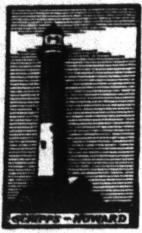


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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

Fair Enough

By Westbrook Pegler

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Aug. 2.—Tom Dewey came over here from New York during the night with Mrs. Dewey and a lot of others, bound for a conference, in St. Louis, of 26 Republican governors, including, of course, himself and John Bricker of Ohio. For some obscure reason, possibly of political delicacy or through intent to deceive the Democrats, some one has tried to create an impression that this is not a campaign trip, which is, but, and that the train of nine cars on the Pennsylvania railroad, which is waiting in the yard at this writing, is not a special but just another section of a regular train.

In some technical meaning, known only to railroad men and the interstate commerce commission, it may not be a special train but in all other respects it is. However, it is not so very special, at that, for the equipment, with the exception of the conventional private car on the stern, rented from the Pullman Co., is just ordinary. To rent a private car you just pay 18 fares. You might want to try it some time.

Political Life Is Austere by Comparison'

THERE ARE 45 reporters and photographers along, for newspapers, press associations and news magazines, each of whom pays his own way and picks up his own tab for his meals and drinks, and one who can speak from considerable experience will say that political life is austere by comparison with travel on the world series specials which in the prewar days, at any rate, were luxurious and very gay.

Mr. Dewey spent a large day meeting Pennsylvania Republicans, including a number of professional unionists of the opposition, or until C. I. O.-Communist movement, and it appears that the Republican party is gathering a rather substantial labor wing of its own whose speakers will cry up various grudges against Mr. Roosevelt.

These include a charge that he is an enemy of free labor because he has been partial to the C. I. O. which, in turn, has become a holding corporation for his own Democratic party. They are saying—he created this C. I. O. arrangement as a shrewd and deliberate *"just when you least expect"* move to become a device for collecting campaign funds to keep him in office with the eventual intention to strip it of its original guise and run it, himself, as a party, as Mussolini ran the Fascists.

This Fight Should Be Very Interesting

THIS FIGHT will develop as the campaign warms up and should be very interesting because the professionals of union politics all know one another of old, having been allies in various kinds of dirty work in the past, and have plenty on each other. Unlike the machine politicians of the conventional type, they call each other crooks, murderers, racketeers and Communists out loud when they get going, instead of keeping their old business secrets to themselves. Mr. Dewey is in a unique position as a candidate because he sent a lot of boss racketeers to prison during his spell as district attorney and he knows the background of many of those who are still at large, including the relationship between the union of Sidney Hillman, the boss of Mr. Big's C. I. O.-Communist wing, and the late Mr. Lepke of New York and his team of professional murderers.

The conferences of a hot and busy day included meetings with business men and representatives of the servicemen and women's organizations of the last war and this one. Then, late in the afternoon, the Deweys toed a line in the ballroom of the William Penn hotel and for an hour and 40 minutes, without a break, shook hands with a passing line of visitors, Republicans, they dared hope, who fled by the rate of 40 a minute. This was a serious physical ordeal and Paul Lockwood, Mr. Dewey's handyman, hurried downstairs after an hour of it to get them salt tablets.

'Head Man Seems to Be in Good Shape'

THE DEWEYS came through it with their right hands in good shape, thanks to a trick which now seems to be common property among statesmen of using a quick, firm grab in shaking hands and letting go quickly. This gives the subject command of the situation, for he has taken his hold and let go before those energetic, clear-eyed, clean-limbed, firm-jawed, go-getting bone-crackers can take the initiative.

The Deweys say "How do you do?", "How are you?" and "Nice to see you," varying the repertoire but that seldom are two successive individuals given the same greeting. It seems a hell of a way to choose a President.

On baseball trains usually there is something to speculate about in the press cars at night, such as a pitcher's sore arm or hangover or a heavy hitter's split finger which prevents his taking a firm grab on the stick. On this little journey, however, the head man seems to be in good shape for his conferences with the other governors in St. Louis and the visit to the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, in Springfield, Ill., neither of which should be any great physical exertion.

The time this is in print, if it is, the Democratic circus in the windy city of 1944 will be history. The jackanapes, roosters, toy donkeys, mocking birds, polly parrots and copy cats will be hastening to their pedestals to prepare for the beck and call of the modern Barnum.

I am glad the next three and a half months will see a happy American family quarrel that will be fought to a finish with the loser most heartily wishing the winner Godspeed for the next four years.

The New Deal manager will double talk, shuffle, do handspins, nose dives, tail spins, hang by the toes, do the contortion act, say "yes" all the time and think and do as the master showman directs.

If our Democratic friends continue as they started, the G. O. P. will have nothing to do except deprecate the antics of the clumsy opposition, rupture a blood vessel searching ancient history for a substantial argument, bust a ham strap Hooverizing—or talk themselves to death trying to vindicate the famous proposal to retire to private life—the tomfoolery of the C. I. O.: the goofy actions of the Political Action committee and the duncing act of the Communist party. The Grand Old Party is proud of

recreation they really wanted. For instance, you wouldn't find six men sitting around a wading pool or sandpile each taking care of the one child when they would all like to be out playing golf.

No sir. Men who thought up the idea of having caddies to carry their golf bags would have hired high school girls to "caddy" the kids. Or one of them would take over all the kids while the others played golf.

Men Know How to Manage

MEN ALWAYS manage their businesses so that they have some time for themselves. And if housewives were as smart about managing and as determined as men to have some fun in life they would manage, too.

And you wouldn't be neglecting the kids, either. Children would get just as much sunshine and fresh air if one mother took all the kids in the neighborhood to the park, instead of every mother taking her own.

It's just that women aren't very bright when it comes to finding time for themselves. You can bet that if children were men's job there would be places to park kids in stores, on golf courses, etc.

Children would never tie men down completely—and they shouldn't tie women down.

To The Point

THE RUSSIANS have crossed another river in old Poland—just a bug in their bonnet.

FALL HATS are on display—the price and some of the hats being felt.

"Spend and spend, tax and tax, elect and elect," and "Keep your friends in power."

LITTLE THINGS ADD UP

ONE OF OUR columnists remarked the other day that the more he read about the war, the more he was impressed by the importance of the little things. "Maybe," he concluded, "there's something to that story about the horse-shoe nail, after all."

That statement was recalled by Lt. Gen. Breton Somervell's announcement yesterday that shortages in 320 vital commodities are threatening to delay victory and increase the war's toll of lives.

Compared to the millions of items required by modern warfare, shortages in 320 commodities do not seem much. But that's enough to delay the war.

And, probably, many of these items would seem insignificant, of themselves—like the legendary horse-shoe nail. But the war cannot be won without them. They are little things, but they are important.

LIKEWISE, other little things add up.

Yesterday's paper, for example, also mentioned the "illness" of 5800 Philadelphia transportation workers. That "illness" coincided, a C. I. O. union spokesman pointed out, with the date on which the company was to start training Negro motormen and bus drivers, in conformance with an order from the government's fair employment practices committee. The C. I. O. lately has been busy denouncing race prejudice on the part of southern poll tax senators, but equal rights in Mississippi and equal rights in Philadelphia apparently are two different matters.

A small dispute, this, but it paralyzed the transportation of a great city and delayed production of war materials, including presumably some of those "320 vital commodities" mentioned by Gen. Somervell.

In the same news story, two other small items were:

"... At Detroit, a strike of workers in the Chevrolet Gear and Axle division of the General Motors Corp. moved into its 6th day, with 7000 employees idle because of a protest of a new speed-up of their production rate."

"... Production at the Houdaille-Hershey Corp., Buffalo, N. Y., remained partially curtailed by a strike of 1200 workers over a 'pay shortage' protest."

THAT'S ONE side of the picture of the part that little things play in the course of the war. Ernie Pyle shows the other side, still in the same edition of our newspaper. Describing the work of an obscure member of a heavy ordnance company in Normandy, he writes:

"That one little improvisation may have saved 50 American lives, may have cost the Germans a hundred men, may even have turned the tide of a battle."

"And it's being done by a man 45 years old, wearing corporal's stripes who doesn't have to be over here at all, and who could be making big money back home."

"He too sleeps on the ground and works 16 hours a day, and is happy to do it—for boys who are dying are not 3000 miles away and abstract; they are 10 miles away and very, very real!"

"He sees them when they come back, pleading like children for another tank, another gun. He knows how terribly they need the things that are within his power to give."

Can we say as much?

"MISSY"

MISS MARGUERITE LeHAND was Franklin D. Roosevelt's personal secretary for more than 20 years—through his gallant fight for regained health, at Albany when he was governor of New York, at the White House until 1942, when illness compelled her to take the leave of absence which ended Monday with her death at Chelsea, Mass.

She was one of a devoted little group, including Louis Howe and Marvin McIntyre, both gone before her, who served their chief with fierce, unfailing and self-effacing loyalty. Perhaps no one except the President himself will ever realize how many secrets of state she knew and kept, how many hours of precious time she saved for one of the world's busiest men. This country owes much to the capable women secretaries who work behind the scenes in so many offices of government and business, and "Missy" LeHand was one of their finest examples.

DO IT WITH DOUGH!

I HOPE we get 25 million dollars. We want all we can get. The more we get, the more we can spend. The more we spend, the better congress we will have. The more we spend in Pennsylvania, the better state legislature we will have. It's as simple as that.

THAT QUOTATION on practical politics—on the old and cynical theory that anything can be had at a price—isn't from Mark Hanna, or Boss Tweed, or Boies Penrose, or any of the other famous advocates of the boodle-bag in elections.

It was spoken in Harrisburg, Pa., by David J. McDonald of Pittsburgh, secretary-treasurer of the United Steelworkers and finance chairman of the P. A. C. before 300 C. I. O. representatives. "Go out and get the dough if you want political action to succeed," McDonald continued.

Nothing noted but the price. A completely frank reveal of the old, old theory that money will do anything in politics.

"Go out and get the dough, boys"—so we can have government of the people by the C. I. O. and the P. A. C.

Inscribe these quotes along with those other two famous sayings born of the "new moral climate"—

"Spend and spend, tax and tax, elect and elect," and

"Keep your friends in power."

We The People

By Ruth Millett



IT IS the common complaint of young mothers today that they are completely tied down by a small child for two and never find time for the kind of recreation their husbands manage to get.

That is entirely the fault of the mothers, themselves. If men had the responsibility for taking care of children they would manage it so that they had time for golf or tennis or whatever sport interested them and for any other recreation they really wanted.

For instance, you wouldn't find six men sitting around a wading pool or sandpile each taking care of the one child when they would all like to be out playing golf.

No sir. Men who thought up the idea of having caddies to carry their golf bags would have hired high school girls to "caddy" the kids. Or one of them would take over all the kids while the others played golf.

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"Keep your friends in power."

Then hear thou from the heavens, even from thy dwelling place, their prayer and their supplications, and maintain their cause, and forgive thy people which have sinned against thee. II Chronicles 6:39.

"Hold on tight, and don't you dare start to climb down! I'll call your father and he'll come up and help you!"

KNOW all and you will pardon all—Thomas A. Kempis.

Wouldn't This Be Cozy?!



WEST POCKET EDITORIALS—

Spend or Save?

Two distinguished Americans have written, especially for The Times the following "west-pocket editorials" warning their fellow citizens against the perils of inflation.

Are You Choosing to Be Poor?

By BOOTH TARKINGTON Indiana's Distinguished Novelist

WAR, DEATH, sickness, poverty. Even here in the United States not one of us can keep the war out of his life, nor fend off death, nor continually avert sickness. But the fourth affliction, poverty, is optional. That we can ourselves individually choose whether to be poor or not is strangely a secret from many, many people whom the facts stare straight in the face. And all over this country men and women, now richer than they have ever been, are choosing to become poor—energetically hustling to bring that curse down upon themselves.

Only a moron would do such a thing, say you? No, many of the seekers after poverty are otherwise intelligent. They merely don't understand that the most inevitable of all old economic facts is blazoned in the trust of all old economic fables, the story of the grasshopper and the ant.

We hear that today's great spenders are the women—not all women but millions of them—who blind themselves to tomorrow. Tomorrow's almost here—with moth in the fur coat, the new furniture sold, the wrist watch pawned, bread 15 cents a loaf and no 15 cents in the stripped house. And yet any woman with willpower enough not to envy her neighbor can save a plenty now to save herself and her family tomorrow.

Why choose to hurry back to that old cry of pain, "It's hell to be poor"?

You'll Need That Money Later

By CLIFTON FADIMAN Author and Critic

THE DAY the war ends, there'll be shouting in the streets. The day the war ends there'll be happiness in every American heart. The day the war ends every American soldier on a dozen far-flung fronts will turn his eyes in hope and joy toward home.

But none of this hope, none of this happiness, will be a reality if we allow peace and inflation to arrive together. Every extra dollar we spend thoughtlessly makes peace a delusion. Every dollar we spend thoughtlessly betrays the post-war hopes of an American soldier. Every dollar we spend thoughtlessly makes it more difficult to build a decent post-war world.

There is a lot of loose change around now and the temptation is to keep it circulating. Resist that impulse. Put that extra dough into war bonds, into insurance policies or into the bank. You're going to need it later on and your country is going to need the economic stability that will come about as a result of your self-control.

Think it over. Every dollar you spend on something which gives you a momentary pleasure now is going to hurt you later. Inflation is a dreadful monster who spares no one. When he arrives he is uncontrollable.

You can prevent him from ever appearing on the scene by watching your dollars. Watch them for your sake, for the sake of our soldiers overseas, for the sake of the decent post-war world we hope to build.

Special Pleader

By Fred W. Perkins

