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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1941

HOPKINS TO LONDON

THE President's designation of Harry Hopkins as his personal emissary to London "to talk with some old friends" is not without precedent.

During the World War, Col. House traveled about Europe as Woodrow Wilson's personal representative—and though the Colonel was reputedly able to "walk on dead leaves without making a sound," he left some heavy footprints on the road down which we traveled into that war.

Norman Davis went to Europe several times as President Hoover's representative, and later as Mr. Roosevelt's. Immediately after the 1932 election William Bullitt ran mysterious continental errands for Mr. Roosevelt, before settling down as Ambassador to Moscow. Even now Col. (Wild Bill) Donovan is over there, at the behest of Secretary of the Navy Knox, on some undisclosed mission for the Administration.

The President makes it clear that Mr. Hopkins will have no ambassadorial powers. We think that's fine, for to us the picture of Mr. Hopkins dabbling in international politics recalls subconsciously a neat phrase written recently about a candidate for another important post—"he has no manifest experience, nor probable qualifications." But Mr. Hopkins does enjoy the President's confidence, perhaps more so than any other man, and his mission can be a useful one.

It is a matter for regret, though, that the President does not find our regular diplomatic channels adequate for carrying on relations with foreign governments.

Mr. Roosevelt says he will name an ambassador to Great Britain next week. Whoever this accredited envoy is to be, we hope for his sake that he will not be required to take up his post before Mr. Hopkins' mission is completed. For his would be an embarrassing start if he arrived in London with official papers, "powers" and responsibility—and had to stand around town unnoticed while all the important British statesmen clamored for the ear and voice of the President's personal listener and spokesman.

WINGS OVER IRELAND

THE mysterious bombings of neutral Eire are susceptible of many interpretations, including these:

1. That German pilots, off their course, dumped their explosives blindly to avoid disaster in case of forced landings. (Successive repetitions, in daylight as well as dark, weakened this theory.)

2. That English pilots, using captured or salvaged German equipment, dropped the bombs in the hope of exciting anti-German sentiment among the Irish people. (Such a scheme would not be unprecedented in war, where "all's fair," but it would be a reckless stratagem. Suppose a British pilot crashed, and the evidence of duplicity were laid bare?)

3. That Germany is engaged in the preliminaries to an invasion of Eire. (But would Germany announce an invasion by such relatively piddling visitations?)

4. That Germany dropped the bombs deliberately, preparatory to divulging faked "evidence" that England did it. (In view of the positive identification of one bomb and other equipment as German, this seems fanciful.)

5. That Germany is executing another feint, seeking to induce England to hold large forces in western England and northern Ireland against a possible German invasion of Eire.

The answer will probably be given within the next few months. In the meantime, the position of the Irish is a delicate and potentially a desperate one.

Eire is to all intents and purposes undefended, even though Prime Minister de Valera said in his Christmas-night broadcast that she had increased her defense outlay fourfold. If Germany struck, Eire would have to rely on British sea and air power to defend her. And if Germany occupied her, she would become a blazing target for the R. A. F., as France's Channel ports have become.

Last November Winston Churchill, discussing British shipping losses, said:

"The fact that we cannot use the south and west coasts of Ireland to refuel our flotillas and aircraft and thus protect trade by which Ireland as well as Great Britain lives, that fact is a most heavy and grievous burden and one which should never have been placed upon our shoulders, broad though they may be."

And President Roosevelt, in his recent fireside talk, made an indirect appeal to the Irish when he asked whether, if the Nazis won this war, Ireland would be spared. "Would Irish freedom," he asked, "be permitted as an amazing exception in an unfree world?"

But Mr. de Valera, and his people, seem determined to hold to the letter of their neutrality, declining to permit British use of the west-coast bases that Britain relinquished in 1938, even though this policy leaves them exposed to disaster. If they must face the worst, Mr. de Valera has said, "we shall do it knowing our cause is right and just, and that if we have to die for it we shall be dying in that cause."

Those are brave words from the leader of a brave people. Let us hope they will not prove to have been prophetic.

ONE IN 1969

OF OUR population of something more than 130,000,000, one person out of every 1969 is in prison.

That is based on the Bureau of the Census' estimate of today's prison population as 66,000 persons in 108 prisons and reformatories in 46 states and 18 federal institutions.

It makes one think of the great-hearted Eugene V. Debs, who once said, "As long as a single person remains in prison, I am not free."

But there is this good side of it: All over the world, scores of thousands of men and women are in prison for opinion, for political non-conformity. In the United States, not more than a handful of these 66,000 imprisoned men and women are paying for political "sins."

Fair Enough

By Westbrook Pegler

ASCAP Oldtimers, Wise to How New Tunes Are 'Borrowed,' Not So Confident of Winning Radio Fight

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—The present writing finds us, not unhappily, in the grip of a general strike or general lockout in which the big broadcasters and the great central copyright pool and collection bureau known as ASCAP are at odds over the royalty rate and other issues. ASCAP's music is off the air as to most of the stations, and this organization seems to think that the public will come to its rescue with a great clamor for the particular combination of squawks, squeals and moans to which it holds title.

I doubt, however, that the old hands in ASCAP privately entertain any such belief, because they are all practical men who know how easy it is to steal a new song from an old one and must realize, therefore, that in a very short time the composers so called, in the employ of the broadcasters can tinkle out acceptable imitations of their private stock.

Already, no doubt, free-lance ghouls of the music trade have put together half a dozen variations of "Three Blind Mice," a simple but apparently inexhaustible theme which has been mined at great profit by other vandals in the last few years who have had the effrontery, incidentally, to copyright their thievings and demand royalties on the same.

POSSIBLY, if the public is given a brief test from those dreadful sounds which have been called music and hammered on the nerves and temperament of the American people with ever-increasing emphasis as radio grew, some benefit will come of this brawl. Old airs from the four-cent song book are being revived which have a tendency to soothe rather than to excite, and a spell of rest from the din might cause a revival of taste.

Certainly no other cheap and trashy fake in any of the arts has had the benefit of such pretentious indorsement as jazz and, since jazz, the swing music of the last 30 years. To a louder and more raucous noise the more artistic or characteristic it was said to be, when it was obvious that these horrors were the work of bores and ignoramus and often of common thieves.

Even the so-called red-hot mammas have been saluted as interpreters of something in the spirit of the people, although it was known for a fact that this type of singing originated in a low and dirty brothel on W. Madison St. in Chicago and was characteristic of that phase of life and no other. The torch song began as and remains a lewd and frowsy expression of the lust of a back-room bum and has been standardized in its artless but considerate manner by singers who cannot sing and composers who can't compose but only hitch together stock phrases.

These two so-called American art forms have been brayed over the air for countless hours, and not content with that imposition, the music industry, including radio itself, has exploited a later offense called swing, which the exhibitors seize on any decent work that comes to mind and disembowel it like savages torturing a missionary.

PLAGIARISM has become respectable artistic and commercial practice in that department of the trade which is called creative. Every song writer or hack singer is familiar with the trick of stealing a few bars of some lovely thing and surrounding it with trash, but so common is the practice that members of the draft board defend it and insist that stolen material should enjoy the status of an original creation in the name of the thief.

No nation on earth ever bought as much music as the United States has in the last 30 years, but certainly no nation ever bought music quite as bad, for not even the Chinese have produced worse. Probably it has done something to the nerves of the people for they are beaten over the ears with it from dawn to dawn, and millions have become so numb that they can sit for hours with the most horrible sounds bouncing about them and not even notice them. Some people can even read the funnies with this going on.

It must be said that ASCAP owns title to some very good American music, along with the horrors in its popular library, and that it would be a pity to lose this portion of its store. But there is no way of discriminating, and if it should come to a choice between all or nothing, complete and endless silence would be the obvious choice.

Aviation

By Maj. Al Williams

Defense Manager With Full Powers Needed to Speed Up Plane Output

WE are 30% off in our monthly production of warplanes from the estimated quota of 1000 planes. Without a boss, without a master plan for our air defense, without any move toward accommodating the existing Army and Navy services to the Defense Advisory Commission has accomplished wonders.

Advisory is the word. That commission, composed of the inevitable brain trusters—four of them, against only three industrialists—has been saddled with the responsibility for gearing our aircraft industry to turn out 50,000 planes a year but has not been given authority to run the show. Botchneck? The real bottleneck here to the finish is the political eyepiece through which our air defense must run. The British went through this very same dance. The British public pleaded for a co-ordinator of national defense—boss for their rearmament program. When did they get one? Not until England's back was against the wall.

Responsibility for the known deficiencies of our plane-engine production program is being skillfully saddled on the Defense Advisory Commission. They are holding the bag, in the mind of the public. Slowly the scenery and the smoke screen shift. Industry is now being appealed to for co-operation. That implies that industry has not been doing its best to help America win, especially in the air. That is not founded on fact.

IT'S only a few months since the airplane industry was given its first intimations as to what kind of program was in the offing and what it was supposed to do. What's the next step? Industry is impatient, fails to co-operate, or is unable to meet the demands of air rearmament. Step by step then, the Government sets up some kind of shadow aircraft industry. The Government builds them huge factories and equips them with machine tools. That puts the Government in business in a big way, bidding for labor, setting wage scales dictatorially, and completely upsetting the applecart. The British did just this after the politicians had fumbled themselves into an inextricable mess.

The solution is so simple. Appoint a national defense manager—an executive—someone who knows how to run a business. Give him the defense job full and adequate authority to get on with the job. Responsibility for air defense must be vitalized by unhampered authority. This is a fundamental law of business and common sense. And only a government would dare to launch a major industrial effort under a half-dozen bosses, each advising the other and all advising the Government about things for which plans were never made.

So They Say—

POPULAR ELECTIONS express the will of the people, but back of that will is the will of the democratic spirit which alone can save us from the excesses of the rule of force.—Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes.

THE POLICY of aid to which we are committed may not be carried to the logical conclusion short of war, a fact which our people have not even taken into full consideration.—Brooks Emsley, director, Council on Foreign Relations.

Famous Marching Unit Now Mechanized



The Hoosier Forum

I wholly disagree with what you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire.

PLEADS FOR RETURN OF CHRISTIAN MORALITY

By Frank J. Cliney, Editor, Ind.

America needs not only increased military defense to stem the tide of hate and dictatorial tyranny which has engulfed the world but a return of Christian morality or spiritual awakening such as our forefathers who founded her left us in equity, but seemingly we have forgotten. For the material things America needs more work and less talk. Team work will pull us through. This is no time for petty jealousies or partisan feuds.

URGING BETTER PAY FOR THEATER EMPLOYEES

By Ex-Student Help

The other day there appeared in the papers, the cry by the "exhibitors" of motion pictures, that they are being done a great injustice. Their complaint is that the distributors, under the "percentage" system, pay the gross income tax, and they also have to pay it. . . . In other words, they both pay the same tax. . . . Truly, this is an injustice. . . .

But . . . can a man come into court with dirty hands? . . . No, he cannot, because equity decrees he must have clean hands. . . . It is known that the motion picture industry is a lucrative one. Even the operators of the machines in the lowest, cheapest, "movie house" gets at least \$60 a week salary.

But, the cashiers, the ushers, even the assistant managers, get from \$7 a week to \$15. The week is made up of seven days, 54 to 60 hours a week, no days off, holidays and week-end means more hours, no more rest as in other industries. Now a few of the better houses will claim better conditions. The ushers' pay in this is \$12 a week, instead of \$7. But . . . for seasonal layoffs, sickness, etc. they make no compensation or provision.

These houses say that the majority of the help is composed of schoolboys, merely making spending money. Oh, yes! there are a few, but for every student, you will find 10 who aren't students. . . . Many try to support a wife on \$12 a week.

The Federal Government has decreed that 40 hours is the regular working week, 30 cents an hour is the minimum wage. The exhibitors have "avoided" this ruling since the Federal Government cannot regulate the theater.

ASSERTS WERE ALREADY AT WAR—UNOFFICIALLY

By Lester Gaylor

The United States is at war—unofficially of course—but there is no such thing as "aid short of war." Such representations are outright fairy stories put out to bait the extremely glib.

It is a "come on" slogan coined in the dark halls of the international war makers, intended to deceive the people and to intrigue them into a new holocaust of red-flowing hate. Did we learn nothing from the blood and dollar siphoning of 1917-19? Are we still in the primary department in our national progress, and are we to follow any Pied Piper of war propaganda that leads us on with a patriotic melody and an all-day sucker?

Must we always be children and allow the present-day White House "poppycock factory" to turn out all our decisions simply because we are too lazy, weak, and indifferent to demand a voice in our great government, dedicated to us, and forgotten and down-trodden people?

Why has our Government degenerated into one that thrives and perpetuates itself by bribes, embezzlement, and voluminous propaganda? We pose as a people bitterly opposed to dictatorship, yet we actually promote and defend a dictatorship in the guise of democracy, and laden with censurings as any in the world except that of godless Russia.

It can be characterized by the following words: Deceive, smear, hate, persecute, destroy, bully, plunder, spend, waste, experiment, defeatism and we allow these trends to continue only because the New Deal Propagandists have deceived us into believing that we can do nothing about it. . . .

SEEKS WILLIE COMMENT ON FIRESIDE CHAT

By a Reader

... Come on, Willie, be a good Hoosier. We are waiting for a comment from you about Roosevelt's fireside chat. And don't be disagreeable.

OFFERING A SUGGESTION ON THE LIQUOR QUESTION

By C. F. L.

To satisfy the demands of the United Dry Forces Association's local option legislative appeal, why not close all taverns throughout the state for a temporary period, then reopen them under the old-time saloon restrictions. However, in the meantime allow the sale of liquor at liquor stores, and the distribution of beer to homes by beverage distributors? Maybe that will appease the dry forces.

Side Glances—By Galbraith



The guy that ran this station before you used to light my pipe!

Gen. Johnson Says—

Complaints From Veterans Show Army Not Making the Best Use of Its Trained Officer Personnel

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The Army is not making the best use of its trained officer personnel. The late Admiral Carey Grayson's pet story is in point—that of the old Negro who was preparing a barbecue to which Carey arrived early. The colored man said he was the "barbecue" cook in Kentucky. Carey asked who lived on various neighboring farms. Each one was a Colonel. When Carey asked how come, he was told:

"Some get to be kunnels from a fightin' in de war. Some get a piece of paper from de Governor informin' dem dey is kunnels, and some," the old Negro leered, "get to be called kunnels by strangers at a barbecue by jes' givin' an old nigger like me two dollars—in advance." But just plinning eagles on a man's shoulders and calling him by a title doesn't make him a colonel. It is a grade, that in our Army takes the better part of a lifetime of study and experience to acquire. It takes 10 years of service in the regular army and four more years at West Point just to be a captain. An officer's job is a learned profession—not a gift.

THE War Department quite properly and necessarily encouraged tens of thousands of civilians to take appointments as reserve officers. Naturally, some of them were rank amateurs as soldiers and the bulk of them held lieutenant's commissions. Now we are calling thousands of them to active duty. When they join for duty with troops they have to earn their advancement, but when they come in on staff assignments, it is becoming a very different matter.

A little personality plus, sometimes, a political drag, works for many of these neophytes, what many years of service don't work for a regular. New captains, majors and lieutenant colonels are being created out of reserve subalterns who haven't a year of active duty. In the Army, rank, rather than ability, is nine points of the law. They are assigned to command regulars who have to tell them what to do.

At the same time, men with complete military experience and education, who have resigned or retired or are World War veterans returned to civil life, get a deaf ear when they volunteer to be recommissioned and recalled to active duty. The War Department seems to prefer shoe clerks and soda jerkers. My mail is full of complaints of this kind from frustrated veterans.

IT is demoralizing to officers on the active list of the regular army. It is the stupidest and most slipshod kind of administrative inefficiency. Every relative or well-wisher of a young man now entering service as a soldier has an interest to see that this policy is reversed. They have a right to insist on the very maximum of fitness for command or administration among the officers on whose acts and decisions the welfare, if not the lives, of these boys may depend. We should as readily condemn the selection of an amateur officer to look after their welfare as an amateur doctor to look after their health, especially if there is a reputable specialist available.

Exactly the same thing happened at the beginning of the World War, until Gen. Pershing got his independent command in France and began to send the misfits—wholesale to the reclassification center at Blois—or "bloose" as the soldiers called it.

But why do we have to wait until the guns begin to roll to correct such an obvious blunder as this? Every American in shoulder straps is entitled to advancement to any grade when in some stern test he has shown his superior fitness. This goes whether he is a regular, national guard or reserve officer. But there has been no opportunity for any such test of any amateurs as yet, and regular and national guard officers have at least their records of long service. They have the records, but the amateurs are getting the rank. It is an easily correctable error.

A Woman's Viewpoint

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson

A PHASE of relief about which we hear too little comes in a letter to this column. It is written by a woman who has no way of helping herself, and it discloses one of the foulest evils of our age—the tyranny of poverty over the human spirit.

"What is the matter with America?" she writes. "Or to be more blunt, what is the matter with the relief investigators? Instead of trying to encourage unfortunate people they are trying to break our morale. Why is the public not informed as to how the people on public assistance are subjected to questionings and insults that make your self-respect rebe?"

"I am a deserted woman with two children, trying my darndest to keep them healthy and decently clothed. Last summer my boy had to have medical treatment and a kind neighbor paid the doctor bill. Once in a while I help her with her housework for her kindness. I get \$32 a month from the Relief Bureau for the care of my two little ones. Like a virtuous male relief investigator comes and questions me over and over, as if he thought I should be given the third degree. Do I work for this lady? How much does she pay? How long have I worked for her? Etc. On and on it goes. I sometimes feel like slapping his face. He makes me feel as if I were a brute."

"Maybe I did wrong to take money from the neighbor when I needed help so much, but why should I feel like an enemy alien because I acted in the way any normal mother would act? There is no way for me to report on the treatment this man gives me. I can't complain, because I am on relief."

"I wish the public knew how rotten many of the investigators are and how poor folks are made to feel like the dirt under their feet. If this goes on much longer we will not have any pride left, and yet we have to take it because we can't bear to see our children starve. No wonder the people on relief have a despairing look on their faces. No wonder they seem to be without spirit or without hope."

"I don't know why I am writing all this to you unless it is because you are a woman and may be willing to give some publicity to the reliefer's side of life."

Watching Your Health

By Jane Stafford

WHEN you sit down to eat, banish your worries and stop thinking about things that have angered you. The family dinner table is not the place for airing your grievances or threshing over the day's problems. Wise people have realized this for ages, and recently scientific experiments have given concrete evidence of how one's digestion can be upset by having one's feelings upset while eating.

The experiments were made by watching with X-ray the digestive processes of animals. A meal containing barium, which is opaque, makes it possible to see the motion of the digestive tract. Watching the digestion of a cat in this way, scientists saw that when the cat's fur was rubbed the wrong way, the motion of the intestinal tract stopped. The flow of digestive juices also stopped, other tests showed the same thing was observed in a dog that was excited by seeing a cat.

If, figuratively speaking, your fur is rubbed the wrong way while you are eating, the same thing is likely to happen in your digestive tract. It just stops working, and you may experience the uncomfortable sensations we call indigestion.

Fatigue is also likely to lessen the efficiency of your digestive mechanism, just as your mind and fingers do not work as efficiently when you are tired. The remedy for this is not to omit meals when tired or upset, but to change the conditions so that you can eat in a peaceful, relaxed state of mind. If you are very tired, postpone the meal till tomorrow. It is not a rare thing to see a person who has been out for a long time, and is so tired that he cannot eat.

THESE TWO

By ELEEZA HADIAN

So long I questioned fate,
I selected and rejected;
To be scientist
And help, heal the world?
To be economist
And make rich the world?
To be minister
And lead them in prayer?
To be a teacher
Enlighten the world?
Long, so long, fate,
I deliberated,
But now I know, I know.

Make me poet,
To bring them vision!
And lend me God, a violin
When next I live—not wasted,
Spent, groping, blind—Oh, in
Retaliation
Give me a pen and a violin
To guide them to Heaven!

DAILY THOUGHT

My son forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments.—Proverbs 3:1.

OBEDIENCE IS the mother of success, and is wedded to safety.—Aeschylus.