

HOW WOULD you like to gain fame, riches and best of all, everlasting gratitude of all civic-minded citizens of Indianapolis? Simple, just write a popular song.

New York has several complimentary ditties to its name. Chicago has a great song. Chicago, Chicago, what a wonderful town. "I might just as well have started with 'Indianapolis.'" San Francisco (a song from a picture of the same name) has been immortalized in melody and verse.

The list is long. Remember "San Antonio Rose" and "Deep in the Heart of Texas"? Boys have yearned in song to return to flaming beauties in Kalamazoo, and Chattanooga has gained national recognition with a shoeshine boy.

Capistrano hit the No. 1 spot on quite a few jukeboxes in Greenwood when someone made much-to-do about a bunch of swallows returning. (Please, no songs about Indianapolis and pigeons.)

Well, here's how all this song business began. I happened to mention to Mayor Feeney the other day about a good song for Indianapolis. He was impressed immediately. I knew he was impressed because he brushed back an unruly strand of silver (genuine sterling, too) and put on his thinking cap. By the way, he looks mighty dignified in that beaver thinking cap.

**Need 'Something Pretty'**

"WE CERTAINLY DO need a song," said the Mayor, looking for a sheet of plain music paper. "Something pretty, something that would make all hit parades in the nation and put Indianapolis in the public's eye. Why, I'd make it the official song of the city."

By that time I was humming a few original (Tschakovsky's original) bars of music and beating on his desk with a pair of drumsticks I've been carrying ever since this "Boost Indianapolis" thing began.

"It can be done," was my confident retort.

"Do it," said the Mayor, "and keep me posted."

The next step was to contact people who know about writing songs and selling them to the right publishers. Lephavens, who arranged a song for Hoagy Carmichael a while back, was delighted. We got in touch with Frances and Tade Dolen, who just recently had their "Why, Oh, Why" recorded by Frankie Carle. They were on our side from the opening note.

Havens studio in the Marion building fairly shook with song and melody as we explored the possibilities of the venture. Every nook and cranny was looked into and no sheet of music was left unturned.

My suggestion of personally giving a prize of \$50,000 and a goose quill to the writer of the best song was turned down by the musical threesome. They insisted the notoriety and prestige the composer of Indianapolis' own song would be sufficient incentive for participation.



"Hit" judges... ready to pick Indianapolis' own tune are (left to right) Tade Dolen, Lephavens and Frances Dolen.

"Let's not discount the fact that the winning song could, if it were handled right, reach the top and put the writer on easy street for life," remarked Lephavens.

"That's right," chorused Frances and Tade. "You would insult the contestants by offering money in such a civic undertaking. Let's figure out the rules."

The building shook as we put our heads together. Here are the rules: Anyone in Indiana may enter the contest. It is open to professionals and amateurs alike. After all, professionals aren't always professionals and amateurs want a chance, too. You may send a piano-vocal arrangement or recording. A copy of the lyrics should accompany a recording because often a singer isn't as clear with the words as a judge desires.

**Should Be Copyrighted**

JUST TO BE on the safe side and so there's no argument later on, all songs should be copyrighted. No entries will be returned, so keep a duplicate of your masterpiece.

The deadline for entries will be midnight, June 15. All entries should be mailed or can be delivered in person to Lephavens Studio, Room 404, Marion building, 10 W. Ohio St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Judges will be Lephavens, Frances and Tade Dolen, and Mayor Al Feeney will put his official stamp of approval on the final choice. It'll be around for moral support. We should be able to announce the winner the first part of July.

Read the rules carefully, shake your pen and come out waving a hit. Good luck. You might drop a note to Lephavens and tell her what to expect right away.

## 'Full of Weeps'

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, Mar. 31—I contend you cannot dignity violence today with all the old, solemn hush-hush we used to give it out of deference to death, because it is getting out of hand and the corpse doesn't care.

I see no need to tread gently in the presence of the misunderstood wielder of the gat or wielder of the knife.

There is no dignity in murder, as it hits us daily from the front page, because murder is done for such silly reasons, and the excuse is always lame.

Crime has achieved almost a perfect amnesty for itself in that we worry more about the cause than the effect. The effect, in crime, is the important thing—at least to the stiff on the floor.

Man is an imperfect fellow at best, or we would all be angels, and there are two words in the common speech called "good" and "bad."

Generally there are more goods than bads, and for that reason things we call laws were invented to keep the bads from preying on the goods until we run out of people who pay taxes, come home of nights, educate their children and contribute to the current culture as best they can.

**Abuse Called Communism**

WITHOUT LAWS you have a jungle. Full of predatory beasts who eat the weak and abuse the old. We have also called this abuse nazism and communism and carpebagery and Ku Klux Klanism.

The laws say that you shall not kill and you shall not steal and you shall not covet thy neighbor's wife unless you are prepared to pay a penalty. The laws say that you better behave yourself or the police will come and treat you unpleasantly.

To enforce laws you have to have examples. Anybody who has ever raised a child or a dog knows this. When you train a dog to stay off the bed or you train a child not to steal you slap hands or paws and say "bad."

If you are irregular in this training, and laugh at the little sin, very soon the child or the dog has no respect for his neighbors, and he will steal or lie on the bed and refuse to housebreak himself to the laws of the society in which he is forced to dwell.

Now I am very sorry for this maladjusted

Willie-boy who stabbed the four people to death in Brooklyn, but I am less sorry for Willie than I am for the four corpses, and their families, and for the heirs and assigns of the people who lie in the hospitals as the result of Willie's knife-work.

I am sorry for Yvette Madsen, over in Germany, who killed her husband because she was kidded about her Brooklyn accent, and I am sorry for her mother, who said that "Yvette acted like a nut when she was little."

I am sorry for Dr. Hermann Sander, who was recently acquitted of a charge of killing a cancer patient, and I am sorry for Carol Ann Paignt, who took a gun to the hospital to slay her father out of her great love for him.

I am sorry about the poor fellow in Allentown whose friends are raising a defense fund for him, even as Dr. Sander's friends, because out of misguided kindness he shot his cancer-riddled brother well after Carol got off and Dr. Sander appeared likely to be set free.

**Weep for Detroit Doctor**

I AM FULL of sorrow today. I weep for the doctor in Detroit who shot his wife and phoned his priest and also the police after he had blown his ever-loving to eternity with a shotgun. I sob for the guy who killed himself after thoughtfully phoning his wife so she could hear the shot.

One of our magistrates paroled five rapists with no ball, and I wept for them, too, as well as for the fellow who got beat up protecting the girl in the case—beat up so bad he is in the hospital with editorialists to comfort him. I don't suppose I ought to weep for the girl, because she was only the victim.

I can weep retroactively for the poor, mad Robert Irwin who used his hands and an ice-pick to scrag three, and the Unruh lad who killed everything in the street—but suddenly it occurs to me that nobody is rendering his garments for the dear departed. Most of the commotion is for the misguided sinner.

It seems to me that we must revise our laws to the point where the victim is the guilty party. Otherwise we have no way of making him responsible for his bad luck in crossing the path of a malefactor who has sociology on his side and a frustration complex to argue him loose from a conviction.

## Money Trouble

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Mar. 31—The time has come to consider one of your favorite subjects and mine: Money. The dirty stuff that gets germs on your fingers, the love of which is said to be the root of all evil (I doubt), and which for a number of horrid reasons is causing the money manufacturers here many sleepless nights.

For one thing, they're not too much amateur competitors. Counterfeiters are setting up shop all over the place. The Secret Service has a theory about this. The crooks with the printing presses did a tremendous business during and after the war making phony gasoline, shoe, and meat stamps.

They learned all the fine points of their nefarious trade and when the OPA blew up, nobody wanted their product. So they turned to the production of money, mostly \$20 bills.

**Former OPA Offenders**

"A NUMBER of persons we have arrested recently have been former violators of the OPA laws," said U. E. Baughman, chief of the Treasury's secret service.

"In other words, when we ran the OPA we used it as a training school for more criminals: 'Is that the idea?' demanded Sen. Guy Gordon of Oregon, who I need not tell you is a Republican. This made the head cop stutter a little. He didn't mean the OPA was a seminary for thieves; he meant that they were criminals who'd probably have been robbing banks if they hadn't latched onto those booklets of airplane stamps.

The print shops turning out the double sawbucks mostly seem to be located in Chicago and New York. A couple of craftsmen are producing their own brand of five spots in St. Louis and there isn't an important city in America where funny money hasn't been in circulation lately.

That isn't all. We're having trouble with genuine money, too. Secretary of Treasury John Snyder told the same Senators on the Appropriations Committee that the real stuff, particularly

dollar bills, is wearing out quicker than he can make it.

He prints \$40 million worth of it a day to replace the dollars that have turned into dirty rags and at this writing he's only got \$31 million worth of dollar bills in stock. This is a dangerously low level. So he's told the banks to let their dollars get a little dirtier than usual before turning them in. Even so, the average dollar disintegrates in 10 months. The people ought to be more careful with their money and quit letting the pup chew it.

Also, it would be nice if the money was a little better in quality. What we're getting now is jerry-built dollars.

**It Needs Aging**

E. L. KILBY, the harried commissioner of the public debt and as such the head money-maker, told about this. The paper with the red and blue rayon threads woven in is as good as ever. The green ink of secret formula is up to its usual high quality. The press work is better than before. But still the money isn't much good.

This, he said, is because it needs to be aged before being spent. Season it in the vaults for three or four months before passing it out and a dollar lasts a good deal longer than if it's fresh. As it is now, he's got to issue the money almost as soon as it rolls off the press.

The Senators, who never had heard that money, like bourbon, improves with age, were interested. Mr. Kilby said it was hard to explain; what happened to a dollar bill during the seasoning process was a nebulous thing, but he thought perhaps the ink set firmly and made the paper tougher.

One other thing: The old money that comes in has got to be burned in the official incinerator. This costs \$40,000 a year; the Senators are wondering if it couldn't be chopped up, wet down, and used for plastering houses or even to make sacks for the government's potatoes. The money men aren't hopeful.

Who made the first official arrangement for the stars in our flag?

The United States has had the same flag since 1912, when the 48th star was added. President William Howard Taft by executive order established the precise proportion of the flag and made the first official arrangement for the stars.

Is the radish native to North America?

The radish is of unknown origin but came to America from the Old World; its widest use is in the Orient.

## The Quiz Master

??? Test Your Skill ???

When did iron and steel railway bridges come into use?

The first iron railroad bridge in the United States is believed to have been built in 1845 near Hannay, Pa. The first all-steel railway bridge was a 2700-foot structure completed at Glasgow, Mo., in 1878.

How is Dutch elm disease spread?

The infection is carried by beetles. Losses in American elm disease have been heavy, and the future of the species is still in doubt, despite progress in means of control.

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## Dr. Jones, Meet The Master

by PETER MARSHALL

### FOREWORD

There are no other sermons like Peter Marshall's. For there was no other man like Peter Marshall.

The beloved chaplain of the United States Senate, Peter Marshall passed away recently at the age of 48. He had attained a national reputation at an age when most clergymen are still unknown.

The Indianapolis Times during the Lenten season is publishing the richest passages from Peter Marshall's most vigorous sermons. They were preached in Washington's historic New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. They were addressed to the man he called "Mr. Jones," to the multitude of clerks and taxi drivers, butchers and housewives, motormen and the lonely girl in the hospital ward.

Taken from the book, "Mr. Jones, Meet the Master," the sermons preserve the emphasis of his words, by a special typographical style. The manuscripts are presented exactly as Peter Marshall prepared them.

### Chapter 6—The Touch of Faith

"And His disciples said unto Him, 'Thou seest the multitude thronging Thee, and sayest Thou, 'Who Touched Me?' " Mark 5:31

That is an electrifying question when you realize who asked it, and under what circumstances. You cannot escape the thrill of it—the tingle of excitement that grips you when you think of Christ stopping in response to the touch of a poor nameless woman.

The words of this question are not cold abstract dead words. They do not form a hook on which one could hang theories or finely spun philosophies. They march into the vestibule of your heart and knock on the door.

The incident takes place in a city street. It is a narrow twisted street packed with a crowd of gesticulating, excited people, surging past its barriers with all the noise and confusion of an eastern market place.

The crowd is jostling, chattering, hot and excited. On either side of the narrow arcade there are mysterious shadows into which gayly-robed men disappear. It is a medley of fives and smells and heat and din.

The crowd's caught up in the infection of curiosity, and walking along in their very midst, wedged in the tightly packed procession is Someone, tall and slim and straight. He is wearing a Rabbi's blue robe. . . . A Rabbi with brown, strong hands, with dark, lovely eyes full of understanding and sympathy, infinitely tender.

It is His face that will hold your gaze—and will haunt you long after the sun has gone down, and the purple night, cool and star-lit, has stifled every noise in the city, while only the Syrian stars wink unsleeping.

This One Who walks like a king is named Jesus. They called Him the Nazarene or the Galilean. He called Himself the Son of Man.

The common people speak of Him softly, with deep affection, such as the shepherds know, who carry the little lambs in their bosoms.

At the request of one Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, He is on His way to restore to complete health a little girl.

He is on a mission of restoration and the crowd is following Him in order to see Him perform this miracle.

Speculation is rife. Opinion is divided. There is argument and excited discussion.

Some are declaring that He can do it; others are doubtful. Some frankly say the attempt is bound to fail.

There is in the crowd another face—the face of a woman. Strange that it should be so noticeable—yet not strange, for it is a face that portrays great depth of human emotion.

There is so much in it—pale, pinched, and wan. Great lines of suffering mar its beauty and sweetness, and even now her lips are drawn in a thin line of agony. The face is streaked with pain.

Her body is racked with acute suffering. Who is she? Well, some say her name is Martha and some say Veronica.

Tradition gives her various names, but I cannot tell who she was.

She is typical of countless cases of endless pain and suffering. For 12 years she had suffered and 12 years is a long time!

She had gone to many physicians and was none better—but rather worse.

She is typical of human despair—not only physical despair but spiritual despair as well. For her the world could offer no healing—so she represents all the people who look everywhere for peace of mind and heart—for hope and comfort—and find none.

She represents them all—whatever their wants their fears their hopes their pains.

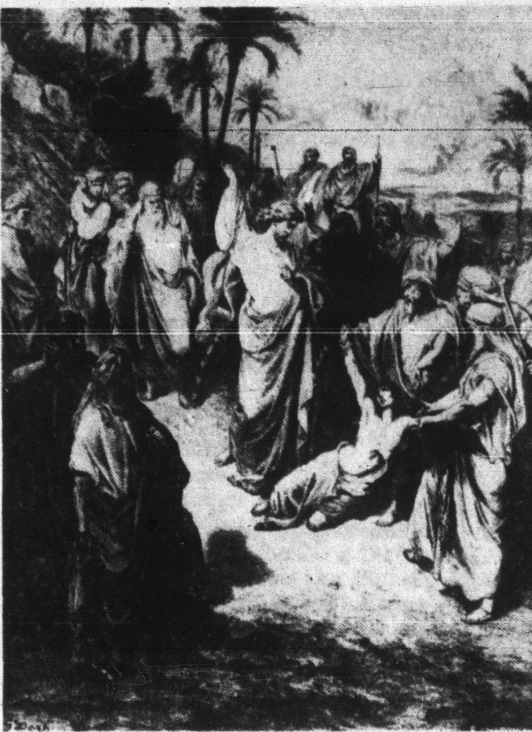
For her apparently, there was no relief, no human aid. Here was a hopeless case—incurable!

Now this woman had heard of the Great Teacher of His wonderful works. She had heard the lepers talk and them that had been blind from birth and now had thrown away their sticks, and looked around them with eyes that flashed or filled with tears as they spoke His name.

She had heard what He had done for others. Surely He had power to bring into the haven of health the lost explorers of the vast treasures of pain?

There came to the woman the assurance that if she could but touch Him—even only the hem of His garment—she would be healed of her awful malady.

"Touch Him . . . just to touch Him—There would be no harm in that! I do not think He will harm me. . . . They say He is so kind and gentle so full of sympathy."



Curing of the Lunatic: "... there came to Him a certain man, kneeling down to Him, and saying, Lord, have mercy on my son, for he is a lunatic, and sore vexed: for oftentimes he falleth into the fire, and oft into the water. . . . Then Jesus answered and said . . . bring him hither to me. And Jesus rebuked the devil, and he departed out of him: and the child was cured from that very hour." Matthew 17:14-15, 17-18.

It would be enough—just to touch the border of His robes. I must touch Him. I must get some of that power."

Now just a little farther. He is drawing nearer. Now she can almost reach Him—another moment—at last just as He passes, she is able to reach out her hand, and with the tip of her finger touch His robe.

It was enough! She had actually touched the Great Doctor!

With a trembling finger she had touched Him with the touch of a mighty faith! Like an electric shock there surged back into the shrunken veins the panting lungs and the bloodless flesh the rich glow of health and vitality. Once again a body had been redeemed and given life.

No one had noticed her—no one—but Christ!

Recognizing the one magnetic touch of faith amid the pressure of the crowd, He stopped and asked that terrific question: "Who touched Me?"

The question seemed absurd to those who heard it.

Impatiently, brusquely, almost with sarcasm, the disciples asked: "How should we know? There are hundreds of people here—pushing all about you. Look at the crowd—and yet You ask 'Who touched Me?'"

But, looking around Him, Christ stood still—His kind but searching, glance fell at last on the face of the woman who had done it.

His gaze held hers. Something passed between them, and she told Him her story while His eyes were fixed upon her, His eyes gave her confidence. They seemed to promise all that she desired. Her fear disappeared.

Then He answered her: not in scorn at her action not in resentment. . . . but in the sympathetic tones of understanding love.

"Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace . . . and be healed of thy plague."

That is the record. These are the facts. It is a matter of history.

She touched Him in faith—in desperate believing faith and He stopped!

The touch of one anonymous woman in a crowd halted the Lord of glory. That is the glorious truth of this incident. She touched Him. So can we.

The human touch has the power to arrest God. Yes, to stop Him to halt Him to make Him aware of your problems your pain your petition.

Oh, you say, "That's impossible. God is not interested in me. What does He care what happens to me—one tiny individual in all this creation?" Well, there is the record.

There you have it in black and white that, stopped by the touch of a sick woman, He turned about He Who conquered death He Who defeated Satan He Whom all the legions of hell cannot stop He Who is King of Kings.

He stopped just because a sick and nameless woman touched the hem of His garment.

We need to touch Him—Oh how much we need to touch Him! Most of us are thronging Him—just like the crowd. . . . It is easy to throng the Lord and never touch Him.

A great many people in the churches, and perhaps a great many outside the churches are thronging Jesus seeking Him coming close to Him but never actually touching Him.

In this matter of eternal importance, coming close is not enough. Thronging saves nobody. Coming near to Jesus will not bring healing. We have to touch Him for ourselves.

Because we are out of touch with the Lord, we are lost in the crowd have become separated from the Master. (Continued on Page 11—Col. 1)

## About People—Help Texas Farmer Who Lost Savings

Neighbors Rush To Aid Man, 77, After Court Ruling

A wrinkled German immigrant farmer of Lockhart, Tex., accumulated new "wealth" today as friends and strangers replaced half of the lifesavings he lost in a damage suit involving a mule he did not own. William Hagedorn, 77, lost the \$2632.20 he had saved in 52 years of dirt farming when the State Supreme Court ruled he erred in not appearing in court to deny he owned the mule.

The farmer, who can not read or write English, said "I no understand." His savings were awarded to the W. C. Alendansers, Austin, Tex., who were injured when they swerved their car into a ditch to avoid hitting a mule belonging to Mr. Hagedorn's son.

Most of the money collected came in \$1 bills from small wage earners who felt Mr. Hagedorn was the innocent victim of a cruel legal technicality. One couple gave all they could spare—10 cents.

Charles Posner has resigned, effective May 1, as director of the Indianapolis Jewish Community Relations Council. Mr. Posner will become director of the Cincinnati Jewish Community Relations Council.

He came to Indianapolis in 1947.

Dorothy G. Helmer, decorator, 402 Buckingham Dr., is an unopposed candidate for membership on the national board of governors of the American Institute of Decorators to meet in New York Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. She will sail for Europe Apr. 22.

Dr. Horst Frenz of IU has been appointed chairman of the committee on comparative literature by the National Council of Teachers of English.

Dr. Frenz is chairman of the comparative literature program at the university.

Robert H. Shaffer, assistant dean of students at IU, has been elected secretary of the American College Personnel Association.

Sir Basil Brooke, prime minister of Northern Ireland, today postponed a scheduled visit to the U. S., apparently because of the dispute over the division of Ireland. Belfast reports said the British Government asked him to hold up his visit until the U. S. House of Representatives had a chance to look again at the Irish situation. The House voted to cut off Marshall aid to Britain as long as Ireland remained divided between the Irish Republic and Northern Ireland, the latter a part of the United Kingdom.

Alberto Consiglio, an Italian deputy, has asked the Italian government to express Italy's "astonishment and indignation" that U. S. Sen. Edwin Johnson (D. Colo.) called Roberto Rossellini, movie director, a drug addict, a Nazi collaborator and a black marketeer.

Sen. Johnson said Mr. Rossellini, father of Ingrid Bergman's son, during a speech in the Senate.

Richard C. Patterson Jr., U. S. ambassador in Guatemala, has received threats against his life and wants a Marine guard to protect his embassy, a reliable source said today in Washington. He arrived in Washington last night for consultations and a physical checkup. The story was, however, that the envoy was ordered home by the State Department because of threats from "Communist elements."

"I'm probably a great deal happier than the average person," Fred Snite Jr., polo victim, said today in Miami Beach at the end of his 14th year in an iron lung.

"I've had a good life," said the 39-year-old father of three daughters.

Mr. Snite has traveled more than 30,000 miles and as a hobby, plays bridge.

French police investigated the disappearance and possible kidnapping of Nicole Rieck, 23, beautiful French actress. She disappeared in a flimsy negligee and 'possum skin coat between acts of the horror play in which she took the role of a kidnapped heiress.

A print by Ray French of De Pauw University, received honorable mention in the 22d annual Print Makers Show in Seattle, Wash.