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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT
 OUR PROGRAM—To tell the truth as we see it. To do our best for our City, our State and our Nation.
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Just About Time We Stopped These 'Help Yourself' Raids

CONGRESS, as perhaps you know, recently voted to provide retirement compensation for all its members. This has moved a group of Spokane citizens to satire; they profess to be sending bundles and raising money to meet the immediate needs of senators and representatives.

But the Spokane Spokesman-Review does not take the case so lightly. It denounces this action of Congress as mercenary and venal; a breach of faith with the American people, already bearing heavy burdens due to war, and particularly perfidious to the thousands even now engaged in battle on many fronts.

Congress has pleased no one outside its membership in this matter. Its action, to say the least, is ill-timed. To hold a seat in Senate or House is supposed to be a great honor, an exalted privilege; and the current rate of pay is well above the level of parsimony. Senators and representatives who lose their jobs may share in the common benefits of unemployment compensation, if they will, and get old-age pensions when qualified by years.

In providing for their own pensions from federal funds, members of Congress seem to set themselves up as more deserving than the average run of their constituents. The assumption is open to doubt.

But before we of Seattle get too critical of Congress' solicitude for the welfare of its members, let's have a look around here at home. Seattle's City Council seems quite as solicitous, asking for its members an immediate pay boost from \$3,000 to \$4,200 a year.

We may not be able to restrain Congress in its self-considerate purpose; but we should have no difficulty in dealing with the Council's demand.

Those Who Hang On

THOUGH the House of Commons recently responded conclusively to Prime Minister Churchill's demand for a vote of confidence, the outcrop of British public opinion continues to evince dissatisfaction with the personnel of His Majesty's Government.

In the showdown on Mr. Churchill's demand, a score or more of party oppositionists refrained from voting. By this means they tacitly indicated willingness to go along with Churchill as premier, stopping short of endorsement of all his colleagues.

This is the general attitude of the people as reflected in the British press. Churchill holds public confidence in high degree; some of his associates do not. Reverses and breakdowns in various parts of the empire have strengthened belief that government organization, as a whole, is not as well suited to war as it should be.

One frankly stated reason for dissatisfaction is that Mr. Churchill's personal loyalty to colleagues once chosen makes for uncertainty and vacillation; unnecessarily handicaps the operation of government. It is urged that this is no time to keep friends in office who do not fully meet the requirements of the emergency.

We would not argue the British case one way or the other; but this particular criticism of Mr. Churchill points to a condition of which other people have been made aware.

Authority in government at Washington becomes more and more centralized, as certainly it should be for the purposes of war. But the cabinet still carries much excess baggage, much dead-weight nuisance; and in nearly all departments and agencies of government are hangers-on, whose only claim for consideration is based in personal friendship or political service.

Sentence Sermons

- THIS IS THE TIME—
- When much meaningless news is being printed.
 - When the emotions are working overtime.
 - When most of us like to believe untruths.
 - When it is easy to believe all the others are liars.
 - When a man's strength depends upon his faith.
 - When it is easy to believe we are, ourselves, faultless.

All the Mountain Roads We Can Get; But No Tunnels!

NOTING in these columns occasional comment in behalf of early completion of the Stevens Pass Highway, The Chehalis Advocate rises to the defense of another project, closer to the hearts of communities in Southwest Washington. The Advocate regrets that The Times omits mention of the White Pass Highway over the Cascades.

For that project, the State Legislature in 1941 appropriated half a million dollars, of which some \$250,000 has been spent or obligated. Eight and three-tenths miles of this highway remain to be built, through difficult and inaccessible country, where it is possible to work only in summer. The estimated cost of those remaining miles is \$1,340,000. Because of priorities, however, the State Highway Department reports it is unlikely that any new work will be undertaken this summer.

The Advocate believes that the White Pass Highway is quite as important to Southwest Washington as a defense highway as Stevens Pass is to more northern counties. In that we concur, though two broad highways, the Columbia and the Evergreen, are not far away.

But it becomes increasingly clear that no roads in this state, or in any state, will receive aid and encouragement from the federal government except at the recommendation of the War Department. The Army will decide where government funds will be spent for roads. The Times has commended the Stevens Pass Highway to the attention of the military.

The White Pass Highway merits consideration also. We can use as many roads across the Cascade Mountains as the contours of that rugged region and the availability of funds will permit. But the fate of these enterprises now is in the lap of the gods of war.

There remains a concluding admonition: Let nothing herein be construed as an invitation to that old hobby, the Cascade tunnel, to lift its head again.

PRIVATE LIVES

By Edwin Cox



WAITING FOR LEFTY
 YANKEE JOE DI MAGGIO IS A PUSHER FOR THE COMIC MAGAZINES— BUT HE'S TOO SHY TO ASK FOR THEM AT NEWSSTANDS. HE MAKES LEFTY GOMEZ DO IT!



HOW ABOUT ANOTHER?
 DID YOU KNOW THAT ATTORNEY GENERAL FRANCIS BIDDLE HAD ONCE WRITTEN A SUCCESSFUL NOVEL CALLED 'THE LANPEAR PATTERN'?

HE CARRIED A COUNTRY

BECAUSE HE THOUGHT THE TRADITIONAL IRANIAN HEADGEAR LOOKED TOO UNPROGRESSIVE, THE RECENTLY ABDICATED SHAH REZA PAHLEVI PUT HIS COUNTRYMEN INTO HIS OWN IDEA OF SOMETHING SNAPPY AND MODERN—A PSEUDO-YACHTING CAP KNOWN AS THE PAHLEVI BONNET.



What to Do With Japs in Western States Stirs the Bouquet and Brickbat Wielders

In the past week, the question of what to do with Japanese in states along the Pacific Coast has come rapidly to the front. Some there are who favor wholesale concentration of all persons of Japanese birth or parentage; others there are who believe such treatment to be too harsh and who counsel close supervision rather than concentration.

Without taking one side or the other thus far in the argument, The Times has attempted to present the question impartially in its editorial, news and feature columns. Some readers, seeing only one presentation of the question, assume this to be The Times' views. Examples of this kind are presented in the following letters, offered as evidence of the wide divergence of public opinion.

TIMES CONSISTENTLY FAIR
 Editor, The Times: Henry McLemore admits expecting criticism for his outburst of last Friday. He deserves it. He also admits that the deliberately harsh treatment he proposes for all West Coast Japanese would in most cases be unjustified.

It is gratifying to know there is one newspaper and one reporter who has the courage to say and print what every American should feel. Please let us have more of the same.
 —ELMER AND SYLVIA HUGHES, 2236 Franklin Ave. Seattle.

Mr. McLemore has no concern with justifying his position. That he, personally, hates the Japanese is to him sufficient justification. Hating them indiscriminately, he can hardly be expected to care whether they are treated fairly.

"THAT IS A LAUGH"
 Editor, The Times: Who bought you out? How much did you get for that whole sheet published in the Saturday edition?
 We don't need people like you that would ask the Americans to sympathize with the Japanese in these times. It is evident that you or yours haven't anyone serving in the Army or Navy; you would feel very different if you had. It so happens that two of my family are in service and I can assure you they don't have any such ideas, nor are they taught any.

anonymous letters has been rather low. This letter rates no higher consideration. It is offered here not because of any constructive thoughts contained in it, but rather as evidence of one of the serious problems of irresponsible and loose talking that confronts America in the effort to present a united war front.

"POTENT PROPAGANDA"
 Editor, The Times: If Attorney-General Biddle is right, Henry McLemore's column in The Times is the most potent kind of Axis propaganda.

And The Times shouldn't have let this column get by without comment.
 —LOUISE GREGG, 1303 Harrison St. Seattle.

We aren't dependent on them (the Japs) for our garden products... We still can raise our own products... We all know what happened over at Pearl Harbor and you sit behind your desk asking for the same kind of treatment here when you sympathize with the Japanese people, and no doubt you call yourself an American.

Against such an orgy of un-American venom, the attorney-general's words sound poised and sensible and truly patriotic...
 —MARY FARQUHARSON, State Senator, 2126 E. 4th St., Seattle.

LET US HAVE MORE
 Editor, The Times: We have just read the article by Henry McLemore, "This Is War! Stop Worrying About Hurting Japs' Feelings." We just want to say thank you.

Editor's note: Since men first clipped their messages in stone, man's evaluation of the writers of

MacArthur's Resistance May Cause Us To Expect Too Much of All Our Armies

By BRIG.-GEN. HUGH S. JOHNSON

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Feb. 3.—There is something mysterious—almost uncanny—about MacArthur's resistance in Batan. The exact number of his troops is not publicly known. It is frequently said that he is opposed by hundreds of thousands of Japs—as high as ten to one—200,000 to 400,000.

communications, through Mariveles and across Manila Bay with Corregidor, he will not collapse from want of material.

Do doubtless there are that many Japanese soldiers in the Philippines. But no such force could be used to advantage to attack that narrow defensive front—especially when the mountainous terrain is so nearly impassable that only a small fraction of that force could be employed and maneuvered.

A third astonishing thing is that troops which never have been exposed to this kind of fire and fighting should give such a superlative account of themselves. While there are a few notable exceptions, it is almost a general rule that raw troops coming for the first time under the withering effects of fire in a major engagement behave badly.

A large proportion of those Japanese troops must be employed in occupying at least the key points in Luzon, Mindanao and elsewhere. This does not detract from MacArthur's remarkable performance because, while the force he confronts is not as great as the figure most frequently used, the fact remains that the Japanese have available all the assault troops they can use in such a battle.

When there have been exceptions, it is usually because of outstanding professional leadership, or because they are sandwiched in between veteran formations.

Further, they have almost unimpeded access to supplies, and, if they do not have the very necessary element of air supremacy, it is because they choose to use it elsewhere. Thus on ordinary military standards, MacArthur's sustained resistance remains a mystery and breaks many of the rules in the book of strategy.

MACARTHUR'S performance and that of the Marines at Wake Island should not give us exaggerated ideas about what to expect from these new divisions we are so rapidly forming out of the hundreds of thousands of boys we are selecting from civilian life!

Another question, the answer to which must be known to the War Department but is a secret from the general public, is "where does MacArthur get his supplies?" There is apparently no open water to Subic Bay. But he still retains Corregidor as the anchor to his left flank. That fortress has long been stocked with sufficient materials—ammunition, food and clothing to resist a siege of months. Presumably, as long as we can maintain com-

BUT these new formations of ours that we are getting ready to send "anywhere on earth," on the average do not have much more than 10 per cent of officers who were in the service three years ago. There simply have not been sufficient time and equipment to bring these troops up to modern standards.

There is little to say about the defense of Batan except to marvel at it. But there is to be drawn from it this lesson—don't expect another such marvel every time our troops go under fire.

Surely, You Know Who Won—Or Aren't You Married?

By HENRY McLEMORE

LOS ANGELES, Tuesday, Feb. 3.—Aviation in California has a new problem. It's not tricycle landing gears, pitch propellers, firepower or trained rubber. No, its new problem is an old one, and involves what Kipling once foolishly described as "a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair."

There's right, folks, it's the gals. Blue-eyed gals and skinny gals. Red-headed gals and oversized gals. Serious gals and flirty gals.

SINCE the attack on Pearl Harbor, California's major airplane factories have employed thousands and thousands of women workers. There is scarcely a plant that doesn't have a powder room, where the rouge and lipstick stand on equal terms with the cut-plug and the braid pipe.

The girls are doing a magnificent job. They have proved they are worth the 60 and 75 cents an hour that they receive for helping in the assembling of bombers and fighters and trainers. On the more monotonous jobs—you know, the kind where, for hour after hour, you tuck a little bit of wire here, you twist a bolt here, you pat something down here—they have shown themselves to be more efficient than men.

BUT the girls have produced a few headaches, just as girls have always done since Eve was determined to keep the doctor away with a bite into that forbidden winedrop.

Clothes have been a great problem. When the plants were first opened to women workers, the gals arrived on the job wearing any and everything. They came in voile creations, dotted swiss gals, crepe print numbers, tailored suits, Mother Hubbards, bouffant aprons, slacks, shorts, and almost everything else that you can find in a girl's wardrobe.

Tough foremen threw up their hands in horror. Hard-bitten mechanics quivered and shook at the sight. Overalled mechanics muttered on the fact that all but started the motors of nearby planes.

The girls were told that they must report in slacks; that to allow them to trisk around in billowing skirts would endanger their lives.

NO one really knew the variety of slacks that are worn until the girls started showing up for work in their slacks.

The cute girl workers, the pretty ones, and the well—well, the well-built ones—took the slacks that were more appropriate for the first line of a Broadway chorus than an airplane factory. Quite a rumpus was raised when the foreman of one factory rebelled against a worker wearing a trouser suit and halter outfit. He demanded that she cover up some of the exposed sections of her anatomy.

The girl said okay, she would, but not until the men in the shop abandoned the habit of working without shirts. This developed into quite a battle. The men said that they had been working without shirts for years and they would be blankety-blank if any gal could come in and dictate how they should dress.

You know who won, don't you, or aren't you married?

For Naming Things Wrong, New York Beats Them All

By DALE HARRISON

NEW YORK, Tuesday, Feb. 3.—Among the numerous misnomers of New York is Madison Square Garden, which is neither on Madison Square nor is it a garden.

The Polo Grounds is a stadium for the playing of baseball, and never saw a polo pony in its life.

Tin Pan Alley is no alley at all, and probably hasn't a tin pan in it. There is hardly such a thing as a "Broadway play," for the legitimate theatres are on side streets.

A MODERN cathedral of commerce, an impressive, towering structure of Gothic design, now occupies the site of one of New York's most famous institutions of the Mauve Decade and the "naughty noughties"—the old Madison Square Garden on the northeast corner of Madison Square Park.

For more than three decades that block-square arena, conceived in the Moorish architectural tradition and built in 1890, was considered one of the show places of Manhattan. At its top was the bronze statue of Diana, goddess of the hunt, the work of the famous sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens. It gleamed in the bright sunlight, and swung about with the caprice of the wind.

MANY of the red-letter events of the amusement calendar of the times took place in the Garden. It was here that "the greatest show on earth"—the circus—looked up quarters each spring; and it was here New Yorkers rejoiced annually in seeing Buffalo Bill and his Wild West show—Indians, ponies, cowboys and all.

For the social set, the Garden also had a place. Each spring the pedigreed people and their pedigreed horses showed themselves in that glittering spectacle, the Horse Show.

To the sporting crowd, the old Garden was the center of interest as long as it stood. There was held first of the annual six-day bicycle races in 1891, with the participants racing around the track on high wheels.

Here, too, were held great boxing exhibitions. Benny Leonard and Jack Dempsey were two of the famous warriors who did some of their fanciest socking down in old Madison Square.

IT was during the summer of 1924, however, that the Garden made its history. That was when the Democrats held their national convention here—a convention which sweltered through long days of stiborness between the supporters of New York's Alfred E. Smith and California's William Gibbs McAdoo; a convention memorable, too, for the monotony of the opening of each roll call: "Alabama casts 24 votes for Underwood."

Unflinchingly McAdoo and Smith fought for the presidential nomination, with neither able to roll up the necessary majority. Finally, in compromise with the heat which was slowly withering them all—there was no pleasant air-conditioning in the old Garden—the delegates nominated John W. Davis.

Designed by the great American architect Stanford White, the Garden also provided the stage for his tragic exit from life. It was while attending a performance of a musical revue in the theatre-cabaret atop the Garden that White was shot to death by Harry K. Thaw, the erratic scion of a rich Pittsburgh family, in a rage over attentions White was paying to the beautiful actress Evelyn Nesbit.

The World War came, and many changes were wrought in the customs and habits of the people. The center of night life moved uptown away from Madison Square. Interest in the Garden waned, for the place was considered "too far downtown."

Finally, in the middle 'twenties, the directors decided to follow the crowd. They built a new Garden on Eighth Avenue between 40th and 50th Streets, and they called it Madison Square, even though Madison Square no longer is its neighbor.

The Goddess Diana was sent to Philadelphia. The old Garden was torn down. On its site an insurance company built a home.

The old Garden is gone, but it remains alive, not in terms of steel and stone, but in the nostalgic dreams of thousands of old sentimentalists who still cherish its gay memories.

THE NEIGHBORS

By George Clark



"You know I never throw out any important mail before you see it. You're just putting on an act. No one could possibly be that interested in every one of those circulars."