

## 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.

"I AM hurrying," he said, "because there are 84 windows on each pane. 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 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 an 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.

"You'll never be a window washer then," said Mr. Hampton. "A man has to get a big kick out of being high and have a knack with windows to get anywhere."

I wept bitterly at those words but bravely proceeded shooting questions at him. Mr. Hampton's greatest height with a brush and bucket was the 83d floor of the Empire State Bldg. How did it feel?

"Oh, just fine. You'd be surprised how far you can see when you're up that high."

"I bet I'd be surprised."

"Do you know the higher you go the safer it is?"

"No."

"When you're on the third or fourth floor you begin to be careful. And up 83 floors you're real careful. The most dangerous height is 10 or 20 feet," Mr. Hampton flexed his leg muscles on the window sill as my nerves fell apart watching the belt that held him in place.

"You have a lot of faith in that safety belt, my friend. Don't forget you are seven floors above Ohio St."

Mr. Hampton said he knew exactly how high he was, and, furthermore, he made the safety belt himself. He spliced the manila rope himself. He buckles it on himself. The belt will not break.

Two years ago he fell when a scaffold broke. He was washing the side of a building. Not as much fun as washing windows. A broken back resulted from the fall.

"Scaffolds can't talk and tell you if they're unsafe that day," sighed Mr. Hampton.

For lunch he doesn't eat very much. No window washer does. He said there was something about the job, the height, the air that made a squalor (that's a man with a squeegee) eat like a bird.

"You'll find most above-the-ground washers small men," said Mr. Hampton. "I weigh 160. About the same as my boy, Ralph. He used to be a wonderful window washer. We could have made a great team. I won't work with anyone, you know."

"Well, Ralph joined the paratroopers when the war broke out. He was in three years. When he came back he didn't want to be a window washer. I guess he's had enough of the more to the business."

It's not unusual for people in offices to give him candy, cigarettes and even tips. Has he even seen a little office skulduggery where the secretary was taking dictation on the boss' lap?

"A good window washer never tells things that will embarrass anyone. Sure, I've seen things but I'm not going to tell you."

"Come on."

"No."

"Great Big Kiss"

DOES he carry any good luck charms like wishbones from eagles?

"Mary, that's my wife, gives me a big kiss every morning before I go to work. That's all I need for good luck."

Full of energy, still gets a sparkle in his eye when he talks about the kiss from his wife every morning. Mr. Hampton has me curious. He's 56 years old. Two years ago he broke his back falling off a scaffold. There must be more to the business than meets the eye through a window pane.

How would basement windows be for a starter?

"No."

## 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 only-snooper 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 question 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 purty 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 snout.

### Retribution Snooping, Too

ANOTHER THING is that snoopers often get snooped on, in retribution, and if the movie industry gets sore enough to snoot 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 trees.

Just for a start, I could list you two Congressmen. One was called "old garter snapper" by the press huns, 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 are still illegitimate children on the world, there is little 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 the stars. This seems rather a heavy-handed method of movie exploitation, and comprises a considerable slur 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 lady, 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-lads left a few scores of thousands of kids 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-penalty in Italy, 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.

## Moose Miseries

By Frederick C. Othman

WASHINGTON, Apr. 13—Trouble with the average moose: as I get it, is that he seldom ever casts his ballot in a congressional election.

So while the moose (moose? meese?) sit on their haunches and wonder where the next meat is coming from, the two-legged heavers of the human race, namely engineers with multimillion dollar gleams in their eyes, are building dams all over the landscape.

These are turning green valleys into muddy lakes, ruining the scenery and starving out the moose, the elk, and the white-tailed deer. This isn't right. And as you may have gathered already, I have spent this day with Devereaux Butcher, the leading moose fancier in these parts.

### Not Against Mere Man

HE'S NOT against mere man, you understand. There is a place in this world for humans. But as executive secretary of the National Parks Association, Mr. Butcher is dead certain that the parks should be reserved for the moose.

If the two-legged species wants to build more dams to make more electricity to run more automatic garbage chopper-uppers under the nation's kitchen sinks, Mr. Butcher figures that it ought to keep some out of the forest reserves. He says, and I quote, that the national parks were established to exhibit the works of nature; not the works of man.

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 things. "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 tick. He's even fearful that the Kanab 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 below 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 it in 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 antmoose 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 sick a moose on 'em.

## The Quiz Master

??? Test Your Skill ???

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.

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 (decuria) 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.

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## A F 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.



T. Sgt. Royce M. Stull checks his reflection for any flaws in the new uniform. The party is strictly formal.



Cadets, queen and trophy... (left to right, seated) Peter T. Sofos, 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 jammed with cheering, yelling, hysterical people.

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

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

"Welcome home to America," he said to the mule.

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 mountain-sides 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 headwater.

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 throng 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," I 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 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.

THEN PANDEMONIUM broke loose. Even the generals were cheering. Hats sailed into the air. People were pounding each other on the back. Husbands were kissing their wives and other men's wives. Hysteria reigned.

This is the fifth installment of "Francis," David Stern's hilarious story of the Army mule who helped win the war.

The movie version of "Francis" will be shown at a special performance Saturday, Apr. 15, at midnight at the Indiana Theater as a benefit for Tyrone (Tony) Diggins, Indianapolis leukemia victim.

rather do KP for the rest of my life... You know, lieutenant, this is all your fault."

"My fault, what do you mean?"

"Back in Burma with the old 123d I was a happy mule. I was a member of a fighting detachment. I was doing my part. I had the respect of my associates. Also, looney, I knew a few angles."

"Now what am I? I'm a show piece, a bird in a gilded cage, a pushover for a speaker's platform."

"BUT THINK of all the good you can do, Francis. Think of the opportunities you have."

"I wouldn't be surprised if I didn't run out on the whole show," snorted Francis.

"You couldn't do that," I said. "Maybe I couldn't," said Francis. "Then again, maybe I could."

"You mean you'd desert?" I asked.

"It's quite a hill," said the mule. "But I might go over it."

"You'd never get away with it," I might, lieutenant. I might as well get away with things, as you know."

I shook my head. "Anything else I can do for you before I leave?"

"Where are you going?"

"Home," I said. "I have a seven-day leave."

"I SUPPOSE your mother will slobber all over you," snorted Francis. "A mess of mawkish sentimentality."

"I guess I'd better go now," I said.

"Damn it all, lieutenant, there must be something the matter with me."

"Why?"

"I hate to see you leave."

I went over and put my arm around the mule's neck. "It will only be for a week, Francis," I said.

"You're really not a bad guy, lieutenant. You're really not."

"Take care of yourself, Francis."

I ARRIVED in Chicago two hours before the mule's plane was due. I'd had a wonderful week at home and was full of vim. More than that, I was looking forward to the four wail Francis.

I hopped off the train and started into the main station.

Then I heard a newsboy yelling: "Extra! Extra! Read all about it. Mule killed in plane crash!"

I staggered. Grabbed a paper. There it was in blazing headlines: FRANCIS KILLED IN PLANE CRASH.

I MUST have been crying. I could hardly read the story. The

plane bearing the mule had taken off from Washington on schedule. The weather was perfect. Over the Kentucky hills the ship had run into a thunderstorm. It was climbing to get above the squall when lightning struck the right wing. Two motors went dead.

The crew said Francis had taken charge, ordered the men to jump. The pilot reported that as he was about to abandon ship the mule had smiled at him and said, "Carry on. I am giving my life for my country."

I was numb with misery. I stood there in the great station, confused.

Somehow I made my way to a taxi stand.

"Take me to the nearest Army airport," I told the taxi driver.

The Air Corps officers were more than understanding. Fifteen minutes after I arrived at the field, a reconnaissance plane was gassed and warming up on the runway.

Three hours later I was in the control room of an airport in Kentucky only 10 miles from where Francis' plane had crashed.

A CAVALCADE of jeeps set out for the scene of the disaster. We had to climb the last half mile on foot.

At the end of a swath of crushed and burned trees we came upon the wreck of the plane. It was a twisted, blackened mass of metal. One end of the cabin was crushed as though it had been pressed between the teeth of a vise. Both wings were torn off. Fifty yards away a motor was still smoking.

A forest ranger stood guard. I went up to him. My heart was beating wildly and waves of fever swept over me.

"Did you find any bodies?" I tried to keep my voice steady.

The ranger looked at me quizzically, spat some tobacco juice. "Wasn't no bodies," he said.

"Was there a mule?" I asked. The ranger speculated a moment, spat again. "Wasn't no bodies at all."

"Can we go inside the plane?" "Shore," said the ranger. "But I already been inside and there ain't no bodies."

I STEPPED through the opening where the door had been. The interior of the cabin was charred rubble. I walked from one end to the other, stepping over debris, peering fearfully into crannies and under sheets of twisted metal.

Suddenly it struck me! All those heroics of Francis... ordering the crew to jump... "Carry on. I am giving my life for my country..."

Had it all been a build-up? Hadn't Francis always claimed he could fly?

Hadn't the mule told me he was going over the hill if the opportunity presented itself?

IN MY MIND'S EYE I pictured the scene: the plane wobbling and dipping above the storm, motors spluttering, the crew leaping, Francis there in the deserted cabin, a smile of triumph light-

## Butler ROTC Sets First Annual Event

Barbara Hinkle To Reign at Dance

By CARL HENN

A group of Air Force fledglings at Butler University will present the school's first annual Military Ball this coming night.

The young men, all Butler students and members of the AF Reserve Officers Training Corps program, will wear the natty new dress blue uniforms of the U. S. Air Force.

On the uniform they will wear their stripes or pipes of rank and decorations. Their blue caps will probably have a smart, 20-million drop about the ears.

They do not fly.

All chair-borne cadets, they attend only administration and supply classes taught by four officers and three enlisted men of the regular Air Force. Cadets in basic training are in ROTC class three hours weekly, in advanced training five hours.

Commanding the attention of all present tomorrow will be Honorary Cadet Col. Barbara Hinkle, a dark-haired Butler coed.

Miss Hinkle was elected Air Angel in competition with six other coeds Sept. 30.

The six, named Honorary Cadet Captains, will form a court of honor for Miss Hinkle at an intermission ceremony. They are Joanne Alman, Betty Ann Greene, Charlotte Ohnson, Virginia Means, Dorothy Stonestreet and Suzanne Walker.

The cadets have planned special decorations for Atherton Student Center, where the ball will be held. They intend to provide a military atmosphere by furnishing aides-de-camp for prominent guests and posting a guard of honor, white gloves and all.

Distinguished Guests

Gov. Schickler will head the distinguished guest list, which is to include Col. Allison Maxwell, commanding officer, 122d Fighter Wing, Indiana Air National Guard; Col. Roscoe Turner, former speed flyer; Capt. M. C. Thompson, instruction officer, U. S. Navy; and Dr. M. O. Rorer, Butler president, as well as other military officials in this vicinity.

Other guests will include the cadet commanding officers of ROTC units at each of the Indianapolis high schools and five cadet officers from Purdue University.

Into the hall, calmly stepping out into the air.

I started, blinked my eyes, looked around the twisted, scorched wreckage.

Was I just dreaming? Was the broken, lifeless body of the talking, flying mule lying somewhere in the Kentucky hills?

Or was this just another of the mule's fabulous stunts?