

Inside Indianapolis

By Ed Sovola

THE PHONE rang and the man asked me to come over to see a pile of cork. Fresh, too.

He was J. W. Ludewig, branch manager of the Mundet Cork Corp., 56 E. Merrill St., certainly would have something in bottles.

Would you accept the invitation?

"Come on in," a voice instructed. I hesitated because the entrance was a far cry from what was expected. The building had the appearance of a bootlegger's warehouse. There should have been a peeping slot in the door.

"Finally came over to see cork, eh? Not very busy today, are you?" J. W. quipped. (If you'll pardon the expression, he's somewhat of a corker.)

It would have been useless to argue the point. Just because a guy doesn't look busy or happens to be sitting in University Park doesn't mean he isn't busy. Thinkin' is work.



A FAST CHECK of the office revealed it to be as dry as a piece of cork. Incredible as it seemed, J. W. apparently meant to talk about cork. It would have to be a one-sided conversation. All I knew about cork you could put in a bottle.

Now I'm a pretty good listener. J. W. is a terrific talker and cork is his favorite subject. He began by expounding how important cork was in our daily lives. It is used in our homes, in airplanes, autos, refrigerators, deep freezers, shoes, flooring, caskets, athletic equipment.

"You forgot to mention bottle stoppers," I yawned. (If J. W. didn't talk so loud and fast I could have slept easily in the chair he provided.)

THE YAWN didn't bother him. J. W. said, turning a bright red which made his silver hair shine all the more. He does burn when he's trying to talk cork with someone and bottle stoppers pop up.

"You would think the only reason the cork industry exists is to make bottle stoppers."

It Happened Last Night

By Earl Wilson

ROCKFORD, O., May 22—I came back to the old home town and drove out to the farm where I was brought up.

"I'll just wait in the car," my Mother said. It was getting dark. I walked out to the old barn and smelled the hay in the hay mow. I looked into the horse stalls. I used to bring straw in on a pitchfork for bedding for our beloved "old Dick."

Then I sauntered slowly to the "hog house." One Christmas I stood in the doorway here with a new B-B gun. Encouraged by my Dad, I fired at the rear of a hired hand who happened to be bending over slopping the pigs. I made a bull's eye . . . 35 years ago.

The grass was wet, but I tramped through it up to the old cellar where we used to eat homemade bread with great gobs of country butter. Suddenly I realized that inside the house, the television was on.

It brought me out of my reverie. We drove back into town.

GOODNESS, the town must be growing. Maybe it was busy because Ozzy and Harriet were playing at the movie.

Once I wrote that one car on Main St., Rockford, was a traffic jam. Now the street was crowded. I drove into a parking lot—a free one.

I love to listen to the speech, which is so different from New York's where many call me "Oil." Some of my relatives, hardly souls up in their 70s, never admit they've been sick. They've been "complainin'" or "gruntin'."

But they usually put an "a" or an "uh" before the verb.

"I've been uh-gruntin' for weeks," they may say.

But they haven't been sick.

THE LIGHTS of "koller's koffee kup" invited us in.

Young Ted Kotler and his wife were busy at the counter. After a sandwich and coffee, I wanted to call up Rusty Risher, an old schoolmate. I went back to the crank phone on the wall.

For a moment, I hesitated. I'd forgotten whether you lift the receiver before or after you crank.

It was Ted Kotler's moment. So he shouted: "What's the matter? Don't you know how to use a phone? You a hick or something? Ain't you used to big city ways?"

I guess it's a gag he uses on everybody, but I had to smile.

And so that's all that happened. My Mother and I would have to drive back after midnight.

Americana

By Robert C. Ruark

NEW YORK, May 22—We are beginning to weep for poor Willie O'Dwyer, the ambassador, because we are afraid of the prodigal son, and it seems that in Willie's case a son can get so prodigal he hates the sight of a candle in the window.

Here you have the plaintive situation of the honored ambassador to Mexico, with all kinds of people clamoring for him to come home to explain why so many cops were so crooked under his benign reign as mayor of New York. But Willie doesn't hear real good. He would rather be prodigal than questioned.

I feel sorry for Willie for a variety of reasons. One is that he is so poor he admitted once that he had to borrow money from friends in order to play the role of ambassador and keep his beautiful bride in cocktail frocks. Then I feel sorry for him because he is so shy.

HE IS so shy he detests the idea of talking to a grand jury in his basic home town, New York, while still attempting to hold high the prestige of the United States on foreign soil. A shy ambassador is a pitiful thing, because an ambassador has to meet so many people.

On the positive side, one may be pleased at the improvement in Willie's health. When he was mayor of New York he was always coming down with the heart murmurs and flying off on Latin-American vacations.

Evidently, the 7500-foot altitude of Mexico City has put a stopper on his heart troubles, because he sure doesn't take any stateside vacation to relieve himself of pressure from that altitude—which, I understand, is not good for a chronic heart condition.

BEING just loaded with compassion this day, I also am sorry for the Democratic Party, because this is a thing that very few political organizations have to put up with. You keep having to pinch yourself to remember that this kid the righteous boys want to question is not a lamming tax dodger or even a bookmaker with a delicate air of aloofness from legal conversation. It is his excellency, the duly appointed ambassador of these United States to Mexico.

Most of us plain folks travel around kind of loose and easy, and when one of my masters says come home, why, I am apt to come home to see what the man wants. In the case of poor Willie O'Dwyer, either nobody in the management has asked him, or else he just won't heed that querulous call.

If I had me a tame ambassador and everybody was saying, "Come home dear boy, we

Here's Lowdown On Portugal Cork

grew J. W. (Didn't frighten me. He grows easily.)

"By the way, do you . . . ?"

J. W. was off. Cork facts rolled off his tongue like water off the Soldiers and Sailors Monument. Facts were sort of jumbled up. Really doesn't matter.

Cork is the bark of the cork oak which grows most successfully around the western end of the Mediterranean Sea. It's a foreign product. You can tell that by the name—Quercus Suber and Quercus Occidentalis.

The bark is stripped from the trees every nine or 10 years. First harvest takes place after the tree is 20 years old. A tree will produce cork bark for about 100 years.

J. W. UNWOUND beautifully when he told how old cork is and how long it had been used. Ancient Greeks and Romans made stoppers and floats and shoes. He mentioned a Theophrastus, in business about 400 B.C., as a big cork user. That was news to me.

He finally worked himself out of the dim past and began spouting off what a wonderful insulator cork is. (The local Mundet branch office specializes in insulation—cold storage, pipes, roofs, vibration.)

The reason it is so good is that the bark of the cork oak is cellular in construction. All other barks of trees are fibrous. In one cubic inch of cork there are about 200 million cells and in each is a microscopic bit of dead air. (The figure is not from a government bureau.)

THIS CELLULAR construction makes the stuff repel liquid. It stays resilient, can be compressed, has low thermal conductivity and makes an excellent absorber of vibration.

Portugal, Spain and Algeria are the largest producers of cork. The main Mundet plant is in Portugal. Two large processing plants are in New Jersey. Compared to foreign and eastern outlets, J. W.'s office is a peanut operation. That's what he says. I saw the cork he has and there's enough to float a battleship.

Cork is ground and boiled in its own juice and pressed into slabs. It can be sliced paper-thin or used in huge blocks.

I don't know how many days J. W. could talk on cork. For one day, two hours was enough for me, unless . . .

Hay Smells Good In Old Home Town

to defiance, where she and my Dad (who's quite sick) live now. But I didn't mind. Going back to the old home place is a luxury I permit myself every three or four years. I think it not only takes some of the Broadway smell off me, but it's also a good idea to remind myself every so often that I can never be very satisfied.

THE MIDNIGHT EARL—Milton Berle's been ill, not too sick to do his TV show, though. Writer Bobby Gordon was asked, "What's he got?" He replied: "A lot of money."

Roosevelt turns disc-jockey a week from tonight, substituting for Laraine Day for one show.

"Relly," a very personable greeter at Toots Shor's (real name Paul Casgrain) had a big day at the track, picking 7 out of 8 winners. He won about \$1000, betting small money . . . The Jerry Lewises expect to adopt another baby in two weeks . . . "Meet the Press" modestly denies a rumor that Gen. Ike's been snagged for his first appearance—wishes it were true.

Stripper Lili St. Cyr's admirer, handsome Victor Jory . . . Bud Granoff lost \$80 on dice at Las Vegas, mentioned it to comic Joe E. Lewis who said, "Watch me win it back." Trying to do so, Lewis lost \$22,000 . . . Bertrand Russell, in his 80s, is trying to get advance information on what Kinsey found out about women.

Miss St. Cyr Couples: Wanda Hendryx and Jed Harris' son (at the Embers); Chorine Baby Lake and Boris Kostelanetz, Andre's brother . . . Golf Champ Sam Snead was in Toots Shor's where City Mgr. Tom Maxwell of Columbia, S. C., observed, "He smiles when he eats, even though he doesn't when he golfs."

WISH I'D SAID THAT: "A certain Broadway-lite was shot but luckily the bullet hit his heart—and was deflected"—Arnie Rosen.

TODAY'S BEST LAUGH: "Communists are not only boring from within; they're boring from any angle you hear them"—Guy Lebow.

Vivacious Helen Gallagher of "Pal Joey" will star in her own show in the fall. It's been written for her by certain big shots . . . Marilyn Monroe blames it all on an unhappy childhood in a profile by Jim Heneghan in Redbook. Oh, for more unhappy childhoods.

EARL'S PEARLS . . . No doubt about it, sighs Roger Price—horsepower was much safer when only the horses had it.

A girl has a hard life (says the London Opinion) if she has a soft heart . . . That's Earl, brother.

A Shy Ambassador Is Not a Pretty Thing

miss you so," I would be real curious about why he just keeps on sitting there.

BUT MOSTLY if I were the President or the Secretary of State, and sufficient irreverent copy had been written about an ambassadorial appointee, to hold him up to shame, derision and naked suspicion of evil doings while in office, I would get him out of there in a hurry, if only to make my country look good.

A shy ambassador is not a pretty thing, any more than most of what goes on in the high places is very savory to the sight these days. We almost might be faced with the embarrassing spectacle of an American ambassador changing his citizenship to avoid a call, and about the jurisprudence on this I have no slight idea.

Mr. O. Henry, unfortunately dead, is the only man I can think of to provide a logical solution to the plight of poor Willie, and poor Willie's masters' dilemma on what to do with a bashful diplomat. Short of declaring war on Mexico and kidnapping Willie, I see no way to get him home for a cozy talk.

I will not attempt the O. Henry kicker to the case of O'Dwyer versus common curiosity. I will just stand by, breathing heavily, because I want to see how this one comes out.

Dishing the Dirt

By Marguerite Smith

Q—When do I move lilies of the valley? June? Or fall? Mrs. Bert Nelson, R.R. 7.

A—Do it late this fall or very early in spring. If you have a plentiful water supply and a little experience with plants you could move them safely in June. Especially since they go into a

Read Marguerite Smith's Garden Column in The Sunday Times

shady spot, anyway. But this will take more care than fall or early spring planting will. Let the consistency of your soil decide which time. If it is slow-drying clay, then fall is preferable.

Q—Would appreciate information on a Boston fern. Mrs. J. E. Wooruff, 339 S. Warman (also answering others' readers).

A—Give it the loosest kind of soil. That means mixing up woods dirt, rotted manure, peat moss, or whatever other materials you have to make a rich loose mixture. Give it plenty of light but not direct sunlight. Water it thoroughly once a week. If soil is properly prepared you may find this once-a-week watering enough except in hot dry weather. But keep it on the damp rather than the dry side. Never let it stand in water. And do not put it outdoors for the summer unless you have a place protected from whipping winds.

The Indianapolis Times

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1952

PAGE 21

THE SCHRICKEER STORY . . . No. 1—

He Might Have Been President

By IRVING LEIBOWITZ

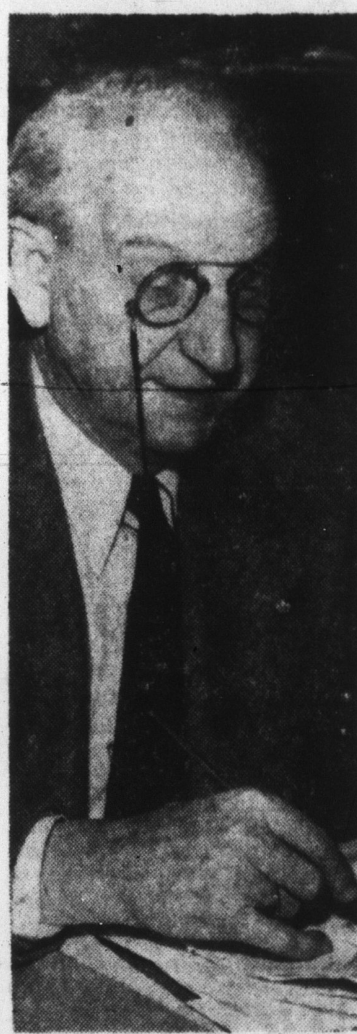
"PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT wants you to run for Vice President. Would you consider being his running mate?"

The day these words were spoken in the Statehouse a cool afternoon early in 1944—will not be forgotten by Gov. Schricker.

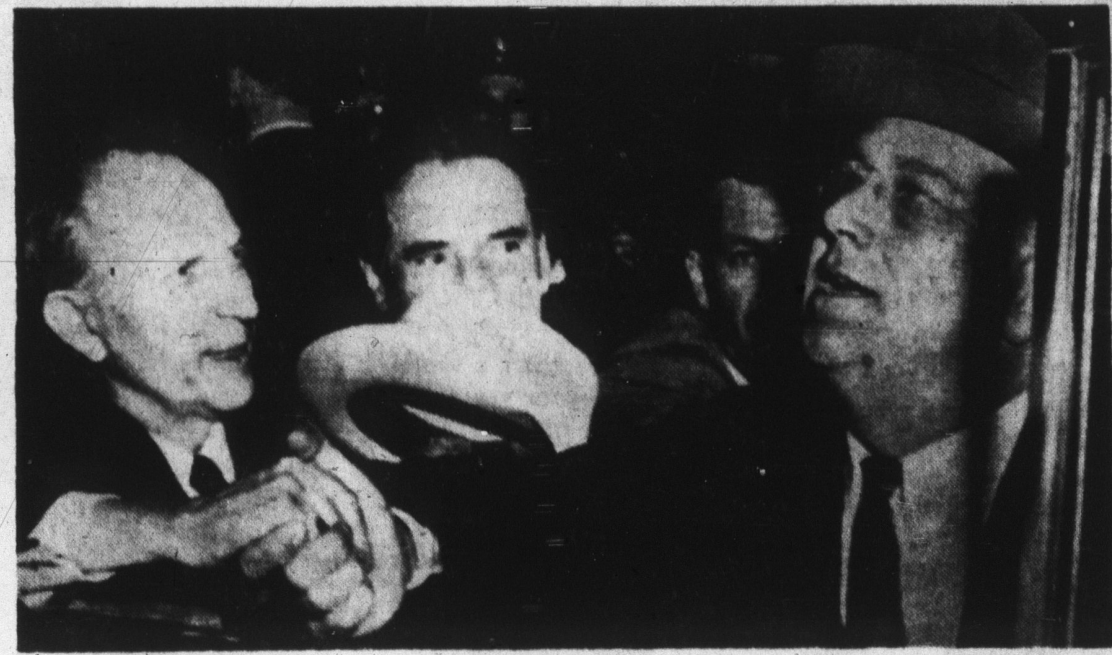
The late President's message was directed to him, delivered by a personal emissary from the White House.

Henry F. Schricker declined the offer then, just as he has any overtures recently. He was completing his first term as Governor.

Historians some day will point out Henry Schricker's refusal at that time might have changed the whole course of political events in America. For a Senator from Missouri, Harry S. Truman, finally was chosen. And, when the ailing President died, the man from Missouri took over.



GOV. HENRY F. SCHRICKEER—The young statesman from Knox.



FRIENDS—Gov. Schricker shakes the hand of his friend who wanted him to run for Vice President in 1944.

explain his political philosophy. Mr. Schricker has not been closely identified with the New Deal or the Fair Deal, primarily because he is rigidly independent of the dictates of the Democratic high command. But he sympathizes and believes earnestly in such measures as social security, often explaining to the public: "What a wonderful thing for an old couple to look forward to."

HENRY SCHRICKEER, the son of German immigrants, in speeches over the state, has imparted his faith in the United Nations, civil rights, human freedom and the separation of church and state.

Gov. Schricker came to grips with the Republican recently, in a battle headlined in all state newspapers, on the question of welfare security.

The Governor, who says he is a foe of secrecy in government, nevertheless was in favor of keeping the welfare rolls closed because Federal Security Administrator Oscar Ewing threatened to cut Indiana's federal welfare grant if the rolls were opened. He did not want to take a chance on losing federal funds by making an issue of welfare security.

"Nail the welfare lists on the courthouse doors along with the taxpayers lists for all I care," the Governor declared. "But let's not have any Hoosier go hungry because of our mistakes."

Indiana Republicans, led by Sen. William E. Jenner, battled the Governor and the federal government, offering to reject federal funds if necessary. The GOP said the welfare secrecy fight was a fundamental issue of states' rights. And the Republicans won the fight when Sen. Jenner was able to tack an amendment onto the President's tax bill which allowed states to open relief rolls without loss of federal funds.

IF AS doctors like to say, a man is as old as he feels, Gov. Schricker is still young at 65. But the Governor, anxious to leave the rigorous sun-up to sun-down routine he maintains, wants to retire to his picturesque home in Knox when his term ends Jan. 16, 1953.

While no recluse, Mr. Schricker shuns the glittering Capital social whirl. Compared to other Governors, he is outstanding in his virtual absence from this phony arena. It is out of character for him and has no appeal to him. He views it with the disdain of a country preacher, which incidentally, some folks think he should have been.

The Governor was born in 1883, the son of a storekeeper in North Judson, a small town in the lush farm country of North Central Indiana. His need for money kept him working in his father's grocery and away from Valparaiso College where he had longed to study law.

The same need for money put him to work at a bank. As an insight to his character, his friends tell the story of a robbery in the bank shortly after young Henry took over. The safe was blown, but the robbers failed to get the money.

So, Banker Henry Schricker carried the funds with him in a suitcase. He slept with it and ate with it between his knees until a new safe arrived.

Some years later, Mr. Schricker became editor of the Starke County Democrat and became president of the Indiana Democratic Editorial Association.

So far, this record is a familiar one in American politics. The poor boy who came from a struggling rural area, went to the city, built a successful business, established a local reputation.

But with Gov. Schricker, the story doesn't end there. He rose to State Senator, Lieutenant Governor and Governor.

In the State Senate, instead of associating with the "pats" of lobbyists and backward element, Mr. Schricker quietly established himself as a "liberal" lawmaker. Indianapolis newspapers referred to him as "the young statesman from Knox." He fathered the state's merit system police force, and fought with equal zeal for labor, business and farm interests.

NEXT: Schricker's record.

'MASTER MINDS' OF BASEBALL . . . No. 4—

Holmes Rated Top Teacher Of Batting

By ERNIE HARWELL

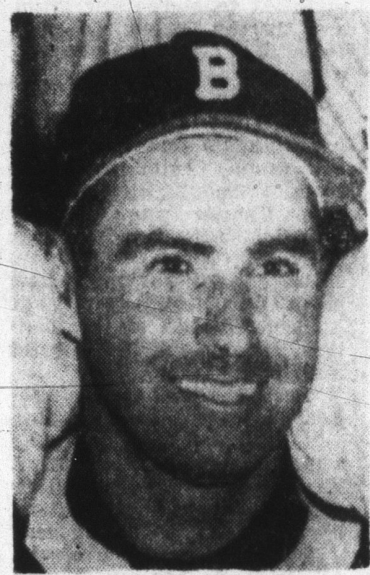
IT was almost dark one cold, spring evening of 1946 in Boston. Braves Field had long been emptied, but Tommy Holmes was hustling himself and three teammates through a spirited batting practice.

"A future for Holmes as a manager first occurred to me that day," recalls Lou Perini, president of the Braves. "Tommy, one of baseball's best hitters, was working to improve himself and his teammates for an hour after the game was over."

So the appointment of Holmes as Braves' manager in mid-season last year was no surprise. Neither was his fine showing as a freshman prexy.

Holmes is a teacher—a quality lacking in many managers. Most of them rely on their coaches, but Holmes works with the men himself, especially on hitting.

"Holmes can cure anybody's batting slump," his former teammate, Phil Masi, said. Slumping Boston batters found the truth in that testimonial last summer. Tommy worked on Willard Marshall and Sam Jethroe to name two—and brought improvement to both.



Tommy Holmes

There are other top-notch manager-teachers besides Holmes. Rogers Hornsby, Browns' manager and a truly accomplished hitter, is one of them. White Sox pilot Paul Richards is another. Hornsby is best at tutoring hitters. Richards, an ex-catcher, has dealt in minor miracles with pitchers.

HOVEVER, lack of instruction on many major league teams is appalling. A player

should be thoroughly grounded in fundamentals before he reaches the majors. But the truth is that many pitchers after several seasons in the minors still don't know how to hold a runner on first. Many batters who starred in Class AA leagues know nothing about bunting. Others never were taught how to slide.

Writers often ask why baseball people don't use blackboard, chalk, paper and pencil as pro and collegiate football coaches do. Hal Lebowitz, Cleveland writer, batted away at the Indians until they adopted "blackboard drill" this spring at Tuscon, Ariz.

Baseball has ignored instructional movies, too. Tommy Henrich took Yankees sequences last year, and the Giants filmed their players' batting styles. But the films were used sparingly. As yet, no baseball team has scouted the opposition by movies.

Cincinnati's Ted Kluszewski once profited by the flickering action of a home movie. His wife took shots of his batting from her box seat. Later when Ted fell into a slump, he tried to correct himself by shortening his stride. As he watched the movies, he discovered he wasn't overstriding, but was falling away with his shoulders.

Big leaguers still have much to learn and they can be taught. Others, besides Mrs. Kluszewski and Tommy Holmes, have proved that. For instance, the Cards gave up on Jim Hearn in 1950, waiving him to New York. Manager Leo Durocher turned Hearn over to Frank Shellenback, a crafty pitching coach, and Jim soon became the league's wonder boy.

"Jim was making a few mistakes," says Shellenback. "Once he'd corrected those, he gained the confidence he needed."

Thus, a manager can help his team as a teacher. Or if he can't teach, he can surround himself with coaches who can.

IF IT'S tough to make the majors as a player or manager, you can imagine the odds against a player-manager. There's pressure from competition, the press and the public. Suppose Manager Tommy Holmes were playing and dropped a fly, which prolonged an enemy rally. Then his second baseman bobbled an easy grounder, allowing the winning run to score.

Could Holmes berate his second baseman? He could, but if the second baseman liked to talk back, he certainly would have a wonderful opportunity. Many great players have

made outstanding player-managers—Frank Chance, Joe Cronin, Mickey Cochrane, Bill Terry and others—but the record shows a manager does a better job on the bench. Of 102 pennant-winning pilots since 1900, only 29 were active players while managing.

Billy Evans, former big league umpire and executive, believes that to win a pennant a player-manager must be exceptional.

"When a player-manager has a great season," he says, "his team has one. It was that way with Cochrane in Detroit in 1937. Lou Boudreau lifted Cleveland in 1948. But when a manager has a bad year as a player, the team slumps with him."

Evans also contends that managing is five times tougher than it used to be.

"The tempo of the game is faster," Billy says. "Decisions must be made more often. The manager has plenty to keep him busy on the bench without holding down a playing spot."

No wonder Tommy Holmes and other big league managers are content to sit on the bench. They have their hands full without carrying the load of bat and glove.

NEXT: Paul Richards, Perfectionist.

WITH A 100% MILITARY BACKGROUND—

It's Hard To Dent The Cool Reserve Of Gen. Mark Clark

By DOUGLAS LARSEN

WASHINGTON, May 22—Major thrusts like the one he was thrust into over POW uprisings in Korea don't make much of a dent in the cool, reserved demeanor of Gen. Mark W. Clark, new commander of U. S. and United Nations forces in the Far East.

Q—Would appreciate information on a Boston fern. Mrs. J. E. Wooruff, 339 S. Warman (also answering others' readers).

A—Give it the loosest kind of soil. That means mixing up woods dirt, rotted manure, peat moss, or whatever other materials you have to make a rich loose mixture. Give it plenty of light but not direct sunlight. Water it thoroughly once a week. If soil is properly prepared you may find this once-a-week watering enough except in hot dry weather. But keep it on the damp rather than the dry side. Never let it stand in water. And do not put it outdoors for the summer unless you have a place protected from whipping winds.

36th Texas National Guard Division protested his appointment as Army Field Force Commander before Congress.

THEY QUESTIONED his judgment in ordering the 36th to cross the Rapido River during the Anzio landings of World War II which resulted in 2128 casualties. But when an Army report denied bad judgment in the case, his appointment was approved.

A 100 per cent military background is probably responsible for Gen. Clark's stoic, aloof and highly efficient way of life, which has won him many military honors. Born on the Army post at Madison Barracks, N. Y., May 1, 1896, son of a West Point colonel and grandson of a Civil War surgeon, it was natural for Clark to elect West Point as his school.

At the Point neither his scholastic nor social records were outstanding. He was graduated 110th in a class of 139. Little is recorded or remembered of him as an out-

standing or unusual personality.

People close to him claim there is really only one recorded example of Clark with. Reporting on a trip to an osteopath he told a friend:

"The osteopath and I wrestled around a bit, then I threw him out the window, and I just sat there with my left leg wrapped around my neck."

CLARK'S MOTHER also takes his talents pretty much as a matter of course. At a party in Washington during the war, just after Gen. Clark had led his forces into Rome, everybody was praising her son's feats. To one person she sniffed:

"I don't see what everybody is so excited about Mark for. His father always taught him to do his duty. He was trained to be a good soldier. What he has done is no more than anybody could expect of him."

Gen. Clark is generally regarded as having the perfect general's bearing. Six feet, two inches tall, he stands and walks

rigidly erect. He is lean, hard, has broad square shoulders, and a hawk-nose gives him a faintly Lincolnian look. He speaks in clipped, precise phrases.

The most exciting and adventuresome event of Gen. Clark's military career is the eight days he spent on the Algerian Coast, after being landed secretly by submarine, gathering data and information for the later invasion of Africa by Allied forces during World War II.

AFTER the landing, he successfully negotiated with a group of French generals to order a ceasefire on French resistance.

It was after leaving the Point that it became apparent Gen. Clark had a brilliant career in store for him. He took to studying in his spare time, and won recognition for valor and leadership during World War I.

Between wars he was almost coaxed out of the Army to take a job as executive with an Indi-

ana utility company, but was talked out of it by his father.

One of Gen. Clark's big assets is the ability to impress persons over him or who work with him by his persuasiveness, frankness and decisive thinking. "Buttering up" anyone is not his way of doing business. And while he has none of the Eisenhower warmth, for instance, Gen. Clark does have ability in handling diplomatic matters. He can turn on the charm when it's necessary.

Gen. Clark is known in the Army as a tough but not a harsh leader. His chief concern has always been to have men under him well trained. Old friends who speak of him with great affection are hard to find in the Army, but there are plenty of officers who have served with and under him who greatly admire him as a soldier.

He is married, has a married daughter, and a son who is also a West Point graduate and a Korean veteran.