

Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

WOMEN ARE getting more beautiful. Found that out yesterday by hanging around the 14th floor of the Lincoln Hotel where the Indiana Hairdressers' and Cosmetologists' Association is having its 1949 session.

I didn't waste any time with the question that was bothering me, namely: Are American women getting uglier or prettier? Every man and woman standing outside of the Lincoln Room, wearing a convention badge, was asked. Without exception, they said American women were getting prettier. Absolutely, sir.

Why, sir? Why, madam?

Hairdressers and cosmetologists wouldn't tell me why. Even Ruth Taylor, state president and general chairman of the convention, wouldn't say. She, like the rest, motioned to ask why of the man who was lecturing.

The Lincoln Room was packed. Women and men crowded the doorways, some standing on chairs. Who was this Charles Budas? Asking that question made me as popular as if I had been passing out samples of home permanent wave mixtures.

Lecture on Finger Waving

OK, I'll wait for the man who has won top honors in all major hair styling contests except one. I'm sure he's good. Beg your pardon, stupid of me to ask, but, you know, it's been so long since I've had my hair set. Thirty years, as a matter of fact.



Beauty note . . . Charles Budas says peace and harmony on the fashion front is making women more beautiful.

My program told me Mr. Budas was lecturing on finger waving, new contour movement, natural wave and curl placement and a perfect frame for the face. That meant a lot.

Trying to kill a little time, I wandered into one of the exhibition rooms. Got out of there fast and found a nice quiet corner.

Some guy with a vibrator machine got hold of me and began demonstrating his wares. He ran the thing over my back and shoulders, head and nose. Said it would relax me and get rid of that tired feeling. Maybe so. Even suggested I take off my shoes, he'd give me a quick workout. Thanks, I got holes in my socks.

Long after the meeting was over, women still crowded around the guest artist from Maywood, Ill. Women sure go for this beauty stuff. Finally, Mr. Budas was free. We shook hands. Seemed to be a real Joe. Sure, he'd tell me why women were getting more beautiful.

Up until a few years ago, dress designers, hat makers and hair stylists worked independently. Remember when the style took women's hair up? Hatters screamed because sales dropped. A woman couldn't wear a hat.

Now, however, dress designers, hair dressers and hat makers are working hand in hand. At the Fashion Designers Conference in New York, fashions are co-ordinated. Look at the short hair styles, small hats and high collars. Florists are getting in on the act, too, said Mr. Budas.

With short hair, plunging necklines with no straps, where's a woman going to tuck on flowers? Don't do that to us boys, said the florists. Mr. Budas said an ornament affair is being developed which will hold flowers. A lot of hair isn't needed to hold them in place.

Will we ever reach the ultimate in beauty, I asked breathlessly? Will women become so beautiful that men will keel over from shock?

How Time Has Kept

MR. BUDAS TOLD me not to worry. Change in fashions will be the safety valve. Ten years ago a woman looked good in long-flowing hair. Then came the up-sweep. Now it's the short haircut. Vicious circle.

The best safety valve of all, said Mr. Budas, is the percentage of women who lack enough outside interest to change with the current trend. They are the ones who need to look in their mirrors and see what is making life humdrum. Beauty is life. Ah, ha.

Mr. Budas has been a consultant to movie studios in Hollywood and still is in Chicago. When the short hair style took over in New York, he worked for two days cutting models' hair in Saks Fifth Avenue.

One more award, the Challenge Shield, which only can be won at the national convention, is his goal for 1950. He missed it this year in Chicago by four points.

Sixteen years he has been in the business. Mr. Budas was called into military service with the first draft. Did he barber?

"Listen, Mac," said Mr. Budas. "I spent five years in the infantry—in the Pacific." I didn't say another word.

But, with women getting more beautiful and my socks full of holes, this may be the year of my downfall.

Super Rat-Race

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, Nov. 2—As a reformed Naval officer, with considerable quiet pride in my old alma mater, I believe I speak for a great many thousand reservists when I say they'd have to handcuff me to get me back in the Navy in its present shape.

The United States Navy today is what we used to call a rat-race. Rat-races begin at the top, and the infection spreads downward until even the over-the-hill artists in the brig feel a sense of insecurity and futility. A rat-race is the antithesis of morale.

When Mr. Truman's newest political buddy-buddy, Francis Matthews, got his loyal chieftain to fire Adm. Louis Denfeld as chief of naval operations, that was the final wipe-out of morale in the Navy today. From now on no top officer will trust Mr. Matthews to speak the Navy's piece in high council; from now on no top officer will attempt to co-operate with Mr. Matthews; from now on every attempt will be made to sabotage Mr. Matthews and reveal him unfavorably as little Jack Horner, sucking a political plum, rather than as a symbolical Jack Tar.

Attitude Fans Out

THIS ATTITUDE of unrest and distrust plummets downward and fans out. The admirals are jittery and the captains become insecure; the commanders fidget and the lieutenants catch the irritation; the lieutenants chew out the ensigns and the ensigns give the chiefs a bad time and the chiefs eat out the ratings and the ratings murder the LC's.

This goes on for a time, and then the reaction starts upward. The LC's goof off on their work and the ratings wink at the chiefs and the chiefs yawn at the ensigns and lieutenants and the commanders get off early to play golf and the captains and admirals are not inclined to give a rip one way or the other.

What was once a happy ship, taut and sharp with shared pride based on security, discipline and performance, suddenly goes sloppy and lax. The men sprawl in their sacks after reveille; the officers quit shaving; the old man begins to pull on the bottle in his cabin; the food gets lousy and the cook don't give a damn; the gear is loose and the brass goes green and the lines sprawl on the deck and nobody cares.

To further define a rat-race, it is largely born when the bossman in the topmost rigging has small concept of what goes on, but swing their weight mightily to enforce their decisions. A rat-race is inspired by blind favoritism and cynical discrimination. A rat-race is when nobody at the bottom or the middle has respect for the decisions and the instructions of his superiors.

Reaches a Real Climax

I WOULD SAY you are looking at a super rat-race in this Washington thing, especially from the Navy's standpoint. The entire rattle between the fighting services is a rat-race. I would also say that a great many aspects of the Truman administration could qualify in any sweepstakes between rats.

The poison of the rat-race spreads even outside its focal point. In the case, say, of the lowly taxpayer, his confidence in his Navy, in his President, in his President's cabinet, is suddenly shaken and he views further decisions with a cold and fishy eye.

His confidence in his country's ability to administer and defend itself is impaired, as he watches the bickerings and double-crosses, and listens to charges and counter-charges which prove nothing. He has regarded the atom bomb and the B-36 as the Frenchman regarded the Maginot Line; now he begins to wonder if, perhaps, he was not over-trusting when he placed his faith in what his leaders told him.

This is the sadness and the pity of the rat-race. When the men up top are too petty or too ignorant or too spiteful to grasp and hold the respect and loyalty of the men in the middle and at the bottom, that is a rat-race. And rat-race, on either the national or the international scale, is unhealthy to the crew while endangering the safety and function of the ship.

'Nailed' by Strike

By Frederick C. Othman

McLEAN, Va., Nov. 2—If all my White Leghorn pullets get double pneumonia and never lay another egg I shall blame this fowl tragedy on the Messrs. J. Lewis, P. Murray and H. Truman.

The last named, you know, refused to use the big club on the coal and steel strikes. He said they amounted to no national emergency yet. Obviously, he did not confer with my legdragged hens. These birds have wet tail feathers, cigaret coughs and piteous expressions in their big, brown eyes. The strikes did it.

What happened was that my hen house, sprung a leak. All of a sudden there were more holes than roof. So I dropped down to the McLean Hardware Co., which purveys scythes, coal scuttles, balling wire, seed corn, red barn paint and advice to farmers for miles around.

What I needed was two pounds of eighty-nenny nails to get the rafters ready for some new roofing about 50 feet of what we electricians call BX cable. I figured I'd run a line into the roost so I could wake up my chickens on dark mornings and also give 'em a little artificial heat on bitter nights.

'My Kingdom for Nails'

PROPRIETOR ENGLAND laughed, but he wasn't amused. There wasn't a nail of any size to be had in all-Fairfax County. He'd tried, goodness knows, to get some, but wherever he went, no nails. And a lot of folks needed nails worse than did my hens.

Seemed that when the steel strike started more than a month ago a number of pessimistic building contractors bought up all the nails they could. They're still building houses. Others, like me who didn't figure this one out, have had to abandon their building projects in midstream.

As for my cable, he was fresh out of that, too. And maybe I'd noticed in the papers how the

zinc market was shot? Well, sir, it turns out that BX cable is made of steel, galvanized with zinc. No cable, no demand for zinc.

Anybody in our part of the country figuring on doing any electric wiring might as well forget it for awhile. If the strikes are settled tomorrow, Mr. England figures, it will be weeks before the coal fires up the mills and actually gets nails and cable into his bins again.

He still has for sale some monkey wrenches, stove lids, cotter pins, mower teeth, and other ironmongery for which the demand is sporadic. When these are gone, no telling when he'll get more.

White House Job Slowed

A BITTER MAN is Mr. England. Let these strikes last much longer and about all he'll have for sale is plastic clotheslines, wooden butter molds, crockery milk jugs, and window glass. That's no way to run a hardware store.

And that's that. I'd been reading in the papers about the creeping paralysis caused by the twin strikes and about how they'd both have to be settled before business could return to normal.

But all that seemed far away and of no particular concern of mine, until I tried to buy a couple of pounds of nails. "This may not be a national emergency," I guess it isn't, if President Truman says so, but the fact is that he's got a \$5 million remodeling job of his own marking time at the White House. No nails. A shortage of steel beams.

Or, the strikes are being felt all the way from the executive mansion to the Othman hen house. The wet hens (mad as you know what) I'm moving into the barn for the duration. How they'll get along with the horse is something I'll have to worry about later.

The Quiz Master

Is the swordfish a vigorous fighter?
The swordfish is a fierce fighter when wounded, and has been known to drive his sharp upper jaw through several thicknesses of oak planking.

What is meant by scuttling a ship?
To scuttle a ship is to cut a hole through the bottom, deck, or sides of a vessel in an attempt to sink it.

??? Test Your Skill ???

What insect has the longest life span?
The periodic or 17-year cicada lives the longest of any known insect, spending most of its life underground in the nymph stage before emerging.

Where is the world's largest coal seam?
The world's largest coal seam is located in Manchuria. Thickness of the seam ranges from 20 to 425 feet.

The Indianapolis Times

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1949

PAGE 13

High Schools In County Prepare Musicals, Dramatic Productions



Marion County high schools will produce musicals and plays galore this week. Above, Franklin Township High School seniors pause at a dramatic moment in "Creeping Shadows," a mystery-comedy, to be presented at 8 p. m. Friday in the school auditorium. Don Shimer, "unconscious" on the divan, draws lots of attention from (left to right) Bob Courtney, Bridget Ragan, Joan Hurley and Donna Engle.



There's plenty of blood and thunder in store at Howe High School, where the students will offer "The Mocking Bird," an operetta laid in New Orleans at the time the territory was ceded by the French to the Spanish. At left, Phillip Stevens offers defiance to Alan Taylor, who is about to free his trusty blade. The pretty lass holding them apart is Beverly Weeie. Miss Weeie plays the ward of Alan, a rich citizen of New Orleans, while Phillip portrays the governor's aide. Directed by Frank S. Watkins, head of music at Howe, the operetta will be given at 8 p. m. today and tomorrow in the gymnasium.



Warren Central High School will offer "Meet Me in St. Louis," the successful book by Sally Benson from which the hit movie was made. Remember Judy Garland singing "Trolley Song" and Margaret O'Brien as "Tootie"? At 8 p. m. Friday in Warren Central gymnasium, "Tootie" will be played by Janet Oakley, who is bending over expecting the worst from her mother, played by Billie Alger. Her father, Frank Tardy, is watching from the sofa, while (left to right) Martha Katzenberger, Wayne Phillips, Joan Tossell and Barbara Gale look on.



The popular operetta "Naughty Marietta" will be offered by Arsenal Technical High School Friday and Saturday at 8 p. m. in Caleb Mills Hall, Shortridge High School. The production, directed by J. Russell Paxton, is cast from the Tech Choir. The smiling pretties above are (left to right) Nancy Pearson as "Marietta," Gertrude West as "Adah" and Dorothy Straub as "Lizette."

Farm Machinery Dangers Outlined

Harvester's Death Brings Warning

Marion County Agriculture Agent Horace Abbott today urged caution in use of farm machinery following the death of a 50-year-old farmer near Wheatfield yesterday.

Clayton Haring, the victim, was working in a field when he was caught in a corn picker and killed. On Monday, 65-year-old Charles Rothrock lost a hand to a corn picking machine.

Mr. Abbott said most accidents with corn picking machinery result from failure to shut off operating power before touching the machine. The pickers are powered by drives from a tractor.

Many parts of the machine are exposed by necessity, the agent said. Most frequently accidents recorded involve clothing caught in the power shaft from the tractor and injured hands caused by attempts to free a jammed gear without cutting the power switch.

Cuts Off Hand

Mr. Rothrock amputated his hand with a pocket knife when it caught in the machine he was tending. A son, Howard, said he apparently reached inside the machine to free the gears while the power was on.

The same machine severed Mrs. Rothrock's legs seven years ago when her clothing was entangled in a power shaft. Mr. Rothrock was treated at Henry County Hospital.

Autopsy Shows: Assault In Halloween Slaying

MILLS, Wyo., Nov. 2 (UP)—The Halloween slaying of Pearl Lewis, 58-year-old Mills spinster, was a "sadistic assault," Bull Jones, assistant county coroner, said today. An autopsy showed she had been raped.

Her nude and beaten body was found in a vacant lot. A tuft of hair clutched in one of her hands was not her own, police said. County Attorney Fred Layman said he was questioning a boarder in Miss Lewis' apartment-house who is reported to have quarreled with her late Halloween night.

MILTON REYNOLDS DELAYED

LONDON, Nov. 2 (UP)—Milton Reynolds of Chicago reached London today on his attempted flight around the world in record time by regularly scheduled commercial air lines. He was more than seven hours behind schedule.

Navy Chief Sure He Can Pacify Rebellious Admirals

Delegation to Attend Swain Ceremonies

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2 (UP)—Adm. Forrest P. Sherman, newly appointed Chief of Naval Operations who helped draft the unification law, was confident today he could get the rebellious admirals to support it.

He hoped to do it without any wholesale housecleaning of the Navy's top command.

He said he will make "as few changes as possible" in the present staff. However, one certain change will be replacement of Vice Adm. John D. Price as Vice Chief, because both he and Adm. Sherman are aviators. By custom, only one of the Navy's top two officers is an aviator.

Adm. Sherman went on record after his appointment yesterday as being 100 per cent for unification. He made it clear that he expects the other admirals to follow suit.

He also expressed confidence that he can work harmoniously with the Army and Air Force members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

He succeeds Adm. Louis E. Denfeld who was ousted because of his anti-unification views. He was 63 last Sunday.

Value U. S. Treasurer's Estate at \$4 Million

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 2 (UP)—Estate of the late William A. Julian, Treasurer of the U. S., was valued at \$4,457,968 in an inventory filed yesterday in Probate Court here.

Stock holdings appraised at \$3,757,576 comprised the largest part of the estate. Other items included \$436,513 cash, \$177,678 in bonds, and notes receivable worth \$85,334.

Mr. Julian died May 29 in an auto accident near Bethesda, Md., his dead wife, Irene.

'Master Lover' Faces Prison Term

Jury Finds Engle Guilty of Swindling

CHICAGO, Nov. 2 (UP)—Big-moued Engle, self-styled master lover who charmed women for their cash, today faced a sentence of one to 10 years in prison.

Only 65 minutes yesterday, a jury of six men and six women found the 73-year-old Romeo guilty of fleeing a local widow of her life savings.

Engle's face was expressionless as the verdict was read. But his victim, Mrs. Reseda Corigan, 39, murmured her pleasure and promptly fainted.

While one bailiff rushed water to Mrs. Corigan, others led Engle away, but not without protest.

"I want to see my wife!" he shouted, "I want to see my lawyer!"

Ask New Trial

His attorneys immediately asked for a new trial. Judge George M. Fisher set Nov. 9 for a hearing on the appeal. This automatically delayed the sentencing.

Engle had been free on \$37,600 bail in seven swindling charges. He will be required to post a \$15,000 appeal bond to resume his freedom.

Consolation came from Mrs. Pauline "Polly" Langton, of New York, who, he says is his "one and only true wife."

"I'll stick by him," Mrs. Langton said. She and Engle enjoyed a long kiss in front of the cell block to which he was assigned. As she left, he called "Polly" plaintively, and she waved to him, saying: "All right, dear."

Homing Pigeons Send 3 Youths to Jail for Theft

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 2 (UP)—Police were sure the 150 racing pigeons they found in the possession of three youths were stolen. But they couldn't prove it because the leg bands were gone.

So they turned the birds loose. All the pigeons flew straight to the same loft.

The youths were jailed on theft charges.

SPORTS . . . IN PARADE . . . TIMES . . . NOV. 13