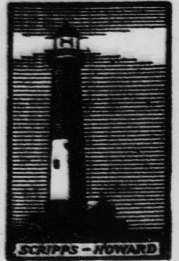


The Indianapolis Times

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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1942

WE'RE NOT WINNING THIS WAR

"DO you think the United States is doing all it can toward winning the war?"

The Gallup Poll, having put that question to a cross-section of the nation's voters, reports that 78 per cent of those interviewed answered "yes."

(Too bad the pollers couldn't reach the Americans hoping vainly for reinforcements in the foxholes of Bataan. They might have a different opinion.)

If more than three-fourths of the American people actually believe that this country is doing all it can toward winning the war, they are victims of one of the most dangerous mass delusions in all history.

It is true that Congress could hardly appropriate more billions in briefer time or with less debate. It is true that the people, through Congress, have given the executive practically unlimited war powers. It is true that an army of Government press agents is working diligently to spread the impression that the Government is doing a marvelous job.

BUT the United States is not doing all it can toward winning the war. And it is not winning the war. It is on the defensive on every fighting front, losing ground in the Far Pacific, losing ships in the near Atlantic, despite the brave efforts of under-equipped soldiers, sailors and marines.

On the home front, save for the honorable exception of those who have given sons or husbands or brothers or fathers, nobody has yet been required to make such contributions of toil and taxes and self-denial as can be made and must be made.

From a few of the men who know we are getting the truth. Donald M. Nelson, head of the War Production Board, tells us that industry's task of conversion has been little more than begun.

William S. Knudsen tells us that "generally throughout the country" production is not yet on a war basis.

William L. Batt, director of WPB's materials division, warns us that "America can lose this war."

America so far is losing this war. Instead of pride in what we have done, we should feel shame that we have done so little. If we hope to lick the Germans and Japs, we must lick the spirit of complacency among ourselves and in our Government.

FAN DANCING—

AN act to provide protection for persons and property from bombing attacks in the United States, and for other purposes."

That's the title of the law authorizing appropriations of 100 million dollars for the Office of Civilian Defense. Oh, fellow-taxpayers, if they had only left off those last four words! What a difference it would have made!

L'affair Mayriss would not have occurred. There would have been no such convocation of information specialists, assistant information specialists, labor problem consultants, racial relations advisers, associate racial relations advisers, business specialists, librarians, and assistant librarians—no unending parade of payrollists; typists, orators, custodians, consultants, file clerks. No such swarm of expensive flies on this particular sugar bowl. But those four words—"and for other purposes."

WITHOUT them we should have had a single objective for our 100 million dollars—"to provide protection of persons and property from bombing attacks." But not so. We'll have everything from fan dancing to a children's crusade.

To administer the 100-million-dollar expenditure, here is how the payroll classifies:

For those things seemingly pertinent to protection from bombing attacks—fire defense, civilian protection, protective construction, camouflage and blackouts, evacuation and transportation, emergency medical, training and inspection, control and communications, property accounting, and air patrol—\$322,260. For overhead directly connected therewith, \$180,220.

For other expense which wouldn't be there if those four words hadn't been tacked onto the title, \$857,840. Let us call that the Eleanor Glide department.

Thus doth another tail wag another dog.

RECORD

GOVERNMENT departments and bureaus broke all records in the fiscal year 1941 by sending out 1,123,563,721 pieces of postage-free mail—nearly nine pieces for each man, woman and child in the United States. That compared with 999,138,119 pieces in fiscal 1940, and 970,764,376 pieces in fiscal 1939.

Cost to the Postoffice of handling the 1941 departmental "free" mail was \$49,020,190—up about 10 million dollars from the previous year. "It is believed," Rep. Louis Ludlow has just reported for the House Appropriations Committee, "that this increase of departmental mail will be continued during the present and the next fiscal years."

And, our Congressman might have added, during each year thereafter so long as the Government's ever-growing army of press agents, information specialists, public-relations experts and hand-out writers can get priorities on paper, typewriters, mimeographs, printing equipment and franked envelopes.

IT'S A THOUGHT

WHEN they start eating less sugar maybe women won't need the rubber girdles they may not be able to get.

Fair Enough

By Westbrook Pegler



DETROIT, Feb. 10.—Discussing a shortage of skilled men for the war trades, the personnel man of one of the big motor companies, who deals in workers by the thousand head, remarked that a smaller company had appealed to him for help. The little company needed machinists and without them could not deliver on time the mechanism which was its allotted task in the whole armament scheme. "They begged me," he said, "to lend them 300 of my men."

A half hour later, the personnel man's boss, discussing another phase of production, remarked with a note of reproach, that the big unions claim men for their own as though the men were property. The more men they control through their closed shop and check-off agreements, the greater the power of the boss unioners over both the men and industry. If they call them out on strike they can be impersonal toward the privations of families because the individuals are not men to them in the human sense, but just so many ciphers, with no voice in the matter. The successful organizing strike, a common device, called for the purpose of driving into the union thousands more men employed at an unorganized plant, who desperately don't want to join, increases the power of the union boss and the strikers go hungry with their families and obey orders with little complaint.

Feudalism in Manpower

WHEN the boss had explored this thought I said the personnel man's talk of lending the machinists had revealed a similar impersonality and sense of property in men, although not the same brutality. I believe we all agreed that the industry did think of workers by the drove or herd, subject to loan.

The boss of the Great Corporation, an old-time showworker, himself, then said the downright feudalism in this country existed in the baseball business where the man is, frankly, just property on the hoof. He did not say, but I often did when I was doing sport, that this serfdom was the very foundation of the amusement which for more than 40 years has been regarded as the national game of the freest country on earth. Twenty years ago the standard baseball contract was attacked in court, but it must have been upheld because it is still the standard form. Briefly once a player signs, he becomes property and may be sold and must work for his next owner at the owner's terms but, growing old or being hurt, may be fired on 10 days' notice. He is scheduled as property of a certain value in his owner's assets and tax reports. The owner can claim depreciation on the player as his talent and sinews decline, but the player, being, for his own tax purposes, a man, can claim no such depreciation. The player can't solicit a better job and the owners have a written conspiracy, with penalties provided, whereby no owner may approach another owner's player with an offer of a better job.

Treat Men as Property

A FEW years ago cases were reported from the low minors in which one player was taken in trade for a bird dog and another for a catch of new and used baseballs.

Some employers using masses of men prefer to do business with the unioners. They agree on wages, hours and conditions and the union very efficiently delivers the labor at the gates on time, of a fair average skill and reasonably sound of mind and limb.

Dave Beck, the Seattle Teamsters' unioner, startled me once by exclaiming angrily of the brewery drivers "those men belong to me." He meant that his union claimed jurisdiction, but he said, "Those men belong to me," and he meant that, too. Last Saturday, the Chicago Daily News, which belongs to Colonel Frank Knox, discussed national conscription of civilians for work and soothingly remarked that a Gallup Poll "shows that a majority of our citizens are willing, in the war emergency, to let the Government tell the workers 'what job, where and how much.'"

What do you think of that?

'Work, Work, Work'

By Wm. H. Stoneman



LONDON, Feb. 10.—Exhortations to the British people to increase the tempo of their labors and the measure of their sacrifices dominated the British press and radio programs over the week-end.

Newspaper comment was characterized by a thunderous appeal from J. L. Garvin, editor of the (Sunday) Observer and grand old man of British journalism, to "work, work, work." The B. B. C. presented a highly eloquent oration by Sir Stafford Cripps, former Ambassador to Moscow, describing the sacrifices of the Russians and contrasting those sacrifices with the comparative ease of life in England.

Sir Stafford, who incidentally was in Moscow during the London blitz, warned the people that "arms, raw materials and foodstuffs" would have to be sent to Russia before the German spring offensive which, he indicated, might begin in April. His point was that the British must increase their own sacrifices in order to help Russia.

All these observations fell on willing eyes and ears and nobody disputed their validity. By this late hour everybody in this country realizes that the situation is serious and that Britain's war effort should be increased to the maximum. It is also fair to say that 90 per cent of the British people would gladly work their fingers to the bone and suffer cold and privation if they thought it would save Singapore or the Burma Road, or help the Russians lick the Germans. All they now need is to be shown and what they have not been shown properly is how they can exert their full energies to advantage and how their sacrifices can be translated into help for the allies.

Leadership at Fault

THE FACT is that while the country's leaders are appealing for greater national effort, they themselves have so far proved incapable of organizing that effort in an efficient way. At this very moment, it is becoming increasingly clear that the Government's latest answer to the demand for unified direction for the country's manpower and resources—admittedly the sine qua non of an all-out national war effort—is not going to fill the bill.

While encouraging Britain's civilian army to do its utmost, Sir Stafford himself has refused to play a part in providing that army with generalship. He refused to accept the post as supply minister after his return from Moscow and apparently has decided to employ his talents as the government's friendly critic and the people's adviser. The people themselves feel they are getting too much advice and criticism and too little information about what is expected of them.

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So They Say—

It seems to me that agriculture should have a dictator, as has industry—Louis Bromfield, author-farmer.

The only thing this country cannot afford is idleness.—Dr. Alvin H. Hansen, Harvard economist.

The Spirit of '42?



The Hoosier Forum

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

A NOTE TO MRS. ROOSEVELT

By R. W. Hall, 2107 E. Michigan St.
To our "First Lady": So you think \$4600 a year salary to a dancer is more important during these times than buying defense stamps and bonds.

Why in the world don't you stay home and give as much help as you can in comforting the President?

Why do you rant about our children and our homes when you are never home long enough to see yours? A fine example, don't you think?

Four stars to The Times for taking this matter up and no stars to them for printing "My Day."

"LET'S SHOW THE BOYS WE ARE THINKING OF THEM"

By Carl W. Schwenger, 635 West Drive, Woodruff Place
In December, 1941, while in Miami, I wrote several letters to the newspapers asking for free postage on all necessities the soldiers buy, including smokes of any kind.

Now, thanks to the fullest co-operation of many newspapers all over the country, in printing this letter, including The Indianapolis Times, the Senate gave the boys in the service, anywhere, free postage in a bill passed Jan. 29.

Now, let us all put our effort behind the tax exemption on necessities, including smokes of any kind, and a raise in pay. These boys are our defense, let us show them we are thinking of them, that we appreciate what they are doing for us by writing our Senators and Representatives in Washington, demanding they act now, as many of our boys won't come back to us, and refuse to take "no" for an answer.

'ONE GOOD MANAGER WORTH MILLION WAGE WORKERS'

By James R. Meitzler, Attica
Now comes H. W. Daacke with a variation of that ancient Socialist gag, "Labor produces all and should have all." Those who make this statement arrogate to wage workers the title labor and deny it to all others.

According to them all who manage their own business are not

(Times readers are invited to express their views in these columns, religious controversies excluded. Make your letters short, so all can have a chance. Letters must be signed.)

workers. Neither farmers, merchants, factory owners, stock holders, bond holders, investors in mortgages, insurance policies, in fact none but wage workers. A farmer's horses could make the same argument with equal justice.

The truth is one good manager is worth more than a million wage workers. If you do not believe this, comrade Daacke, start a business of your own and get all you produce.

Suppose there were 32,000 millionaires made in World War I. With price ceilings on farm and factory products and none on wages, with greedy labor unions increasing cost of production by demanding more and still more wages, with taxes devouring any profits the unions might overlook, there is slim chance for getting a million except by looting a union treasury.

"PUT THE DOG IN THE DOG'S PLACE"

By W. H. Indianapolis
In answer to Mr. Charles Kwinny, of Feb. 5, 1942:

Your spiel about dogs gives me a pain and you're not speaking for everyone. You're speaking for yourself probably.

I wonder if your love for dogs would cause you to let your children sleep with them, kiss them, etc., if you have any. I would like to have seen the look on your face or your actions if it had been your child that had been bit. Would you love and kiss the dog or let it set on your lap as only a child should do? And you sound as though you doubt that the dog ever bit the child. You also say, "Let's not have better children." Why?

Well, let me tell you something, pal. I have a dog and think a lot of him and so far he has never bit anyone and he better not. For

if he does, or if any dog bit either of my two children, yours too, no one will have to call the police to shoot him. I'll do it myself.

The sympathy for the neighbors' kids is true. I have seen the kind that take their baby house dogs walking on Sunday mornings, pick it up and pet it when other had dogs came near, talk to it like it was a baby, etc., and the very same day threaten to call the police on their neighbors' kids for running on their lawns while during the week their dog ran all over your place. I think to get the full benefit of this you had better read your letter over again.

I give three cheers for Mr. Arthur Mellinger. Put the dog in a dog's place and let the children live a normal child's life. Down with stray dogs, all of them.

SIX-DAY WEEK ENOUGH, HE SAYS

By "Sailor," Indianapolis
A lot of hullabaloo, and possibly some mischief, is arising over the "double time for Sundays" issue in war industries. In these times of national hysteria would it be too much to ask you to print a common sense suggestion?

Seven days a week is too much, physically. Anyone who has studied the matter can tell you that a man can do more work in six days than in seven—just as he can accomplish more in eight hours than in 10. Cut the war industries down to six eight-hour shifts and shut the place down on Sundays. That will solve the problem, save money, lower the number of accidents and increase production.

No, I am not a lazy defense worker. I am just an enlisted man in the armed service, but I've still got my mental balance, and I want those war goods delivered in the greatest possible amounts, in the least possible time, and at the least possible cost.

"JAPAN HAS THE JAPS, AMERICA HAS THE SAPS"

By Rita, Indianapolis

In answer to G. R.:
What do you mean if "we" feel it is necessary? Who is going to ask "we" what is necessary? From now on we are just told; so why go to Germany or Japan? If war-time wasn't forced on us, try using Central Standard and get to work on time.

The sugar shortage is due to lack of foresight. I saw sugar centers idle, when they should have been going full blast.

England protects no interests except her own. In one corner of his factory, an English manufacturer made war supplies for China and in the other corner they made war supplies for Japan.

We exported to Japan almost twice as much oil as the rest of the world, 90 per cent of her copper, two-thirds of her machinery, and 90 per cent of her scrap iron, some of which came back to Pearl Harbor and the Philippines. Mayor La Guardia sent the scrap iron from a New York "el" to Japan.

Japan has the Japs, America has the Saps.

THERE'S NO POCKET IN A SHROUD
You must leave your many millions And the gay and festive crowd; Though you roll in royal billions, There's no pocket in a shroud.

—John Alexander Joyce.

DAILY THOUGHT

Look on every one that is proud, and bring him low; and tread down the wicked in their place.—Job 40:12.

LET PRIDE go afore, shame will follow after.—George Chapman.

Gen. Johnson Says—



WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—It certainly is not defeatism to grouch about bungling war making, if the conclusion is not: "So you're licked, you big Palooka, lie down and quit," but on the contrary, is: "Get in there and sock, or the referee will declare this walking-match no contest."

Something of the latter sort would be appropriate to our conduct of this war to date. It is going seriously against us. In the opinion of most military experts I know, 1942 looks very sour.

Here is the worst war in history. Right now, before our eyes, it is changing the political domination of half the globe. At its opening blast it has brought us the greatest naval disaster in our history.

In the meantime, the strength of our principal allies or friends, upon which we had been taught to rely has been proved to be a strength sufficient to resist only by reliance on our strength and that to the full value (pledged or given) of all the wealth and value accumulated in the United States since Christopher Columbus.

Strategic Principles Violated

IN GIVING it we shall be forced to violate strategic principle No. 1 and scatter and dribble our strength away over the whole surface of the earth, instead of concentrating in the spot where we can meet any maximum enemy strength with a greater strength of our own.

The process of stumbling and fumbling and blundering ourselves into this unhappy situation has taken years. It has been signalized by a sort of happy-go-lucky carelessness which pooh-poohed proved plans worked out by veteran experts on experience and substituted for them flash-in-the-pan experiments, ill-considered, poorly organized and lacking either competent or sufficient responsibility and authority. There may be an equivalent record of waste and ineptitude, but it does not readily come to mind.

There is no use crying over spilt milk or wasted billions in wealth and opportunity for national defense, and there would be no excuse for such a column as this if one aspect of it—perhaps the chief cause of it—did not remain. It is true—speaking by and large, the general public, instead of being shaken with indignation, simply does not seem to give a thinker's dam—not even yet.

It's Time to Wake Up

WHEN THE MAINE was sunk in Havana Harbor and our flag over Ft. Sumter was fired upon, these events were the culmination of years of incidents that had the whole country (in one case) and all of the North (in the other) seething with anger.

This upheaval is different. Most people don't even know the names of the areas involved and "The Four Freedoms" are just a little too high in the rarified stratosphere for the average guy to tell the difference between a war for them and a war to gain possession of oil, rubber and distant dominions.

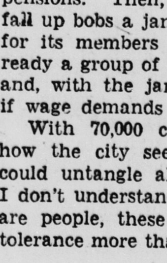
It is too late to talk about that now. That may have brought us into the war, but the only fact that counts now is that we are in it and must get ready to give a good account of ourselves or suffer the worst humiliation and loss our country has ever known.

This is the fact that must be brought home to our people to jar them out of their smugness and there is not a day to lose.

Editor's Note: The views expressed by columnists in this newspaper are their own. They are not necessarily those of The Indianapolis Times.

A Woman's Viewpoint

By Mrs. Walter Ferguson



TO PUT IT bluntly, the public school teacher of the great city of Minneapolis is between the devil and the deep blue sea. On one side stands the powerful American Federation of Labor, offering help through its organization; on the other are traditional educational principles which frown on methods of coercion.

Many of these teachers have served their city long and faithfully, yet of late years they have taken regular salary cuts, some as high as 15 per cent. Threats to their tenure system, their only old-age security, now appear.

To give up their posts would mean sure loss of pensions. Then, to make bad matters worse, this fall up bobs a janitors' union demanding more money for its members which they will probably get. Already a group of teachers have joined the A. F. of L., and, with the janitors, threaten to close the schools if wage demands are not met.

With 70,000 children affected, you can imagine how the city seethes. Only a Philadelphia lawyer could untangle all the snarls. Being only a visitor I don't understand half of the facts. But if teachers are people, these who pay union dues here deserve tolerance more than blame.

It's a Big Question

MANY HAVE joined the union although they do not approve of it or its methods. But they saw millions of dollars spent for buildings and equipment, some of which will shortly be discarded, while their own salaries were cut. They saw politicians getting money the teachers had earned. Then, to cap the climax, they watched their own School Board truckle to the janitors who hold the whip hand because they are organized.

Since talking to some of these teachers I see more clearly what many conscientious American working people are up against. To escape breadlines they are forced to become union members.

Therefore this question is as big as the United States, but also as little as one obscure man or woman. It seems to me we can't snap our fingers at it very much longer.

Questions and Answers

(The Indianapolis Times Service Bureau will answer any question of fact or information, not involving extensive research. Write your question clearly, sign name and address, include a three-cent postage stamp. Medical or legal advice cannot be given. Address The Times Washington Service Bureau, 1015 Thirteenth St., Washington, D. C.)

Q—Please give some information about the Military Order of the Purple Heart.

A—It was founded in 1782 by George Washington and was revived by President Hoover Feb. 22, 1932, the bicentennial of Washington's birth. The medal is suspended from a purple ribbon with narrow white edges. It is bronze in the shape of a heart, and carries a silhouette of Gen. Washington on a purple enameled metal. The medal is awarded to all veterans who received a wound in action, or a meritorious citation certificate.

Q—Who was the first ceramist to make copper lustre glass?

A—The art is said to have originated with Richard Frank of Brislington, England, about 1740, being a form of Bristol delft manufacture.

Q—Which mountain was used as the location for filming scenes of the picture "Sergeant York"?

A—The mountain shown was specially constructed on a Hollywood sound stage.