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Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

LIFE ON A college campus would be so much simpler if girls weren't hungry. Especially late in the evening and on date nights.

For several years I've had a sneaking idea that was the case. Recently, from curiosity about the current trend, Butler University coeds and sports were questioned.

Hunger is still a problem and "It's getting late, we better go or you won't be in on time," is still the No. 1 excuse to hold on to that precious buck. Hold on to it so a BMO (Big Man On Campus) can go out with the boys and feed his face.

Statistics laid out cold and black show that a girl stands a good chance of getting something to eat once in three dates. The average goes down sharply after a girl takes a fraternity pin and starts going steady.

By food, we must include potato chips, salami, peanuts, popcorn, hamburgers, hot dogs, salami and an occasional batch of home-made cookies that came from home in the laundry bag. Steaks and allied delicacies form such a minute part of the over-all percentage that it's a waste of time to bother with that column.

Comes the Night of Nights

THERE IS A NIGHT of nights, however, that both sides concede of being something special at Butler. It is Panhellenic Night. The girls take the boys out and foot the bill for the entire evening. Without exception, all men within the scope of this survey expressed satisfaction at the arrangement. The sky is the limit. After all, the argument, don't the men pay and pay the rest of the year?

The girls are not as enthusiastic in the indorsement but do admit on Panhellenic Night they "eat." Well, why shouldn't they?



Gee, it's late . . . Betty Coed often must go home hungry after a date because there's no time to eat. So says Joe.

Worrisome Week

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, Oct. 1—This has been a week of tremendous significance, not one to be lightly passed or easily forgotten. It began auspiciously, I thought, when Humphrey Bogart, slightly jubilant, wandered into El Morocco, bearing a toy panda, and accompanied by a gentleman friend who also carried a toy panda in lieu of female escort.

Somewhere, somehow, civil liberties got twisted up into this one, and the right of man to escort a panda was challenged. Two models—they are always described as models, beautiful models, laid violent hands-on Bogey's panda, and there was a fine, New York-type ginnill confusion.

The beautiful models, suitably attired in bruises, showed up next day with a lawsuit, and the companion of one, described as socialite John Jelke, the thrice, gained undying immortality in the prints. His handsome photo carried the descriptive passage: "Almost mixed with Humphrey."

A New Form of Bravery

THIS PLACES a fresh classification on bravery. When a man "almost mixed" with a celebrated tough guy, that is almost as brave as sneering at Joe Louis from a ringside pew. It stands somewhere between cowardly flight and open hostility. I intend to practice it myself, in future. There is literally a score of fellows I intend to almost mix with.

As if the week were not already rich enough in excitement, we had the tidings that Dear David, the Marquis of Miford Haven, had chosen as his bride an American divorcee name of Simpson, which just seemed too unutterable chic to be borne by us commoners. I am pleased that the royal family reversed precedent by blessing the union of the Marquis and the newest Mrs. Simpson, and I am also enchanted by the idea that El Morocco, having lost a customer in Mr. Bogart, gains a new one in Mrs. Simpson. I guess Mrs. Simpson is probably the only glamor lady in New York who has not been to Morocco in company with the Marquis, who sells stoves and writes of the failings of American living.

My international wires being fouled momentarily, I cannot know whether the British upper crust reaction to the pound's devaluation has fetched forth a rash of democratic activity, but the Earl

of Harewood, who stands 11th in line to the throne, solidified himself with the masses by taking to wife a 22-year-old commoner named Marion Stein. Apart from my natural horror at decreasing the indigo content of the royal blood, I was appalled to learn that the bride's parents lived in a three-floor walkup. It seems to me that if socialism goes on much longer, the Empress has had it.

It was, even on this side of the water, a shattering seven days. Lila Leeds, the charming girl who went to jail with Robert Mitchum for smoking marijuana, seems inclined to sing out on the Coast as the result of some sort of injury into the hot-toty night life there. I just sit here and shudder over a shameful comment of Hedda Hopper, to the effect that "if Lila Leeds spills all she knows, it will drag in the name of a very prominent and beloved Hollywood man who's already paid more than \$100,000 in blackmail." You worry about the atom, Junior, I got enough to sweat out already.

Well, little Rae Scarborough down in Washington gave it to the Boston Red Sox very good, for the second straight year. Little Rae, playing for the worst ball team in the majors, maybe even the minors, beat the Boston as the Yanks were winning, and perpetuated his legend as a giant-killer. It was Rae who knocked the Sox out of the pennant last year this time with the same sort of victory, and I guess the only way the Red Sox can handle him is to buy him.

There Was Trifling News, Too

THERE WAS some muttering around, which I didn't catch, about steel and coal strikes and the Ford pension plan, and I do believe Mr. Truman flew to Missouri again to attend a Masonic meeting and a political shindig. There was some incoherent stuff about raising the pay of the Cabinet ministers and some deputies tossed some gas grenades at some pickets somewhere, but not much of it rubbed off.

They keep mumbling about the Reds and the A-bomb and there was something, I disremember what, about Tito and Stalin calling off their lovely friendship, but it all got overshadowed by DiMaggio's return to semi-health. I tell you, this last one was a real rough week.

Senators Must Eat By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1—The hour was late in the U. S. Senate. The winds blew. And perhaps it was just as well there were no waiters to feed the hungry gentlemen because the menu in their darkened restaurant featured—horrid thought—hamburger.

The lawgivers were trying to decide whether to raise the wages of the government's hot-shots (the ones who ride in official limousines) and, if so, how much. Time and again Sen. Claude Pepper of Florida had sought to expound on this subject, only to be interrupted.

Sen. Matthew M. Neely of West Virginia urged that an announcement be made. "It would be as follows," he said. "The eminent Senator from Florida, whose words are always like apples in gold in pictures of silver, would complete his eloquent address, which has been interrupted by numerous inquiries and comment. Subsequently is unlimited, tedious, tasteless verbosity, which is obviously in process of incubation, would be repressed to extinction, unwept, unhonored and un Sung."

He Can't Get a Meal

SEN. PEPPER got to finish his speech; his apples of gold are available in the Congressional Record. And Sen. Scott W. Lucas of Illinois, the Democratic chieftain, sneaked downstairs for supper.

The restaurant was closed, because how did the management know the Senators would spend half the night making speeches at each other? Sen. Lucas couldn't even find a peanut candy bar. He came back fuming.

"If the management of the restaurant cannot arrange to serve Senators who desire to stay for a night session and eat dinner in the restaurant," he said, "then we had better have a new management."

Sen. Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska, the Republican leader, who'd had nothing to eat, either, said if the gentleman from Illinois had notified the luncheons that he intended to keep the Senate in session half the night, there'd have been some

waiters on the job. Sen. Lucas said he did notify the restaurant. And still the waiters were home in bed.

Sen. William Langer of North Dakota, whose principal diet seems to be cigars, which he chews unlighted and with their cellulose wrappers intact, had some remarks on food. He said it was necessary to raise federal salaries so the clerks could eat.

A number of witnesses came before our committee and said they had not gotten butter more than once a month and they had not had any meat at all and that they tried to live on the stuff that is called hamburger in this section of the country.

"Under the Democratic administration many people selling hamburger put sawdust in it to try to make it stick together. But in the part of the country from which I come, in North Dakota, where people get good beef, when they make a sandwich and use real beef, a sandwich of that sort can be picked up and handled and it will not fall apart.

"But the stuff that is sold for hamburger in the part of the country around Washington is like soap. It cannot be handled with a fork, but a spoon must be used."

They're Still Arguing

ULP. The gentlemen were beginning to lose their appetites. Sen. George D. Aiken of Vermont finished off all their thoughts of food.

"The Senator from North Dakota will not forget, I am sure, he said, "that at the Department of Agriculture cafeteria the employees round that sort were being served lard colored yellow to look like butter."

Sen. Langer said, yes, he remembered that well. And as the rainy night progressed, the winds continued to blow. At this writing, 12 hours later, the Senators are still arguing about those pay raises. Plenty of waiters are standing by to feed 'em, but the hamburger has disappeared from the bill of fare. In its place: Beef stew, 85 cents.

Church Leaders Will Hear Methodist Bishops

Bishop Richard C. Raines of the "Teaching and Preaching Missions" under the Methodist Area and two other Methodist bishops will address an expected total of 8,500 for Christ and His Church. Speakers will deal with the theme, "Our Faith," the Methodist emphasis for this year. A special youth banquet also is scheduled.

The other two bishops are W. C. Martin, Dallas, Tex., and A. F. Smith, Houston, Tex.

In addition to the bishops, speakers will include Mrs. Frank Anderson.

Want a 'Special Day' Proclaimed?

Write a Letter
To Gov. Schricker

By IRVING LEIBOWITZ
NOW and then Gov. Schricker calls upon each and every Hoosier to observe some special day he proclaims.

There was a time I would have said yes. Fortunately with the passing of years, a man's ideas change. Liquids with a malt base might be considered food in this man's opinion.

"But I'm not 21," groaned the young man. Several buddies began coughing vigorously. For no reason at all they began coughing and sputtering.

On the first date a coed stands a better chance of being offered sustenance. A blind date, who in the opinion of the girl who did the fixing, has a wonderful personality, doesn't have a chance of entering her campus home full of drive-in giblets.

Forty-nine out of 50 men are responsible for the statement.

No. 35, a young gentleman with the numerals "52" on his chest, obviously a gent of some accomplishment, had trouble remembering if he ever purchased real food for a date after an evening of stimulating companionship. Finally he asked if Coke might not be considered as food.

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No. 35, a stalwart youth with confidence and poise to burn, reported that his girl was never hungry. She never wanted to eat late at night. Thrift was her middle name, practically. Further investigation and interrogation revealed the boy was hooked. Just as soon as possible No. 35 was ready to marry the girl. Doughnuts will get you a filet that she gets hungry one of these days.

From the boys it was learned a girl could eat once in three dates or three in nine. The same number of girls, 50, filled my notebook with figures and numbers and to my great surprise came up with results that were reassuring. Out of 10 dates, it seems a girl will get fed four times.

These special observances are supposed to glorify flowers, make Indiana home conscious and pay tribute to an explorer.

More than 50 proclamations have been issued this year.

The Governor has out his signature on Patriot's Day, Army Day, Maritime Day, Flying Day, Constitution Day, V-J Day, GAR Day, I Am An American Day, Good American Week, and National Security Week.

HUMANE SUNDAY was proclaimed by Gov. Schricker a few months back to emphasize Kind to Animals Week.

The state has observed days for mothers, fathers and grandmothers.

Miss Georgia Bookidis and Mrs. Virginia Crume, the secretaries who have a great deal to do with typing the proclamations, agree that perhaps one more special day should be proclaimed.

"No Proclamation Day."

Broad Ripple Sets Book Program

Series to Open
Tomorrow Evening

The fourth consecutive year of Great Books programs held at Broad Ripple High School will begin at 7:30 p. m. tomorrow when a first-year class meets in the school cafeteria.

The Times will announce other first-year classes in Great Books study as first sessions meet in the city within the next several weeks.

Great Books classes are free Mr. Stahl and open to the public. No educational requirements are necessary. The movement has had a rapid growth since its introduction into Indianapolis five years ago.

Edgar Stahl, Broad Ripple High vice principal, will be assisted in conducting the school classes by Ruth B. Carter, Lawrence Surface, Alexander Moore, Miss Marthana McWhir, Mrs. Elmer Beeler, Mrs. Bennett Kraft and Mrs. John Campbell.

**Old Stomach Acid Pains
Make Jack Sprat Eat No Fat?**
Mother dear, "Jack Sprat" who eat no fat makes you other pains should read this message of hope. If excess stomach acidity causes you discomfort, cramps, indigestion, heartburn, or even stomach acid pains, then try Uges for quick relief. Uges Tablets contain a new formula—Uges. Take one tablet, like a doctor's prescription. Uges works soothly and fast. More than 20 million people take Uges. Get the book of Uges and if you, too, don't get instant relief within 1/2 hour, you get DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK.

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January, 1948, shortly before the company went into bankruptcy. He was arrested 10 months later at Niagara Falls, Ontario.

Boardwalk Auctioneer
Accused of Million Gyp

CAMDEN, N. J., Oct. 1 (UPI)—

A federal grand jury indictment today charged Harold A. Brand, 61, Atlantic City, N. J., with an alleged \$1 million swindle growing from the bankruptcy of his son's Boardwalk auction house.

Also named in some of the nine indictments were Mr. Brand's wife, Jane; their son, Robert; Edith Singer, Mr. Brand's secretary; James Carroll, a salesman at the auction house; and Samuel Freedman, counsel for Mr. Brand's firm.

Mr. Brand fled the country in

January, 1948, shortly before the company went into bankruptcy. He was arrested 10 months later at Niagara Falls, Ontario.

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