

Hoosier Salesman Hears Lots of Things

And He Learns There's Modern Way to Clean a Fence Row

By John Loveland

I AM not a newspaperman; I am a salesman. Business takes me all over Indiana, and there are a lot of things a salesman thinks about while he is pounding the pavement.

He sees crops as they unfold. He smells spring in the air and hears the meadow larks long before you have shoveled the last snow from your sidewalks. He feels he has something special about him in the middle of June if he can drive along a ridge road and look down over a hillside of soft gray-green, mildly ripening oats.

He drives home in the dusk of a sultry midsummer day and, rolling down to a bridge over a stream, feels the coolness that flows from the lowland and woodlots as the mists begin to form. In the fall, it is he who first sees the long dipping and rising wedges of honkers as they point toward the southern marshes.

Room No. 10

HE DOESN'T always stay at the Warrens, the Lincolns, the Roberts, the Keenans, or the other so-called "better hosteries." If he's overnight in Greencastle, chances are he'll be at the Commercial and hope that he can get room No. 10, or one of the other rooms with bath.

He'll sit in the lobby after he's made his reports to the home office, and he'll hear a lot of wild tales, some worse than others. He'll think about home and the youngsters, and that's going on in "good old Indianapolis" and yet if he only knew, there are a lot of people who have worked hard at their job in "good old Indianapolis" who have come home, eaten supper, and have paused before reading the evening news to wonder what's going on in "good old Greencastle" or in "good old Salem" or in "good old Wanatah."

That is (as the man says) precisely why I am here. If I get around, and I often do, and I tell you something I saw while in your own home neighborhood, we'll both be on common ground.

You won't be bothered by statistics, because I don't think as I tell them without waiting for a purpose to give me a fact or a figure. If I happen into Sheridan and I learn that O. T. Karchival is at the farm making sure the corn is going into the ground with the right amount of fertilizer, I'll not come up with something like this: "Local authorities estimate 72% of the corn crop in Hamilton County has now been planted and a bumper crop is assured."

Expert Staff

AN EXPERT has often been described as an ordinary mechanic strayed 15 miles from home. I won't pose as an expert on anything, because I don't get away from home till I'm over the state line. (Shhhh—you ought to hear what they think of me in Danville, though.)

My hope is to pass on to you some of the things that appear around the state. If you go to the right places, you can hear some of the dog-gonest things. They are not usually side-splitting, but if you're out of a Hoosier community and retain the sense of humor, you'll know I have fun listening.

In a restaurant in Mace the other day there was a group discussing the price a friend had paid for some land.

"What's the matter with her, did she think there was gold dust on them hills?"

"No it must've been the rich colonial air about that big house."

A salesman hears a lot of interesting things as he keeps his ears open, and once in a while he gets an order.

Look at Junior

THE FIRST part of August is a bewitching and beweasen season on the farm. Some clover is ready for a second cutting, but the small grains are pretty well harvested. If you're a farmer who firmly believes in improving each shining hour you're out with the weed hook cleaning out fence rows, or else you've sent Junior out to do that job.

If you're a traveling salesman and driving north on U. S. 31 north of Westfield and you see Junior standing up there with his scythe, taking his cut at the horse weeds instead of standing out on the diamond taking his cut at the horsehide, you'll begin running an old song over and over in your mind: "How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm?"

If I'd been on my ioes, the thing to have done would be to stop and ask Junior his name so I could tell you, but the way he stood there, eight foot corn on his right, and fence on his left, taking short wicked swipes at the fence row species of native flora, it didn't seem advisable to engage him in conversation. Personally I have a high regard for the boy, whoever he may be; that was an awfully long fence row.

On Haying Technique

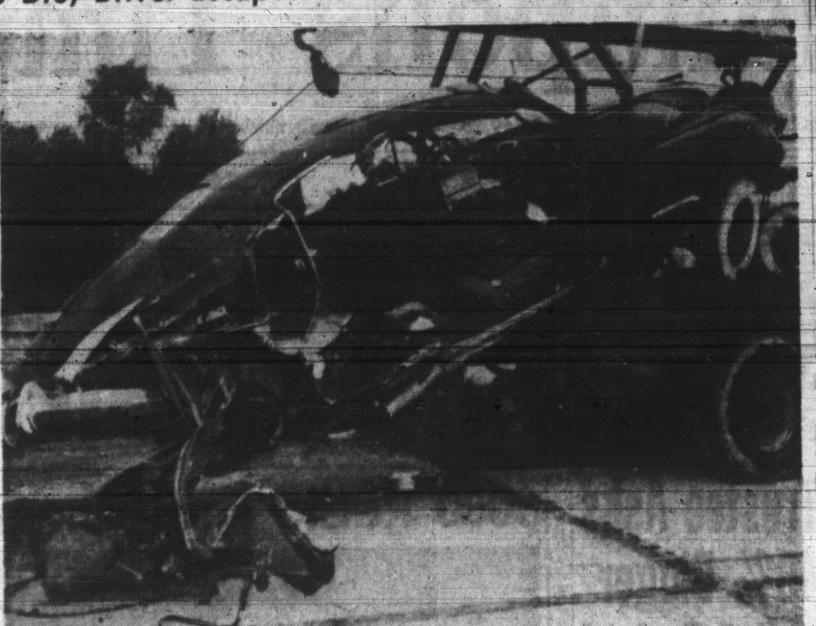
"HOW YA gonna keep 'em down on the farm?" kept ringing back to me over and over all the way through Kokomo, Galveston, past Lincoln Elevator, and on to Walton where I found Wayne Snell, confronted with much the same problem. He was busy passing out chain links, muzzles, and baler twine.

About this time, there began to appear a few evidences of a definite move to "keep the boys on the farm—and happy. One soul was made happy after he came in to report trouble with his baler. Gene Harvey, service salesman said:

"Come on we'll go right out, and fix it so you can get going again." And he did.

There are a lot of good balers on the market now, and the more up-to-date models pick up the hay or straw from the windrow, pack it into a nice tight bale, weighing from 75 to 100 pounds, tie it with twine or wire, and push it up into a wagon without

3 Die, Driver Escapes as Car Crashes Into Bridge



Three members of a Cleveland, O., family were killed but the driver was only slightly hurt yesterday when this car crashed into a bridge on U. S. 40, six miles west of Plainfield. Killed were Charlie Anderson, 50, his wife, Clara, and Sylvia Ann Foster, their 7-year-old granddaughter. The driver, William Foster, 22, a grandson, was released from General Hospital after first aid.

Three Arrested, 4 Hurt in Traffic

Officer Hails Cab To Catch Motorist

Four persons were injured and three drivers arrested in Indianapolis traffic late yesterday.

Melvin W. White, 36, of 406 N. Parker St., was in General Hospital with severe face and arm injuries after falling from a motorcycle at U. S. 31 and Gilbert St.

Leslie Barnard, 37, of 1538 S. Tibbs St., a passenger on the motorcycle, said the driver lost control. Mr. Barnard was uninjured.

Mrs. Violet Wall, 44, of R. R. 4, sustained head and leg injuries when a car operated by her husband, John, 46, struck a bridge on Pleasant Run Pkwy. and Indiana 37. She was admitted to Methodist Hospital.

Mr. Wall, who was uninjured, told police he hit the bridge while attempting to pass a truck.

Harvey J. Haddox, 66, of 1520 W. Washington St., was charged while drunk, operating a car while drunk, and reckless driving late yesterday after a traffic policeman chased him several blocks in a taxi cab.

Patricia John R. Horne, on duty at Meridian and Washington Sts., said he noticed Haddox driving recklessly as he crossed the intersection. The officer haled a taxicab and stopped Haddox at Delaware and Market Sts.

Knocked Off Motorcycle

Two motorists were arrested and two persons were injured in separate accidents in the vicinity of West and North Sts.

Mannie Davis, 17, of 2081 Highland Ave., was treated at General Hospital for ankle injuries received when she was knocked from a motorcycle she was riding with Walter Clemons, 20, of 450 N. Senate Ave.

They were struck at North and West Sts. by a car driven by George McGehee, 57, of 1061 N. Elder Ave. McGehee was charged with drunkenness. Mr. Clemons was uninjured.

Caroline Amos, 9, of 450 Douglas St., was admitted to General Hospital with head injuries received when struck by a car in the 800 block N. West St. The vehicle was operated by Wilbur Cuthrell, 43, of 802 N. Locke St. He was charged with vagrancy.

Police Chief C. Floyd Eddins said the Negroes had received a two-hour advance and had entrenched themselves behind closed doors. He said they fired several shots at the automobile.

City Commissioner Eugene (Bull) Connor, who had championed a new zoning law passed only last Tuesday, had warned that "there will be bloodshed" if the zoning problem were not straightened out.

WATER RESTORED

SESSER, Ill., Aug. 13 (UPI)—Water service was restored to Sesser today after its 2,200 residents had been without city water for nearly 31 hours because of a break in an eight-inch main.

Kids' Baseball Stand Earns \$30 for Polio Fund



John Tucker (right), 2253 S. Meridian St., tests his skill at throwing a ball into a box near his home, where he and his buddies have set up a stand and raised \$30 for the Riley Memorial Polio Fund. Standing (left to right) are Ronald Harris, 2251 S. Meridian St.; Bob Thompson, 2280 S. Meridian St., and Vincent Reja, 2261 Union St. Kneeling are Harvey Renforth, 844 N. Sherman Drive and Lowell Harris, 2251 S. Meridian St.