

The Indianapolis Times

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PAGE 16 Friday, Jan. 2, 1948

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER



Owned and published daily (except Sunday) by Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 214 W. Maryland St. Postal Zone 9.

Member of United Press, Scripps-Howard News-paper Alliance, NEA Service, and Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Price in Marion County, 5 cents a copy; delivered by carrier, 25¢ a week.

Mail rates in Indiana, 25¢ a year; all other states, U. S. possessions, Canada and Mexico, \$1.10 a month. Telephone RIley 5551.

Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

Siamese Twins

NEW year statements by Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach, President Green of the AFL and President Murray of the CIO agree that inflation is the most pressing national problem.

All urge Congress to give President Truman power to control prices.

None, however, mentions power to control wages.

Mr. Truman has asked for both powers. His message to the recent special session said: "If the government imposes price ceilings covering a specific area of production, it should in all fairness have the authority, in that same area, to prevent wage increases which will make it impossible to maintain the price ceilings."

In other words, the two powers must go together, because one without the other would be unfair and couldn't work. Experience has given this country plenty of reason to know how right Mr. Truman is about that.

Secretary Schwellenbach says "the best solution" to inflation would be emergency authority for the President "to exert controls where prices continue to rise and goods remain scarce and in short supply despite every effort to increase their production."

But attempting to hold prices down, while leaving wage costs free to rise, would be no solution. It would, inevitably, discourage efforts to increase production.

NO INDIVIDUAL or group, in our opinion, is helping to defeat inflation by crying for the government to control somebody else.

We are inclined to believe that only one form of control can stop inflation without grave risk of disastrous deflation. That is self-control—by business and industry, by labor, by agriculture, by consumers. One big corporation, General Electric, has just set a good example by voluntarily reducing the prices of many of its products.

It is true that other big corporations, a year ago, tried to set similar good examples, and could not maintain their lower prices in the face of rising costs.

But the whole country is now far more aware of the inflationary danger. There ought to be more widespread willingness to forego temporary present gains in order to achieve permanent future advantages.

And certainly labor's leaders know that government price controls would have to be coupled with wage controls, or prove a failure.

Instead of demanding that government undertake the impossible, they would serve the workers better by offering sincere co-operation with the government to help the public pass a sensible, workable, and just

A Private Affair

A NEWS story the other day predicted that President Truman would let the Republicans choose their presidential candidate before picking his running mate on the Democratic ticket. The story might have added that Mr. Truman would also wait until the chosen Republican selected his running mate, with the help of political advisers.

There is nothing new or startling in this piece of news. It is concerned with a traditional rite of American politics that is performed every four years. The participants change, but the ritual remains unaltered.

The naming of a candidate for vice president climaxes this rite, but it gets scant attention at the time. It is hurried through as an anti-climax to the usually exciting business of selecting the top man on the ticket. Not only do the people have nothing to say about this choice; even the convention delegates are virtually voiceless in the matter.

This does not mean that capable men have not been chosen by this method. It does not mean that they are incapable of being elected in their own right. Theodore Roosevelt managed to be, and so did Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Truman may make it three. But however able an elected President's successor may be, the manner of selecting him is a contradiction of democratic government.

Of the 26 men who have been chosen President by popular election, seven have died in office. One would think that this is a high-enough percentage to persuade politicians that their candidate is mortal. Yet the possible occupant of the White House is chosen privately by a small group, or sometimes by an individual. And, as a rule, the reasons for the choice have little to do with presidential qualifications.

THE CHOICE for vice president must not come from the same section of the country as the party choice for President. If he comes from the same general neighborhood as the opposition's presidential candidate, that is supposed to be so much the better. It is all right for him to be wealthy, if he didn't get his wealth in a politically embarrassing manner. He is supposed to be well liked in his home state, and to wield some political influence. Usually a governor, a Congressman or a successful businessman will fill the bill.

All this reasoning may be sound, but it seems to be directed at state political organizations rather than at the voters. For the voter must take the politicians' choice for vice president. And we feel confident in saying that the number of votes influenced one way or the other by this second-place choice is considerably smaller than the number of votes the Prohibition Party's candidate for President will poll next November.

Such indifference makes it seem that the voters are as much to blame as the politicians in this matter. But, under the circumstances, the lack of interest can be understood. They are offered a candidate for a high-sounding job whose routine duties could be filled by any intelligent government clerk with a knowledge of parliamentary procedure. The fact that this candidate might some day be President is carefully soft-pedaled by both parties.

It has been suggested that there should be preferential primaries in all states once in four years which presidential hopefuls would have to enter. The idea is worth considering. And it would be even better if the second-place aspirants were required to do the same. The results might not be too different, but at least the ideal of popular government would be more of a reality.

In Tune With the Times

TROUBLES

A traveler on the plains sometimes mistakes a prairie chicken for a turkey. His sight deceives him because there is nothing at hand with which he is familiar, whereby he may make comparison and judge of size. It is that way with your troubles. Pick out one and keep your mind riveted on the thing; it will overshadow and engulf the universe. Set it out where it belongs and judge it by others' sorrows; it quickly assumes its proper size and relative importance. —V.E.

THE SEANCE

The lights grew dim and flickered out: A moonbeam through the window shied, Wavered there a bit—faded out— As if by witchery applied. A cold but noiseless wind blew high The lacy curtains 'bove my head; I shivered—quaked—to think that I Might hold communion with the dead. An icy form fared forth through space— The wind had gone; the phantom came And passed its lips across my cheek, Whispering to me an old familiar name; A name that I had long forgot, Living in the record of the past, And as if by evil wrought The apparition vanished fast. Trumpets raised, circled 'round the room; My hair went high and higher still, Catching a voice from out the tomb— Gashly and sad—then all was still. Old Israelf was ushered in and Made to play his instrument— The trumpets lowered—circled in— Finding their tables in content.

L'ENVOI

Years have passed, yet I still assume, That I can feel that icy lip and hand, That entered in that darkened room, From out the realms of Shadowland.

—DR. H. LATTELE GREGORY.

MY BROWNIE DOG AND I

He often went out hunting In field and wood near by, Sometimes we'd trek together. My Brownie Dog and I. His coat was brown and glossy He had a trustful eye, We romped and played together My Brownie dog and I. We never crossed a highway Where traffic hurried by Oh! we were very careful My Brownie dog and I. But . . . once he went alone And then . . . a car whizzed by And then my Pal, my Buddy. Came home to me . . . to die! Now we do not walk together He has lovelier fields to roam But I wonder . . . does he miss me, Up there . . . in his new home? —ANNA E. YOUNG.

LIGHT AGAIN

Black Hate put shrouds on many things, Such shrouds as hide the sun; Then Understanding, coming by, Removed them one by one. —DOROTHY LYON.

SEMPER FIDELIS

Whose loyalty is ultimate Should jeopardy arise, To strike, to victimize myself With some ignoble fate. Oh! heart of hearts, So tolerant, so kind, Mine to think hath grown a part; Nor other my I find, To know, to understand myself, 'Cept, 'tis my Lover's heart. —DR. H. LATTELE GREGORY.

FOSTER'S FOLLIES

(New York—Post-Christmas 25-Inch Snow Cripples City and East.)

Songs of much white Christmas dreaming Must have cast some sort of spell; Whirling snowflakes, winds a-screaming, Brought a storm that rang the bell.

Though a day behind the singing, Many people in the East, Feel the dream that came a-winging, Was a mild nightmare at least!

—WASHINGTON . . . By Peter Edson

Menu for Congress: Plenty of Leftovers

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2—As if the 1948 Congress wouldn't have enough to do in fixing up the Marshall Plan by April 1, a whole mess of 1947 leftovers will have to be handled. Issues which the last Congress didn't settle are more numerous than those they did.

At the end of the last regular session, House Republican Floor Leader Charlie Halleck of Indiana put out a big brag on all the majority party had done. A few days later Executive Director Gael Sullivan of the Democratic National Committee put out his version of the same thing. Nobody caught it then, but Sullivan's ghost writer must have had a bit of pixie in him, for when the two statements are compared line by line today, things like these pop up:

Halleck—The Republican Party has delivered.

Sullivan—The Republican Party has delivered—to big business.

Halleck—We have demonstrated that ours is a united party with a sound, forward-looking program.

Sullivan—It has demonstrated that it is a united party, with a sound-asleep, rearward-looking program.

Halleck—The era of a rubber-stamp, spendthrift Congress has ended.

Sullivan—The era of a statesmanlike, public-spirited Congress has ended.

Halleck—This is a Congress that considers economy to be a virtue.

Sullivan—This is a Congress which considers fake economy to be a political virtue.

Name-Calling Gets First Priority

THERE WERE a lot more of these deadly parallels that weren't noticed at the time. They're worth citing now, however, as an indication of what to expect out of the next Congress—a lot of bickering and bad-name-calling. It will get worse as election gets closer.

The sad fact is that a lot of things which the last Congress did will have to be done over. Rent controls, price and allocation controls of some sort probably head the list. Any idea that the so-called anti-inflation bill passed in the December special session represents the final word on this subject is extremely doubtful.

Many economies claimed by the Republicans will have to be revised by deficiency appropriations. One—for Interior's Reclamation projects—has already been hit by \$32-million in response to pressure from western Republicans and Democrats.

Republicans have already introduced another tax reduction bill. Another vetoed measure, which will probably be rehashed, is the bill to create a Federal Science Foundation.

Measures which Congress has consistently refused to pass, though President Truman has asked for them repeatedly and will probably ask for again include: Provision for universal military training, increase of minimum wage rates, creation of a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission.

President Truman and Senate Republican Leader Taft both want a long-range housing program, aid to education and health, and revised social security. But their ideas are poles apart.

Anti-Poll Tax Measure Up Before Senate

THE SENATE-PASSED Bulwinkle bill, permitting railroads to make rate-agreements free from possible prosecution under the anti-trust laws, will be before the House. And a House-passed bill to ban

New Entry in the Political Zoo



OUR TOWN . . . By Anton Scherer

A 'Police Dog' Walks a Beat

WITH ME duty comes before anything else. And right now there's a bit of ancient Irvington lore that needs immediate attention. It concerns three policemen and a fire dog.

Fifty years ago, Rags was the smartest fire dog in Indianapolis and as much a fixture of the Irvington engine house as its bell tower. Moreover, she was the pet of the East End which was all the more remarkable when one considers that Rags didn't have a pedigree to wag about. Indeed, it's probably the only time in the history of Irvington that people out there made a fuss over anybody who didn't have a family.

Nor did Rags have anything in the way of looks. Curled up under the hose wagon, she might easily have been mistaken for a wornout mat. That's all the time she was, too. But such what a head

feelings: "This crooked town has me all tangled up already. Why this very morning I started out to get here and found myself coming back."

Rags was lying under the hose wagon as if she were oblivious to everything going on around her at the time. Soon as she caught the drift of the policeman's lament, however, she perked up, barked, and started licking the freshly polished boots of Mr. Hett. At once the firemen realized that Rags had sensed the pathetic plight of the new policeman sent to watch over Irvington.

"Follow the dog," advised the firemen.

An Apt Teacher . . . and Pupil

RAGS RAN up the street a block, zig-zagged a couple of blocks farther, and waited. And when Patrolman Hett caught up, he discovered the dog lying in the grass right under the first call box of his beat.

"Pretty smart dog," reflected Mr. Hett and turned in his report. He snapped the box shut when he

was through, and the policeman followed the same route until he caught her lying under the next call box. And so on clear around the beat which at that time covered most of the territory south of Washington St.

Rags continued to act as a guide for the next two days, never missing a single call box. On the fourth day, however, Patrolman Hett had the surprise of his life. On that day Rags didn't run out in front. Quite the contrary. This time she followed him, closely at his heels. She had it figured out by this time the policeman ought to know the location of all the call boxes on his beat without any help from her. Rags was tickled pink when Patrolman Hett turned in a perfect score.

Which leaves me only to add that 10 years later Patrolman Hett was made a police sergeant—largely because of his splendid record in Irvington. At any rate, that's the general notion the East Enders transmitted to posterity at the time.

Well, as I said in the beginning, duty comes before anything else with me. Today I want to tell history to task for its slovenly way of accounting for Mr. Hett's rapid advancement. To tell the truth, it was a mongrel dog and not altogether Mr. Hett's inherent qualities that turned him into a police sergeant so quickly.

—WASHINGTON . . . By Peter Edson

Side Glances—By Galbraith



"We'll have to take his radio away from him—he knows too many symptoms at school time!"

collection of poll taxes, as a voting requirement in federal elections, is before the Senate.

Senate and House Foreign Affairs Committee calendars are jammed with unfinished business. The Marshall Plan gets priority. Behind it is an unratified commercial treaty with China, which may be complicated by a full-dress investigation leading to a new Chinese policy.

The St. Lawrence seaway treaty with Canada, hanging fire as an issue for over 10 years, will be revived again. Authority to operate and expand State Department's Voice of America is pending. International oil and aviation policies are pending. United Nations' labor, health and trade policies are pending.

And, since the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act expires at the end of 1948, it will have to be renewed, amended or allowed to die.

With both Republican and Democratic national conventions coming in early summer, before congressional adjournment, Congressmen's eyes will be pretty much on politics all session. But they have plenty to do, just minding their business.

Hoosier Forum

"I do not agree with a word that you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

COVINGTON, Ind.—Enough To Continue

Enough

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