



Owned and published daily (except Sunday) by Indianapolis Times Publishing Co., 214 W. Maryland St. Postal Zone 9.
Member of United Press, Scripps-Howard Newspaper 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, \$5 a year; all other states, U. S. possessions, Canada and Mexico, \$11.00 a month.
Telephone Riley 5551.
Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

Why We Must Make ERP Work

PRICES, after resting a bit, have got a sixth or seventh wind and started climbing again. Preliminary figures from the National Industrial Conference Board show that consumer prices in May passed their previous all-time high, reached in January.

Closing one eye it is easy to see that workers ought to rescue the nation from inflation by passing up raises so as not to push up prices any higher. Obviously industry can't go on absorbing pay boosts forever.

Closing the other eye it is easy to see that business ought to absorb rising costs for the good of the country. Obviously workers can't be expected to be satisfied with present pay checks when the cost of living goes up.

Being realistic, it is safe to predict that workers will do their best to maintain their buying power, and capital will do its best to make a bit of profit above costs. The see-saw will keep going until one of two things happens.

The balloon may burst with a loud pop, and then we would have another terrible depression. Or production may, eventually, satisfy the huge remaining demand for consumer goods. Then the curve ought to flatten out at some level of inflation yet to be determined.

MEANWHILE our already small supply of many items is scalled on to provide for the European Relief Program. Our contribution to the ERP is not dollars. It is goods. It is our coal, more than half of 1 per cent of our steel, 8 per cent of our farm machinery, 3 per cent of our trucks, more heavy electrical equipment than we can spare.

The fundamental long-range reason prices are too high, and rising again, is because as a people we have more money to spend than our store-keepers have goods to sell. Take more off the store shelves, and the tendency will be for prices to rise yet higher.

This is no argument against ERP. The fate of the world and of our country depends upon the success of ERP.

It is an argument for making ERP work. Not as a relief program, though we want to give relief, but as a recovery program. The best thing ERP could do would be to make Europe self-sufficient, to the extent that she had something to sell us for everything we sell her.

We are paying billions in taxes to finance ERP. That is something to gripe about as income tax installments come due.

But the big price we may pay is in added inflation. For that, it is utterly essential that we get our money's worth in a sound, self-supporting, democratic western Europe that will stand with us against all forms of authoritarianism including the Bolshevik.

Punishment for Parents

PUNISHMENT for delinquent parents has been tried in a good many cities. It doesn't curb juvenile delinquency, according to one experimenter, Judge Paul Alexander of Toledo. But it does make some people aware of their parental responsibilities.

Many called into court leave in a more serious mood, promising to do better. If that could seatter through the adult population, maybe the kids would profit.

What constitutes a delinquent parent? The Toledo court lists them in five categories.

Runaways: Those people who leave their children with inadequate or no supervision; working mother; parents who drink to excess or wholly abandon their families.

Vicious parents: Those who deliberately expose their children to vice.

Aiders and abettors: Those who encourage delinquency by allowing truancy from school, defiance of authorities, or social misbehavior.

Triangular parents: Those involved in extra-marital love affairs.

Inadequate parents: Those who fail to give their children adequate moral and ethical teaching, especially of a religious nature, or to train them to obedience and respect for the rights of others.

How many of us can claim exemption from that last category? No matter how hard we try, we fail at one of those points. Many of our children are not taught to obey or to respect the rights of others—the two basic causes for all delinquency.

Obedience develops the self-disciplined individual; respect for others' rights creates the good citizen. All other rules are unnecessary if those are observed.

Laws can scare people into being good for awhile. But those who have to be scared that way, will never be first-rate parents or citizens, whatever the reformers say.

Safe Flying

SINCE it is the unscheduled or unexpected occurrence that usually makes Page One, a recent award for routine performance may have escaped the busy reader. So we should like to call attention to the records of 24 airlines recently honored by the National Safety Council.

All 24 went through 1947 without a passenger or crew fatality. Two have flown more than a billion passenger miles since their last fatal accident. Of two others, one has not had a fatal accident since it started operating in 1929, and the second has a clean record since 1930.

These accident-free records are not accidents. They indicate a scrupulous regard for leaving nothing to chance.

This painstaking search for increasing flight safety and the improvement in airline service and courtesy are bright pages in our air history that deserve equal attention with the occasional and tragically spectacular crashes.

What Price Volume?

A GIGANTIC carillon, costing \$100,000, has been installed at the Canadian approach to Rainbow Bridge at Niagara Falls. Its tones can be heard above the roar of falling waters. As a tribute to Anglo-American war leaders, the cost is well justified. But our neighbors get music that could drown out both the Falls and the carillon, from a radio that cost less than \$100.

In Tune With the Times

Barton Rees Pogue

YOU FOLKS MUST COME AND SEE US

I HAVE SEEN IT so many times in the rural districts of Indiana: Big Sunday dinner, several families gathered for the noon meal and afternoon visit; grown-ups sitting around on the lawn through the lazy hours following the "big feed"; children running around the house, playing "water-tag," meeting and sousing each other and screaming; perhaps some croquet-games; lots of talk about crops and croup and canning; mid-afternoon a freezer of home-made ice cream with a touse-headed coconut cake for companionship.

Before too late in the afternoon you'll hear some talk like this:

"John, don't you think we had better get home to do the chores?"

"Now, don't hurry away, folks. That work'll be there when you get home. Sit a while. And they 'sit a while'.

Then John will say,

"Guess we had better be going home, Mary. Gettin' late."

"Say, you can go home when you can't go anywhere else! Sit a while!" And they "sit a while."

At last John and Mary do get out into the barnlot and into the car. John turns on the ignition and starts the engine, but he doesn't get going. All their friends have gathered around his car for some more talk. He turns the ignition off, after a time, and they "sit a while" longer.

Finally he starts "her" up again, wheels "her" around the barnlot, heads for the highway and home.

BUT BEFORE he gets the old bus out on the pike they all hear the glad refrain of fellowship, the chorus of a perfect day of visiting.

When you've spent the day with very dear friends, a body could scarce believe

There could be so much to say

When you're loaded up to leave;

And last of all you'll hear these words.

When you've cranked the family bus,

"Well, come again!" "Oh, yes we will!"

You folks must come an' see us!"

"Well, come again!" What a glad refrain

To the song of fellowship,

That friends may sing, that never ends

Where there is comradeship!

We like to come, and we like to feel

That we may "come again."

It warms the heart of everyone

Like an anthem's grand "Amen."

We answer back, "Yes, come an' see us!"

We know it's not in vain.

You'll come to spend the day with us,

So back and forth, and time about,

We visit each other here . . .

SO MANY TIMES, following church, I've

heard them say,

"Better go home with us for dinner."

"No, you people go home with us."

"Now see here, we were at your house last

time. You turn to come home with us."

None of which means that these good people

stand on the "turn about is fair play" theory of

fellowship, or that no one comes to my house

till I have gone to his . . . they do not count the

"turns," but

" . . . back and forth, and time about,

We visit each other here

Till life plays out its melodies

And friendships disappear . . . the children

make their friends, and long after

ships have been ended, by the tolling of the bell

for us, happy meetings, such as these, will go

on and on . . .

I wonder if in heaven to come

We'll visit around this way,

And hear such words as we used to hear,

When we're ready to drive away.

They say that things will be greatly changed,

But I want it ever thus.

"Well, come again!" "Oh, yes we will!"

You folks must come and see us!"

WHEN YOU READ that poem about You

Folks Must Come and See Us you were making

fun of farm people, weren't you? a rural

acquaintance once asked me (What wrong ideas

some people do get!) Let's not have anyone so

much as imagine that the verses were intended

to make sport of rural people. Never! Ever!

Friendship is one of life's most pleasant

institutions. Life without friends is worthless.

Life without friends is a serious form of poverty.

There is no room for jest in friendship!

For friends to tarry long, and part in peace

(enemies get it over with in a hurry . . . unless

it be they stay to fight) is one of the most homey

and beautiful traditions of life, rural or urban.

City or hamlet.

"We like to come, and we like to feel

That we may "come again."

It warms the heart of everyone

Like an anthem's grand "Amen."

WHO COULD possibly sit in the scorners' seat

on such a state of unity as this? Not me, lover

of people and builder of a fortune in the friend

that I am. I want to make friends and keep them, so I never laugh at them.

This wholesomeness, the spirit of good-will and cheerfulness, has made us a great people.

As long as that sense of unity and fellowship continues we shall remain strong. Only those who wish us ill could laugh at friendship.

—B. R. F.

The Better to Eat You With



OUR TOWN . . . By Anton Scherrer

Women Too Smart to Be Fooled By That Report on Human Male

THEOPHILUS, the Harvard-bred bartender who permits me to call him Tiff, had just finished serving two customers—a Scotch to one; a Bourbon to the other—when I dropped into his place to begin the morning exercise prescribed by my physician.

Says the Scotch: "Know what? My wife is much more tolerant to me since she's read the book."

Says the Bourbon: "Well, what do you know! Mine, too, has discovered I'm not as bad as she thought."

"Pardon the intrusion," says Tiff. "Are the gentlemen, by any chance, discussing Dr. Kinsey's 'Sexual Behavior in the Human Male'?"

"Tiff, your perspicacity does your Alma Mater credit," says the Scotch.

"Sure," says the Bourbon who never got beyond Junior High, "but how the hell did you catch the drift of our veiled conversation?"

"Because of its label. 'Sex signum!'" says Tiff, fondling his Phi Beta Kappa key.

"Don't talk to me about labels," says the Scotch. "I've been fooled by them all my life."

"That's because you're a male," says Tiff. "Now, if you were a female . . ."

"I've always wondered what it would be like to be a woman," says the Bourbon.

"What I was about to say when rudely interrupted," says Tiff, "was that men have always accepted labels at their face value whereas women are much too smart to be fooled by them. And it is because of this discernment that wives have a higher opinion of their husbands since the publication of the Kinsey Report."

"Do tell," says the three of us including the Dry Martini (me).

THEIR WIVES NEVER WERE FOOLED PLEASED as Punch with the way his remarks were being received, Tiff continues: "It is perfectly safe to say, I think, that with possibly one exception, women have discovered nothing in the Kinsey Report that they didn't already know."

"Granted," says the three of us, "but what about the exception?"

"The exception," says Tiff, "lies in the discovery that, up till now, women have always identified the fabulous exploits enumerated in the Kinsey Report with a comparatively small group of men of heroic stature which, for want of a better term, I shall catalog as the classic reprobates. Given their proper names, they were Don Juan, Casanova and Benvenuto Cellini."

Without giving us time to appreciate his authentic accent, Tiff continues: "Dr. Kinsey's book is a scholarly attempt to change this point of view with the result that what was once the prerogative of a small and select group of heroes is now the privilege of the common man of

which there appear to be billions. The assumption is so absurd and extreme that the women with their discernment refuse to accept it. Indeed, they repudiate it."

"I can string along with you on that," says the Scotch. "My wife has never been fooled into believing that I am a Don Juan."

"Count me in, too," says the Bourbon. "Fact is, my wife has told me to my face that I am no Casanova."

"Nor has my wife ever confused my identity with that of Mr. Cellini," says the Dry Martini.

WHAT MAKES WOMEN SO CLEVER? "THANK you, gentlemen," says Tiff. "The next step is to guess how women ever acquired the discernment that makes them what they are."

The three of us take a quick swallow not to lose the train of thought.

"My guess," says Tiff, "is that women are the realists, no matter what the world has thought heretofore."

"The fantastic corollary of which is, of course, that men are the romanticists," shoots back the Bourbon viciously.

"Precisely," says Tiff. "And it was because of the corollary that Dr. Kinsey was able to compile his big book."

"You're spouting, Tiff," says the three of us. "Not at all," says Tiff. "Given the opportunity by Dr. Kinsey to be the heroes of dreamed-up emotional experiences, the sentimental romanticists went hog-wild to excel the adventures of Don Juan, Casanova and Cellini."

"Tiff," says the Bourbon, "you'll have us believing that the case histories recorded in the Kinsey Report are a pack of lies."

"It's a harsh word," says Tiff. "Let's settle for the established fact that, ever since the beginning of time, women the world over have accepted the male animal for the incorrigible braggart that he is."

By this time our glasses were drained. "The same," asks Tiff.

"The same," says the three of us.

EMBARRASSED FRENCH PARIS, June 28—The dollar prize for embarrassing moments goes to the French finance ministry. It is its face red.

Recently heated discussions took place between the finance and foreign ministries over the nationality of the elevators scheduled to go into the Palais de Chaillot—September home of the United Nations.

It seems that the finance ministry in a fit of Nationalism, insisted they be made in France. The Quai d'Orsay, however, impressed with the Marshall Plan—favored an American make.

Finally, a compromise was reached. Two elevators were to be French, two American. However, when it came to passing the order, no French elevators were to be had.

Hoosier Forum

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

Training for Husbands

By L. J. M. City.

"The woman who does not love her husband, but assures him with every breath, of her utter devotion to him." And "The woman who eats too much, and talks continually about her weight," both seem to be bibles. "Weight" and "domestic bliss" some combination. I always heard, well, "plump" folks were very easy to get along with.

This Forum letter was signed with a woman's name. According to the doctors all women are interested in weight control. I thought every one talked about it. And another thing mentioned in a Forum letter was women speaking of their husbands as though they were laboratory specimens. Some one must have given that one a blow below the belt.

I wonder if it is one of those women who have one of those "paragon" husbands. I know quite a few who are trained "well, if not wisely." And I've yet to see one of their wives who would ever give another woman a break.

When the other woman's setup was, she did everything. No help at all from friend husband. I've also been in their china shop—homes and wondered how the average he-man would ever get through the place without wrecking it all.

My opinion is that homes were made to be lived in, by a family, not just show places. I wouldn't want to be responsible for the effect on one of these ladies with such high ideas. If they could really see themselves, as some see them, I think most of them would ever get anything wrong after their training hands.

And some don't take to the training. Now, I'm truly not a disgruntled wife at all.

I think any man should help if there is illness in the home. Especially so, if it is the wife who is ill. And they should be willing to help in any emergency. Where the man makes the living then, the woman should be able to care for the home, only in cases stated. Another thing, if a wife works to help keep the home, then he has a right to help her with the housework.

Is a 4-Leaf Clover Lucky? By A Purdue Subscriber.

Do you want to find a four-leaf clover? If so do your seeking in a hot dry spell. Your chances will be better if you can find clover growing close to a sidewalk—because the walk draws additional heat.

Authority for these statements is Emil Sella, curator of botany exhibits at the Chicago Natural History Museum.

But are four-leaf clovers lucky? If you are a landowner the answer is YES in capital letters—and so are all clovers.

Clover is lucky because it is a legume and draws nitrogen from the air to enrich the soil. Plowed under, it adds rich humus that all growing crops need.

'Draft Defense Plant Joes' By A Times Reader.

It's too bad that along with the boys who will have to sign up for the new draft, that they also don't include the "Joes" who rushed to defense plant jobs during the past war in order to obtain deferments from military service.

Many of them who were and still are healthy enough to sweat out the sugar and butter ration lines could now sweat during basic training.

The same "Joes" can save their postage writing an answer to ask if I were "in it." Only for four years, 18 months overseas, and came out with a service connected disability. Of course, I was only 28 at the time, 10 or 12 years senior to most of them who fought the battles of the home front.

Swimmers, Be Careful By Sara Little, City.

I wish there were some way to impress on our young people that they must be careful when they go swimming. Vacation from school has brought almost one drowning a day.

This is heart-breaking, especially so since in almost all cases it is unnecessary.

We teach safety rules: Don't go swimming until at least an hour after eating. Keep your head. Don't go beyond your depth when you aren't an expert swimmer. Don't dive in unknown waters. Obey the life guard.

There are many more. And every summer the same thing happens.

What can we do to impress the facts on our youngsters so that they won't be victims or be sorrowed by the loss of friends?

Wants More Conventions By Convention Fan, City.

Presidential conventions may be scoffed at by some. There is a lot of tomfoolery and foolish goings-on which maybe some could do without.

But most Americans, no matter what their party, follow the proceedings with great interest.

It is indeed a pleasure to get a respite from the worries of the international scene. No Russia on the front page.

Wonderful! I wish there were 10 political parties.

Thanks for Street Repairs By A City Resident.

I wish to extend my thanks to the City Street Commissioners for repairing our S. Davidson Street which needed it badly. I also think they are doing a good job of collecting trash.

Side Glances—By Galbraith



"Oh, he's really all right! When he gave me the ring he said he hoped I wasn't fickle like the girl he was engaged to last summer!"

Union Politics One Obstacle to Labor Peace

By E. T. Leech

ONE OF THE great obstacles to lasting industrial peace in this country is politics.

Not politics of the ordinary party type played by Democrats and Republicans. But an even more vigorous type which rages both within unions and between rival union organizations.

Unionism not only has become big business, but also big politics. It offers attractive jobs and great power to those who can get its offices. Those offices depend usually on politics and patronage. So the union leaders play a type of politics which combines all the worst evils of the old machine variety with a lot of innovations.

In most unions there is a struggle for offices. As the unions become bigger and the jobs more important and lucrative, the battle grows intense. At the top of the heap it is fought by a handful of leaders of rival groups who want to dominate the whole American labor movement.

The rank-and-file union member plays about the same role in labor