

Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola



THE FIRST CONTEST held under the Indiana Brickmason Apprentice Competition tent at the Fairgrounds yesterday was fixed.

Furthermore, it can be charged that the two judges for the first bricklaying round were biased, prejudiced, easily swayed.

These charges cannot be refuted. I witnessed the fixing of the first contest and saw how Judges Orville Bowers and Frank Hankins were swayed by one bricklayer.

It must be brought out that the bricklayer, Carla Jean Stout, Butler University junior, is completely innocent except for the fact that she has what it takes to turn a man's head. That's not her fault.

Fixed Contest

AS TO THE first charge, the reason I know so much about it is that I did the fixing. Fixed, the contest so well that Carla Jean beat me laying bricks, something she claimed to know absolutely nothing about.

The whole business began when F. Donald Jacks, secretary of the apprentice organization, recognized me among the spectators watching men lay brick and gave me the raspberries. Right in front of half a hundred people he made it plain that he thought I was a big bag of wind.

"Hello Jack of all trades and master of none," he shouted. The truth stung me to the quick and a plan was born which would see "Jack" a champion.

"I'll be back."

And back it was. Carla Jean was a bit perplexed. Little wonder, too. I told her it was a publicity stunt and told her the contest was fixed so she would win.

Mr. Jacks protested at first that it was unfair to pit Carla Jean, who had never had a trowel in her hand, against someone who had. He was convinced that I was fibbing when I said a brick was never laid by me. He was right.

Mr. Bowers and Mr. Hankins, oldtimers in the bricklaying business, listened to the discussion a minute and made it known that the contest should be allowed to go on.

"We'll act as judges," said Mr. Hankins, casting an eye at blond Carla, "let them go ahead."

Mr. Jacks seemed to hesitate for a moment and then suddenly he was all for the bricklaying contest. That's when I had the feeling the judges and Mr. Jacks saw eye to eye and Carla was the winner before she even had a trowel in her hand.

"Mortar?" ordered someone in the rear while Mr. Jacks rushed to the public address system and announced the contest. He named Mr. Bowers as my coach and Mr. Hankins as Carla Jean's coach. There was a note of laughter in his voice. He was sure of something and getting a big kick out of it.

The object was to lay three rows of bricks. No half bricks or corners. This would require approximately 15 bricks. The first one to finish was the champion.

Mr. Hankins showed Carla how to hold a trowel, how to pick up mortar and spread it. He was practically working overtime. Mr. Bowers,

The winnah . . . Carla Jean Stout smiles at the judges before a brick-laying contest and it's all over but the shouting.

my coach, told me a few things. One pertinent fact which I had difficulty trying to apply to the situation of the moment, was that he had a hambuger the night before which kept him awake half the night. See what I mean?

However, steeling myself and trying hard to remember what the men on the Times Building showed me a couple months ago, I waited for the signal to start. Many people crowded around the brick wall. Another handicap. Cheating, under the watchful eyes of spectators, would be hazardous. A house brick is much more lethal than a pop bottle.

A Downright Fib

"GO."

Carla Jean let out a squeal of high-pitched laughter which threw me off. My first trowelful of mortar squished to the ground. Mr. Hankins was "showing" her how to spread mortar for the bottom row of bricks by doing it all himself.

Every time I got going pretty good Mr. Bowers would nudge me and say that the redhead was waving at me. When I refused to bite on that he would throw me off my stride by telling me how well the line of bricks was being laid. Talk about an open-faced fib.

The judges refused to tell me the time. They simply announced that Carla Jean Stout was the winner. The crowd, mostly men, applauded.

My opponent, fresh and unrefined, with not one gob of mortar on her, returned to the Administration Building where she is doing typing work.

The loser, ruffled and weary, went behind the cattle barn to clean mortar.

* * *

Six requests for "You Too" make it 1697 accounted for and 2834 unaccounted. Those votes are out there someplace, I know.

Smiling City

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK. Sept. 8—Your correspondent is feeling pretty smug today, as he contemplates a body unblemished by insect bites, ivy rash, sunburn, or athletically acquired contusion. His digestion is unruled by the hotdog, the picnic lunch or the alcoholically prepared barbecue. His disposition is sunny, since he wrestled with no long lanes of country bound traffic.

This miracle occurred simply. For the first time in his life he had sense enough to stay home over a Labor Day weekend. It was cool, and it was quiet. The lazy bum got some work done—some letters answered, some mail read. That accounts for the smugness, because nobody feels as noble as a guy who hates work when he has actually performed some labor.

Leisurely, Uncrowded Fun

THE DOUBLE-FEATURED movies were cool and uncrowded. Mr. W. C. Fields is funnier posthumously, than he was when he was alive. Mr. Groucho Marx, in "A Night at the Opera," is still convincing to his fans. Master Noel Coward is as suavely evil in "The Scoundrel" as I remembered from 10 years back. Errol Flynn swashes as many buckles as ever, in the ancient "Robin Hood."

It seems to me that I had forgotten the fun a fellow can find in a penny arcade, and you are looking at the uncrowned champion of the tommy gun range. The zoo is inviting, as always, and Central Park looked mighty pretty from a speeding taxicab. A big fat moon did some magic things to the skyscrapers, and the radio played some real nice music. Even the television set had a change of heart and decided to behave.

An expense account had been troubling me vaguely, for months—and ulcerating the auditors considerably more—and even that got tended to. In the midst of my struggle with the swindle, it suddenly occurred that grappling an expense account is about as much fun as catching no fish at all when fish-catching is the point of the weekend. At worst, it is considerably more intriguing than a spirited battle with a stagnant line of

Troubles Are Far, Far Away

IT WAS, suddenly, as if the city had been released from a gag, and had begun to breathe again. The five per cent hearings seemed far away; Marshal Tito's troubles with the Soviet seemed foggy; all the din and denunciation which has daily assailed us since the war seemed hazy and unimportant.

The air was crisp and tangy and zestful with the old-worlde promise of autumn in New York. I feel a little sorry for the folks who left the city. I don't think you could have topped New York as a place to spend a long weekend.

How About Busses? By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8—The Air Force figures that it'll cost the taxpayers \$25,000 to fly some junketing Senators in a military transport from Cairo to Tokyo. Great jumping Jehoshaphat!

How many more hundreds of thousands go up in high-test gasoline smoke to keep assorted other federal bigwigs in the air nobody knows. But I can produce some hints, including a personally embarrassing one of whopping proportions, and I think we'd be ahead of the game if we made off-claim travel by bus.

You may remember a while back when the Army announced it intended to see how fast it could send a four-motorized transport plane around the world. It invited three reporters to go along, including me. I never did know for sure what good it did for a trio of correspondents to buzz around the equator in less than a week, including a two-in-one aerial view of the Pyramids in Egypt and a ride across China without ever seeing a Chinese. But if it costs \$25,000 to fly from Cairo to Tokyo, then our little junket must have nickel the government at least \$100,000. Wasn't worth it. And I'm feeling apologetic.

Others Take Skyrdes

NOBODY ELSE is. Generals and admirals fly all over the globe on official business. President Truman travels in one of the de luxiest flying machines ever built. Alben W. Barkley, the Veep, courts his St. Louis lady friend in a converted B-17 bomber. Secretary of Treasury John Snyder rides in a two-motorized ship of the Coast Guard. Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer flies with the greatest of ease in a DC-3 of the Civil Aeronautics Administration. And so on, almost throughout the government.

A federal agency must be dinky, indeed, not to have a flying machine or two handy for the

head men. If it doesn't it usually can borrow one from the military.

The statisticians figure that a DC-3, such as that of the Commerce Secretary, costs around \$100 per hour to keep in the air. The big jobs, like Mr. Truman's Independence, cost at least \$175 every 60 minutes. Nobody'd give me an estimate on the Veep's flying station wagon.

The Air Force is high flying by high flying officials of the late and unlamented War Assets Administration. The comment was more amused than irate when Mr. Barkley piled a jazz band into his ship for a party he tossed at the ancestral acres in Paducah, Ky. Secretary Sawyer laughed off criticism of his frequent week-ends in Cincinnati, via the flying machine with eight seats, a davenport, and a desk. The trouble here seemed to be that the Secretary liked to spend his Sundays in Ohio while his pilot preferred going to church in Washington. This resulted in two round trips every time the Secretary lit out for home.

Reports Car Looted

An hour later, Alvin Lindstrom, of Lafayette, Ind., reported that his car had been looted while he attended a theater at 3760 W. Washington St. He came to the jail and identified a raincoat, a jacket, an Indian blanket, and a set of tools.

Deputies said many other articles, including automobile parts, remained unidentified and asked persons whose cars had been looted to investigate.

The three suspects were held in \$100 bonds for vagrancy and the boy was turned over to Juvenile Aid authorities.

Well, maybe. All I know, gentlemen, is a bus ticket's cheaper.

How did the butcher bird receive its name?

It's name is derived from the habit of sticking its extra food upon thorns and leaving it there, much as a butcher hangs up his meat.

Where do we keep the Declaration of Independence?

In the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C. The declaration is protected from light by amber-colored plates of glass to prevent further fading.

How many national parks do we now have in this country?

The United States maintains 27 national parks. Yellowstone was established in 1872 as our first national park. Rabbits should not be lifted by the ears.

What is the flower of the District of Columbia?

The American Beauty Rose.

How is the proper way to lift a rabbit?

The best way is by the loose skin at the back of the neck, at the same time supporting the hind part of the animal by placing one hand under the hind feet. Rabbits should not be lifted by the ears.

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