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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

## THANK GOD

IF it is not all over, over there, it soon will be.

In the past three days upwards of two million German troops have surrendered to the western allies, and the Russians have taken many others.

Though some of the scattered enemy pockets may hold out for awhile, as in Czechoslovakia, actually the big war in Europe is won. Regardless of official announcements, to the public V-E day is this week-end.

The fact that the unconditional surrender has come piecemeal over several days, rather than in an orthodox grand finale, may make the celebration less noisy here, but the depth of feeling is no less.

For in every home in America there is rejoicing and thanksgiving. There has never been a victory that has touched so many.

To be sure, there is still a job to do in Europe. But the worst is over.

AND THERE is another war, a hard war, still going on in the Pacific. But victory in Europe is the longest step toward final defeat of Japan. No place will the cheers be louder than in American foxholes, planes and ships of the Pacific.

If anything could curb our joy, it would be memory of the fallen. But, we believe, they would not have us mourn on Victory day.

For this is their triumph. This is the fulfillment of their sacrifice. Our rejoicing is a tribute to them. Our hearts sing because millions now may live who might have died, and because millions more may be free.

THIS IS more than military success alone. The physical battles had to be fought because of a spiritual conflict. Such powers of darkness had been loosed upon Europe that justice and religion and human decency were blotted out.

Civilization itself was going under. Criminal sadists ruled not only in prison camps. Most of Europe was a torture chamber for body and mind and soul.

That empire of evil has now fallen. Its tyrants, its pagan priesthood, its propagandists and mis-educators, its puppets and panderers, its military might, have been wiped out.

Our tribute is to all—the dead and the living—who have won this victory. It is for us to maintain the victory in the years to come.

## HENRY L. DITHMER

THE death of Henry L. Dithmer brings a sense of personal loss to thousands of Indianapolis citizens who valued his friendship and respected his vision, integrity and ability.

Mr. Dithmer believed in the gospel of work. He worked hard in business, and he worked even harder in the affairs of the community. In both fields, he was a strong and constructive force. His career was in the American tradition of the ambitious youth who builds up a successful business on the basic virtues of industry, honesty and thrift. As such, it was both an example and an inspiration.

Indianapolis was good to Henry L. Dithmer, and he felt his obligation keenly. His was the spirit of the good steward who returns ten-fold that which was given him. His direction was felt in many civic activities, but perhaps his outstanding contribution was the manner in which he helped to make the Citizens Gas and Coke Utility a model of efficient, non-political municipal operation.

In private life Mr. Dithmer was a man of many interests and a warm, human personality. He took his honors lightly and remained always a simple and forthright American gentleman. His work is ended, but his influence will long be felt.

## MAN FOR THE JOB

ERIC A. JOHNSTON, just elected for a fourth term as president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, is the only man ever thus honored. But here's a case of precedent-breaking that we think almost everyone will applaud.

In three years we can't recall hearing the president of the U. S. C. of C. denounced as a stuffed shirt or a front man for predatory and reactionary interests. Mr. Johnston's activities may have surprised or even alarmed some ultra-conservative businessmen; but he has gone ahead, preaching his doctrine of a people's capitalism, negotiating for honorable and mutually-beneficial peace between capital and labor, working for sound prosperity and high employment, and otherwise making countless friends for himself and his organization.

His is the type of leadership business greatly needs. We congratulate the U. S. C. of C. directors on their wisdom in keeping him on the job for at least another year.

## DON'T GRAB, GENTLEMEN

THE house appropriations committee is making a mistake by proposing that congress vote, at this time, to give each senator and representative \$2500 a year for expenses.

Whether congressmen should have higher salaries, more money for clerks, assistants, etc.; are among questions now being studied by the special La Follette-Monroe committee. An attempt to answer any of them prematurely—while that committee is at work, before there has been full opportunity for public discussion, and while the wartime incomes of citizens are still subject to govern stabilization—would be almost certain to have unfortunate repercussions.

Remember the uproar over pensions for congressmen? That was the result of doing a probably-right thing in a certainly wrong way. One such experience ought to be enough.

## THAT'S PROGRESS

SECRETARY of Commerce Henry A. Wallace has soloed. That means he has learned how to bring himself down to earth. In an airplane, we mean.

## REFLECTIONS—

## Around the Clock

By Howard Vincent O'Brien

SAN FRANCISCO, May 5.—Here's the way life goes in San Francisco. You have breakfast with several sleepy-eyed pressmen, exchanging views on the Polish question, communism in China, Arabian oil, international finance—nothing is sacred!

A quick glance at the morning papers and you are ready to inspect your mail. This includes several pounds of mimeographed exhortation from committees and causes, hot on the task of remaking the world. Meanwhile you have chatted with some of the celebrities, milling around the lobby of the Palace, each of them contributing a goblet of gossip and opinion.

It is now time to take one of the shuttle busses to the Fairmount and the Mark Hopkins. You wander around the lobbies of these normally exclusive firms, exchanging views with press photographers and other knowledgeable fellows. You may even corral a member of the Peruvian delegation or a U. S. senator and have another exchange of views—all off the record, as these conversations are quaintly labeled.

**Lobby Crammed With Natives**

YOUR NEXT port of call is the Sir Francis Drake—austerely and tranquil; but with a few big shots loitering with dispatch cases under their arms. After an exchange of views with them you pass on to the nearby St. Francis. This lobby is always crammed with natives—mostly elderly females, who wait all day on the chance of catching a glimpse of Molotov, or the autograph of some lesser light.

Here you are certain to encounter topdrawer diplomats, and exchange views with them. Your notebook is now filled with notes which, by nightfall, you will be unable to read; and you are ready for a visit to the Press club. This you will find crowded with colleagues who have the latest dope.

After lunch—or before it—you attend somebody's press conference; at which a suave gentleman reads a carefully prepared statement; and adroitly parries all questions.

Finally, after more interviews with fellow-interviewers, you go out to the civic center for a plenary session of UNCIO. This is pleasant. You doze in a well-upholstered chair while a delegate from some Spanish-speaking country delivers an impassioned address in an English which sounds like French, the same being later translated into a French which sounds like Swahili.

After adjournment, you drift over to the press room to scan the bulletin board and exchange views with fellow journalists. This is by bus to the Palace, where there is a cocktail party for visiting journalists—a chummy affair with at least a thousand people in a decorous stampede for free champagne.

**Bigwigs Know, as Little as You Do**

AT DINNER and afterward, you exchange views with bigwigs who appear to know as little about what's going on as you do. You gather that nobody knows what's going on except Eden and Molotov and (maybe) Stettinius.

The shades of night having fallen, you repair to your chamber to compose your piece. You do this on the edge of your bed with your typewriter in your lap. Your roommate (whose name is Lahey) has pre-empted the table, claiming that his is not news, to be transmitted by wire, while your stuff will get back in plenty of time if you put it in bottle and let it float home via the Panama canal.

A third colleague is standing up, writing on the dresser, with his feet in your laundry. The telephone jingles every few minutes, and there are many telegrams—mostly reproaches from your managing editor.

Somewhere after midnight you retire, your repose troubled only by friends who have succumbed to a craving for poker, and the thought that you're scheduled to make an early-morning broadcast.

As your chambermaid says, everything's turvy-toppy.

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## WORLD AFFAIRS—

### First Jobs

By Peter Edson

SAN FRANCISCO, May 5.—No coverage of this United Nations conference would be complete without some mention of what might be called "the unofficial bleeding heart delegations." The professional lookers-after-other-peoples' interests and the amateur sufferers-from-other-peoples'-injuries are almost as numerous as delegates and consultants and sometimes, they get a bit out of hand and foot.

So far no official worrier over the fate of Free Ireland has stuck his head up, but every other brand of long-distance oppressed patriot is here, with bell on, jingling and jangling continuously.

Wheel there is only one faction, it isn't so bad. But when two factions of Free Koreans, Free Poles, Free Slavs or Free Indians get to popping off at each other, the din gets real merry. Mostly this happens at press conferences where the representatives of the superpatriot house organ try to raise embarrassing questions which will bring out support for their pet causes. Mostly these efforts flop.

**Wails Can't Be Ignored**

IT IS of course noble to fight for a cause and it isn't polite to scoff at another man's beliefs. Furthermore, these wails from the mourners' bench can't be ignored.

Spokesmen for almost every delegation here have emphasized that the San Francisco conference has nothing to do with solving specific world problems. Its job is merely to create a United Nations organization which will deal with these problems in the future if they are international problems. In purely domestic fights within the borders of one country, the United Nations organization will be obligated to keep its hands off.

All the loud and discordant noises heard in San Francisco today, however, merely indicate what tomorrow's trouble spots are going to be and what problems they will present to the United Nations organization which will deal with these problems in the future if they are international problems. In purely domestic fights within the borders of one country, the United Nations organization will be obligated to keep its hands off.

For the loudest yellers at San Francisco are the patriots for Palestine. You can't blame them. The Jews have taken an awful beating in this war and there ought to be some place they could go to get away from it all. Yet the places this Palestine question has been raised in San Francisco are utterly fantastic. Stettinius has been bothered with it, and Bidault and even T. V. Soong thought it is strictly none of the business of the governments of the United States, France or China and none of the business of this conference. But just try to get any Palestinian to understand.

**Lobbying All Over the Lot**

NEXT TO PALESTINE, the question that comes up oftenest is the well known Polish dispute. As if the Big Four weren't having enough trouble settling this one, a couple of rival factions of Polish-Americans are on hand to aid in the gumming-up. Rival British and nationalist India delegations tangle whenever they get a chance and so do the pro-Mihailovich and two-fifths Broz Serbs. Dr. Singman Rhee and Kiseo Hahn are here at the heads of rival Korean groups.

A made-in-America "Stop Franco" movement headed by William L. Shirer and Freda Kirchwey is lobbying all over the lot to make sure Fascist Spain doesn't sneak in the back door.

Across the bay in Oakland, Phil Murray and Sidney Hillman of the C. I. O. are holding their international labor convention, issuing handouts to complain that nobody is paying any attention to them. Some place around is Bill Green of the A. F. of L. complaining because nobody will listen to him complain about what C. I. O. is doing.

All these self-appointed martyrs will bleed you a bucket of propaganda on slightest provocation. Sometimes it seems as though they do themselves and their cause more harm than good by showing off their wounds and bawling in the wrong places and at the wrong times.

**THAT'S PROGRESS**

SECRETARY of Commerce Henry A. Wallace has soloed.

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## Says Which?

By Galbraith

6-5



## Hoosier Forum

"NOW IF WE COULD ONLY QUIT BELITTLING"

By Veteran of '48, Indianapolis

We see in today's issue that Mrs. Walter Haggerty (Mrs. No-Election Haggerty) comes out with a quotation from Uncle Joe Stalin (No-Election Joe) that "any average citizen with a little training can take over any job in his government," and she adds, "That's doubly true here, but we are blinded by experts, this expert and that, and we are tired of expert lies."

Tut! Tut! Mrs. No-Election Haggerty, what a far cry from the days a golden year ago when you were thumping the columns of the Hoosier Forum advocating that no election be held, the United States Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding.

Well, we held the election in spite of all the Mrs. No-Election Haggerty's in the country, and the country survived. The President died, but the country survived. It all goes to prove that George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and the other intellectual giants who drew up our form of government planned wisely and well, and that what they planned is doing very nicely, thank you, despite the Mrs. No-Election Haggerty.

I think before such action should be taken an investigation should be made, relative to the necessary needs for the American people. Referring to myself last fall, I tried to buy second hand bed clothing, but could not get them anywhere. And the only reason why we didn't freeze last winter was that we had some surplus overcoats that we used to make up the shortage of required comforts.

Perhaps some may say, why didn't you buy new ones? Those that have good health to work for wages, or a good income, the surplus money in the banks can afford to, but there are many persons in the same condition as ourselves, and I think it is a great injustice to we American people for such action to be taken before investigations are made to find out about absolute necessities.

**"SOUND THE AIR RAID SIRENS"**

By Ivan C. Clearwater, Indianapolis

MOSCOW will hear its victory cannons, London will listen to the ringing of church bells when victory in Europe is announced. My thought for Indianapolis:

Sound the air raid sirens for a minute or two, thus sounding both a belated farewell to our danger from enemy attack and a note of joy for the victory.

**"WE SHOULD NOT FORGET ERNIE"**

By Bob W. Paxton

I am writing this to you and I hope you publish it. I have been following Ernie Pyle's writings ever since he started that journey around the world in an old Ford that he bought. We all feel sorry for his wife, Ernie Pyle will be one of the most famous writers ever known to the people and all the soldiers loved him. We should not forget Ernie. The people that read Ernie Pyle should cut out the last one of his writings and put it in their Bible, and if they haven't any, they should buy one.

Ernie was the friend of the soldiers. We hope the soldiers of Russia and America and the other countries will end the war. We hope they will get that machine gun nest of Japs. God bless Ernie.

**"THERE SHOULD BE AN AUXILIARY LANGUAGE"**

By W. H. Richards, 127 E. New St.

The meeting of representatives of 46 nations speaking different languages gives ample proof that there should be an auxiliary language taught in the schools of all nations.

As each nation would naturally be prejudiced in favor of its own native tongue, this international language must not be that of any nation.

Besides, every existing national language has in it certain characteristics that are distinctly its own, with sounds that are hard for others to acquire and word order that causes confusion to the learner.

Esperanto, the language invented by Dr. Zamenhoff is simple and has few rules and no exceptions. There are about 1000 root words, which with the use of some forty prefixes and suffixes make thousands of words that can be formed. These are by such rules that one can use a word he has never heard and when heard by another who has never before heard it is perfectly understood.

Suppose each of the delegates in San Francisco had learned Esperanto, which can be easily learned in three months, would it not simplify the proceedings and make that mixed assembly more like one common brotherhood?

With the world drifting toward consolidation, there will soon be world-wide broadcasts in Esperanto, for the language is sweeping over the world at a rapid rate.

In Europe, one is not considered educated unless he can speak several languages. This is rapidly changing as those countries are using this easily acquired language, making it no longer necessary to be a linguist.

I have read the Bible through in Esperanto and it has clarified some parts which were made much clearer than in any of the three English translations which I have also read.

But in the election in which Governor Dewey was defeated for the presidency, the Republican house membership dropped to 190. That is the present number, with 242 Democrats, one Progressive, one American Labor and one seat vacant.

Bearing these figures and the results of the off-year elections in mind, I do not see how congress can be charged with Republican defeats in presidential elections, Mr. Halleck said.