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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way.

## Palestine Truce

A MONTH'S truce in the Palestine war has been proclaimed 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 dampened 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 EDBSON, Nea 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 the 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, Smith 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. Smith 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 headdresses 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 how 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 luncheons, 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 painstaking labor Had took him years to found.

As the mighty strength of Gibraltar Compared to the lowly cloud. 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 realized them in on her fish line—coming under the head of speckles 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 quite 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 tornadoes 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 living best I know '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 face, While he's certainly no hellion, He's a man of daring ways.

Though the situation's trying, Mr. Truman has a yen To go beard 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 raise 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.

'Any Resemblance Is Purely Coincidental'



OUR TOWN . . . By Anton Scherrer

## Hoosier's Case of Asthma Gave Pasadena Its Start Back in 70's

THUS FAR I haven't made much headway substantiating the legend that the town of Pasadena, Cal., was thought up right here in Indianapolis.

However, a number of exhibits have been introduced to support the thesis for one thing, Rancho San Pasqual, a vast estate of 14,000 acres in the environs of what is now Los Angeles. In the Seventies, the fabulous property belonged to John S. Griffin (Exhibit B), a retired doctor who had come west as part of a medical division of the American army of invasion into California.

The doctor, you'll recall, had appointed Benjamin S. Eaton superintendent of his ranch (Exhibit 3). Apparently, Dr. Griffin had taken a shine to Mr. Eaton, a Harvard graduate of (all things) who, in 1850, had crossed the plains in an ox cart to try his luck in California. In spite of a bad start (looking for gold in Sacramento), Mr. Eaton's luck was of a kind to write home about. Fact is, he ended up as judge of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County.

And in support of the general belief that Mr. Eaton's luck was largely of his own making, I again cite the fact that the two men had an understanding. The deal turned out all right for both Dr. Griffin and Mr. Eaton, for it really did, the doctor had acquired the property at 50 cents an acre.

This time the colonists elected Mr. Eaton as their president and Mr. Berry, secretary. The incorporators numbered 26 men including such Hoosiers as John H. Baker, Calvin Fletcher II and Dr. Thomas B. Elliott at whose Indianapolis home (extreme west end Michigan St.) the California Colony of Indiana was organized in the winter of 1872-3 as a matter of fact when the historical blizzard of that year was at its worst.

And that, my children, is the true story—so help me God—of how the lovely town of Pasadena got its start.

THE DEAL TURNED OUT ALL RIGHT

MR. EATON'S "prospect" was none other than Daniel M. Berry, who, with three others in 1873, had left his Indianapolis home (81 Cherry St.) to look for a suitable site upon which to establish the California Colony of Indiana, a group of disgruntled citizens back in Indianapolis who were so fed up with the blizzard in the winter of 1872-3 that they organized themselves to do something about it.

Mr. Berry lost no time in getting in touch with the original members of the Indiana Colony who had found their way west. They interested other Easterners living in Los Angeles and a careful inspection of Rancho San Pasqual was made.

Since the Indiana Colony, as such, had disappeared, those interested in the new land organized under a similar plan, but a new name. As the San Gabriel Orange Grove Association, they purchased from Dr. Griffin 4000 acres of the extreme northwest section of Rancho San Pasqual at \$6.00 per acre.

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## Side Glances—By Galbraith

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## Hoosier Forum

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

His Sad Story of 'Old 377'

By Robert J. Haasmussen, City

It is about time Harry Reid, president of Indianapolis Railways, be requested to ride the Central-Keystone Bus No. 377 that leaves the Circle at 4:41 p. m.

I boarded the bus at that time on the Circle five evenings a week. On the evening of May 27, when that same bus, No. 377, pulled up in front of the Circle Theater I got on as usual. To my surprise the operator had a crow bar prying around the transmission trying to get the bus in gear. After some few minutes' delay we "took off" and I wondered how many times the operator was going to have to take up the floor board before we reached my stop.

On the evening before, May 26, another operator cautioned everyone to "hold on" since the bus had a "grabby clutch." That man deserves a medal and a raise in pay and so does anyone else who drives No. 377.

On that same evening, an empty bus from the garage, followed us clear out at least to where I got off—that being only a few blocks from the end of the line.

Since buses are really crowded at that time of day, why can't bigger and better buses be put on? Take some of the North Meridian buses and divide up with other lines.

Working people are just a little bit fed up with this jerking around—and for a dime, too.

The Mother-in-Law Problem

By Claudia, City

"American brides are trained to resent suggestions from mother-in-law. Yet who knows the man better than his mother? Why is it a sin for her to tell his bride about his temperamental quirks, or his preferences and habits?"

It isn't. Only modern propaganda has made it so.

It seems to me the man whose wife has sense enough to go to his mother for certain kinds of advice is a lucky fellow.

There has always been a mother-in-law problem. But not until recent years have brides been publicly encouraged to suspect and fear the mothers of their husbands.

We are told constantly that we must learn to get along with people. Well, why not start the training where it could do us most good—inside the family?

More Doctors for Veterans

By Bud Kaseel

The Veterans Administration has been asking for more money so they could pay more money all over the country to help give better-trained doctors to the veterans in the hospital—

which I am 100 per cent in favor of doing.

But I know why these veterans don't get any more doctors. They would if they would take the thousands of dollars they are paying out to dancing schools to teach men and women to dance and instructors who receive a large sum of money for the service. This is the most foolish project.

I would like to see the money go to the handicapped veteran and disabled veterans so they could get a start in life.

WORLD AFFAIRS—

Press Freedom

By WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS

WASHINGTON, June 4—Once again—this time in France—a bitter struggle over freedom of the press is under way. And Americans who hold that a free press is the foundation of all the freedoms are watching it with interest.

Approximately 350 owners of French newspapers—all of them absorbed by the courts from any taint of collaboration during the German occupation—have banded together and asked the conseil d'etat (like our Supreme Court) for a ruling. They charge the government with "abuse of power."

The French situation presents an excellent example of what can happen when even a democratic government undertakes to control news machinery. One thing leads to another.

After the liberation the government closed down 800 press enterprises. A later decree provided that owners who were acquitted of collaboration would be restored to their full rights.

THE RESTORATION decree provoked a terrific uproar. Many underground "news-papers" had sprung up during the occupation. Some of these had moved into the plants of suspended publications. Having established something like squatters' rights, they did not want to vacate.

In 1945, Gaston Defferre, a Socialist deputy, came to the rescue. He submitted a law calling for confiscation of all press enterprises found guilty of collaboration