

## Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

HAD TO GET high as a kite (seventh floor of Bankers Trust Bldg.) to talk to a man who loves to wash windows. That's right, ma'am. Just loves to wash windows.

James Hampton, whose window-washing history goes back 33 years, is the man I watched while clutching radiators, heavy desks and telephone cords. Mr. Hampton held on to a squeegee, brush and a cloud.

The window washer seemed to be in an awful hurry with each pane. The altitude made the second hand on my watch stop (like master, like watch) but I would say Mr. Hampton knocks out (not literally) a pane every 10 seconds.

"What's your hurry?" I wrote with a black oil crayon on the inside of the pane. This did not exactly please Mr. Hampton because he always has had trouble reading reverse messages.

## Lots of Panes

"I AM hurrying," he said, "because there are 84 windows on each floor. Multiply 84 by six and see what you get."

"I'm not very good at multiplication, my friend. What happens to the windows on the street level?"

Mr. Hampton explained that a ground crew takes care of street level windows. The Indianapolis Window Washing Co. has ground and air crews all over town.

"I wouldn't work on the ground," was his firm statement which showed that he was a lover of height as well as clean windows.

"I wouldn't work in the air," was my firm statement which showed that I was a earthly fellow and didn't care one way or another about windows.



Panes all day . . . James Hampton likes his feet off the ground, the higher the better.

## Chasing Devils

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, Apr. 13—We are just a little at loss to figure out how Judge Stephen S. Jackson, the orgy-sniffer just appointed by the Senate Commerce Committee to dig up all the purple facts on adult delinquency in Hollywood will set about his peering and prying.

The common questionnaire is obviously out, since people are not even forced by law to offer evidence that will tend to incriminate them, and all sinners are notoriously close-mouthed about the sins of others in the face of purity purges. So little serious sinning is performed publicly that the dramatic unfolding of the Ingrid Bergman amour was rather exceptional and is not apt to be repeated any time soon.

There will not be enough time on the calendar for the good Judge to personally peep over enough transoms or through sufficient keyholes to come back with the goods on enough top-drawer sinners to make the trip worthwhile. As any private dick can tell you, snooping is a dull and dreary business, which pays off in great boredom and an occasional punch in the snoot.

## Retribution Snooping, Too

ANOTHER THING is that snoopers often get snooped on, in retribution, and if the movie industry gets sore enough to snoop right back at Congress and other government bodies, there could be some embarrassed lawmakers at Sen. Ed Johnson's hearings to abolish desire under the orange head.

Just for a start, I could list two Congressmen. One was called "old garter snapper" by the press hens, who never visited him in his office except in pairs, for mutual protection. The other was an august Senator with a rare case of limp wrist, as it is called in the State Department these days, and the he-reporters never called on him except in numbers. And I do believe that the venerable Andy May is still in jail for stealing from his country in war-time, a sin of a sort.

While I do not come out for people who inflict illegitimate children on the world, there is still some doubt as to whether Signor Rossellini

sired the Bergman baby as a publicity device to sell a bad picture, as Sen. Johnson has intimated, in his impassioned orations against sin among the stars. This seems rather a heavy-handed method of movie exploitation, and comprises a considerable slush on the beauty of Miss Bergman, an actress of sufficient skill at her work to scrape by without producing babies to accent her latest productions.

It may be that I underestimate the prowling prowess of the good Judge-investigator, but his record against the devil to date comprises a crackdown on some dirty magazines, at LaGuardia's bequest, and a clear-cut victory against strip-teasing. He said he went to the show three times, and lawdy, the way that gal shook was a caution. He is up against tougher game in Hollywood, where people are often wicked behind barred gates or far at sea in yachts.

The main trouble with a general casting out of devils in any vicinity is that the majority of people feel short sympathy for the callous crusader, since most everybody has a few teeny transgressions he wouldn't like aired.

## Sympathy Might Switch

SO, WHEN the sin-chasers begin to squawk and wave their arms, the sympathy is apt to switch from the righteous to the stoned, often with awkward effect. Miss Bergman was not the first lady whose heart got entangled with her judgment, nor is she the first female to present posterity with an unsanctioned child. Our own dear GI-leftie left a few score thousand of wood-cuts to keep the Bergman baby company in Italy. I mean, Bergman hasn't got a copyright on her peculiar brand of transgression.

Apart from a question of right or wrong, Congress seems awful dumb to get mixed up in such a completely fruitless witch-hunt, just for headlines in election year, when the McCarthy hearings have to date produced little but doubt and cheap sensation. That army-of-perverts in the State Department argues a little more loud evil, it seems to me, than Bergman's baby, Hayworth's prince or Miss Jane Russell's blouse-size.

out the winter feeding grounds of the four-footed butchers. "They are amazing, these engineers," said Mr. Butcher.

The way they dream up stuff is fantastic. Money is no object to them because it isn't theirs. It's the taxpayers'. And now we've got an election on our hands, and unfortunately, a moose can't vote.

Mr. Butcher is rallying the membership for a fight in Congress against every dam that would put-a moose on a diet. On some of these schemes it is nip and also tuck. He's even fearful that the Kanam project, his horrid example No. 1, may get started again.

"It is hard to believe," said the amazed-looking Mr. Butcher, "but those engineers actually intended to build a dam above the Grand Canyon, take the water out of the Colorado River there, run it through an aqueduct along the rim of the canyon to a power plant and then return it to the river bed somewhere below the canyon. In all seriousness they intended to remove the river, itself, from the canyon it carved."

## Moose Come Out on Short End

SOMEBODY ELSE, according to Mr. Butcher, wants to chop down the trees in Olympic National Forest. Wherever he goes, seems like, somebody's got to do it for those moose.

One other thing: Mr. Butcher is bivouacked at the moment in one of Washington's largest apartment houses. He has a bird house on his window ledge, but that isn't much help. He's surrounded by the works of man, a couple of antimoose Congressmen live down the hall, and he feels cramped. I'm on his side. I've got friends in the power lobby but in this case I want not a peep out of them. If they protest this dispatch, I'll stick a moose on 'em.

Some of the two-legged ones want to build a dam that would flood Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. They're working on plans for a dam that would turn one end of Grand Canyon into a lake. In Dinosaur National Monument they're battling now for the right to build a dam that would flood out the wildest river valleys left in America.

In Glacier National Park they're laboring on getting a law passed for a dam that would flood

out the winter feeding grounds of the four-footed butchers. "They are amazing, these engineers," said Mr. Butcher.

What is the origin of the word dicker?

When the Romans were conquering the known world, they bargained with frontier tribes with bales of 10 (decursa) hides. From decuria we got dicker.

In what year were the famous Irish Guards organized?

It was in 1900 that Queen Victoria commanded that the Irish Guards be founded in honor of the bravery of Irish regiments in the Boer War.

How much of the world's railway mileage is in the United States?

With less than six per cent of the world's land area and about six per cent of the world's population, the United States has about 29 per cent of the world's railway mileage.

Does a dog perspire any place on its body besides its tongue?

Yes. On the nose and through the pads on the paws.

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## AF Blue To Keynote Military Ball



Chairmen for Butler's AF ROTC Military Ball . . . (left to right) Alfred Gates, Paul B. Fishman and Al Harding, general chairman. Planning for the dance has been in progress for weeks and is the unit's plunge into society.



Cadets, queen and trophy . . . (left to right, seated) Peter T. Sofios, Robert E. Baker, Barbara Hinkle, Robert W. Wenger and Ernest R. Dunbar; (rear) Richard Taylor, Donald J. Williams, Newton G. Beatty Jr. and George C. Kramer.

# "Francis" by DAVID STERN

## Chapter 5—A Dubious End

AMERICA was rocked back on its haunches.

I was stunned. Never had I seen such a sight. Masses and banks and tiers of people. People as far as the eye could see. The entire circumference of the flying field was packed hundreds deep. Roofs, trees, automobile tops were jammed with cheering, yelling, hysterical people.

Four generals were approaching the foot of the ramp. I came to a salute. Francis wabbled to attention.

The generals looked nervous. One of them stepped forward and bowed.

"Welcome home to America,"

said the mute.

Francis didn't move.

The spokesman turned to me, Lieutenant, we have constructed a special platform in front of the Administration Building. We are all hoping the mule will say a few words.

I looked at Francis. The mule shook his head in protest.

"Yes, sir," I said.

Francis AND I descended the ramp between rows of soldiers with fixed bayonets. We walked toward the administration building. Before us marched two generals. Behind us marched two more.

We approached the platform. It was flag-decked and ringed with microphones. I saw that a special incline for the mule had been constructed. Somehow the uselessness of this struck me. The animal had been scrambling up and down the Burma mountainsides for the past few years. He could go up a flight of steps backward with his eyes closed.

"Right this way," said one of the generals with a gesture not unlike a headwaiter.

The mule and I walked up the ramp onto the platform. At the front was a raised enclosure. Before it were two dozen microphones.

Francis and I entered the enclosure.

One of the generals stepped up to the microphones. He motioned with his hand. Six bands simultaneously struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The multitude removed hats, stood in silence.

THE GENERAL spoke briefly.

He said America was proud of its fighting men, and his voice reached a crescendo as he roared, "And America is also proud of her fighting mules!"

The throngs cheered wildly.

"And now," said the general, "I want to introduce to you a great hero, a great soldier, a great mule, Francis!"

The mule stepped forward.

The masses were silent.

Then Francis spoke.

"Morons!" said the mule. "Stupid, ignorance collection of clucks . . ."

The multitude's first gasp of surprise at hearing the mule's voice died in a half-million throats.

"FOR CHRISTMAS sake, Francis," I hissed, "are you nuts?"

"Shut up," whispered Francis. "I'll handle this my own way."

The mule turned back to the microphones.

"A half a million people here, they tell me. All gawking and staring and flapping their ears in the wind. Thrill-seekers, curiosity hounds, novelty nuts. Bah!"

The four generals looked at each other.

The thousands were too startled to move.

"Yes," said Francis, "a sorry-looking collection . . ."

There was a long pause. The mule looked around the field.

"But," and suddenly Francis' voice rang out strong and clear,

"by the tail of my great aunt Regret who won the Derby, you are Americans! You are my people!

You are the finest collection of human beings on the face of this sorry old world! I love every damned one of you, so help my mulish hide!"

For a second there was silence.

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