



# The Indianapolis Times

60th YEAR—NUMBER 235

FORECAST: Cloudy, colder tonight. Clearing, cool tomorrow. Low tonight, 30. High tomorrow, 45.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1949

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**FINAL  
HOME**

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Tenement Fire Takes 6 Lives In Cincinnati

### 7 Others Overcome Or Hurt as Flames Sweep Upper Floors

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 2 (UPI)—Six persons were killed and seven others were overcome or injured early today when fire swept the upper floors of a three-story downtown tenement.

Firemen said five of the dead burned to death in their third-floor apartments. The sixth victim died after she leaped from the top floor.

None of those injured or overcome was believed in serious condition at General Hospital.

Firemen said the blaze started when a cigarette was accidentally dropped in a couch in a hallway on the first floor. The flames shot up the stairway, trapping occupants on the upper floors.

Damage was confined mostly to the third floor and firemen estimated loss at \$2000. Fifteen persons lived in the building.

Carl McBeath said his wife saved his life by pushing him from a window. She and her son, James, died in the fire. Mr. McBeath was burned slightly.

## Cold Front to Send Mercury to 30

### LOCAL TEMPERATURES

6 a.m. 40 10 a.m. 51  
7 a.m. 40 11 a.m. 54  
8 a.m. 45 12 (Noon) 50  
9 a.m. 47 1 p.m. 50

A cold front tonight will cloud Indianapolis skies and send the mercury dipping to 30, the Weather Bureau said today.

Mostly cloudy skies and colder weather tonight will follow today's high of 53.

As skies clear tomorrow, the mercury will rise to 45.

Frost missed Indianapolis last night, but an earlier front here invaded the deep South. Scattered frost reached as far as New Orleans, where the mercury dipped to 38, and Meridian, Miss., which recorded 32. Frost is expected here tonight.

## Strikers Agree To Street Paving

Mayor Al Fenney made a deal today with striking ready-mixed concrete truckers to finish resurfacing two streets.

The Mayor called Ernest Carlson, president of the ready-mix unit of the Teamsters Union, and got permission to use city trucks and truck drivers to haul wet concrete to the W. Morris St. and N. Pennsylvania St. resurfacing projects.

There are five days work on W. Morris St. and two days on N. Pennsylvania St., the Mayor said.

About 100 wet concrete haulers struck yesterday for a 10 cents an hour increase, tying up several million dollars in big construction, and several hundred unfinished homes.

## Fruehauf Co. Seeks To Build Plant Here

The Fruehauf Realty Corp. of Detroit, Mich., today asked permission to build a \$215,000 branch manufacturing plant in Indianapolis.

The company filed for a zoning variance between 3101 and 3313 English Ave. The area is partially zoned for residence and partially for business.

The company plans to erect a trailer-manufacturing plant on a six acre plot between Indianapolis Union Railways and Pleasant Run Creek.

## 'Down the Slipstream of Time'

## Shadow of Tragedy Falls Once More on Rickenbacker

### News of Fatal Crash Reaches EAL President As He Gets Citation; Faith in Future Unshaken

By LARRY STILLERMAN

A SIMPLE, dignified man stood on an elaborate, impressive speaker's rostrum and said:

"Two decades have gone down the slipstream of time. . . .

The soft rumble of his voice was slightly shaken. He disclosed no outward signs of tragedy which seemed to shadow his "dates with destiny."

The man speaking was Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, an engaging personality, a leader in industry, a builder whose faith in the future was "visibility unlimited, approach clear."

He had accepted with humble gratitude an American Legion citation yesterday honoring his company, Eastern Air Lines, for employment of disabled veterans.

"They had every right in the world to feel sorry for themselves. . . ."

HE HAD just learned of the crash of an Eastern Air Lines near Washington National Airport killing 51 passengers and four crewmen.

It was the second fatal crash of an EAL ship in 62 days.

He didn't concentrate on his prepared speech for several minutes. He felt deeply the terrifying effect of that crash yesterday.

Since childhood he had faced countless experiences in which death carried the heaviest odds. Risk, not "Rick," was his name. "Risk" prevented their future hopes and dreams from becoming a reality. . . ."

". . . the real measure of a

94 of the famed and feared "Hat-

## She Didn't Forget— Pint-Sized Indiana Girl Singing for Veterans

### Phyllis Wilcox Has Busy Life

By EARL WILSON  
The Times Broadway Columnist

NEW YORK, Nov. 2—When I wrote about Audrey Totter's plea for hospital shows for vets, a reader sent me this letter:

"I think you should know about a pretty Indianapolis girl named Phyllis Wilcox, who's



Phyllis Wilcox

been making the patients at Bellevue Hospital in New York a little happier.

"I saw her there, dressed in her best clothes, walking among the paraplegics and singing. The expressions on their faces were her reward."

So I went down to see the pint-sized Hoosier singer who's been bringing happiness to the weary and the ill. She shares a tiny apartment with an aspiring actress in a brownstone house right off Central Park.

"I USED to sing in hospitals back home in Indianapolis, too," Phyllis said. "During the war I entertained at the Ft. Benjamin Harrison hospital and at Camp Atterbury."

"People do forget so quickly, don't they?"

Phyllis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilcox, live at 36 N. Webster Ave. A graduate of Arsenal Technical High School, she studied singing with Mrs. William Devin at 1322 Parker Ave. and won a voice scholarship to Indiana University. She sang in Indianapolis summer opera.

She was one of the three finalists in the "Hour of Charm" search to find the country's best coed vocalist and finished second.

"What happened to the winner?" I asked.

"She got married and had a baby and goodby career," Phyllis laughed.

"BUT I've kept up with my singing. In fact, I'm so busy that I haven't been able to sing in the hospitals as much as I'd like to."

"I sing at Asti's in Green-

wich Village three nights a week and I'm an usher at the City Center Theater another three nights a week. And I sing with the Village Opera Company, too.

"Asti's is a wonderful place for ravioli—you know, the kind of place where you hear 'The Italian Street Song' quite often."

Recently Asti's asked Phyllis to work there more often. She turned them down.

"I'd make more money at Asti's," she said seriously, "but I enjoy ushering. That's how I get to hear all the operas. I never miss one."

I LOOKED at my notes and said, "I may have to call you for more information later."

"Surely," Phyllis said. "But if it's Fridays, Saturdays or Sundays . . . you'll have to meet me in the second balcony of the Center Theater."

"Those are my ushering nights."

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