

ROY W. HOWARD President WALTER LECKRONE Editor HENRY W. MANZ Business Manager

PAGE 22

Friday, June 4, 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 Newspapers Alliance, NEA Service, and Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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

Mail rates in Indiana, 55¢ 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

Palestine Truce

A MONTH'S truce in the Palestine war has been proposed by the United Nations Security Council to begin at a time to be fixed by the United Nations mediator on the spot.

But this good news, unfortunately, is damped by conflicting Arab and Jewish interpretations of the truce proposal which both have accepted nominally.

Thus the curse of partisan misunderstanding—which seems always to poison everything pertaining to Palestine—hangs heavy over this latest hope for a peaceful settlement.

The Security Council conveniently has seen fit to ignore this. It has proclaimed the truce on the ground that both sides have accepted its proposal, for a 28-day halt in fighting and a simultaneous arms embargo against both. And that they have accepted "unconditionally." In view of the vociferous conflicting interpretations, this is stretching the meaning of "unconditional" a lot. The end result may be to compound the confusion and multiply the charges of bad faith.

Nevertheless, we think the Security Council is justified in resorting to this unorthodox method.

Though the logical approach was to insist on advance clarification, that probably would have sunk the truce negotiations.

Because the disputants actually have accepted the truce plan-only in principle—and since acceptance of practical details is the real test—the Security Council wisely has left this hard negotiation in the capable hands of its mediator, Count Bernadotte.

IN DOING THIS the Security Council is not tricking anybody. On the contrary, it is following the path which the Arabs and Jews have opened as the least embarrassing to themselves.

This is demonstrated by the failure of either side to protest the Security Council's ruling that both had accepted "unconditionally."

All of this double-talk is an attempt by moderates among Jews and Arabs, with the aid of the Security Council, to prevent extremists in both camps from wrecking the truce plan.

If the extreme "interpretations" satisfy the respective last-ditchers at home, with becoming formal "conditions" which prevent the truce, then real progress will have been made for the first time.

We hope this devious method works. It will work if both sides at the showdown accept the authority of the United Nations, or its agent, to interpret the conditions and to certify compliance with them.

One thing at least is clear: A United Nations truce, followed by a United Nations settlement, is in the best interest of both Jews and Arabs.

The victor—if any—in a long Palestinian war will suffer almost as much as the vanquished.

There is no hope for Palestine unless Arabs and Jews can learn to live together and work together for their common welfare.

"Indispensable"

THE Reciprocal Trade Agreement principle," says Sen. Vandenberg, "is indispensable in today's world." He is absolutely right.

He wants this principle "preserved unweakened." And so he opposes one provision of the bill just passed by House Republicans to extend the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act for a single year. That is the one which would give the tariff commission and Congress power to veto agreements negotiated by the President with other countries for the lowering of barriers to international trade.

Mr. Vandenberg would have preferred an extension for three years, or at least two. But he does not believe the indispensable principle is endangered by the one-year renewal or by other provisions of the House Bill.

We respect the judgment and sincerity of this Republican statesman. If he were speaking for his party, we would have little fear for the safety of reciprocal trade and the European Recovery Program, of which it is a cornerstone.

But we do not share his confidence that changing one provision of the House Bill would mean "unweakened" preservation of the principle he defends.

For we have seen this bill railroaded through the House, after secret hearings and under a gag rule, by Republican leaders who never have been for that principle. We know that they inserted the provision to which Mr. Vandenberg objects for the deliberate purpose of weakening. We know that their hope and intention is to kill the Reciprocal Trade Act next year, and to return to the old trade-choking system of log-rolled high tariffs. And we know they have many counterparts in the Senate.

The change Mr. Vandenberg advocates would make the bill less immediately dangerous. But enactment of the bill, even with that change, would be a first long step back toward economic isolation for America. It would be a signal that leaders of the Republican Party mean to take the other steps—to drop the indispensable principle—and the rest of the world would so understand it.

The Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act should be extended, with no weakening amendments, for three full years.

A Forgotten Suggestion

THE Ford Motor Co. asked its workers to take a pay-cut, and the workers' union countered with an offer to withdraw its wage demands if Ford would take the lead in a national rollback of prices. All of which reminds us of the sensible and apparently forgotten suggestion of AFL President Green, a few months ago, that labor give more work for more pay.

Production still seems the best anti-inflation weapon, short of controls. A 44-hour work week would cause no hardship comparable to the hardship of continuing high costs. But Mr. Green seems to be a voice that cried once in the wilderness and, getting no response, has kept silent since.

Want To Be President—Why?

Candidates Aren't Sure Why They're Running

By PETER EDSON, News Service Staff Writer
WASHINGTON, June 4.—On a recent "Meet the Press" interview, presidential candidate Thomas E. Dewey was asked why he wanted to be President. American Mercury Editor Lawrence Spivak, who asked the question, pointed out that it usually took years off a man's life. Why, therefore, had Gov. Dewey for eight years been trying so hard to get it?

In measured words spoken with such emphasis there could be no doubt of their sincerity, Dewey answered. "I haven't the slightest idea."

If any of the other half-dozen active aspirants for this job were asked the same question, their answers would have to be pretty much the same.

FOR THE RECORD, these candidates and the dozen others who secretly hope that the political lightning will strike them might try to hand you the line that it was the call of duty—the highest honor the nation had to bestow. Or the need to save the country from a grasping and dishonest opposition. Deep down inside, they all know that's the bunk.

Merriman Smith, who covers the White House and the President for United Press, has just written a book about this man-killing job. He calls it "A President Is Many Men."

In good reportorial style, Smithy points out why the President has to be all things to all people. The book goes beyond that, however, in detailed explanations of why nobody should ever want the job.

THE \$75,000 SALARY, plus \$30,000 a year travel and entertainment expenses, sound nice—but mean little. It costs more than that to run the place. This despite the White House staff of 500 the government furnishes free.

Will Hays called election to the presidency a sentence of death. Smithy figures that the average President, elected at age 54, dies at 68.

The average man of 54 can expect to live till he is 73.

So the job takes five years off his life.

No farmer works as long hours as the President. Office workers would scream at the hours of a presidential secretary. "From 7 a. m. till midnight, except when they work late."

THE PRESIDENT must be all smiles when he feels like the wrath of God. He must see delegations whom he doesn't want to see—including Indians who change to their feathered headdress in the wash rooms. All of them know more about running the job than the President, and tell him so.

He gets from 1000 to 3000 letters a day, hauled in three truckloads.

He has to sign his name from 200 to 600 times a day, to mail, commissions, private relief bills and laws passed by Congress.

He gets gifts by the hundred, including fish, fowl and bow ties.

Better than a baby a day is named after him, and the parents tell him about it, expecting some kind of acknowledgment in return.

THE SOCIAL responsibilities are a job in themselves. On top of the usual round of lunches, dinners, receptions and clam bakes which the President must attend at all times for political purposes, there is a formal season. It

In Tune With the Times

THE STORM

A storm was gathering in the West.

The eerie lightning played along the black-edged thunder clouds.

And my soul was sore afraid.

An ominous stillness filled the air.

No leaf or grass-blade stirred.

The only sounds—the cricket's chirp, the uneasy twittering of the birds.

Then in the twinkling of an eye.

The storm had claimed its toll.

With the roar of a fast express it rushed upon the land.

With awe I viewed the fearsome sight.

Of the havoc it had wrought.

And as I looked there came to me a true and solemn thought.

With one vast stroke, an unseen hand had leveled to the ground.

What man's plainstaking labor.

Had took him years to found.

As the mighty strength of Gibraltar compares to the lowly clod,

So does the puny strength of man.

Compare to the strength of God.

EDITH LINDSEY.

A Texas woman dropped her glasses in the water and 10 minutes later reeled them in on her fish line—coming under the head of spectacles to behold!

FIFTY-FIFTY

Sir, how well do you know her, the girl you have wed?

Whose being you will cherish; or so you have said—

Have you considered the dreams she keeps in her heart . . .

The longings, the pride of her; or just a small part?

Do you accept what she offers without a small sign?

That you value and honor her purity of mind?

When she chats with you gaily of just little things.

Do you know that she's saying: "To these my heart clings."

When she's nervous and cross, Sir, or you shrug it aside—

Or try love and sympathy for tears she can't hide?

It's just a large order and, Sir, it's for life.

But remember: she's earning that title of Wife.

MARIAN N. WISE.

Eighty per cent of fadettes occur between noon and 6 p. m., excluding campaign speeches.

HOMELESS

Home is where the heart is.

That I surely know:

My heart has always been with you

Because I love you so.

And now, that you have gone away,

Oh what am I to do?

Just keep on home to you.

Till I've gone home to you.

MARY IONA SHAW.

Often a milliner's prize creation is a feather in her hat.

FOSTER'S FOLLIES

("WASHINGTON—Truman may take trip through South.")

It takes more than mere rebellion,

Our brave President to raze,

While he's certainly no hellion,

He's a man of daring ways.

Though the situation's tryin',

Mr. Truman has a yen

To go heard that Southern lion

In its Democratic den!

begins in late November and runs to Lent. It includes dinners for the Cabinet, the judiciary, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House and two for the diplomatic corps. Then there are judicial, diplomatic, congressional, Army-Navy, press and federal agency receptions. Visiting foreign dignitaries rate other receptions and dinners.

At some of these functions the President must shake hands with over 2000 people in one evening.

THE PRESIDENT has no private life. The White House has 60 rooms on four floors. But two of these floors have the big rooms in which state occasions are held, and through which sightseers may traipse on certain days of the week.

The President's living quarters are the 11 parlor and bedroom suites on the second floor.

The President and his family are virtual prisoners here. They are constantly guarded by the Secret Service.

The President's living quarters are the 11 parlor and bedroom suites on the second floor.

The President and his family are virtual prisoners here. They are constantly guarded by the Secret Service.

The President's living quarters are the 11 parlor and bedroom suites on the second floor.

The President and his family are virtual prisoners here. They are constantly guarded by the Secret Service.

The President's living quarters are the 11 parlor and bedroom suites on the second floor.

The President and his family are virtual prisoners here. They are constantly guarded by the Secret Service.

The President's living quarters are the 11 parlor and bedroom suites on the second floor.

The President and his family are virtual prisoners here. They are constantly guarded by the Secret Service.

The President's living quarters are the 11 parlor and bedroom suites on the second floor.

The President and his family are virtual prisoners here. They are constantly guarded by the Secret Service.

The President's living quarters are the 11 parlor and bedroom suites on the second floor.

The President and his family are virtual prisoners here. They are constantly guarded by the Secret Service.

The President's living quarters are the 11 parlor and bedroom suites on the second floor.

The President and his family are virtual prisoners here. They are constantly guarded by the Secret Service.

The President's living quarters are the 11 parlor and bedroom suites on the second floor.

The President and his family are virtual prisoners here. They are constantly guarded by the Secret Service.

The President's living quarters are the 11 parlor and bedroom suites on the second floor.

The President and his family are virtual prisoners here. They are constantly guarded by the Secret Service.

The President's living quarters are the 11 parlor and bedroom suites on the second floor.

The President and his family are virtual prisoners here. They are constantly guarded by the Secret Service.