

## Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

MEMO TO CITY DESK: Took the Cook's Tour of the State Auditor's office as specified in a previous memo . . . rumors that the place is humming with new machinery, new vigor, increased efficiency are true . . . my head is humming, too, if you're interested.

Deputy Auditor Don Clark served as guide . . . big man, a conservative dresser, good talker, and he has a funny habit of snapping his fingers to emphasize a point . . . Don has many points to emphasize . . . noticed the women in the department smile at Don when he stops at their desks . . . the guy does have a look of a St. Bernard about him.

Since December, 1951, when Mills & Co. took over, explained Don, the aim of the department was to get current, keep current on auditing and posting operations and complete the straightening-out work that was started when the General Assembly revised the statutes and made the Auditor's Office responsible for pre-auditing and controlling all state agencies on an encumbrance basis . . . asked Don to repeat and it sounds the same the second time around.

LOOKED AT a 4-register and one-cross-footer machine which is capable of taking figures simultaneously or directly from keyboard and add or subtract . . . impressed me a great deal and you can be sure I tried to look as if I knew how the machine operates . . . the girls write up to 1200 warrants a day . . . total warrants written last year—730,545 . . . warrants in sovereign-state lingo are same as checks.

Happy to learn that the state now has control over correction warrants . . . Don said he lost a handful of hair when he came in and found blank correction warrants lying around the office . . . they weren't numbered . . . if a mistake was made, one of the warrants would be used to rectify the situation . . . Don believes in human nature but he prefers the present system of having all correction warrants numbered and accounted for . . . temptation has no place in the office.

John Collins, an auditor in the pre-audit section, joined us for a moment . . . he reminded me of a watchdog . . . observation was correct . . . he told, and I might add with some glee, how

## State Auditor's Office Hums With Efficiency

several agencies with a surplus of appropriation funds at the end of a fiscal year decided to buy stamps . . . they could be used the following year . . . the ax appeared and the agencies were ordered to buy only the stamps they would use . . . Don and John estimate the action saved the state \$40,000.

SPEAKING OF watchdogs, that's what John and men in the pre-audit section really are . . . say, for example, some state employee who drives many lonely hours thinks a little of radio for his car would improve his efficiency and puts in a requisition . . . his immediate boss, in a moment of generosity approves the request . . . the thing appears on John's desk . . . squawk . . . no radio . . . he can whistle while he drives.

The old way of posting gasoline tax refund warrants has been thrown out the window . . . the gals would post from 900 to a 1000 a day . . . and there were two operations, one at 141 S. Meridian St. and the other in the Auditor's Office . . . with IBM cards and using the claim number as the warrant number, 25 per minute are punched out . . . from Dec. 1, 1950 to Dec. 1, 1951, 196,400 gasoline tax refund warrants were written for the sum of \$4,939,118.80.

Don has limitless faith in the small cards with the holes and he believes in using classification number instead of words . . . he said something worth repeating . . . "You have to move forward, the minute you stand still the world's gone and left you" . . . maybe we could improve the world by putting holes in our heads . . .

OH, THEY THREW out the old system of filling purchase orders, vouchers and invoices . . . they used to be filled in separate cases . . . now they're in one . . . two clerks were lopped off and still the efficiency was increased.

IBM machines throw me for a loop . . . Don has a system for posting payroll warrants which is going to get a pilot run soon . . . the present method used gets 900 postings recorded a day . . . with the IBM method Don hopes to post 6000 an hour . . . four days after a pay period closes, employees will have their warrants.

He figures the Auditor's Office will turn back \$12,000 of their appropriation this year . . . he's not buying stamps . . . no one else is either . . . I like the atmosphere in spite of the machines . . . checking out . . . can be reached in University Park, bench nearest Big Oakie III.

## It Happened Last Night

By Earl Wilson

NEW YORK, Mar. 31—The great Nylon Mystery is deepening—Miss Martha Wright of "South Pacific" has put both her pretty legs forward in a crusade against a long run of runny stockings.

Shouting it from the hosiery, so to speak, Martha said:

"During the war, my mother and I, out in Seattle, had one pair of nylons which we wore between us for 6 months.

"Some women wore nylons for a year. Now it seems three pair last me a week and a half."

Martha—Mary Martin's successor—was a sizzle about socks when we interviewed her in her bathrobe at the Majestic. (She was in her bathrobe, we weren't.)

"Maybe it's this big Nylon Mystery," we said, enjoying the interview very much, as Martha kept showing us her legs where the runs were.

We mentioned that some years ago, some New Jersey women suddenly felt funny after walking through a gust of fly-laid air near a chemistry plant. Looking down they saw their stockings had disappeared.

Some gals working near Pennsy Station found a few weeks ago they'd got runs in their hose when they went to lunch. Girls who didn't go to lunch didn't get runs.

"Musta been something you ate," joked some of the men in their offices.

THE DU PONT geniuses decided maybe soot in the air containing sulphurous gases, wrecked the hose.

"So I'm afraid the Du Pont people will say you're out of your mind," I said to Martha.

"Then I've been out of it 3 or 4 years," the gal fumed.

"I use so many nylons. I send the old ones out to an aunt in Seattle to make a rug out of them."

"My Beautiful Wife," I ventured to Martha,

## Americana

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, Mar. 31—We have been seeing so much lofty stuff about alcoholism and alcoholics lately that a fellow feels to creep into Joe's for a slight cup of courage, lest he become the topic of an illustrated lecture and wind up with his head in a laboratory bottle. Booze has always been a magic topic in the paper trade, and every time somebody finds a new way to second-guess it they reap a rash of headlines.

That we have people who cannot use it and do the daily chore is known. Some people can't handle it physically. Two belts and — wham. It works curiously on the brains of others. Two taps and they come down with delusions of being a composite—John L. Sullivan and John Barrymore. They roar like hungry hippos and tweak every garter within grasp.

There are some who knock the head off a glass of beer, and then suddenly decide to drink it all, everywhere, that very night. There are still some more who have to keep nibbling at it in small bites to maintain what they fondly believe is par. In short, there are some that should. A considerably smaller percentage shouldn't. As there are people who rosy-out when they eat strawberries or sprout pimples from penicillin.

I CANNOT believe that the business of booing can be so intricately tangled with the dark threads of secret personality that it is worth all the time and space devoted to second-guessing it. But alcoholism has lately become the most popular subject of the pseudo-scientific forum since the professional second-guessers flunked out on child care and the basic causes of divorce.

Just recently I have seen a serious statement that children who are (1) over-pampered and (2) neglected are both candidates for skid row and a tin of canned heat, neat. That would seem to cover about 180 million people in this country alone, because you seldom see offspring who were not either over or under-indulged by somebody.

I SEE ANOTHER one out of some doc that the fellow who helps the hostess is not basically polite, but is, therefore, alcoholic. Another one says that although the fellow at the next desk may be clean, neat, industrious and kind to cats and kiddies, he may be an alcoholic without knowing it.

This poses the interesting possibility that politeness to others is construable as built-in vice, and that no man is ever safe from the beast that lurks within him. He may go through life as dry as all the oil wells I ever met socially, but the bum is still an alcoholic and should maybe oughta be ashamed of himself.

IT WOULD SEEM to a non-technical admirer of grape-and-grain that the proof of alcoholism is in the man by his actions, and that there is

## Nylon Crusade Wins a Backer

"said maybe your hands are rough from washing that man out of your hair every night."

"My hands are soft. I use lotions," Martha said.

NOTHING to do but talk to the Du Pont people. Mr. Du Pont wasn't in. Guess he was down at the poolroom.

But a spokeswoman said 'twas impossible that nylon quality could have changed—said maybe Martha wears stockings too short.

"Does she wear them too short, maybe, and how does she hook them on her garter belt?" the spokeswoman asked.

I thanked her not to infer that I would ever ask a lady such a personal question. "By the way," I said, "don't hear any more about nylon just disintegrating and disappearing entirely, do you?"

"Nope," she said. "Thank goodness," we said and breathed easier. On account of us taking lately to wearing nylon shorts.

THE MIDNIGHT EARL . . . Dancer Jerry Brandon looked for several years for his daughter Shirley. When he and his ex-wife (and dancing partner) divorced, the mother took Shirley. Jerry found Shirley the other night—a beautiful young girl dancing at the Copacabana. Now he wants her to follow in his tapsteps.

Western Union fears labor strife. (Maybe some of the messenger boys want wheel chairs.)

Art Ford signed a \$75,000 contract with WNEW . . . Spencer Martin and Pat Smart, the socialites, agreed on a no-alimony divorce . . . Danielle Lamar, French singer, will be a May star at the Latin Quarter.

"THE BATTLE OF THE BUCK" is B'way's nickname for the Billy Rose-Eleanor Holm case. Billy's strategists now talk of a "sensational new attack" . . . Abbe Lane and X. Cugat will be wed in Miami in April by a rabbi, say Abbe's kinkfolk . . . The new five juice: milk and chloroform.

Eloise McElhone entered a roller pin-throwing meet at Cobb's Corner. (No NO. men. You don't throw at her. The thrower at a shuffled husband) . . . The Frederick Vanderbilt bride aren't seen together.

WAFs are having their uniforms redesigned. So after they sit, they won't have "rumple-seats" . . . The Nat King Cole has a top hotel's bridal suite for their fourth wedding anniversary.

A WOLF, says Merv Griffin, is merely a fellow who always has a pip on his shoulder . . . That's Earl, brother.

## Second-Guessers Ride Booze Issue

very little to be done about his ultimate course. He either realizes that he is slipping off the roof and quits the stuff, as in the case of successful Alcoholics Anonymous alumni, or he winds up a-straddle of the gutter.

The thing that makes him drink may well be rooted in his murky past—some real or fancied childhood slight, some heavy and basic frustration of his earlier adult days. But it may be that maybe the guy just likes to get loaded.

And I seem to see the familiar pattern of the glib psychologic huckster in the increasing emphasis on alcoholism, with all the words like "habitual symptomatic drinkers" and "block" and "trauma" and "transference" and the like. I also see a fine infusion of slick prohibition propaganda from the very-busy dregs, whose latest leap on liquor is to link it with narcotics addiction as one-half of a two-headed horror.

IF A MAN believes all he hears and reads about alcoholism today, he faces a hard day at the office is enough to set him wondering whether or not he's potentially nuts and headed for the ash bin or worse. We are losing fleas in people's heads again, and it is easy to suspect a motive not altogether concerned with national health. Best definition of the alcoholic I have yet encountered is that he's a man who takes as many drinks as you do, but you don't like him.

## Dishing the Dirt

By Marguerite Smith

Q—I want to report my flowers but I have no way of knowing when to do it. Could you send me a chart? Julia Roome, 4903 N. Franklin Rd.

A—Sorry, no charts available on replanting of house plants. But most house plants take to spring potting. That means they have all the lovely summer weather to grow in and get used to their new quarters. Then in the fall they don't

Read Marguerite Smith's Garden Column in The Sunday Times

have the double adjustment of settling roots into fresh soil at the same time they have to get their tops used to dry household air. For convenience sake and the pure fun of it, I like to wait until weather has warmed up. Then get outdoors and have a repotting binge. Just be sure to give most of them rich soil that's well-balanced as to plant food so they have a healthy diet. I like to use a teaspoon of bone meal to each six inch pot for most plants. Another good pointer is to put a little chunk of manure in the bottom of each pot. This helps condition soil and is especially good for foliage plants. Cacti need special attention. Give the thorny desert kind a light sandy soil mix, no manure, but plenty of drainage in the bottom of the pot.

# The Indianapolis Times

MONDAY, MARCH 31, 1952

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## Mother, 13, Babies Her Son Like a Doll



By CAROL TAYLOR  
Times Special Writer

NEW YORK, Mar. 31—Mrs. Antonette (Chickadee) Goodman is just 13, but already she's swapped the three Rs for the three Bs—babies, bottles and burpings.

Last May she left the eighth grade in Holy Cross School here to marry her baby sweetheart, Vergil Goodman, 17.

Today, New York's youngest mother told what it's like to be a mama at an age when most girls are begging their own mothers for a first lipstick.

"BUT come see the baby first," she urged, tiptoeing into the tiny bedroom of the crowded apartment she and her husband share with her family.

She scooped up a chubby, wide-eyed boy from his crib and expertly cuddled him.

"I do everything myself," she said proudly; "bathe him, feed him, mix the formula. But Vergil (the papa) gets up for the 2 a. m. bottle."

Her mother, Mrs. Joseph Albano, stood in the doorway and watched the mother and child tableau with tear-bright eyes.

"To me," she whispered, "she's still a little baby herself."

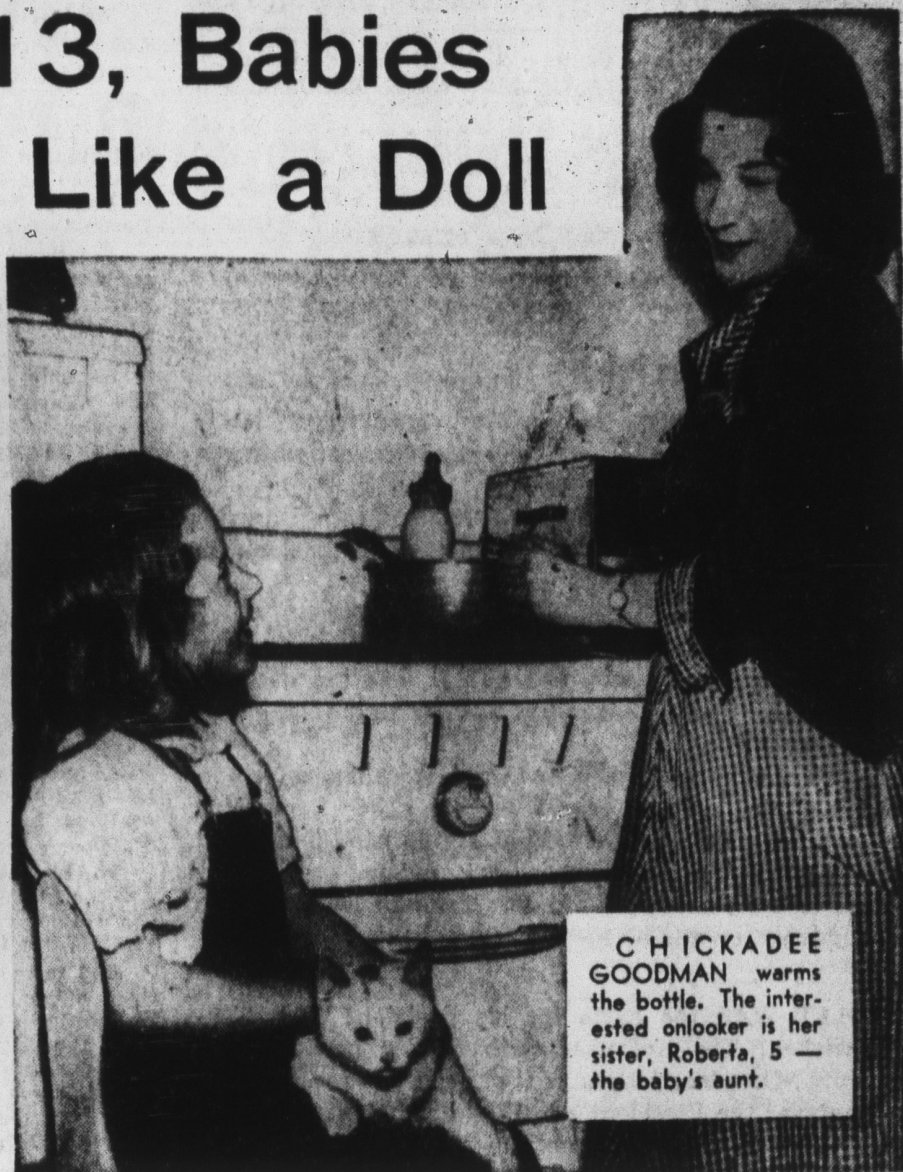
Mrs. Goodman's brother, Tom, 3, toddled into the room and eyed his nephew. "That's my baby," he squeaked. "I bought it in the dime store."

WHILE the baby, Dennis, sucked his bottle, the daintily pretty mother curled up on a couch and shyly spoke of the joys of motherhood.

"My friends call it my little surprise package," she related. "They are all dying to see it."

Her mother put in: "Her

MOTHER and child and Tommy, At 3, he's the baby's uncle.



CHICKADEE GOODMAN warms the bottle. The interested onlooker is her sister, Roberta, 5 — the baby's aunt.

other suitors still call her up for dates. They don't believe me when I tell them she's married and has a baby. They think it's me had the baby."

Mrs. Goodman remarked that she's been "mothering" babies ever since the arrival of her younger sister, Roberta, 5, and brother, Tommy, 3.

"I KNOW all about it," she said. "It won't be any different."

"Of course, I wouldn't advise it (early motherhood) for every girl, but if they're fond of children and know how to cook . . ."

She bobbed her head up and down emphatically. "I wouldn't advise 'em to marry if they didn't know how to cook."

Chickadee slings a savory

skillet, her mother attested, and mixes the formula with the ease of a professional baby nurse.

SHE SAID she hasn't played with dolls since she was 6; been too busy with the real thing. "But I still have one. I won a baby doll last summer at Coney Island. I was expecting a little girl. I was going to give it to her."

She doesn't miss going to school, she confessed. "The only thing I miss is home work. Keeps my mind occupied. And I learned a lot doing the home work."

Just under 5 feet tall, she's already slumped back down to 100 pounds and feels as good as she looks, she averred. She

was admitted to the hospital at 8 a. m. and gave birth at 9:30. She was in the labor room 10 minutes.

"It didn't hurt at all. The night before I was eating onions at 1 a. m. for a television snack. The baby wasn't due yet and I thought it was the onions. I kept telling the doctor, 'Nothing's the matter with me. It's the onions.'"

HER MOTHER smiled indulgently. "That's youth for you."

Dennis was baptized recently in St. Raphael's Church. Now mama and grandpa are hunting an apartment. The three children and three adults are crowded into three small rooms. And grandma is expecting another child herself in three months.

# Power Of Your Heart

## First Message

By AUSTIN PARDUE  
Bishop of the Diocese of Pittsburgh

NO DOUBT someone has already written a book about the spiritual meaning of the word "heart," but up to now I have not found it.

It is a theme about which I have long wanted to write, but have postponed doing so because of misgivings as to my qualifications. I finally decided that someone must make the attempt—so here it is.

I pray that these words may start some of us toward understanding this fundamental teaching, and toward the building or strengthening of a personal faith.

My approach is based upon experience gained in many years of pastoral work. I rest my case on the Bible and traditional Christianity.

Perhaps too many of us parsons are trying to be psychiatrists, these days, and are forgetting that the Church has a lot of its own which pertains to the cure of souls.

PSYCHIATRY, a new and inexact science, can give the Church much valuable data, but the Church has centuries of experience in human problems.

In these modern times, let us relate this ancient Christian theme to the "heart" which has the spiritual power to create and make new.

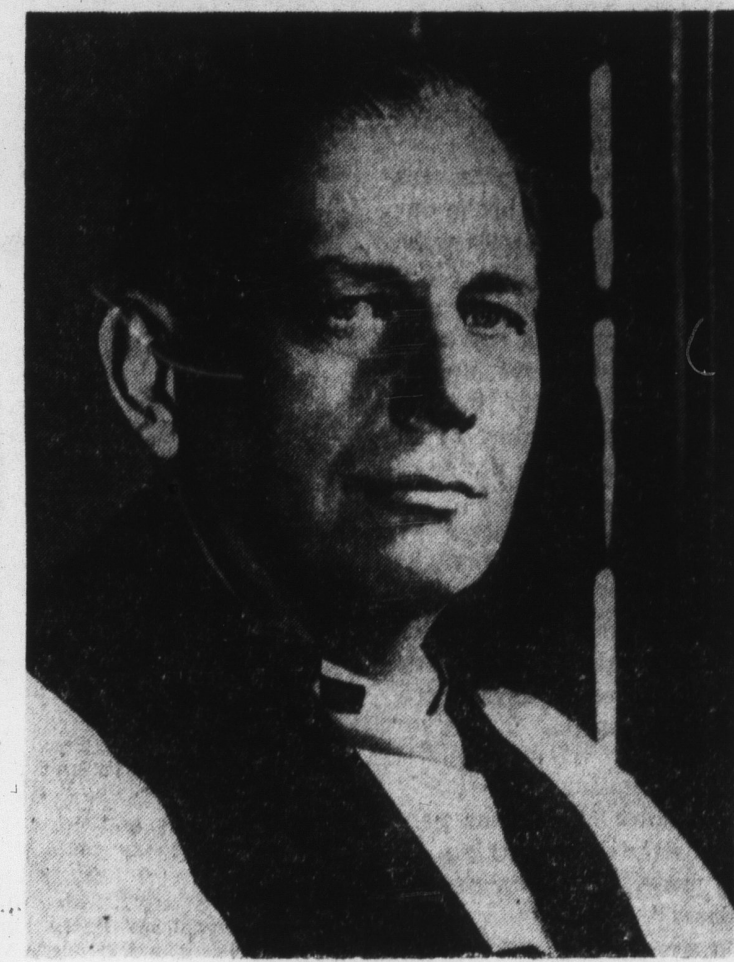
The season of Lent is not a period of dismal denial. It is a time of vast opportunities and limitless possibilities. It exists for the practical application of spiritual principles to our problems. Lent is a call to all Christians to "create and make new" hearts.

Since the heart of man is the incubator of all good and evil this is the season of crisis.

It is important that we lift the ceiling from the average concept of what Lent can mean and go inside of people. Poor spiritual visibility has kept us grounded for the season in purple and potted palms.

Even though we try to make Lent meaningful, it is too often centered on melancholy hymns set to a minor key, a multiplicity of added services, and long lists of special preachers.

These approaches are worth while and many of us have long tried to practice them with diligence, but they do not get to the root of things. They are important, but not paramount. They deal with effects, not causes.



DR. PARDUE—"I pray that these words may start some of us toward . . . strengthening of a personal faith."

The aim of Lent for a person or a world is to drive away old destructive habits of thought and desire which are deeply embedded in the subconscious.

The evil men do can only be defeated if God is permitted to carry the battle to the spring

of negatives ideas.

The good that they may do can only be accomplished if He is permitted to dominate men's minds with creative positive motives and concepts.

Lent is a time that is especially set apart for the concentration of our minds on the

"thoughts of our hearts" so that individuals and nations can be made new. No person or peoples can become any better or worse than the quality of their basic motives.

WHEN we speak of the "heart" we do not refer to the physical organ that pumps the blood through the body, but to the spiritual organ which furnishes the drive and motivation to all our thoughts, deeds and acts.

When this center of all action is in reasonable rhythm and balance with the principles of Christ, health of body, mind and human relations will automatically be adjusted to the end that men will become free, strong, joyous and co-operative.

Such possibilities—and opportunities are not restricted to the Lenten season. But here is a specific period when our attention is focused upon special spiritual objectives. If we understand the principle of the "heart" and the basis upon which it operates we can use Lent as a new beginning.

IT CAN give us the flying start which will catapult us to freedom from the emotional and mental habits that have kept us earthbound. These negative habits are called "sins of the spirit" and include such cutthroats as fear, hate, dishonesty, jealousy, resentment, revenge, self-pity, avarice and a sense of inferiority.

Any one of these devils can paralyze or poison our minds and bodies directly unto death. Or they can so bludgeon the souls of people that the time becomes ripe for their personification in the soul of a Hitler.

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NEXT: The World Needs "Good Hearts."

By Jay Heavilin and Walt Scott

## A Boy at Calvary



Inquisitive since birth, the curly-haired boy had been named Sakron, meaning curious. He was thirteen and lived in Macada, a city on the flat summit of a mountain in Judea, most important province of ancient Israel. On clear days, Sakron could see the Dead Sea twinkling in the east.



Besides a majestic view, Macada boasted an encircling wall with 37 turrets, and was an excellent place to store grain because its pure mountain air prevented spoilage. Sakron's father was a miller.



The fortress wall had been built to protect the legions of Emperor Augustus Caesar. Ruling Israel with a bloody hand, the Romans feared raids from revenge-maddened zealots, like Barabbas, the Robber.