

W.P.A. and Japs Should Help Avert Nation's Farm Crisis

THE President asks Congress for a supplementary appropriation of \$100,000,000 for the W. P. A. This, he believes, is needed to provide work and training for persons displaced from private employment as a result of the war program.

On the same day the President asked this appropriation, the Snohomish County Chamber of Commerce unanimously voted in favor of suspending all work on W. P. A. projects and diverting W. P. A. manpower to farm work. The chamber also urges that draft boards give careful consideration to the deferment of experienced farmers and farm hands, in order to maintain farm production in the necessary volume.

From all parts of the country come reports of shortage in farm help. Spring is here, and farm land must be cultivated and planted at once if to be productive this year. In our own neighborhood the situation is made more emergent by the pending evacuation of alien farmers and truck gardeners.

There are no more diligent tillers of the soil than the Japanese. If moved from where they are, they should be placed where they can be usefully employed at familiar tasks; and, of course, they should be adequately paid for their work.

By such means, as well as by diversion of W. P. A. labor from postponable projects to the farms, also to be fairly paid by those for whom they work, spring planting may be set under way and indispensable crops assured. Decisions must be quickly reached and acted upon without delay.

Tendency to Oppose

TUESDAY'S vote on the propositions submitted to the people seems worthy of passing attention. The pay increase for police and firemen and the special tax levy for the schools were strongly approved. Salary increases for elective city officials were rejected; also the proposal to establish an apprentice system for training of prospective city employes.

Lively campaigns were made on behalf of the police and firemen's pay raise and the school tax levy. Much was said in favor of both, and little or nothing in opposition.

The elective officials for whom higher salaries were asked could make no campaign. The comptroller, treasurer and corporation counsel were at a disadvantage from the start; and their case was made materially worse by the Council's proposal to increase the compensation of its own members. The apprentice system received scarcely any attention, one way or the other.

The tendency of the voters is to vote "no" on propositions they do not understand. This tendency invariably is stronger when an objectionable proposition is presented along with others.

The vote favoring higher salaries for comptroller, treasurer and corporation counsel was considerably larger than the vote to increase councilmanic pay; but the vote in opposition was nearly the same.

Not by way of repining, but merely for the record, it is permissible to express belief that the unpopularity of the Council's pay proposal induced much of the negative vote on the other two amendments.

They Have Earned It

SEATTLE'S hard-working postal clerks and letter carriers are seeking the indorsement of this community in efforts to obtain long overdue salary increases. As an officer of the Seattle local of the National Association of Postoffice Clerks puts it, the postal clerks and letter carriers are the forgotten men of the government service.

Remedial legislation is proposed in the House of Representatives in a bill that Seattle postal clerks and carriers ask their community to indorse. In this they deserve support. They have had no adjustment in pay for seventeen years, except for a 27 per cent cut during the depression years. Yet they are required to handle 60 per cent more mail per man per day than they handled seventeen years ago.

Postal employes are not paid from federal tax funds, but from postal receipts. The Postoffice Department has enjoyed a large surplus for the past six years. The increase sought would not add to the current burdens of federal taxpayers.

East Is Saving Tin Cans; Not Worth While Here

THE campaign to save tin cans for war production has had a kind of "off again, on again, tin again" history. Locally, right now, it is "off again." Tin cans are not sought by the State Salvage Committee.

Toothpaste tubes, paper, rags, rubber and all metals except tin cans are the materials Washington citizens are asked to salvage.

This information is presented to offset confusion that might arise from the latest appeal in the East of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation urging the public to save tin cans, and explaining how it should be done.

Leaders of the salvage movement here, however, point out that there is no steel industry close enough to make the saving of tin cans an economical or profitable activity. Transportation costs are too great.

Still, considering the importance of steel and tin, and the shortage of both metals, it seems a pity that all the tin cans that are opened daily in Seattle should go to waste. That metal may be sorely needed later on.

Blessings in Disguise

SEATTLE'S traffic lights have gone on masquerade. No longer wide-eyed, the downtown lights have been reduced to mere green and red slits for blackout purposes, and look a little as though they were disguised in black dominoes.

This hallowe'en effect may make the lights more difficult to distinguish, especially a block or so away, but that should not be a disadvantage. If it tends to prevent motorists from racing to get through the green lights at the next several intersections, encouraging slower driving on busy streets, the effect will be distinctly salutary.

If the lights thus dimmed help to conserve tire rubber and save lives, they will have performed a useful service, even though they are never called upon to operate in blacked-out streets.

Wishes Flouted

WISHES of property owners in the vicinity of the Yesler Hill housing project have been repeatedly flouted. Now long-simmering resentment has broken out among property owners in the neighborhood of the similar and large West Seattle project.

The housing authority wanted a street vacated in the Yesler Hill project. Property owners objected that such a vacation would compel them to make various detours. The objection was overruled; the street was ordered vacated.

The housing authority and its contractors, according to the story told the City Council, have misused and muddied-up streets and alleys around the West Seattle project until they have become almost impassable for residents in the neighborhood. City Engineer Wartelle reports much dirt has been removed from private property without consent of owners, and otherwise the residents have been made to suffer "greatest inconvenience."

We mention these things with no thought of offering encouragement to owners of homes and other property. As against all protest and objection so far, the housing authority has done just about as it pleased.

New Outlook on Life

EASTER approaches. Spring, here in fact, will soon arrive officially. Winter is behind us. It is time for mildred to give consideration to the state of his wardrobe.

And right now, gentlemen of Seattle, reports from the smart marts of trade indicate, you have the best of opportunities to turn yourselves out like the glass of fashion in the latest models, all-wool, and as yet unimpaird by regulations that may cause the stylists to skimp ever so little later on.

Of course, the man who is already well supplied with suits and topcoats, sports clothes and whatnot, will find no point in rushing forth on a buying spree at this time. On the other hand, there is no sense in going around threadbare. The advice is to buy what you need, just as you would any other spring.

A visit to the shops will disclose inviting opportunities to carry out this sensible program. Pants still have cuffs, double-breasted suits have vests, worsted is still wool.

And if the problems of the world seem to cast a sense of gloom, we can remember this: There is nothing like a smart, new outfit to provide a new and more assured outlook on life.

PRIVATE LIVES By Edwin Cox



THEY'RE A MUST, MY DEAR!

TO THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR, WEARING GLOVES IS AS HABITUAL AS WEARING STOCKINGS IS TO MOST WOMEN.

SHE EVEN DONS THEM AT HER OWN PARTIES.



TRY SPATS, GOVERNOR! PENNSYLVANIA'S GOV. ARTHUR H. JAMES IS GOING TO GIVE UP HIS FAMOUS HIGH-TOPPED SHOES - TO HELP SAVE LEATHER.

Vichy's Plans to Move Back Into Paris Seems to Cinch France on Side of Nazis

By CONSTANTINE BROWN

WASHINGTON—While the Japanese must now reorganize their forces after their operations in Java—thus giving the United Nations time, it is hoped, to reinforce the remaining outposts in the Far East—the interest of leaders in Washington and London is focused on the probable next scene of spectacular action—the Mediterranean.

One of the principle features of that picture is France. A few wishful thinkers in both the British and American capitals still doubt that Marshal Petain will really permit the French navy—and eventually the land forces—to fight France's former allies and friends.

The attitude of these men is in large part influenced by the many prominent French refugees who were prominent in French politics before June, 1940. These men argue that in the last analysis Marshal Petain, Vichy's chief of state, is the slave of French public opinion which, they contend, is overwhelmingly opposed to military collaboration with the Axis and fully confident in the final victory of the United Nations.

These refugees also contend that while the French masses are unquestionably downhearted over the Allied defeats in the Pacific, they are greatly encouraged by the Russian victories. And the great bulk of the French nation, the peasants and factory workers, are as always strongly pro-Russian.

The French groups with Communist tendencies look on Russia as their only hope of deliverance; the conservatives and democratic sympathizers no longer regard the U. S. S. R. as a hotbed of destructive Communism but as the country which will deliver the world from Nazism and Fascism.

HOW much wishful thinking is concealed in the views of these refugees only the future will tell. But meanwhile it seems to be a matter of little importance whether the French chief of state continues to be shackled to public opinion.

The Vichy government has been preparing to move to Paris for the last few weeks. Most of the archives of the various government departments, accompanied by subordinate officials, are now being transferred to Paris. The ministry of national defense is reported to have removed most of its files and services to the old Rue St. Dominique (the old department of war in Paris) and Marshal Petain expects to move with his entire cabinet to the historic French capital within the next few weeks.

Such a change, observers maintain, could not be achieved unless the Germans had obtained France's full cooperation in the war. There seems to be little

doubt that the French fleet will be operating very shortly with Axis units in the western Mediterranean. The excuse will be the supervision and protection of transports plying between Marseilles and North Africa, including the new German bases of Stax and Bizerte.

These transports, it is believed in official circles, will carry supplies for Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's armies as a ballast on the trip south and will return with food and raw materials for the French people and French factories. The British cannot be expected to permit these vessels to help the enemy without interference, so it is likely there will be encounters between French and British men-of-war.

THE French army is in bad shape, but French flyers, who are among the best in the world, are unemployed. It is widely believed in military quarters that these airmen, who were irked by the lack of support from Great Britain during the short war with the Nazis, would not hesitate, if Marshal Petain permitted them, to take service under the Nazis.

In order to spare their sensibilities and their national pride, they may be allowed to form a special corps—autonomous in name—to defend French territory from enemy bombardments. Since the Germans no longer have any interest in dropping bombs on France, the obvious opponent would be the British.

This matter, it is reliably reported, was discussed by the German generals and Admiral Jean Darlan during the latter's visit to Paris last week. While there is some question in the minds of Nazi leaders as to whether such an autonomous force might turn against the Nazis themselves, the idea is still under consideration.

ADMIRAL DARLAN'S argument appears to have been that once France becomes a national unit again through disappearance of the frontier between occupied and unoccupied territories, and Marshal Petain is clothed with whole authority as the head of the entire nation, those young French aviators, who are pining for battle, would not hesitate to fight the British, particularly when they are told they are defending the country from being further ravaged by foreigners.

Berlin is reported to be giving "sympathetic" consideration to this suggestion, especially since they expect the United Nations, under the pressure of their public opinion and of Moscow, to attempt a large-scale attack on the German-occupied coasts of Western Europe.

There Isn't Money Enough to Pay Army Its Real Worth; Let's Not Cheapen It

By BRIG. GEN. HUGH S. JOHNSON

WASHINGTON—Now comes a bill to double the pay of all non-commissioned soldiers in our new and rapidly expanding Army. It now ranges from \$21 a month for the first six months, upward to much greater figures in the higher non-commissioned grades.

We already pay our soldiers several times the actual pay received by men of most other armies. If you add the increased cost of the best diet, shelter and clothing of any troops, allowances for dependents and later pensions, bonuses and the like, our Army costs many times as much per man as that of any other army in history.

All this as to care and consideration for the welfare of our military and naval personnel is not more than should be expected of such a country as ours. But this business of raising base pay from \$21 to \$42 per month with other grades and pay rates in proportion is smelly. At least it has a sort of chicken-feed aspect which fits badly with the noble profession of arms.

USUALLY the project has been advanced as a plan to increase volunteering. That tends to put mili-

tary service on a hateful mercenary basis and knocks the heart out of the high argument for selective service.

There isn't enough money in the world adequately to pay a man for leaving his home, his family and his prospects for a career, to go out in defense of his country and its institutions, and risk all these, and also his life or health or means of livelihood.

To try to win men over to that kind of sacrifice with a lousy little \$21 a month, figuring that they would not do it otherwise, is almost an insult to them. It is at least a sign of considerable degradation in the appraisal by the government of the character and mental outlook of this generation of young men.

PERHAPS it is a natural outgrowth of the tendency of recent years in this country to encourage the belief that government stands ready to do for a man whatever he is unable or unwilling to do for himself—and to do it by giving him unearned dollars out of the public wealth.

Farmers, labor, the unemployed and many other classes have been encouraged to rely on the government for this. It would be a pity to classify military service in a similar category.

Thank God it is proved to be wholly unnecessary. No nation ever responded more wholeheartedly and unambiguously to the call for military duty than have our young men to selective service.

MILITARY service stands apart. It is a primitive thing. From old tribal days, a man lived under the protection of his fellows from attacks by strangers. This raised a sort of moral obligation—a "social compact"—to pay for that protection, should the need ever arise, by service in community defense.

It was not a service to be paid for. It was a payment of a debt incurred in the enjoyment of security throughout years of peace.

Thus it has always been, from the earliest days of even savage tribes and among people of our blood. Pay adequate to the scant needs of a soldier's life is a necessity, but we have already provided that and anything beyond that cheapens military service.

Everybody on the Gravy Train Except the Boys in Uniform

By HENRY McLEMORE

WASHINGTON—Will all of those who are against raising the pay of our soldiers please raise their hands.

Now, if you happen to have your hand raised, will you please stand up and tell me and a lot of other people who would like to know just what your objections are. I cannot possibly imagine what your objections can possibly be.

Everyone in our all-out war effort seems to be getting nicely taken care of except the soldiers. Industrialists are doing all right with their contracts. Labor is getting its share with time, time and a half and double time.

But the soldier—well, we have found the real Forgotten Man at last. The man in khaki is the real way along the Forgotten Man line. He is the real McCoy in the real way of overlooked gentlemen.

HE volunteers or he is inducted into the Army and off he goes to a camp, building dreams of what he can do with his handsome salary of \$21 a month. As he rides along toward the camp or during the first few days in the camp, he spins a few more castles in the air. The \$21 a month is all his. At last he is in the dough. For nothing more than risking his life, his government has put him on easy street.

\$21 a month? Boy, oh boy!

Disillusionment, however, pays him a visit while the inoculation shots are still hurting his arm. All of a sudden he learns that the \$21 a month is not all his to throw around with a free hand like a Cyrano de Bergerac in khaki.

The government starts putting the bite on him. A nibble here, a nibble there, until finally it's a pretty good-sized bite, and a man making only \$21 a month can't stand too many nibbles.

NOLOSING around Army camps all over the country, I have found that this is the least that happens to the pay check of the \$21-a-month private.

The spectre of Old Age is shown to him right away by the twenty-five-cent deduction that goes for the up-keep of Old Soldiers' homes. If our Army goes to the five or seven million men you hear about, we should have some real fancy Old Soldiers' Homes before long. If I were a soldier and didn't find a swimming pool and badminton court on the grounds, I'd let some one have it on the head with my cane.

Laundry accounts for \$2.85 of the Private's monthly pay check. The rule book demands that he stay well starched, well creased and generally clean and neat. So clean and neat, in fact, that in addition to his laundry he must foot a tailoring and dry cleaning bill that averages around \$3 a month.

The government gives a Private a razor, five blades, a tooth brush and tooth paste when he arrives in camp, with some vague idea that this equipment will last him for the duration of the war. Because they don't give him any more of these things, when the original grant is gone he must restock out of his own pocket. He must buy his own toilet soap, too.

Add all of these things, plus bus fare back and forth from the camp to the nearest town, and you see what the soldier has left out of his tremendous salary.

AS a nation we are great on raising money for anything and everything away from home. We'll throw in all sorts of money to further the happiness of distant folk, no matter what their race, color or creed. That's fine. That's commendable.

But, before we buy rattles for the children of Khyber Pass, bells for the cats of Belgium, shawls for the Shahs of Persia, wouldn't it be a nice thing, and a smart thing, to take care of the men who have picked up guns for our very own defense and let them have a little more fun, a little more security, a little more peace of mind before they go out and face bullets for us?

If a soldier doesn't deserve the best in time of war, who in heaven's name does?

You with your hands up: I'm still listening for your reasons to keep the soldier on starvation wages.

Chilling Power Fast Oozing From Friday the Thirteenth

By DALE HARRISON

NEW YORK—In this year of 1942 in which the fate of the Christian world rocks more precariously than ever before, it is disturbing to the superstitious ones to contemplate that the calendar brings two consecutive Fridays-the-thirteenth. February had one, and now March is playing the same scurvy trick on us.

Still, we got through the first one pretty well, and the prospect for tomorrow's Friday-the-thirteenth isn't too grim.

Perhaps the superstitious ones, getting through the year's first two, will have stopped worrying when we catch No. 3, in November.

SUPERSTITIONS wouldn't have a leg to stand on except that in a big world like ours there is always something happening to give justification for a belief in almost anything. Many years ago there came out of Europe a song called "Gloomy Sunday"—a strange song which told of the singer's grief at the loss of a loved one, and spoke the singer's purpose to commit suicide.

Many timid souls shook their heads dolefully and said no good would come of a song which virtually was an anthem to self-destruction. Indeed, there was a small wave of suicides in the wake of the song, and my recollection is that it was forbidden on the radio because of its gloomy message. To the superstitious, "Gloomy Sunday" was a song that carried a curse.

NOW there has come another popular tune about which they are saying much the same thing—"The Shrine of St. Cecilia."

"St. Cecilia" originally was a Swedish tune named "My Soldier," William Ortmann, a 51-year-old New York publisher, got hold of it, revamped it with the help of a composer named Carroll Loveday, and published it last summer.

At first the song was forbidden by the radio chains as "sacreligious." Spokesmen for all churches gave their approval, however, and the radio companies rescinded their ban. It was taken off the radio again when there was a copyright squabble involving it.

Ortmann finally cleared away the copyright difficulties, and last September got Sammy Kaye and Vaughn Monroe to make records of the song for Victor. Today the song is a best seller both in records and sheet music.

But the curse was there. Ortmann, a fortune-making hit on his hands, was shot and killed by a chance bullet as he was caught, an innocent bystander, between the fire of police and gangsters who were shooting it out last November in the lobby of a midtown hotel.

"The Shrine of St. Cecilia" has reached high marks in sales, but Glenn Miller's recording of " Chattanooga Choo-Choo" is the top seller of recent years, having passed the 1,240,000 figure. The last previous record to sell more than a million copies was Gene Austin's "My Blue Heaven."

The greatest seller of all records, however, was one referred to usually as "the laughing record," which passed a million and a half.

THE NEIGHBORS By George Clark



"Oh, I didn't know it was quite so formal! I just wore one of my simplest dresses!"