

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 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 Millis & 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 lineage 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 ol' 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 1,000 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 filing purchase orders, vouchers and invoices . . . they used to be filed 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 Oak 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 nylon stockings.

Shouting it from the housetops, 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 lye-filled 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.

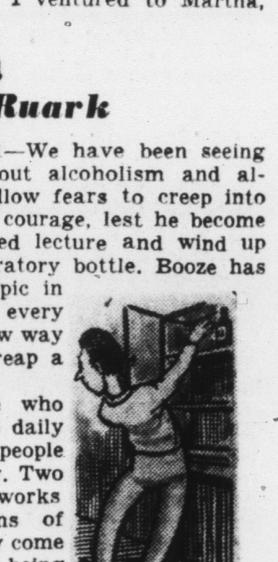
THE DU PONT geniuses decided maybe soot in the air containing sulphurous gases, wrecked the hose.

"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," she gasped.

"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,



Miss Wright

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 DuPont people. Mr. DuPont wasn't in. Guess he was down at the postroom.

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

"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?" she said.

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

THE MIDNIGHT EARL . . . Dancer Jerry Brandow 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. (Mebbe some of the messenger boys want wheel chairs.)

Art Ford signed a \$75,000 contract with NEW . . . 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" . . . Abe Lane and X. Cugat will be wed in Miami in April by a rabbi, say Abe's kinfolk . . . The new jive juice: milk and chloroform.

Eloise McElhone entered a pin-thrown meet at Cobb's Corner. (No NO, men. You don't throw at her. They throw at auffed husband) . . . The Frederick Vanderbilt Fields aren't seen together.

WAFs are having their uniforms redesigned. So after they sit, they won't have "rumple-seats" . . . The Nat King Coles have a top hotel's bridal suite for their fourth weddin' 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 drys, 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, the fact that he might want a snort of booze after 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 what to do. 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

I SEE ANOTHER one out of some doc that the fellow who helps the hostess is not basically polite, but is sneaking those quickies in the kitchen, and is, therefore, alcoholic. Another one says that although the fellow at the next desk may be clean, neat, industrious and kind to kids 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 beat 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

The Indianapolis Times

MONDAY, MARCH 31, 1952

PAGE 9

Mother, 13, Babies Her Son Like a Doll



By CAROL TAYLOR
Times Special Writer

NEW YORK, Mar. 31—Mrs. Antoinette (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.

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

"DO IT 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 Vergie (the papa) gets up for the 2 a.m. bottle."

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



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."

Her mother put in: "Her

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 slimmed 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 grandma 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.

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

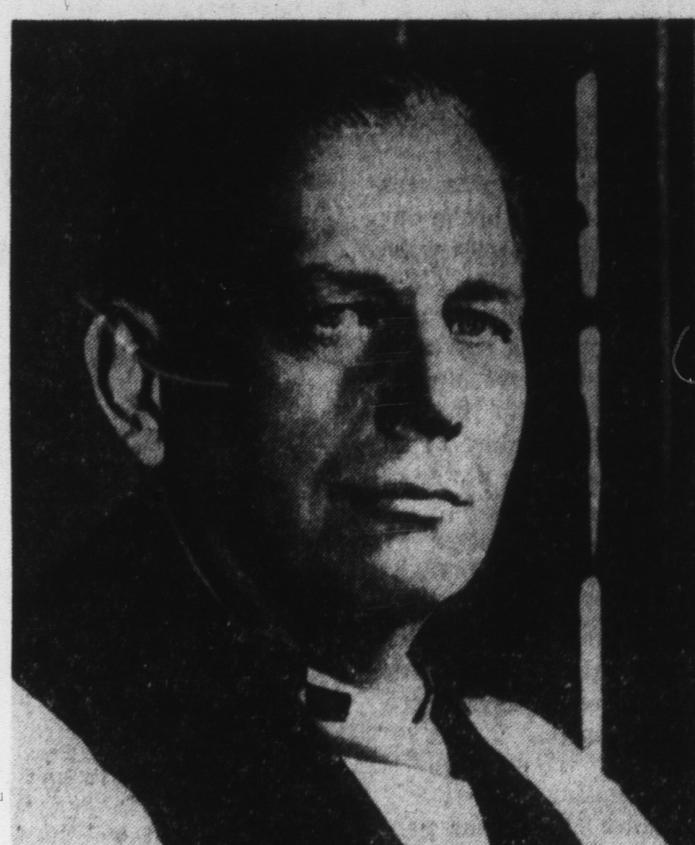
IT IS important that we lift the ceiling from the average concept of what Lent can mean and go inside of people. Poor spiritual visibility has kept us grounded for the season in purity and potted palms.

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, together with suggestions for disciplines related to smoking, eating and drinking.

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.

The aim of Lent for a person or 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



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

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 people can become any better or worse than the quality of their basic motives.