

## Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

THERE ought to be a clear set of rules established for men going through a door. Who, in a group of four or five, should go first, second and so on?

You have seen intelligent men put on a comic ballet in a doorway. You've taken part and perhaps have been guilty of fooling up an exit because you simply wanted to be polite and show deference to a friend, an acquaintance or someone who might buy an insurance policy.

Where women are concerned, usually there is no problem. A man will step aside and let a skirt go past and the reward is a look at the ankles. It's an old rule that women and children come first when they gain no "particular advantage" by being first.

A TWINGE of embarrassment has always rippled through my frame when an older person allows me to go first. There is an old, fine gentleman at the hotel who is guilty in this respect. He is so confounded polite to every age group, this punk cringes when our paths meet at the front door or the elevator.

I think the gentleman is convinced now that I mean business when we meet and if anyone is to pause or open the door, I'll do the opening and waiting. A few days ago, as I heaved my arm gently to step into the elevator, I said, "If you don't go in now and hereafter remember that you are the one to be shown courtesies, I'll break your arms."

LONG AGO a wise lady who lived at our house taught me that older men were to be addressed as "Mister." In the main the lesson hasn't been forgotten. A youngster allowed his elder to pass



DOORWAY DILEMMA—After you—no, after you—I insist—you go first. Nuts.

## Going Through Door Can Be Complicated

through a door first. Older persons, man or woman, were to be given a seat on a crowded streetcar or bus. The infirm and the aged were to be helped across a street and a young, strong back bore a burden whatever it might be. Without question. In this way you earned your right for similar attention in the future.

The rules work out rather well in a civilized society. Anyway, they used to. We've given and taken a great many liberties. The self-expression bug has ripped the cloak of gentility somewhat but I guess we'll live through it all right.

BUT THIS DOORWAY jostling that goes on between men is an irksome problem. Two minutes of see-sawing in front of a door is not my idea of fun. Especially when it's done in front of an automatic elevator where there is a chance of having your nose pinched and losing the elevator.

Your superior in business should precede you. Often times the boss wants to show you what a good fellow he is on the outside and will go into an act. Not good. The result is utter confusion and more often than not will end with this abominable witticism: "Shall we dance?"

I HAVE HAD luncheons spoiled by doorway prancing. Four guys get together, each working for the buck like yourself, and they proceed to enter an eating establishment. An eager beaver grabs the door and begins herding the rest through. The bloke with a little something to sell, stops dead in his tracks.

"After you, Charlie, or boy."

"No, after you."

A short scuffle follows, sleeves get torn, arms

are bruised and the 12 hungry people waiting to get in are shouting threats. By then the stomach has shriveled to the size of a golf ball and the food tastes like one.

INSTEAD of paying close attention to the conversation, you sit and wonder what will happen on the way out. Since Charlie won the first round and during the luncheon accomplished his mission, he undoubtedly will be after the pole position in the second round. He is.

Of course, Charlie is determined to keep his slate clean. All you want to do is preserve a certain amount of decorum and get out before the glass in the door is cracked and the hinges are sprung.

I'm all for a sanity code in regard to getting in and out of doors with a group. Why wouldn't it be practical, in the ordinary course of daily events, for the man who reaches the door first to go through first? Simple.

By chance should Gov. Schriener or the man who holds the mortgage on your home be in the group, then let them pass first. Otherwise, every schrook for himself.

Let's do away with these bottlenecks. Are you with me?

## It Happened Last Night

By Earl Wilson

NEW YORK, Jan. 22—Taffy Tuttle, the showgirl who has more men than mentality, has this advice for out-of-town girls: "Stay out of town."

"Don't come here to fight with night club bosses," says Taffy. "Some of them aren't very nice, and the rest aren't, either."

(Taffy wasn't serious—some are wonderful men . . . even when awake.)

"Listen to this story about Harry So-and-So and he is a so-and-so," says Taffy. "When I first came to New York, I bought a big black notebook and wrote down all my thoughts. At the end of two years, I had Page One almost finished."

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HARRY WANTED her to go on dates with his customers at the club called "The Best Cellar." She was a good girl. She refused.

"My boss isn't a rat—he's a mouse with mumps," Taffy wrote in her notebook. "It isn't true that he'll drink anything—first, it must be liquid."

Taffy had "witty ears" as the saying is and she wrote things she heard. "Any girl who's got a head on her shoulders," she wrote once, "ought to be sure it isn't her boss."

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"WOULD YOU go out with Tom?" Harry begged her one night. "He's a little hard of hearing."

"I know him and he's not hard of hearing. He's hard of listening. His mouth is like a ham-burger stand—open day and night," Taffy said.

"His bankbook shows he's got \$2 million," Harry argued. "And figures don't lie."

"Figures have been lying since bustles," said Taffy.

"He's no plug-ugly," persisted Harry.

Taffy thought that over. "Well, he's no plug, anyway," she admitted.

"You know he and I are inseparable," Harry said.

"You mean insufferable," Taffy answered.

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HARRY SO-AND-SO was neglecting his cafe. Even on good nights he lost money. One night Harry handed Taffy a diamond sent her by Tom, the guy Harry wanted her to go out with.

"It's a perfect stone—doesn't have a flaw," said Harry.

"There isn't room on it for a flaw," retorted Taffy, handing it back fast.

## Humorist

By William McGaffin

LONDON, Jan. 22 (DAN)—Churchill's wit has lost none of its edge, to judge from some of the stories we've heard about him during his visit to America. Here are some of them:

Churchill, Field Marshal Slim and some Americans were discussing the competing new rifles of Britain and America one day before the decision was taken to postpone the final choice.

"I suppose we eventually will come up with a mongrel affair, half-English, half-American," said Marshal Slim.

Mr. Churchill interrupted with: "Field Marshal, kindly moderate your language. That describes me precisely." (Mr. Churchill's mother was American, his father English.)

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ONE DAY Mr. Churchill was walking down the passage of the British embassy. He stopped a young official and said: "Young man, is there anything here I should see?" When the young man had thought a moment and answered "No, sir," Mr. Churchill asked, "Then is there anything I should not see?"

The little elevator at the embassy where Mr. Churchill stayed often embarrassed Ambassador Sir Oliver Franks by not working when Mr. Churchill wanted to use it. It wouldn't go unless both upper and lower doors were tightly closed. Sometimes the ambassador himself would go leaping up or down stairs to close the door.

"This seems to be a very expensive lift," said Mr. Churchill, "requiring the services of an ambassador before it will operate."

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MR. CHURCHILL's famous black hat—the sawed-off stovepipe—created a crisis the day he was leaving the embassy to address Congress. A gray, soft hat had been laid out in the hall for Mr. Churchill to wear that day with a black overcoat and white silk muffler.

"Where's my black hat?" Mr. Churchill demanded in a thundering tone that shook the staff to their ankles. Someone flew upstairs. After a long wait, Mr. Churchill's valet, Norman McGowan, emerged pale and shaking with the black hat. Mr. Churchill clapped it on his head and then remarked to the ambassador in his mildest voice, "It would be impolite to go to the Congress not wearing a black hat."

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ONCE during his visit in Washington, Mr. Churchill was engaged in a conversation by an ardent feminist.

"What do you think the role of woman should be in the future?" she asked. "The same, I trust, as it has been since the days of Adam and Eve," Mr. Churchill replied.

## Girls, Here's Taffy's Advice: Stay at Home

Harry So-and-So started getting real mad. He criticized her dancing.

"You get some customers in here and I'll dance good," she said.

"You were late tonight," Harry snapped. "Do you know how much you cost the company by being late?"

"Do you know how much YOU cost the company every night—by being on time?" demanded Taffy.

So Taffy got fired and didn't get a rich husband and was glad of it. As she said, "No hits, no runs, no heroics. My slogan will always be, 'good to the last drip.'"

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THE MIDNIGHT EARL . . . Betty Hutton is bringing Chas. O'Curran, Hollywood choreographer here to "unveil" him. Some think they're engaged . . . Brooklyn Navy Yarders are seething at Washington. They're forced to wait weeks for needed materials.

Peaches Browning was so grieved at her dog's death in Frisco, she moved to another area to escape memories . . . Ham heiress Barbara Bannister's friends wonder whatever happened to her. Franchoe Tone and Barbara never looked better when we saw 'em at 21 . . . Happy Chandler now devotes himself to law and his weekly "Woodford Sun" in Versailles, Ky. . . Shapely Barbara Nichols, who has two lines in "Pal Joey" (both of 'em "Can I recite now?"), is being tested by Paramount.

Liz Taylor and Michael Wilding go to England shortly—perhaps for the Big Event . . . Oleg Cassini says Gene Tierney asked a divorce cause he couldn't give up designing and be "Mr. Tierney."

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TODAY'S BEST LAUGH (probably old): A speech-making congressman said, "Gentlemen, if I may tax your memory . . ." And somebody said, "Goodness, why didn't we think of that before?"

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EARL'S PEARLS . . . This one hadda come: Sen. Taft says (according to Lionel Koppman), "I'd Rather Be President Than Dwight."

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BEAUTY SHOP SIGN: "Men, don't whistle at girls leaving this shop—one might be your grandmother" . . . That's Earl, brother.

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