

Hoosier Reporter

By Lee G. Miller

ABOARD A CRUISER IN THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC (By Wireles).—Our task force took five Jap prisoners on its way to Borneo. The Japs were Borneo-bound too.

We would have taken more, but two Japs on one raft blew themselves up as one of our destroyers approached. And five more Japs on two other rafts, who showed no disposition to surrender and who were in shoal water too shallow for a destroyer to enter, were killed by fire from a land-based plane we summoned.

The prisoners were a Jap naval physician, three pharmacists mates and a soldier, the latter slightly wounded from a recent American air attack on Bongao island of the Tawitawi group. The doctor said they had all been trying to escape from Bongao, but a strong current threw their rafts off course.

Rear Adm. Russell S. Berkeley, the task force commander, ordered the prisoners transferred from the destroyer to another of our cruisers. We watched through glasses as a line was rigged between the two ships—while they proceeded at their usual speed. The Japs crossed over, one by one, in a variation of the breeches-buoy method.

Capt. Jack Duncan graciously offered to send me across the same way to interview the prisoners, but I demurred on the ground I wasn't fluent in Japanese.

A Busy Day

MEANTIME ANOTHER DESTROYER, on which my friend Lt. Jack R. Howard, of New York and formerly of Indianapolis was stationed, overhauled two sailboats but signaled that they contained friendly natives.

Weil our taking the prisoners wasn't much of a naval engagement, but then sizable actions have been fought with fewer prisoners taken, so we dubbed it the battle of Tawitawi.

The "battle" concluded a busy day. We had an air alarm in the morning, and I got a cracked shin

clambering through a scuttle, but the planes turned out to be friendly.

Then the chief engineer, Lt. Cmdr. George F. Jagla of Cotati, Cal., took the correspondents down to the engine rooms and fire rooms.

It was a hot day even on deck. When we finally emerged from the tour we were bathed in sweat and so limp it was all we could do to stagger to the gedunk stand for life-saving ice cream. The temperatures below reach as high as 140 degrees. Occasionally we would pause in front of a blower bringing in coolish air, but between pauses it was rugged.

We descended so far that at one time we were gazing upward at one of the four massive shafts that drive our propellers.

Sardines Under Glass

THE FUNNY thing is, Jagla said, that his machinists, water-tenders, etc., would resent transfers to other jobs on the ship. And he said they didn't like going on deck for an airing. They work four hours, then have eight off, and they spend most of the eight in bunks far below deck.

And believe me, while sailors have many enemies that soldiers lack, the soldiers have some advantages. Whereas soldiers have the privacy of goldfish, sailors have the privacy of sardines under glass. They sleep in four- and five-tiered bunks tucked into every available cranny, no matter how public. I'd as soon sleep next to a subway turnstile.

Adm. Berkeley reported the wounding of my friend Col. Bob Allen, in Germany, and my thoughts went to his devoted wife, Ruth Finney, Washington correspondent of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.

The admiral is reading Ernie Pyle's "Brave Men," which he got for Christmas.

After dinner Lt. Frank E. Taplin of Cleveland, Adm. Berkeley's intelligence officer, played the piano, in the wardroom. "Tap" is a Princeton man. He is married to a New Zealander named Ngalo, the same as Ngalo Marsh, the New Zealand "whodunit" writer. So I finally learned how to pronounce the name. Just forget the "G" and say "Nigh-oh." You never know what you'll find out in these tropical waters.

Inside Indianapolis By Lowell Nussbaum

HARRY W. KRAUSE, the clothier, stopped in Thompson's cafeteria on Washington near Pennsylvania, yesterday morning. While standing at the counter he observed a little drama reminiscent of pre-war days. A woman who had just received her order protested: "That's not what I ordered." The employee behind the counter took one look, then replied: "Oh, I'm sorry. I beg your pardon." Harry clutched the counter and held on until he got over the shock, he says. It's what you might call rapid reconversion.

Victor Knarr, Noblesville, read the item about a seagull being seen on W. 34th st., and comments that seagulls aren't unusual around here. Seagulls are fairly common, he says, on the water company reservoir near Oaklandon—the state's third largest lake. (Largest are Maxinkuckee and Wawasee.) And he's right. Reports of Audubon society hikers show that seagulls have been seen at the reservoir frequently since last November. Ninety-nine were spotted March 11, and 11 on April 8. The gulls probably got tired of conditions on the Great Lakes and decided to get a change of scenery. It would be nice if they'd take some Indianapolis pigeons with them when they return. . . . Incidentally, Audubon society members observed a bald eagle at the reservoir twice—Feb. 28 and March 3.



They'll Try Anything

THERE'S NOTHING that doting wives and parents won't send overseas to gladden their servicemen's heart. Many strange articles have been shipped, including mince pie, but here's one that takes the cake. Sgt. Joe Fogle, in France with the 7th army, wrote home that he was sick of eating powdered eggs, but certainly would enjoy some good fresh eggs. The request might stump some people, but not his family. His wife, Aletha, 4850 Hillside, went out and got a dozen of the freshest, non-fertile eggs available, dipped them in waterglass to seal the pores, placed them in an egg carton, cradled them in an overseas box with excelsior and mailed them. That was March 24. Sgt. Fogle has written back that the eggs not

Here's the Dope

NOTE TO VICTORY gardeners: If you're interested in the best time to plant sweet corn, here's the dope. Being a rank amateur at corn raising but an ardent admirer of the succulent roasting ear, I called the county agent's office and asked C. J. Murphy what to do. Mr. Murphy tells me that to avoid the corn borer, the best time is to plant between May 20 and June 1. Corn planted during that period, he says, has a good chance of coming up and successfully passing through the critical period in between broods of the borer. Of course, adds Mr. Murphy, you don't get your money back if you follow this advice and aren't lucky. If you have plenty of land, he suggests, you might make weekly plantings. That way, you'd have an even better chance of avoiding the borer. . . . A young sailor, John DeClemente, S. 2-C, here with the U. S. S. Helena, had to play for the war bond kickoff rally, had the misfortune to lose his billfold in the Circle theater last night. It was a blue navy billfold and contained all his savings—more than \$170—various necessary papers and pictures of his folks and his girl. If the finder has a soft spot in his heart for servicemen, he can return the billfold to Seaman DeClemente at Hotel Severin. The sailor leaves tomorrow.

World of Science

By David Dietz

THE POST-WAR world will see a vast expansion in the number of chemical products derived from petroleum. J. H. Boyd Jr., of the Phillips Petroleum Co., predicts.

Mr. Boyd points out that world war II has already demonstrated the possibilities of chemical manipulation of petroleum. In addition to gasoline aviation fuels and lubricating oils, petroleum is making many important contributions to the war.

These include butadiene and styrene for the manufacture of synthetic rubber and toluene for the production of TNT.

In a report to the American Chemical society, Mr. Boyd points out that this chemical manipulation will apply also to natural gas and to so-called "natural gasoline." The latter consists of liquid hydrocarbons like the lighter fractions in crude petroleum which condense at the casing heads of natural gas wells.

Mixtures of Hydrocarbons

PETROLEUM and these other materials are mixtures of hydrocarbons, that is, chemical compounds of hydrogen and carbon. They range from the heaviest tars or asphalts in petroleum to the lightest components of natural gas.

Their molecules differ from one another in the number of carbon and hydrogen atoms which they contain.

Originally the petroleum industry merely sorted

them out by distillation, selling one fraction as gasoline, another as kerosene, a third as lubricating oil, etc.

Then came "cracking," by which heavy hydrocarbons were broken down into lighter ones. Today this is supplemented by chemical manipulation in which one hydrocarbon is converted into another and by polymerization, the very opposite of cracking. By it, light molecules are put together into heavy, giant molecules.

Simple Operation

MR. BOYD points out that one of the simplest operations is to employ natural gas as a raw material for the obtaining of pure carbon or pure hydrogen.

Carbon is obtained by burning natural gas against steel plates so that the combustion is incomplete. The result is a heavy deposit of carbon in the form of soot, known technically as "carbon black." This finds many industrial uses, particularly in the printing industry and in the rubber industry.

Pure hydrogen, obtained from natural gas, is used in making ammonia, Mr. Boyd says, while other petroleum fractions are employed in the manufacture of ethylene and acetylene.

Compounds like ethylene and acetylene, which are the starting points for the manufacture of many important chemical products, are known technically as "intermediates." Seventeen of them are now being made and shipped in commercial quantities, he says.

Most of them go to meet the wartime needs of aviation, fuel and synthetic rubber, but many new uses loom in the post-war world. Plastics, synthetic fibers and similar products will find their starting point in petroleum, Mr. Boyd predicts.

My Day

By Eleanor Roosevelt

NEW YORK, Thursday.—Removal of the curfew and the racing ban, with the promise also that reconversion will begin in certain industries and that holders of "A" cards may get a little more gasoline in the future, are naturally accepted by everyone as tangible proofs that part of the war burden is being eased.

It must not make us feel for the one minute, however, that the necessity for an all-out war effort is any less than it was before the war ended in Europe.

Peace cannot be lasting unless we accept our responsibilities toward the peoples in Europe and in Asia. We have chosen the path of understanding and co-operation between nations to bring about a lasting peace. That really means that we must understand our fellow human beings throughout the world and must feel a constant responsibility toward them.

I have a long letter today telling about conditions in India and the need for outside aid. An organization has been formed, and the Quakers are dispensing dried milk, medical supplies and diet-supplementary drugs which are shipped from here at Indian government expense.

This was begun last year at the request of the President's war relief control board upon the recom-

mendation of the American mission in New Delhi. Their first contributions came from the big labor groups in this country and from Governor Richard Casey of Bengal. Now they must appeal to the people of this country to give month by month what they feel are the absolute necessities for the people of India. I hope that local community chests throughout our country will be asked to give grants out of their collections, in this way representing the whole people of our communities.

India seems very far away, but that sense of distance is just what we must somehow surmount in our thinking. Many of our men are fighting in India today and will come home and tell us of the people there and their difficulties.

Very few of us here have any conception of the problems which the people of India face in the development of unity in their nation, nor do we understand what problems the British government and the people of India will eventually have to work out. The more we know, the more helpful we can be, and as our men come home from there they can tell us many things.

I have received a number of notices that people have given blood donations at Red Cross centers, in memory of my husband. I am very grateful for this, and I am glad also that with the end of the war in Europe some of our blood donor centers are going to be closed, since the armed forces will not need quite as large a supply. That is a step forward which gives a lift to our hearts.

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SECOND SECTION

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'I FOUND IN THE HELL THAT ONCE WAS GERMANY—

'My Own Beloved America Indicted'

(Malcolm Bingay, editorial director of the Detroit Free Press, wrote this article after his return from Europe as a member of the delegation of editors invited there by Gen. Eisenhower.)

By MALCOLM W. BINGAY

Editorial Director, Detroit Free Press

WHEN we landed at La Guardia airport we were surrounded by reporters. The burden of their questioning was:

"How deep is the guilt of the German people?"

This is the question the delegation of American editors heard everywhere—wherever we went in Europe, in England, in Iceland.

It is the question we have been asking ourselves ever since that awful day when we had visited upon us the first gruesome impact of the horrors of Buchenwald.

The enormity of the problem will not permit a yes or no answer to any phase of it.

WHAT I here write is a synthesis of our own sometimes conflicting opinions—those of members of the American army, from Gen. Eisenhower down to G. I. Joe, from war correspondents and from civilians of all nations.

ON THE way home—flying high above the clouds, away from the heart-tearing agonies of man's bestiality, his sacrifices, his heroisms, his spiritual exaltation—I pondered this question to myself.

And I thought of the Painted Desert of Arizona, for reasons that at first were not clear to me. Then the idea clicked. The sands of that Painted Desert are of many hues, brilliant greens, reds, yellows. But take any one grain of sand and look at it in the palm of your hand and you cannot tell by the naked eye what color it is.

So it is when you attempt to assay the guilt or innocence of 80 million people.

BUT THE great significant thing about the German picture is this:

There is not a person in Europe today who will admit ever having been a Nazi at heart.

Big industrialists and merchants, craftsmen and little shop keepers—all explain that they hated the policies but had to go along to save themselves from torture and imprisonment, or loss of business.

The little people, the laborers and farmers, simply shrug their shoulders and say they did not understand.

Throughout Germany the refrain is the same:

"We did as we were told."

ALL THE time I was listening to these alibis from scientists, scholars, manufacturers, merchants and the little people, I was seeing my own America—as though looking through one picture into another.

I was seeing myself on that night at Baton Rouge when Governor Richard Leche stood at the tomb of Huey Long, der fuhrer of Louisiana.

And I was hearing him cynically jest about "the second Louisiana Purchase"—when the support of the Long machine went over to the New Deal after Long's assassination and all the income tax indictments against the gang were quashed.

I WAS seeing myself sitting in the restaurant of the Roosevelt hotel with Seymour Weiss, manager and owner of that place—one of the chief lieutenants of the Long gang.

He was explaining, ever so plausibly, the whole corrupt mess of the first Fascist state in America.

I WAS at Miami Beach watching the gaunt figure of Frank Hague—political boss of the once-sovereign state of New Jersey—looting at his ease in his cabana at the famous Surf club.

There he is accepted by respectable society because he has plenty of money and is willing to spend it.

WHAT IS the moral philosophy of a state boss who boldly proclaims: "I am the law!"

I do not know.

I WAS thinking, too, of other great bosses of municipalities who determine national elections—men of vast wealth and power who thrive not on any known avenues of activity outside that of politics.

I WAS thinking also of some of our great financial and industrial and mercantile leaders of America who are perfectly willing to play ball with these political corruptionists for just two reasons:

ONE: They are willing to pay them sordid money for favors granted.

TWO: They are fearful of reprisals unless they come through.

I WAS thinking also of the racketeers who wormed their way into a few labor unions, who waxed fat at the expense of the "little men" they exploited.

Who extorted vast sums from employers who were either equally corrupt in dealing with them or who were too rat-like to defy them.

They lived like millionaires by proclaiming to the gullible that they were fighting for the working man against the rich.

AS I TALKED to the common people of Munich—birthplace of the madness—I was thinking of vast American corporations who had, with blinker-wearing zeal, financed oratorical prostitutes to vent their spleen on all who did not believe in the status quo.

Such was Hitler's position in Germany after he first rose to power, by the might of his rabble rousing genius. He was financed by German industrialists and businessmen, by the Junker military caste, by the old monarchical party.

And by capital from business leaders of other nations: England, France, the United States. Cartels know no boundary lines or moral scruples.

Hitler, they said, was a fool and they could use him as a tool.

The ashes of their bodies mingle with that of the martyrs who died rather than give up the principles of human liberty.

I WAS thinking of the dark post-war days in America when the hideous Ku Klux Klan rose to an estimated mem-

bership of 5,100,000 (World Almanac) and dominated much of the political thought of America.

There are men in high places today who gave the same excuse for joining it as the German civilians now give for Nazi membership—they thought it good business or good politics.

I WAS thinking of the racial and religious hatreds that are sweeping over America and which have been growing in intensity—the hates upon which the Nazis fed and grew so powerful that they destroyed a civilization.

The hates which in their ultimate horror brought us —on Gen. Eisenhower's invitation—to the Abaddons of Buchenwald and Dachau, to see sights that normal human beings would not believe.

Sights which slashed at our eyes—and tore at our hearts and seared our souls.

YES, I found in the hell that once was Germany an indictment of my own beloved America.

All the time I was listening to the slimy pretenses of these German leaders that they had to go along, I was thinking of American business and professional leaders whom I have heard say the same thing in many ways, that "they had to play ball."

And when I have heard these American men of success speak thus, I have asked myself, "Is money so precious?"

Now that I have seen the inexorable result of such a philosophy I have found an answer to my question.

NO, NOT IN all Germany can you find a man who will admit that he is a Nazi at heart any more than in America will you ever find a man who admits he believes in the horrible doctrines of the Ku Klux Klan.

That, as I have said, is the big, the significant thing, about the present situation in Germany.

I HAVE visited the beer gardens, the sub-basement hideouts, which saw the beginnings of the Nazi movement in Munich.

The leaders of "The Party" were saloon brawlers, criminals, perverts, fanatics.

They were the scum of Munich.

Yet, by a combination of Ku Klux Klan bigotry and Al Capone gangster techniques, they conquered all Europe and have left it a continent-wide shambles.

FIFTY of Germany's leading cities have been obliterated.

From 20 to 50 million homeless people wander along the road ways, famished and diseased.

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse sweep the face of the earth.

All because this little group of foul gangsters, grafters, murderers were not stopped.

AND THEY were not stopped because the German people lacked the courage to defy their ultimatums.

The racketeers "or else—" so familiar to Americans, worked much more efficiently in Germany.

Here, since the days of Frederick the Great, the German people have been bred to obey the discipline of their masters, never to think for themselves.

Bismarck made of that peculiar, maddening docility a national religion of law and order from on high.

AND SO it is that there are no confessed Nazis in Germany.

They know in their heart of hearts that the entire Nazi philosophy was spawned in hell. They must! But they accepted it—those who were not slaughtered or imprisoned or who escaped.

There was no ideal, no principle, no spiritual motivation.

That is why there is no record of any Nazi today proudly proclaiming his faith—as heroic men have done since time began, going to their death gladly to stand by the eternal imponderable values of life to inspire other generations unto eternity.

THE STORY of the rise of nazism in Germany is the story of a people who lost their moral sense in seeking security.

It is the story of the world today.

It is the story of the horrid appeasement at Munich when the gangsters were paid off with the lives of the little people of Czechoslovakia.

The crime of Lidice is not alone on the soul of Germany.

It is the story of America wherever men think more of profits and political preferment and comfort than they do of the souls God gave them to separate them from the animals, to make them free.

THE ONLY difference between what happened in Germany and what could happen in America is:

"That the Germans, for countless generations, have learned to obey—while we have not."

That Germany had 80 million people crowded into an area smaller than Texas.

That the Nazis could apply the Huey Long-Al Capone methods, while the vastness of America precludes such efficiency in destroying all opposition.

YES, the German people are guilty of selling their souls to a criminal system because it gave them what they thought was prosperity and security—as long as they obeyed.

But to what degree can we of America free ourselves of just such guilt?

Have we not, too, been facing down the road to hell—lured by the mirage of personal prosperity and security?

The cynical Huey Long once cracked that fascism would take over America, but it would have to be called anti-fascism.

I HAVE too deep and too profound a faith in America and the ideals that are planted in the very marrow of our bones ever to believe that we, too, will drift without any sense of moral responsibility as did the Germans until we are destroyed.

But it is going to take more than pious platitudes to save us.

THERE must be a rebirth of conscience—a realization that real success cannot be determined either by the social register or rating in Dunn & Bradstreet.

It must come from the mind and heart and soul of the individual American citizen.

Only then can the United States be restored to the ideals for which Washington prayed at Valley Forge and for which Lincoln gave his life.

HOW DEEP is the guilt of the German people?

I do not know.

Nor do I know, as I look over America, how deep is ours.

Tomorrow's Job Vinson Gives Clear Preview Of Phase Two

By EDWARD A. EVANS

WASHINGTON, May 11.—War Mobilizer Vinson has given the country a clear and generally reassuring preview of the war phase two—a sizeup of the job of crushing Japan, of what it will take to finish that job, and of what can be done to make ready for post-war prosperity and high employment.

Like any forecast, this one is subject to error. Final victory may come later than we hope or sooner than we expect. Mr. Vinson assumes, as he should, that the task ahead will be long and hard. He asserts, rightly, that winning the war must have absolute priority. And he promises, properly, that home-front reconversion will go forward as rapidly as the needs of war permit.

HIS IMMEDIATE lifting of the midnight curfew and the horse-racing ban made headline news. The real significance is that it marks a turn away from "hair-shirt" thinking in government—the sort of thinking that would compel civilians to live austere, whether or no austerity helps the war effort.

The American people will put up cheerfully with shortages, hardships, real sacrifices, rationing and other government controls—all of which Mr. Vinson says must continue in some degree until the Japs surrender—as long as they understand their reason and necessity.

His report explains the whys and wherefores frankly and, for the most part, convincingly. And it recognizes that the economic controls are "irksome" measures, adopted in emergency, which should pass with the emergency.

AS TO HOW the controls should be applied from now on there will be different opinions. Both prices and wages must be stabilized so long as short supply of civilian goods presents the dangers of an inflationary spiral.

Yet it seems that certain wage increases, for instance, to war workers who stick to their jobs instead of jumping to employment with a better future, may be deserved and desirable.

And an attempt to clamp tight price ceilings on newly-manufactured goods, without due allowance for increased costs, could so discourage production that long-continued shortages would compel inflation and disastrous unemployment.

LIKEWISE as to taxes. Mr. Vinson is correct in saying that any general tax reduction must await the defeat of Japan.

But if the Japs should cave in suddenly and soon—which may be improbable but is not impossible—unemployment would at once become a terrible menace instead of the relatively minor problem Mr. Vinson expects to be in the next year.

So a new tax bill, designed to encourage sound expansion of business and industry, should be completed promptly and held ready to go into immediate effect.

We, the Women Housewives Must Break Black Market

By RUTH MILLETT

OPA IS HAVING a tough time trying to break the black market in meat because of the difficulty of getting housewives to testify against their

butchers.

In New York, for instance, 95 per cent of the cases against retailers that OPA have brought to war emergency court have been backed up by testimony from a paid inspector. Obviously, paid inspectors can't begin to get the goods on all the black marketers.

IT DOESN'T matter how many complaints OPA gets about a dealer's selling above ceiling prices. Nothing can be done unless the customers who have been overcharged will testify in court, or an OPA inspector can manage to make a purchase at an above ceiling price, so that he can testify himself.

OPA gets plenty of postcards from women complaining of a store that is selling at above ceiling prices, but usually the tip-off doesn't result in a conviction because of the postscript: "I don't want to testify in court."

No, it isn't pleasant for women to have to testify in court to help clean up black marketing.

APPEARING in court takes time; it will probably make an enemy; it may mean some publicity.

But if housewives aren't willing to get in and fight to put down the black market in meat, they really shouldn't complain of dealers' profiteering.

