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Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way

This Is for Free To Harry S. T.

HERE is a bit of unsolicited but not unfriendly advice to Harry S. Truman, the campaigner.

Try to be original in the use of the phrase, the slogan, the quip, the bon mot, or whatever it's called in political parlance.

Forego the shopworn and the threadbare. Examples? Red herring. Whole cloth. Though figurative, 'tis true, such are just too ancient to take hold. They have been pawed over too often—like sex you, oh yeah, or 23-skiddoo.

There was a past master in this business named Roosevelt. Not Franklin, but the other one to whom you, Mr. Truman, paid implied tough inadvertent tribute during the last Jackson Day dinner when you mentioned Theodore.

Teddy, when he came forth, always trotted out fresh ones. That is, fresh at the time. Such as lunatic fringe, Ananias Club, nature-faker, mollycoddle, muck-raker, frenzied fiction, and short and ugly.

He wowed 'em with those. Because they were fresh. But Red herring and whole cloth—whew!

And just to toss in an extra for full measure—as you start on your long speech-making journey, always count 10 before you deliver another "I like old Joe." If you do that you won't say it.

Well, Well, Well

FEDERAL authorities have found slot machines in Indiana—5000 of them. The federal government knows how many there are because owners have to pay a tax of \$100 a year on each of them.

There isn't any fixing or fussing about it. The owners walk right up to the Internal Revenue window and shove their money through. It's all quite open and above board with the federal government, but not so with the state and local authorities.

Slot machines are illegal in Indiana. And we could understand how a tavern owner or a cigar store operator might cheat with an occasional machine in the back room, but 5000 is wholesale cheating. And right under our noses.

We believe slot machines are operated with the consent or at least "an understanding" with law enforcement authorities. Which adds up simply to the fact that the law enforcement officers aren't enforcing.

It isn't hard to find a slot machine or a dozen out in the counties. They line them up near the bars where drinkers spend a little of their loose change, and some of their green money, to watch the cherries and lemons go by.

If the state law says no slot machines, there should be no slot machines.

France Needs Two-Party System

THE average life of a French cabinet under the new constitution has been five months. In the 69 years of the third republic, which preceded it, the average cabinet lasted eight months.

With the fall of the second Schuman cabinet, France is now undergoing its third governmental crisis in six weeks. Until new elections are held, no government is expected to last long.

Such chaos could not exist under the two-party system. Great Britain, which adheres to the two-party idea much as we do, is not plagued with such frequent changes in administration under its parliamentary form of government, which is similar to that of France. But France is cursed by too many parties and too much rabid partisanship.

The French premier, the real head of the government, is elected by the national assembly, in which the Communists hold 186 seats, the Popular Republicans 165, the Socialists 103, the parties of the center 70, with a scattering of seats representing minor parties. The new party of Gen. Charles de Gaulle, which polled nearly 40 per cent of the popular vote in the municipal elections last fall, against 30 per cent for the Communists, isn't represented because it was organized after the last national election.

ALL THE French premiers of recent times have compromised themselves out of office because the coalitions which elected them could not be held together without serious injury to the national interest. Meanwhile, the budget is out of balance, production lags and living costs mount as a sadly divided nation flounders in the morass of petty partisan politics.

Careless thinkers frequently condemn our Democrats and Republicans because they are "too much alike." That is in fact their virtue, and their strength. Both stand for free enterprise, representative democracy and the fundamental liberties of the individual. In every national emergency since the Civil War they have been found working together for the common good, regardless of which party held the majority responsibility. And we had our Civil War because the two-party system broke down, when bullets were substituted for ballots.

Capitalism in a Crisis

ONCE again the Soviet government has fallen back on the hated ways of capitalism to get out of a jam. It happened in 1921 when the New Economic Policy (NEP) restored some private ownership of industry, business and farms to solve a financial crisis. Now private construction and ownership of houses is to be permitted to ease a desperate housing shortage.

The proud Russian owners of new houses will be lucky if they escape the fate of the "Nepmen," who found themselves operating with government blessing one day and branded as traitors the next, when government policy changed.

In Tune With the Times

Barton Rees Pogue

A DREAM AND A DAY

Give me a dream, dear Lord, and a day.
A day, from sun to sun.
Shall be long enough so I may say,
"Now my task is done!"
Give me a dream of work to do,
And a day all glorious.
Help me to toil through the heat of that day
With a faith victorious.

Earth knows no bounds to man.
The limitless heights of air.
The depths of the sea are his to try,
And man goes everywhere;
Far leads the lure of the task,
Oceanward plunges the stream,
Thou who givest gifts to men,
Give me a day and a dream!

Give not the day without the dream,
Nor the dream without the day.
That were to lash an eager soul
And throw bright gold away.
But hand in hand if they come to me,
Ah, God, what deeds I might do!
Put in my heart an undying hope
Till this dream of dreams comes true!

There must be a day shall begin all gold,
Spurring with keen desire,
There must be a dream all fresh and clean,
Hot with unquenchable fire.
And the two must be mine, for the heart of me
cries
To fashion some noble theme . . .
God of my thoughts and my reaching heart,
Give me my day and my dream!

—BARTON REES POGUE, Upland.

CHIRP 'N' CHATTER

Unsung heroes may lead the choir in the next world . . . little children may give one a headache, and later a heartache . . . bald-headed folks need not worry about gray hair . . . some folks never say any harm of any one except when they talk . . . it is easy to pretend one doesn't care for the things one can't afford . . . liars need good memories . . . man is the only animal that can laugh, also the only one that can be skinned more than once . . . there is an age in a boy's life when nobody loves him but his mother—and sometimes she sighs . . . he who rushes in crawls out . . . troubles come on horseback and leave on foot . . . be sure a going concern is headed in the right direction . . . remedy for dandruff—get a salt-and-pepper suit . . . a rich man may wear an imitation diamond, and folks will think it is real; a poor man may wear "the real thing" and folks will think it is glass . . . the real thing deserves some folks are the more they try . . . the study of astronomy is the surest remedy for egotism . . . most people who run foolish risks, never have learned that one can get killed but once.

—AUNT PITIPAT, Anderson.

HEAR MY PRAYER

The cross is heavy that I daily bear
And often wet with bitter tears I shed;
Let me find rest in Thee from sorrow, care,
My burden eased when by Thy hand I'm led.
Help me to know the greatness of Thy love;
My heart and mind bear wounds and many scars;
Let me look always to the hills above;
Let me draw courage, strength from Heav'n's bright stars.

Life offers struggles, triumph, and defeat;
Give balm for wounds, and from my pain release.
When humbly now I kneel before Thy feet
Give me Thy love divine, Thy holy peace.
—MINNIE WALLS NOBLETT, Columbus.

RETARD THE TEMPO

Several times in my life I have been forced, by doctors' orders, to retire from the busy world and rest a while. Always this was irksome to me for I felt I was missing something of life's fullness. Then, by chance, I read some lines which helped me immeasurably. They ran like this: "Just as music is beautiful without its rests, so no life can be an inspiring composition without its periods of quietude. It is only in these rests that one discovers the true meaning of life, the value of a friend, the glory of a bird's song. These truly enrich and build character and make the pattern of life complete."

—MYRL G. NEW, Pendleton.

ADMONITION

Imperfection, universal state,
Reveals the "mote" within another's eye,
Inspiring us to blame without abate,
Unconscious of obscuring "beams" that cry
To heed in our own. We cannot wait
The ecstasy of palpitating sigh
For less efficient souls. We arrogate
Unto ourselves the right to judge. But why?
Condemning others causes bitter sorrow.
Perfect yourself, today, your friends, tomorrow.
—CASPER BUTLER, Kokomo.

POLITICS . . . By Marquis Childs

Dewey Backers Soon To Reveal Goals

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10—Since his nomination in June the resourceful men around presidential candidate Thomas E. Dewey have been hard at work helping him hammer out the speeches that will define his position. Soon their handiwork will be unveiled.

The task of the Dewey team has not been easy. They have been conscious of the diverse and opposing elements within the Republican Party.

Even for the purposes of a campaign, it would be impossible to reconcile all these elements. But in a national contest, no matter how confident your side is of victory, the goal is to unify as many factions as possible. And it is here that the Dewey team faces a tough dilemma.

Backers Make Demands

THE FACT is that powerful men within the party know exactly what they want out of victory. They will want hard and they will give generously of their money in the expectation of the fruits of victory.

While these powerful men do not all want the same thing, their desires in many instances overlap. They will expect a Republican administration to deliver certain tangible gains.

Their "program," set down more or less as they will hope to carry it out, is of the following order:

ONE: Passage of a law granting to the states the right to oil and mineral deposits in the tidelands of the coastal waters adjoining the states. Large oil companies have spent millions of dollars in "educating" public opinion and particularly state officials to go along with this view.

TWO: Further reductions in the income tax as promised by Chairman Harold Knutson of the House Ways and Means Committee. Linked with this may be an effort to put over a federal sales tax that would supply part of the revenue lost in another reduction of income taxes. The 80th Congress passed over the President's veto a reduction of nearly five billion dollars.

Power Distribution Issue

THREE: Take the government out of the distribution of power generated at federally constructed dams and sell the power at wholesale to private utilities. A beginning was made in this direction when Congress under tremendous pressure by the private utility lobby, denied funds to the Tennessee Valley Authority for a steam plant to back up TVA's hydro power.

FOUR: Repeal of the 160-acre water-light limitation in the great central valley irrigation project in California. This could

Regular Quadrennial Emergence



OUR TOWN . . . By Anton Scherrer

Uncle Louis Produces the Best Story of the Year—In German

THIS IS to reintroduce Mr. Louis Brandt. Surely, you remember "Uncle" Louis. He is the civic-minded citizen who, several years ago, went into retirement (and oblivion) after serving as a member of the Board of Public Works for goodness knows how many terms. As a matter of fact, all through the administrations of Reginald H. (for Hall) Sullivan—if anybody can think that far back.

Well, this is to report that Uncle Louis is his old self again since Mayor Al Feeney persuaded him to come out of hiding and do something more for the good of his adopted town—this time as a member of the Board of Sanitation.

Soon as he saw me the other day, instead of burdening me with his present troubles (the garbage reduction plan, for one), Uncle Louis handed me a printed article clipped from a German newspaper. He invited me to share its contents. And I don't mind saying that the confidence implied by his kindness moved me deeply, indeed, I just about broke down. Never before in my life has anybody given me an I. Q. rating of such distinction.

After chasing the Teutonic verbs and mating them with the loose nouns, I finally gathered what seemed to me to be a reasonable translation of the newspaper story—in substance, at any rate.

Contents of the Mystery Can

IN THE COURSE of this year (so runs the tale), a family living in Germany received from America a gift package, containing among other things, a collection of assorted cans. Except for one, all were labeled not only as to contents, but also with neatly written cards designating the names of the beneficiaries.

After the gifts were distributed, the unlabeled can became the subject of considerable speculation. Finally, the suspense was so great that it left nothing else to do but open the sealed can and ascertain its contents. It proved to be a grayish powder, the nature of which nobody could recognize.

Proceeding on the well-founded theory that everything that comes out of America is good enough to eat, the agitated German family finally decided to use the powder as the basis of a soup. And in this case, too, neither taste nor smell cleared up the mystery.

The next day, a letter arrived from America accounting for the unlabeled can. The contents, it said, had been sent pursuant to the wish of an aged relative on this side of the Atlantic. It appears that the relative had left written instructions that her ashes be buried in the churchyard of her German ancestors.

The news from Scotland is mighty grim, too. This time the information was gathered from a letter postmarked Kilmarnock (County Ayr) and addressed to an Indianapolis citizen familiarly known as "Mac" who, apparently, still keeps in touch with the Old Country.

Now Is the Time to Hold Tongue

TO APPRECIATE the bad tidings, says Mac, you have to know that it is still the custom in Scotland, in the case of deaths, to send invitations to all the neighbors to attend the funeral.

Well, it appears that on this occasion a neighbor was omitted by the bereaved family. For what reason, the letter didn't say. Mac thinks he knows why, but to divulge the secret might only aggravate international relations. Now, if ever, is the time to hold one's tongue, says Mac.

To proceed with the letter: On the day of the funeral, while the invited guests were assembling, the omitted person stood in her door and watched the gathering. Finally, unable to bear up under her resentment any longer, she exclaimed: "Aweel! Aweel! we'll have a corpse o'ur ain in our ain house someday—see then wha'll be invited."

Here's a Local Example

ANOTHER EXAMPLE of grimness—this time, in a more or less elementary form—happened right here in Indianapolis recently. It came to me by way of a Democrat who witnessed it from start to finish. And he is still wondering what effect, if any, it's going to have on Governor Schricker's chances.

Seems that a distinguished Frenchman wearing a red Legion of Honor button in his lapel blew into town the other day. The Democrat doesn't know why, but he rather suspects that the recent article in the Saturday Evening Post whetted the traveler's curiosity.

Be that as it may, the distinguished visitor boarded an elevator in one of the three stores which is also equipped with an escalator. Beyond that, the Democrat wouldn't identify the store. Said the publicity might impair Governor Schricker's chances.

Well, upon entering the elevator, the decorated Frenchman was followed by two substantial ladies, one of whom suddenly withdrew from the car. Her gasp of horror didn't escape the Democrat.

"What's the matter, Marge, aren't you coming?" asked her companion.

"Not with that Communist," said Patricia making a bee line for the escalator.

Which concludes today's nicksaw from your foreign correspondent.

Hoosier Forum

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

Semi-Naked Women

BY B. M. M.
I feel that I must make a few comments on the vulgar and shocking display many women and girls are making of themselves in this day and age.

I hope we do not return to the old idea of about three petticoats, stiff corset, etc. I prefer the sensible way of dressing of most of our women of today.

We all know there is little left to the imagination, with no illusions as to the female forms, since it is so publicly displayed for all to see. There is no charm, no modesty, no womanly sweetness in the sight of bare stomachs and backbones, bow legs, spindly shanks, and pounds of quivering, excess fat.

The men and boys must not whistle, speak out of turn or hardly dare look at all these naked "charms" on parade. They would be arrested. Why not pack all the semi-naked women in the patrol wagons for indecent exposure?

Why not allow the men to be comfortable, too? They have the real summer heat to endure. I am sure the men would all feel better in shorts, halters, anklets and toeless, heelless shoes these sweltering days and think how cute they would look, swinging their hips, rolling their eyes at the girls. It is just as becoming in the men as the women think it is for them.

Nothing is so sweet in a girl as modesty, and the kind of dress that favors ribbon, ruffles and lace.

There is nothing in womanly charm as the wanton display now being made of the female body on the public streets, in taverns, etc., and in their own gardens and yards. I am sure many men object to this style of undress.

Communism

By W. R. Howard
The theory of communism may be summed up in one sentence: "Abolish all private property." Under communism you own nothing, not even your own soul.

Recently in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, the police entered every shop and store, closed it, took the keys and notified the owner that his establishment hereafter was owned by the government.

Government clerks were sent in to take inventory and set the amount which was to be paid each owner for his shop, payment to be made in government bonds, the value of which was determined by the government.

Apparently the average Communist here in America believes that a Communist state is a sort of Utopia—the end of hard work, the equal distribution of all wealth, etc. Rather it can best be described as a "land of perpetual fear." Officials, as well as common people, spy upon each other, and all are well aware that they are under constant surveillance of secret police.

A prominent clergyman puts it this way: "Communism sacrifices individuality and initiative. Christ does not. Instead of bringing the highest to the lowest, He brings the lowest to the highest."

Let's keep America free and stay on God's side.

Fears Depression

By G. O.
So we are in for another depression. Men in high places aver that we can't escape it. What is the reason why we work our way gradually but inescapably into this worst of all disasters?

Having worked, as a lad, for a bank in Canada, where by the way no bank has failed to pay its depositors since 1867, I looked up some of my friends in high places in Wall Street, Canadian bank branches and asked them what the trouble was.

"They don't understand banking," was the reply.

Just like that. I asked officials of our Federal Reserve Bank why they allowed these terrible conditions to come about; why the bad loans, the excesses, the extravagant credits, all had banking.

Their reply: "We must obey the laws, and Congress makes the laws."

"Why does Congress do it?" I queried. "Because they don't understand banking," was the reply. We are again doing exactly what we did to bring on the last depression. We never learn.

Inflation

By R. Arnold
I'm getting bored reading the same thing over and over again in your paper about this Communist accusation that Communism, and all that foolish stuff the Un-American Committee is so busy about, all the time ignoring the real danger to the American people.

Why don't they investigate those who are causing inflation and the terrific high cost of living? How much of it can the people stand? Something better be done right away.

Why Not Debate?

By Mrs. Walter Haggerty
Why doesn't ex-Mayor George Denny take up the challenge of Andrew Jacobs to a public debate? Is he afraid to let us know where he stands?

As a candidate for Congress we are entitled to know what he thinks about the issues before Congress.

Side Glances—By Galbraith



"It's the kind of picture you wouldn't take your mother to see!"

be taken as a precedent for breaking down the 160-acre restriction in other U. S. reclamation projects.

FIVE: Compelling, either by changes in law or by administrative and policy changes, a liberalization of present grazing and timber cutting limits in the national forests and the national parks. Lobbyists well supplied with funds have long been agitating for more generous treatment from the Forest Service and the Department of Interior.

This is not by any means the whole program. But it illustrates the major goals of some potent individuals who are looking for a GOP victory to achieve those goals.

IN WASHINGTON . . . By Peter Edson

Balcony on 20's But No Picture of HT

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10—Bureau of Printing and Engraving is preparing to issue a new \$20 bill. If you'll look at the back side of one of the present twenties, you'll see why. It shows a picture of the front of the White House. But it doesn't show Harry Truman's balcony on the south portico.

Most people think this is the back of the White House. The 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., entrance side of the White House grounds, is usually considered the front, but it isn't.

Bureau of Engraving Director Alvin H. Hall says new official photographs showing the balcony have already been taken and engraving plates have been made. Printing hasn't begun yet. But the new "balcony bill" should begin to show up in circulation in about six months.

Whatcha Know—Joe?

BUREAU OF THE MINT wishes that people would stop asking why Joe Stalin's initials appear in various types and know the profile of Franklin D. Roosevelt on the 1947 Roosevelt dime. The J. S. doesn't stand for Joe Stalin at all, but for John Sinnock, famous engraver of the mint, who died a year ago last April. Somehow this Stalin rumor got started by word of mouth, and it won't die.

Treasury tax statements for the fiscal years ending June 30, 1947 and 1948, show that while corporation income taxes increased \$3,800,000,000 over the past year, individual income taxes increased only \$1,600,000,000. The figures are cited to show that corporations made greater gains in profits than individuals made in earnings.

Meets First Real Test

FIRST REAL TEST of Henry Wallace's Progressive Party strength may show in the Wisconsin primary, Sept. 21. Wisconsin Progressive Party has candidates running for governor and for seven of the 10 seats in Congress.

One factor that may cut down Progressive Party vote, however, is that the Socialist Party is offering a complete slate of candidates in opposition. All 10 of Wisconsin's members of the 80th Congress are Republicans. All 10 are seeking reelection. Republican Gov. Oscar Rennebohm is also seeking reelection. He is opposed by one other Republican, Ralph M. Immel, by Democrats William D. Carroll and Carl W. Thompson, Progressive Henry J. Berquist and Socialist Walter H. Uphoff.

Only two of the Republican congressmen are unopposed by members of their own party. They are Glenn Davis and Frank Keefe.

So there may be some upsets within the GOP.