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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

## WHY NOT SAVE 10 1/2 BILLIONS?

SECRETARY MORGENTHAU thinks we should realize there is a war going on. So he proposes 10 1/2 billion dollars in new taxes. The fact that we're already paying 10 times as much in taxes as we were paying three or four years ago doesn't faze the secretary.

But Mr. Morgenthau also knows that an election is coming on. And apparently he is bothered by the realization that the number of direct taxpayers likewise has multiplied. Forty million taxpayers in voting booths could do wrong. So one of Mr. Morgenthau's proposals is that nine million people be relieved of the obligation of contributing directly to the government's support. That would be done by the process of merging the victory tax into the income tax in such a way that nine million of the victory taxpayers would not become income taxpayers. The \$30,000,000 loss in revenue would be more than recovered by higher rates on those who remain in the taxpaying fold.

Mr. Morgenthau's politics, however, run counter to his own statistics of income. He admits that four-fifths of all the people's income is received by persons getting less than \$5000 a year. Yet, Mr. Morgenthau's new tax program, like all of his others—and he has proposed at least one a year since he became treasury chief—is aimed primarily at the other one-fifth of the total income.

It is about time for Mr. Morgenthau, the politician, to confess to Mr. Morgenthau the revenue searcher, that after he has extracted all the blood out of that one-fifth turnip, he will still have to get the bulk of revenue from the four-fifths. Of course, most of the revenue he's now getting comes from the four-fifths, by indirect taxation.

ONE thing this country learned and taught the world is the lesson of mass production. A lot of wise guys tried to get rich manufacturing automobiles to sell for \$5000 with a profit of \$3000 on each vehicle. They all went broke. But Henry Ford became a billionaire making cars to sell for a few hundred dollars, with only a few dollars profit on each model-T or model-A.

If Mr. Morgenthau were thinking in terms of taxes for revenue instead of taxes for politics, he would frame a tax program to fit the market—to get the revenue where the money is. If the treasury is ever to get itself in a sound position, it will have to do as Henry Ford did—fashion a product which the mass of people will buy and pay for and believe is giving them their money's worth.

"Their money's worth"—ah, there's the rub! All the taxes that Mr. Morgenthau has persuaded congress to enact add up to only a little more than one-third as much as the government is spending. And if he were to get this additional 10-billion-plus, that would still be less than one-half the spending. Present indications are that if the war ends two years hence the public debt will be around \$300 billions. At 3 per cent interest, that would mean an annual carrying charge of nine billions—as much as the whole wasteful pre-war New Deal cost per year.

The people who get \$1000, \$2000, \$3000, \$4000 a year—which means more than 95 per cent of us—are not so dumb but they know this will mean food out of the mouths and clothes off the backs of all of them and their children and their children's children.

SO we ask: Why is it that the United States is spending more money on this war than all of our allies combined? Why is it we must continue to pay cost-plus-fixed-fee prices for things the government buys, and time and a half for overtime labor? Why not buy the materials of war at what they are worth, rather than submit to this highjacking? And why this swarm of bureaucrats feasting on our taxes and our credit while you preach sacrifice?

The people are willing to pay for every gun, every bullet, every plane, bomb, tank, cargo vessel and warship, and all the food needed to supply our troops, and to provide our share of the supplies to our allies. We're ready to spend any amount of money actually needed to save a single life or to shorten the war one minute. But couldn't we shed a few parasites from the payroll and get just a little common sense management? Couldn't we adjourn New Deal politics for the duration?

Wouldn't it be a good idea for the committee on ways and means, considering the 10 1/2 billion in new taxes, to resolve itself into a committee on ways and means of not wasting 10 billions?

## OUR NEW COLLEAGUE

HERE is an interesting nose-under-the-tent item. Our correspondent at the U. A. W.-C. I. O. convention in Buffalo, Fred W. Perkins, reports that he and his fellow newspapermen are not alone in covering this meeting of the country's biggest union. They have a new colleague, one Travis K. Hedrick, who is reporting the event not for a newspaper but for the government. Specifically, for the overseas branch of the U. S. office of war information.

Well, if the government is going to send a reporter to this meeting, why not to others? Why not cover all the news, all over the country?

Of course, the OWI has, or can arrange for, access to the voluminous reports of the great press associations. Apparently these do not give it just what it wants. Well then, what does it want? Are the press associations too objective, too unbiased, for OWI's purposes?

The whole procedure puzzles us. It worries us a little. With a bit of imagination it is possible to picture this OWI innovation being expanded gradually into a complete nationwide government news service—and then to picture this tax-financed, bureaucrat-operated service being offered, free or for a pittance, to American newspapers.

Perhaps we are seeing things under the bed. But OWI's experiment in government reporting will bear watching. And in the meantime, danger or no danger, this operation is costing the taxpayers money.

## Fair Enough

By Westbrook Pegler



NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—If any of you are overburdened with worry these days, it might interest you to know that same can be attended to promptly and neatly by a professional of long experience, meaning me.

I have been in this business for about 10 years and my many contented clients have sent me very complimentary testimonials, which may be seen by appointment. No worry is too insignificant for my attention nor large enough to daunt me, and my range of topics has included the future of the Tunney-Muldoon trophy symbolic of the heavyweight championship of the world, the fairest gem in Flatland's bauble, as the late Leo P. Flynn used to call it, and the security of Singapore.

The last time I saw the gem in the bauble, it had been shoved back in a corner under the stairs in Madison Square garden and I needn't tell you what happened to Singapore. I think I should explain that I do not guarantee favorable results. I just worry and the results just happen incidentally.

### Have Many Orders

AT THE present moment I have many orders on hand from clients desiring me to worry over the impending coal shortage for them and I may say that, as is my custom in servicing multiple orders, I put them in a hamper and do them in a batch.

It is a system not unlike that of a little boy of my acquaintance who prays specifically and by name for his parents and other members of the family, but blankets the rest of his fellowmen in a general petition.

I believe the coal shortage is going to be very severe and I am really going to town on this issue, and it seems a shame that, with the case in the hands of an expert, others should waste their energies on it. They might just mess it a round.

I have found in my long experience that it is possible to worry very fast and in the course of a very few minutes when I am having a real good day, I can polish off our future relations with Russia, the menace of communism in Canada, the new income tax proposals of Mr. Morgenthau, the indecency of the Wagner act and the post-war world.

### Started on Small Scale

I STARTED with little bits of worries, such as flunking long division, and whether my old man would be canned in the annual pre-Christmas massacre when he was a reporter in Chicago. I flunked the long division several times and do such problems nowadays strictly with matchsticks, but my dad never was canned, so you see, while some worry is justified, much of it is sheer waste. I guess it is something like farming. You can't tell what the crop is going to be, but you have to keep on trying.

Because I am an entrepreneur, as they used to call the proprietor of a peanut stand or lunch wagon back in the days of the N. R. A., I am able to worry long hours without interference from any government department. On a 40-hour week, I would soon be swamped with business and a very helpful service to the public would be badly obstructed.

My system is to start worrying as soon as I wake up, usually about some carry-over problems from the day before, either personal or public. I next take a look at the papers and pretty soon the mail arrives, a hundred or more letters in a batch, and I then split on my hands and really get going.

### Sent Many Orders

MY CLIENTS lately have sent me many orders for worry on the subject of a manpower shortage at a time when the union racketeers are overmanning many jobs, and wasting men, mostly dumplings to be sure, on mock work; and let me say that my performance on this one has been uncommonly fast, thorough and polished, but there have been so many repeat orders that I have had to attend to them in several huge batches.

A friend of mine, an amateur, tells me that he sets aside one hour every evening for worry but, while he is very earnest, he is after all an amateur and something of a plodder at that and I have known him to put in a whole week's worrying time on nothing but the soundness of his insurance policy.

Such individual worry is very wasteful, as you can see, when I am at your service to worry about the whole great problem of insurance in connection with the inflation and estate taxes. I worry standing up, sitting down or walking and while I do not like to boast, I may say that I bar no topic. Just phone, write or wire and state your worry.

## We the People

By Ruth Millett



CIVILIANS PRIDE themselves on their hospitality to service men. This town and that are always giving themselves a pat on the back for all they are doing for the men in service.

Sure, we're giving them smokes, and coffee and doughnuts, and letting them dance with debutantes. But their real problems aren't always so well taken care of.

A girl who has followed her soldier husband to a Southern city where he is stationed sent me a letter in today's mail which began: "I am not much at letter writing, but I certainly would appreciate it if you would doctor up my letter and print it for me."

She then went on to tell how hard she and her husband have looked for an apartment. But they can't find anyone who will rent to them because she is soon to have a baby.

### More Important Than Smokes

BUT I DON'T need to doctor her letter. Here's the whole problem in her own words: "Because we can't find a place to live I will probably have to leave my husband when I need him most."

If we really want to be hospitable to service men why don't we see that their wives and babies have some place to live?

It's just possible that the husband of the girl who wrote that letter would trade every smoke, every doughnut, and every free show or dance that has been given him since he has been in service for the opportunity to rent a one-room apartment to which he could bring home a wife and new baby.

## To the Point—

THE MEANS to a person's ends often means the end to a person's means.

IF WE HEAR any complaint over milk, it likely will be the cat's meow.

IT LOOKS as if the cards are stacked against the Germans in Rome—and doubtless the due's wild!

MOST WOMEN have a keen sense of humor—the more you humor them the better they like it.

THE NICEST thing about dictating to a recording machine is that it doesn't chew gum.

A CHICAGO doctor says that high noses indicate brains. Or that a neighbor is cooking corned beef and cabbage.

## Will Anything Smoke Him Out?



## The Hoosier Forum

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

### "A GREAT ASSET TO OUR COMMUNITY"

By Voice in the Crowd

The gentleman, who working at Allison's keeps a tool box record of the lost man hours due to the enforcement of company rules, should be provided with a full time secretary.

Perhaps the secretary could figure out the lost man hours if the rules were not enforced and the washrooms were filled with smokers. Perhaps the secretary could tabulate the lost hours and the cost to the taxpayers, if the thousands of people working at Allison worked with one hand and smoked with the other.

Through the more than a quarter of a century of Allison history, "No Smoking" has been a rigid rule. Evidently no deaths have occurred because of the rule's enforcement.

"Allison through good times and bad has been a great asset to our community. It has always paid good wages under good conditions and has developed some of Indiana's finest mechanics and executives.

If it now has the principle to enforce its ideals it should be highly commended by the people of Indianapolis.

### "IF AMERICAN PUBLIC TOOK SAME VIEW—"

By J. V. Wood, Frankfort

The last paragraph of the article by a True American and the following article by Mr. Ginsberg as of Sept. 18, 1943, in The Times . . . make the Forum, which should be educational, repulsive to all fair-minded citizens. The question each of us should ask ourselves is, "If all the citizens of my community or nation looked at things from my point of view, would the community go backward or forward?"

The True American says, I quote: "I am not a defense worker, and right now I'm proud of it." Suppose the American public as a whole took the same view. Our boys in foreign lands and hard-pressed by well-equipped enemies would not say, "too little and too late," but "nothing and never."

Every person has some friends whom they influence to a more or less extent, some who look to them and are willing to copy their actions and ideas, and if T.A. could have much influence he would be willing

### (Times readers are invited to express their views in these columns, religious controversies excluded. Because of the volume received, letters should be limited to 250 words. Letters must be signed. Opinions set forth here are those of the writers, and publication in no way implies agreement with those opinions by The Times. The Times assumes no responsibility for the return of manuscripts and cannot enter correspondence regarding them.)

to stop all defense work and leave his neighbor's son to bleed and die while waiting for the help that never came. . . .

Mr. T.A. should be visited by a committee of defense workers and fathers of sons in service and asked for a little more explicit explanation of his attitude. . . . He says defense workers disturb his sleep. Let him get into the front line trenches and see if the German defenses wouldn't disturb his sleep.

He has a good bed, with good shelter against the weather, and he grieves about his sleep being disturbed. He is not even helping the defense program, and grieves at those who do. If all the other guys were like him, America would cease to be the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Mr. Ginsberg grieves about conscription of labor. . . . We tried to raise a voluntary army. We failed because most of the could-be soldiers chose to stay in their regular line of work and reap war profits, so we had to conscript an army. Now they must be supplied with the material for carrying on the war.

If our production falls down and the boys come back and find out why, they will likely ask, "Why wasn't labor conscripted? We did not have much choice, why should they?"

We need not fear such a measure after the war. This is an emergency measure, and with the need for such emergency production ended, the measure would become useless as there would be no emergency. . . .

### "NEW DEAL NEVER FORGETS FRIENDS"

By Walter Clay Ross Sr., Shelbyville

A few days ago I saw where there would be made a choice for war manpower commission head in the state of Indiana. There were several applicants, but when the cards were turned up came the face of Mr. Jennings, the late WPA head in Indiana.

Why is it the New Deal never forgets its old friends? There were hundreds of men in Indiana just as good as Mr. Jennings. Just what grade did Mr. Jennings make that he should be selected?

I paid one visit to the WPA office to present some plea for the forgotten man, but could not get to see Mr. Jennings, but I am sure that he will have an even more secluded job now under the former Governor Paul V. McNutt, who can with the wave of his hand declare Indianapolis in the critical labor shortage area.

That was nothing new, Governor Paul V. McNutt maintained a one man martial law over southern Indiana counties with about only a corporal of the Indiana national guard to maintain it.

All his life Mr. McNutt has only had to rub his Alladin's lamp and his best wish came true. Now he has Mr. Jennings as his right hand boss in this state and critical labor shortage in Indiana.

Well, it will be pushing a wheelbarrow on the WPA.

### "WHY NOT RENT OLD ICE CREAM STORES?"

By Mrs. F. L. W., Mooreville

After searching in vain for the past six months for housing for our family I have this suggestion to make. Scattered around the countryside are several hundred stores and attractively built cottages which were originally built for ice cream stores which would make little dream homes for families without housing. Why not rent them for the duration?

Also, there are several tenant houses on farms standing vacant because they are unable to obtain farm hands. Why not rent these to badly housed defense workers, who perhaps, like us could work two or three hours a day and week-ends on a farm too? There doesn't seem to be any farmhands available, so why not do the next best thing? It certainly would be more patriotic.

The only solution we've found is to move to another city and try to change jobs, or else face separating our family and try to maintain two places to live. It seems a shame when there could be some solution for everyone worked out, on housing, that's not being used. . . .

"DON'T DUMP DOGS ON THE HIGHWAYS" By a Reader, Indianapolis  
If the party that dumped their little dog on South Meridian at Stop 9 road could see him running up and down the highway looking for them, and chasing each car a few feet hoping it contains his master, surely they would come and get him.

There is scarcely a week-end we don't have one or more dogs left here.

Please don't dump your dogs on the highways. We cannot feed them—they get hungry and start killing chickens, then all we can do is shoot them—we don't want to—and have found homes for some of them.

This little fellow was left Friday evening or Saturday morning—he is still at the same spot looking for you—won't you come get him, please?

DAILY THOUGHTS  
Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved; for Thou art my prayer.  
—Jeremiah 17:14.

NOTHING costs so much as what is bought by prayers.—Seneca.

## Post-War Germany

By William Philip Simms



WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—The question of what we are going to do with the Germans after the war will be one of the most important questions which the forthcoming conference of the big three foreign ministers will be called upon to consider.

To begin with, Russia on the one hand and Britain and the United States on the other, are far apart on the German question. Through the Moscow-sponsored generous peace terms, whereas America and Britain still insist on unconditional surrender.

More nonsense has been uttered regarding this phase of the German problem than any other. It has been suggested that Hitler and other axis leaders be placed in cages and exhibited at fairs throughout America. Some propose that they be shot after a summary court-martial. Others advocate dividing Germany into a lot of small states, rewriting German textbooks and planting our own teachers in their schools.

### No One Could Crush Poles

BUT, LIKE it or not, neither the Germans nor any other virile people can be held down by force permanently. History proved that, Prussia, Austria and Russia tried it on the Poles but, after 150 years, the people came back as proud and as vigorous as ever.

The German people, this time, must be given a taste of what war is like. Twice in a generation they have set the world on fire and realists agree they must be made to realize the enormity of their crime. In the first world war they surrendered before their country was invaded. Only a fringe of the Rhineland was occupied. This time Berlin must be occupied and a firm peace imposed.

But no one who lived through the last war and the subsequent peace believes that the allies will try to sit on Germany permanently. "Hang the Kaiser" was just as popular in 1918 as "Hang Hitler" today. David Lloyd George was elected right after the war on a "Hang-the-Kaiser-and-Make-Germany-Pay" platform.

Yet the British and the Americans soon afterwards took the lead in sentimentalizing over the fate of the "poor Germans." As for a "preventive war" to put Hitler in his place when he started to prepare for the second world war, we and the British held up our hands in holy horror.

### Firm But Just Formula Needed

REALISTS HERE, therefore, are saying that Secretary of State Hull, Foreign Minister Eden and Foreign Commissar Molotov, when they meet at Moscow, should try to agree on a firm but just formula for handling Germany.

"What we seek," said President Wilson in his four principles, "is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

Some Washington officials insist on a complete "re-education" of the German masses through control of the schools. But, it is asked, who will exercise this control? Will German education be based on the doctrines of Karl Marx, Thomas Jefferson or Winston Churchill? Is Germany to be a Soviet state under Moscow, a monarchy fashioned after Britain, a republic like the United States, or what? The alternative, of course, is to allow the chastened Germans to decide for themselves.

## 'Barnaby'

By Dan Gordon



"BARNABY," WRITTEN and drawn by Crockett Johnson, is a comic strip for adults. It first made its appearance a little over a year ago in the New York newspaper PM. Now the author has published the strip in book form, taking out all the repetitious spots which occur in the daily strips and putting the episodes in chapter form.

Barnaby Baxter is a little boy who wanted a fairy godmother and wished upon a star. What he got was a fairy godfather, with pink wings and a peach, named Mr. O'Malley. He is an untypical godfather—he smokes cigars, nipped from Barnaby's Pop, and plays pinball machines at the clubrooms of the Elvas, leprechauns, gnomes and Little Men's Marching & Chowder society.

Much of the humor takes the form of satirical observations by Mr. O'Malley. For instance, on learning that Barnaby's parents are to take the child to a doctor, Mr. O'Malley says, "I can see myself holding the assembled medical spellbook. . . . The name of O'Malley revered by a grateful humanity with the great names of medicine—Robinson, Mum, Herholt, Barrymore! . . ."

### Designed for Adults

ANOTHER TIME "Like a newspaperman I knew. . . . Nicest, quietest fellow you'd want to meet. . . . Until he attended a performance of a play entitled "The Front Page" . . . Then . . ."

Johnson has frankly admitted that "Barnaby" is designed for adults. The characters in themselves may delight the kiddies, but the meaning of Mr. O'Malley's talk—philosophical and otherwise—is surely lost on a child, who would be hard put to it to appreciate Mr. O'Malley reading Variety, the show business journal, on the steps in Barnaby's basement. The fairy godfather is a fine literary character and appears to be a combination of Samuel Johnson, Pickwick and W. C. Fields. He makes you laugh.

BARNABY, by Crockett Johnson, Henry Holt and Co., New York, 32.

### 'Europe's Children'

THERESA BONNEY, distinguished European photographer, recently compiled some of the work she did since the outbreak of the war in 1939. "Europe's Children" is a collection of 62 photographs describing the fate of the younger generation under nazism.

Miss Bonney's pictures show graphically how Hitler has devastated the youth of Europe regardless of race or nationality. One thing her photographs make explicit, malnutrition, not the arms of the war, has ravaged Europe's children.

EUROPE'S CHILDREN, by Theresa Bonney. Printed by the author in New York, 32.

## Yule Reminder

By Lee Miller

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—Christmas won't be much fun, at best, for soldiers, sailors and marines overseas. It will be melancholy indeed if their Christmas packages don't turn up.

So, bear in mind that Oct. 15 is the deadline fixed by the army for the mailing of such parcels to troops abroad. And don't forget to give the soldier's name, rank, army serial number, branch of service, organization, APO number and the postoffice.

The deadline for mailing gifts to the navy and the marines is Oct. 31.

Get Preference  
Destroyer E  
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WASHINGTON, The navy has planned future destruction in order to meet necessary for

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"The destroyer

originally planned