

# The Indianapolis Times

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*Give Light and the People Will Find Their 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 called 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 Bolsheviks.

## 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 more serious mood, promising to do better. If that could scatter 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 fall 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 tousle-headed coconut cake for companion.

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 fam'ly 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,

And then you'll come again.

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

It is your 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."

Our friendships do disappear . . . the children

make their friends, and long after our fellowships 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 even 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 homely 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 scouter's seat on such a state of amity 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. P.

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

privilege of a small and select group of heroes

is now the privilege of the common man of

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