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Propagandizing the Germans

GEN. SIR BRIAN ROBERTSON, the British commander, has made an unprecedented appeal to the Germans for support against the Red wave which has engulfed Eastern Europe. Doubtless it seems strange, as he said to the people of Duesseldorf, that this appeal should be made less than three years after the joint victory of the Western Allies and Russia; "but these are strange times."

Certainly the general is justified in his effort to counteract the propaganda of Soviet agents, "who with democracy on their lips and a truncheon behind their backs would flinch your German freedom." Even though there is danger in advertising to the German the East-West conflict from which they hope to gain, it is impossible to cover up a split so wide it publicizes itself.

Nevertheless we have little faith in propaganda appeals in this situation. The Germans have good reason to fear and hate the Russians, but they are so immature politically they could easily follow another totalitarian leader as they followed Hitler. Particularly if the new dictator fed their extreme nationalism by promising return of their lost eastern provinces, as Stalin may do when the time is ripe.

Military and economic rather than political factors, or propaganda, will largely determine whether Germany goes east or west, in our judgment. Unless the Western Allies maintain military strength, Russia is likely to absorb Germany. Unless the Democratic powers make a going economic concern out of a demilitarized Western Germany, in which the people can work to live, Stalin as usual will profit from the chaos and desperation.

The firm stand of Gen. Robertson and our Gen. Clay in Berlin this week against official Soviet lawlessness and bullying is worth many speeches in impressing Germans. Rapid economic progress in a combined American-British-French zone, co-operating with the Marshall Plan, would be better propaganda than words.

Truly American Success Story

TRULY WARNER, New York retail hat merchant who once operated a chain of 35 stores, died recently in Florida at 73. His name was so unusual and his career so old-fashioned that there might be a new moral in it somewhere.

He was born Albert J. Warner in Philadelphia, the son of a clothier whose business failed when the boy was 12. The son took a job as runner for a maker of sweat-bands, and in three years had run his salary up to \$4.50 a week. Then he became a salesman for a hatter, whose business failed. He went to New York with a hat firm, where his salary rose to \$16 a week. After seven years, while still supporting his father, mother and two sisters, he saved \$350.

With another young hatter, who had saved \$450, he opened two stores on Broadway, using the last of the capital to pay a month's rent in advance. One the first day of business, in 1901, Mr. Warner and his partner took in \$35 at one store; \$5 of which they found on the floor. The next four days it rained, and nothing came in. Then on Saturday it cleared and the two stores sold \$1100 worth of hats.

The partners had gambled their entire stock on a novelty, the new rough felt hat, then replacing the derby.

Within a year the partners had \$5000 clear profit, and came to disagreement. They tossed a coin for choice of the two stores and Warner wanted a name that would distinguish his place from the other. He had always signed his letters, "Yours Truly, Warner." Once an answer came back addressed to "Truly Warner." He adopted the name legally. By 1922 his sales were reaching \$1 million a month. He attributed his success to changing hat styles every year, selling at lower prices, and advertising—buying more space than all the other hatters combined. "The more space I bought the more hats I sold," he said.

Samuel T. Hughes

SAMUEL T. HUGHES is dead at 82. He had lived in retirement in Washington for many years, and therefore was no longer widely known. But to the older generation of newspapermen his name meant much.

From the time he started as a cub reporter at 18 on Scripps-Howard's Cleveland Press, his ability was marked. He rose rapidly up the executive steps on that paper. Later he became managing editor and then editor-in-chief of NEA, the country's largest newspaper feature service.

After that he pioneered in a third allied field, the questions-and-answers feature for the press. He was head of the newspaper information service when he retired.

To a working newspaperman the highest reward is the respect and admiration of his colleagues. Our friend, Sam Hughes, earned that reward.

High-Level Policy Needed

IT would appear from the highly cautious statements of Secretary of the Army Royall that the State Department has decided to leave policy decisions to Gen. Clay in the recent unpleasantness with the Russians in Berlin.

The great danger in such flare-ups is that a few careless, angry shots might undo the most careful diplomatic calculations and set off a spark that could lead to war. Even elementary prudence would suggest that the State Department handle the methods of coping with these incidents—especially at a time when diplomatic and military policies often seem inseparable and indistinguishable.

No Austerity for Quadrupeds

A N English dairy farmer has built a prize bull up to a state of super-robust health on a diet of stout and eggs. We can imagine how joyfully that news must have been received by thousands of rationed Britons over a luncheon of scrambled powdered eggs washed down with a glass of watery beer.

In Tune With the Times

MY HOBBY

Closed by the bed my nick-nack's stand, Fashioned by deft-artist's hand; The details exact, the color fine, And on each one a polished shine. A tiny slipper of misty green, Awaits the foot of a fairy queen, And standing guard o'er slipper fair Is Boris, a ferocious bear. A graceful bird of watery blue, Proudly aches his neck for you; My princely dog is sitting near, Gazing at him with pricked-up ear. This elfin land is here each day, And if you ever pass our way, Perchance one day you'll stop and see, My little nick-nack friends and me. —BESSIE CLARK.

HOUSECLEANING

Clean the walls. Wax the floors; Shine the windows; polish the doors; Chase the dirt; punish the grime. Play the dust; race with time. Clean the closets; get rid of the trash. Soap and water; scrub and splash. Your housecleaning is done. You've just made a start; What of your mind? What of your heart? What of the doubts? What of the fears? What of the grudges you've harbored for years? Along with housecleaning, why not soul-clean too? Peace will be a step nearer to you.

—VIRGINIA FORTNEY,
4730 E. Pleasant Run Pkwy.

STORM

Slashing streaks split the sky, Wanton winds lift on high All that they touch as they fly In frightening fury across the earth, Thunder breaks forth in roaring mirth, And again flashes of yellow cut the dark Of the clouded heavens; storm will not hark To man-made remonstrations Until willful demonstrations Are completed to her satisfaction, She's an empress unchecked by distraction, While her fitsful course is subdued, When her fitsful course has been pursued Calm takes over, ceased a while their fit. —VIVIAN WOOTEN PIERSON

LET GO AND LET GOD

Let go and let God All ye nations and lands Let go and let God deliver you Into His hands! His wisdom shall guide you His love shall sustain you, Let go—and let God have a chance! —J. H. P.

GRANDMA'S TEETH

My Grandma has such pearly teeth So shiny and so white, But Grandpa says they're like the stars For they come out . . . at night. —ANNA E. YOUNG.

VETERAN'S SONG

Down in Washington they're trying To improve the veteran's lot; They make his surplus buying Free and easy, on the spot.

We've no quarrel with this purpose, Though some vets most likely yearn For their wives to buy less "surplus," And hold more of what they earn. —F. F.

FOSTER'S FOLLIES

("SAN JOSE, Cal.—Medicinal Whisky on Prescription Is Tax Deductible.")

Our great need is for a doctor To attend our many ills, To say nothing of a proctor, Who could handle all the bills. For to make us downright frisky, And to help our nerves relax, We could use some of that whisky, Which comes off the income tax.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS . . . By William Newton

Berlin Now Governed Under Four Policies

BERLIN, Apr. 9—What is it like to run a city populated by your former enemies, kept in a state of tension by the Russians and where a war could break out almost any time?

Well, it's interesting work, said Col. Frank L. Howley, "but there isn't much future in this sort of career."

Col. Howley is military governor of the American sector of Berlin. This area contains about one million Germans. He's got the Russians to the right of him, the French to the left and the British in front.

The colonel is 45 years old, comes from Philadelphia, has a thick thatch of iron-gray hair and a relaxed manner.

There is a four-power commission here which is supposed to agree on how to handle city-wide problems. Col. Howley is a member of that. The situation being what it is, agreements are rare. The Russians can—and almost invariably do—say "Nyet."

The Germans elect their own city officials to do the actual administrative work.

Each Sector Different

GENERALLY it boils down to the Americans administering their sector according to their beliefs, the Russians theirs, and the British and French theirs. Once in a while when they can see Maj. Gen. Alexander Kotikov to say "Da" instead of "Nyet," the four powers agree on some city-wide matter. Gen. Kotikov is the military governor of the Russian sector.

Despite the fact that the Russians have overwhelming military superiority, communism "has taken a terrible beating in Berlin," Col. Howley said.

"On one side of the street there is the truth and on the other side is a lie and the people can see for themselves which is which," he said.

The Soviets have two main objectives in Berlin, and they can't accomplish one without hurting the other.

Reds Took Whole Factories

ONE IS the "economic take." The Russians have taken whole factories and they are taking from 60 to 80 per cent of the production of the factories which they left in their sector.

The other objective is political control through the Communist Party. The Communists are having trouble getting votes because the Germans don't like the idea of all this "take" business, Col. Howley explains.

The Russians have taken so much food from their zone that German rations are reduced and the standard of living is going down steadily. The Communists tell the people there is a food shortage because so many refugees are streaming into the Communist zone from the "starving" American zone. Some Germans believe this, but not many. The facts are too apparent.

One reason the Russians are so anxious to get us out of Berlin, Col. Howley believes, is because they can't stand the competition. The standard of living in our zone is going up and the standard in the Russian area is going down. Consequently the common people view the party line about the merits of communism with a questioning eye.

The Germans are watching fearfully the efforts of the Russians to get the Americans to leave Berlin. This week Col. Howley left his wife at home with their children and dropped in at a party at a military government office. He danced with one

Farewell to Arms



NATIONAL AFFAIRS . . . By Marquis Childs

A Pulitzer Prize for Lobbying

WASHINGTON, Apr. 9—So fast are changes occurring that the Rip Van Winkle who comes back after only a few years or, for that matter, even a few months of absence finds everything transformed. The days of the New Deal and the buoyant confidence inspired by the No. 1 New Dealer seem infinitely far off.

Helping to work the transformation are the multiplicity of lobbies that flourish here today. They work in a carnival atmosphere of rivalry that does not preclude mutual back-scratching and log-rolling.

Let's have a system of Pulitzer prizes for lobbying. It would go over big in this town where showy public occasions are a favorite pastime. At a large public dinner—perhaps the President could be persuaded to attend—the awards would be made, with still and newswear cameras recording the event for the world.

The judges offer something of a problem. It would be well to choose two or three members of Congress and maybe a retired lobbyist thoroughly versed in the art.

Certainly the judges would have a hard time picking the winner this year. There are so many contestants and each one can present such an excellent claim.

The temptation would be strong to give the chief award to a spectacular mass operation. At the top of the list is the drive to put over the Tideland lobby.

Little Fellows Pushed Out

THAT IS organization plus. It is spearheaded by attorney-generals and governors of a number of states. But behind this front is the real driving force—the oil companies that stand to profit from the unlimited exploitation that has pushed out other oil resources to the edge of exhaustion.

The fact that this seems to be our last great reserve of oil is something that is rarely spoken of, even though we hear talk on every hand of the need to protect America's access to strategic oil. The judges of the lobby contest, it is hardly necessary to add, would ignore any such incidental consequences of this steamroller lobby.

There would be one serious objection to awarding the prize to the massive, organized power of

the Tideland lobby. That might tend to discount individual initiative—the energies of the "little fellow" working alone in his little office with only a clerk and a stenographer. He can achieve, too.

Take the laundry lobby as an example. Persistently and tirelessly this lobby has worked to modify the minimum wage act. The goal is to obtain from Congress certain redefinitions under which as many as a million laundry, dry-cleaning and other service employees might be cut out of the provisions of the wage law.

In this instance the fruits of victory are still to be won. But honest effort and faithful toil should not be overlooked.

Half Billion Dollar China Lobby

AN EMBARRASSMENT of riches would be the real problem in making the final selection. One quiet, unostentatious lobby should not, however, be overlooked. This is the China lobby.

The effective operators here are public. Until recently they represented China's powerful financial oligarchs. These oligarchs, including several members of the Soong family, are said to have at least a half billion dollars in deposits in United States banks.

The same lobby law firm represents Maj. Gen. Claire Chennault, whose airline in China came out of UNRRA funds. Gen. Chennault has his background of heroic endeavor for China, has been one of the most effective talkers for China and has been one of the most effective talkers for China. The half-billion-dollar aid fund now approved. The other day Nathaniel Peffer, professor of international relations at Columbia University, said that money would be completely wasted.

The same lobby represented the Chinese oligarchs when a wartime loan of a half billion was negotiated. American officials who finally approved it now say they knew the loan would do little good for China.

That should be the No. 1 rule of this lobby contest—don't look too closely at cause and effect. Just get a plaque engraved or a handsome loving cup, and present it at one of those big dinners Washington loves so well. It would be a little obvious to give a monetary award. And that would be superfluous, since these men get generous material rewards for their toll.

IN WASHINGTON . . . By Douglas Larsen

Ike's Remark at Golf Stirred Political Talk

WASHINGTON, Apr. 9—About the only person who is not getting all excited about the renewed "Eisenhower for President" boom seems to be the general himself.

Since he retired as Chief of Staff of the Army, he's been taking life easy. Most of his time has been spent leisurely dictating his book, based on his war memoirs. Words flow so easily the first draft is almost finished. He has firmly refused newspaper interviews.

He's had fun playing golf with his friend, Maj. Gen. Floyd Parks, Army information chief. It was a conversation on the eighth hole of the Army-Navy Country Club several weeks ago which led to the controversy over the recent claim that the general wouldn't accept a Democratic draft, presidential candidate under "any conceivable circumstances."

After he had holed out one over par Ike said, "By the way, Floyd, don't bother calling me every time you get a call about this President talk. You know how I feel and what I have always said. You know what to tell them."

That was before the Eisenhower boom had become so intense, however.

Finder Thought He Had New Information

IN THE MEANTIME, Leonard V. Finder, publisher of the Manchester (N. H.) Evening Leader, the man who got the famous "I Won't Run" letter from Ike, believed that he had gotten new information on the general's stand, in light of recent events.

Mr. Finder prepared to issue a statement that the general could be drafted. Gen. Parks, hearing of Mr. Finder's intentions to release a statement, called Mr. Finder and ordered him not to do so.

Mr. Finder replied that he felt justified in issuing such a statement, as long as it expressed his own opinion and didn't quote the general.

That same afternoon, a reporter called Gen. Parks and asked him the same question about whether Gen. Eisenhower had changed his stand. It was to this query that Gen. Parks made the flat statement that Ike "under no conceivable circumstances" would accept a Democratic bid.

Gen. Parks now explains his statement became slightly changed somewhere, so that the reader got the impression that those were Ike's own words.

Publisher Stuck to His Opinion

CONFIDENT THAT his own information was correct—that Eisenhower would accept the Democratic draft under certain circumstances—Mr. Finder challenged Gen. Parks' statement.

Gen. Parks now frankly admits that he did not talk to Gen. Eisenhower before he gave out the statement about "no conceivable circumstances." He says he gave it out based upon his