

The Indianapolis Times

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PAGE 22 Friday, Sept. 10, 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 Newspaper Alliance; NEA Service, and Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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

Mail rates in Indiana, 5¢ a year; all other states, U. S. possessions, Canada and Mexico, \$1.10 a month. Telephone RI 1-5561.

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 panned 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 plumes the stream,
Those who giveest 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,
Spurting 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!

CHIRP 'N' CHATTER

Unsung heroes may lead the choirs 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 one except when they talk . . . it is easy to pretend one doesn't care for the things one 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 cravals out . . . trouble comes on horseback and leaves 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 less deserving some folks are, the more they pray for . . . the study of astronomy is the surest remedy for egotism . . . most people who run foolish risks, never have learned that one can't 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 Heart'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 NOBLITT, Columbus.

RETARD THE TEMPO

Several times in my life have I 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 no 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 depth of a friend, the glory of a bird's song. These truly enrich and build character and make the pattern of life complete."

—MURIL 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 heaven 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 work 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.

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 after 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-tight limitation in the great central valley irrigation project in California. This could

Regular Quadrennial Emergence



OUR TOWN . . . By Anton Scherr

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 years. As a matter of fact, all through the administrations of Reginald H. (for Hall) Sullivan—it 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 plant, 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 verb and mating what seemed to me to be a reasonable translation of the newspaper story—in substance, at any rate.

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 let 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.

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 nicksaworth from your foreign correspondent.

Side Glances—By Galbraith



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 bills" 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 very small type below the profile of Franklin D. Roosevelt on the 1947 Roosevelt dimes. 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