr. Rankin and numerous others are shaking their heads, but, on the basis of the speaker's ruling, Congress still is on the job, seven months after it started.

It has a mountain of work left to do, too. Some of the biggest appropriation bills are yet to be passed; so is most of the welfare legislation for which Mr. Truman asked. The billions for ECA are tied up in committee again, the Javagivers are scheduling investigations to begin as though this were the start of the session instead of the end, and only the optimists now figure that Congress will adjourn by Labor Day.

Others set the date at Sept. 15, while the pessimists (who have watched the gentlemen at each other lately) don't expect the 81st Congress to give up until the leaves are sere and the first snows of winter have fallen.

It certainly would be awful if the courts held all this labor was for naught. Or, on second thought, would it?

??? Test Your Skill ???

Is the size of the American family decreasing?

The average size of the American family has been decreasing at the rate of two-tenths of a person each decade since 1890.

When did the San Francisco earthquake occur?

The San Francisco earthquake accompanied by fire occurred April 18, 1906. There were more than 500 dead and missing; property damage reached about \$300,000,000.

How soon after exposure to rabies will a dog first develop symptoms of the disease?

The first symptoms rarely appear in less than two weeks after exposure.

Has the authorship of the song "All Quiet on the Potomac Tonight" been definitely established?

There are many claimants to the authorship of this song. It was probably written by Maj. Lamar Fontaine, or by Mrs. Ethel Lyn Beers. The song was first printed in Harper's Weekly with the story that it had been found on a dead soldier.

The Indianapolis Times

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Long History Of Kopper Kettle Punctuated With Famous Names

A Rube Goldberg contraption which Fred said was a feather renovator where live steam and a gun-killing solution put new life in old feathers. From a wilted pillow tick, a handful of feathered gunk was taken. Mr. Pruitt shoved the mass at me and the reaction would have been the same had he held a little of rattler.

Mr. Thomas ran around to the other side of the bin and came back holding a wad of fluffy white down.

"That's the way this will look after it goes through the renovator," said Mr. Thomas. "There will be new life in the feathers." Good.

Goose feathers, they said, make an excellent pillow. Duck feathers make the next best while goose down, the stuff closest to the skin of a goose, makes the best. Chicken feathers, no. Horse feathers? Absolutely not.

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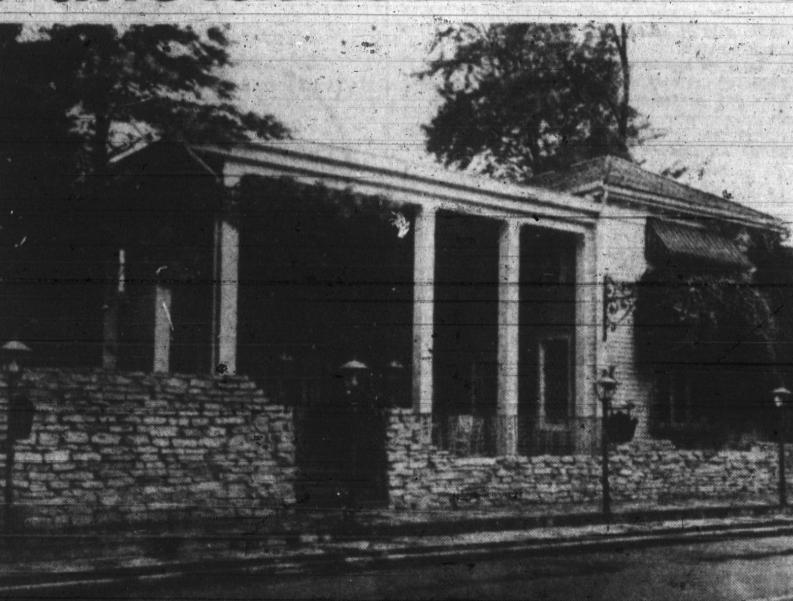
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Morristown's Kopper Kettle . . . more than 100 years old.

Specializes in Fried Chicken

By RUTH ANN HAMILTON

IN 1850, when Jenny Lind was making her first triumph on the gas-lit concert stages of America, a two-story grain warehouse in Morristown was serving Shelby county farmers as a storage place for crops.

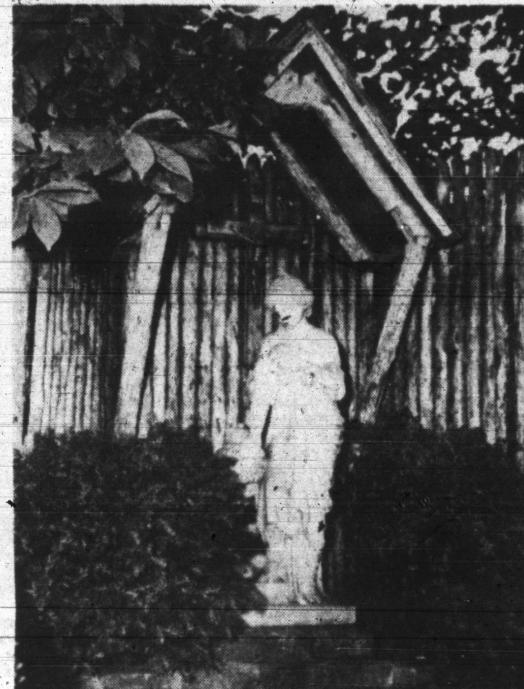
Ten years later, when Abraham Lincoln was a "dark horse" candidate for the presidency, Thornton and Betsy Rogers converted the Morristown warehouse into the Valley Inn, a welcome resting place for road-weary stagecoach travelers.

At the turn of the century, the old Knightstown railroad ran right past the window of the old hotel. Railroad men involved in the building of the Indianapolis-Cincinnati traction line still talk of the bounteous boarding house fare that loaded the tables there.

Today, under the ownership of Mrs. Robert F. Vredenburg, the old inn has a special place in the hearts of gourmets of many states and nations as Morristown's famous Kopper Kettle restaurant.

OPENED AS a restaurant by Mrs. Vredenburg in 1925, the house first specialized only in Hoosier fried chicken. Since then it's been enlarged to provide private dining rooms for banquets and meetings, and sizzling steaks are popular with the chicken.

Much of the Kopper Kettle's charm is in its setting. The furnishings chosen and planned entirely by Mrs. Vredenburg, are early American period pieces or rare art objects from abroad. There's a rose and crystal chandelier from the governor's palace of Mrs. Vredenburg's aunt, who was



Front garden grotto . . . old world charm.

served as a missionary in China for many years. And bits of white jade or priceless Dresden china markings place them in the reign of Louis XIV.

The kitchen is paved with slabs of all types of marble, representing nearly every marble-producing area in the world. In the family apartments upstairs there's a 600-year-old Chinese bed frame, finished in gold leaf and brought from the Orient by one of the Orient's most distinctive garden wedding plans, for the big stone fireplace inside the house makes an equally lovely—and equally popular—background for the ceremony.

The hostess . . . known to patrons simply as "Miss Meredith."



A corner of the French room.

Polio Causes Postponement Of GOP New Castle Rally

Ft. Wayne Reports Second Death Bringing State Total to 26; Cases Reach 255

A 10th District Republican rally scheduled Friday at New Castle was postponed indefinitely today because of the polio "epidemic" sweeping several counties of that district.

Meanwhile, Ft. Wayne reported its second death—that of 11-year-old Max Everett—bringing the state death toll to 26, according to Dr. W. C. Anderson of the State Board of Health.

He fixed Indiana's total number of cases at 255, with confirmation of 17 new cases yesterday. Four counties—Cass, Knox, Parke and Kosciusko—reported their first

The general manager was definitely by Mrs. Howard Harrington, 4950 Michigan Road, former president and board member of the SPCA.

Mr. Macfarlane revealed his resignation, effective Aug. 31, was the result of opposition to his policies.

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Following the announcement of the postponement of the Republican rally at New Castle, a county wide ban of public gatherings was issued in Randolph County, which is in the 10th district, and one of those hardest hit by polio.

Another 10th district county, Delaware, also has been forbidden to hold public gatherings.

A third county where crowds are banned is Jay County, which has

46 of the state's total of 223 cases.

No loss was reported at Muncie, Del., or at Evansville.

Damage was listed at \$50 in a residence at 1126 N. Senate Ave.

last night after fire in a bedroom.

Firemen were told that a roomer had been smoking in bed. His smoldering cigarette set fire to the bed clothing when he fell asleep.

Counties comprising the 10th district are: Decatur, Delaware, Fayette, Hancock, Henry, Randolph, Rush, Shelby, Union and Wayne.

Others Hard Hit

Other hard-hit counties besides Jay and Randolph and Delaware, each of which has 29 cases, are Muncie, Delaware County seat.

Ball State Teachers College announced its summer session for 1950 students would be continued on an individual study basis.

But Dr. Anderson was not only pessimistic at the police wave having topped the 250 mark.

"Unless the spread of the disease is at a much more rapid rate, the state is in a position to take care of the present cases," he said.

Meanwhile, funeral services were being arranged for Bias Kozewski, 61, a city newspaper vendor, who died of injuries suffered when he was struck by a car while riding his bicycle.

SALES MANAGER NAMED

The Bruckmann Brewing Co. of Cincinnati, has appointed George Louis Hohn, Indianapolis sales manager to succeed John Nieberding, who has been ap-

pointed to the 10th district manager.

He said the men came in

and stood around the doorway while one of them talked with him.

Shortly after their departure he discovered the money box had been taken from the open safe.

Mr. McCull supplied detailed descriptions to the police.

