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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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There's Enough to Fool Us Without Growing Whiskers

THE news that the threatened shortage in razor blades is just another false alarm is received with bewilderment by the American public. Men who rushed to the nearest store and laid in a supply when a ration of one blade a week was predicted probably will not regret their foresight; shortages seem to rise and fall like the tide. That is just the point. Last week, the War Production Board issued a confused announcement which asserted in one breath that an ample supply of blades is available, and in another that there would be "an average of one blade a week per shaver."

Now the Office of Price Administration "clarifies" this situation by asserting that the curtailment ordered by the W. P. B. will permit the manufacture and sale of more blades than were made in 1939.

Such divergent and contradictory announcements are worse than confusing. They certainly are no help to the public morale, and least of all do they contribute to public confidence in decisions of the governmental polyhedron.

Still a Melting Pot

IF anything ever illustrated the repute of these United States as a melting pot of divers races, it was the recent evacuation of Japanese residents, American and foreign born, from the pleasant countryside of Bainbridge Island.

For one thing, many of the Japanese farmers left their properties in full charge of friendly Filipinos, delegated to carry on for the duration of the war.

American boys, with names smacking strongly of the fjords of Norway or of Sweden, played "hookey" from Bainbridge Island schools to bid farewell to their departing Japanese classmates. Among the Japanese were some of the best baseball players of the Bainbridge High School, wearing the sweaters and insignia of their school.

And added to all this was the kindly consideration manifested by young American soldiers, themselves bearing names disclosing a polyglot European ancestry, helping the aged Japanese evacuees and carrying the baggage of Japanese families heavily laden with personal possessions.

The Japanese departed from their homes cheerfully, knowing full well, most of them, that the measure was designed to help preserve the precious, kindly camaraderie among divergent races which is one of this country's great contributions to humanity.

Tires in Jeopardy

THE demand of the Washington Motor Transport Association, Inc., that paving in Alaskan Way South be repaired should be given prompt attention by city authorities. And Alaskan Way is by no means the only Seattle street where chuckholes and broken pavement jeopardize precious tire rubber. A few dollars spent from maintenance funds in repairing these danger spots will contribute to the community economy.

Not Like Olden Days

POSSIBLY stimulated by official warning of a meat shortage, cattle "rustlers" have resumed large-scale activity on the ranges. An Idaho cattle association is offering rewards of from \$50 to \$200 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of persons stealing cattle from its members.

Of course, this is the proper and lawful way of trying to protect the herds from raiding. It looks toward bringing malefactors into court for suitable punishment.

It was not always thus. Not so many years ago, the ranchers had a more expeditious and final way of dealing with rustlers. We would not recommend revival of the earlier method; but hope the Idaho cattle men are not adding to evidence that Americans have been softened up.

The Prophet Ezekiel (593-571 B. C.) Wrote an Editorial

A GAIN the word of the Lord came unto me, saying: Son of man, speak to the children of thy people, and say unto them: When I bring a sword upon the land, if the people of the land take a man of their coasts and set him for their watchman: If when he seeth the sword come upon the land, he blow the trumpet and warn the people: Then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet and taketh not warning; if the sword come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. . . . But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul.

But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come and take any persons from among them . . . his blood will I require at the watchman's hand.

The Way to His Heart

IN a recent article, Paul de Kruif, the author of "Hunger Fighters," asks the question, "Do you really know what to eat?" Most of us, according to Mr. de Kruif, have scarcely an inkling. The Times today makes a contribution to that challenge with the opening of its annual Spring Cooking School at the Music Hall Theatre. To conduct the school, Miss Dorothy Neighbors has brought to Seattle an expert on questions of nutrition.

The school has unusual importance this year, when everyone needs to be fortified by sound health. There is an old saying that "Cooks cannot be taught in their own kitchens." Whether that be true or not, The Times hopes the school will provide many a valuable hint on the newest methods of preparing tempting and invigorating viands for Seattle families.

Sentence Sermons

CONSTANT PREOCCUPATION—
 —With our fears will make life a madhouse.
 —With ourselves will cause us to grow small.
 —With our troubles makes us a poor guest.
 —With our ailments makes us a poor companion.
 —With our own success reduces it to failure.
 —With our past ends all growth.
 —With our rights blinds us to our duties.

Today Brings Headlines We've Been Longing to See

HEADLINES of the day: Seattle Wins National Recognition for Traffic Record . . . New Spokane Street Viaduct Ready in Thirty Days . . . Transit System Gets Eighty New Buses . . . Municipal Deficit Wiped Out in New Budget . . . Harmony Reigns at the County Court House . . . Federal Government Grants Additional Million for New Airport . . . All Old Paving in Seattle to Be Resurfaced . . . Seattle Gets Large New Magnesium Plant . . . War Workers Agree to Accept Army Pay . . . Uniform Traffic Signal System Installed Here . . . Municipalities Get Large Slice of State Sales Tax Revenue . . . Tire Restrictions Relaxed for Seattle Area . . . City Tax Rate Materially Reduced . . . No foolin'? Yes, April fooling.

PRIVATE LIVES By Edwin Cox



THE GOOD COMPANIONS

SO DEVOTED IS CANADA'S BACHELOR PREMIER MACKENZIE KING TO HIS IRISH TERRIER —NOW AN OLD FELLOW OF SEVENTEEN— THAT HE KEEPS A SPECIAL COT IN HIS OWN BEDROOM FOR "PAT" TO SLEEP ON.



ONE-WOMAN BANDWAGON

WHEN TALLULAH BANKHEAD LIKES A BOOK, SHE NOT ONLY RECOMMENDS IT TO ALL HER FRIENDS, BUT KEEPS CALLING THEM UP TO SEE IF THEY'VE READ IT!



BONA FIDE BLACKSMITH

DID YOU KNOW THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HAD A BARIitone WHO ACTUALLY SHOES HIS OWN HORSES? HE IS GENTLEMAN FARMER ROBERT WEEDE!

No Matter How It's Sliced, It's Still Government Hooey

By HENRY McLEMORE

NEW YORK—A Democracy grids for war very slowly, but it grids thoroughly. Given time, it will enlist and enroll every conceivable agency for all-out combat.

The United States is a notable example of this. We have been at war not quite four months, but it would be safe to bet that we have more organizations of one sort or another at work, or supposedly at work, than all the other belligerents combined.

Name it and we have it. No matter how you juggle the alphabet, the chances are we have an organization (with offices, officers, and stationery, too) operating under the abbreviation.

WE are not hurrying. We are building soundly; tiny things first, slightly larger things next, and so on. Not until all the loose ends, the small ends, have been tied and bound together, will we consider fitting into place the major blocks of our war effort.

This must be obvious to anyone who keeps only slightly abreast of the United States at war. While labor and government toss and wrestle on the mat over wages and hours, while production heaves and sighs, the minor, unimportant bits of the war framework are being slipped neatly into place.

I ET us consider one or two of these, starting with the suggestion of the Office of Price Administration that bakers stop slicing bread as a means of saving time, labor and paper.

A totalitarian state would not be likely to pause to consider such a problem. Foolishly, perhaps, it would be much too occupied seeing to it that its war machine was amply supplied with guns, men, tanks and planes to fret over whether or not housewives got their loaves of bread ready to serve or had to get out their kitchen knives and slice it themselves.

But not a democracy; not ours, anyway. Nothing must be overlooked, even if more important matters wait. Someone in authority feels that ready-sliced bread or solid-loaf bread has a part to play in recapturing the Pacific from the enemy, and a decision must be reached. Better to get the bakers of the nation lined up and in tune with the war effort than to get off a batch of stuff for the A. V. G. flyers along the Burma Road.

THE standard slice of modern bread is three-eighths of an inch thick—no more, no less. I measured it with callipers on three types: Graham, Dr. Whopper's Vitamin B-3, and Mrs. Topper's Yum Yum bread. Not a hairbreadth, vitamin-breadth variation in any of them.

Aside from showing that the bread slicers are in the worst kind of a rut—have lost all their imagination—I can't see what the measurements prove. For the life of me, I can't figure out sliced bread's importance to the man in the trenches, the man in a bomber, the man on a tanker. But it is being given serious consideration.

SO are rabbits. Uh, huh, rabbits.

At about the same time the Japanese started moving toward India, a House appropriations subcommittee found time to listen to Dr. I. N. Gabrielson, director of the fish and wildlife service of the Department of Interior, on that charming little animal.

"Rabbits," Dr. Gabrielson said, and it is a shame our fighting men all over the world could not have heard his every word, "are the most economical meat producers and can be raised in suburban backyards and in the country with a very small investment. It is one sure way of reducing the family meat bill."

You would be hard pressed to think of any word that could be sent to MacArthur in Australia that would cheer him as much as word that those of us back home had given up pre-sliced bread and had a backyard full of plump bunnies.

It would encourage the general and his men no end to know that this country was going about war in a new and novel manner, and that the old cut and dried formula, which places fighting equipment above everything else, was not for us.

Good News From the Production Lines; Aircraft Engines Ahead of Schedules

By DAVID LAWRENCE

WASHINGTON.—There's good news from the production line. Aircraft engines are now rolling out in great quantities from plants that never made an aircraft engine before last year.

The big job of creating supplementary facilities envisaged by William S. Knudsen and his staff in the summer of 1940, just after the fall of France, has reached a point of consummation that is truly sensational.

The great question eighteen months ago was whether to expand existing aircraft engine plants or build new ones under automobile company management. But the auto managers had never built aircraft engines. They had no engineers or designers familiar with that type of machine. They were mechanical-minded, but they just didn't know aircraft.

The country had been crying for "conversion" of the auto industry and didn't know that you can't convert automobile tools into aircraft tools. Some can be used but it's an altogether different problem.

WHO then could make aircraft engines? The government turned to Pratt & Whitney and to Curtiss-Wright. They had the "know how." They had the patents. They had been shipping aircraft engines for a couple of decades to many foreign governments.

But how would Pratt & Whitney and Curtiss-Wright feel about teaching some of the auto companies to make aircraft engines? With what spirit would they approach a task that meant building up competitors for themselves for post-war days?

And what kind of cooperation could be expected? WHILE the country was talking about "conversion" of auto plants and while automobiles were still being made, the task of aircraft engine production was started. Though there are some other war weapons that might have used the materials absorbed by 1941 auto production, the fact is that this had little to do with the making of aircraft engines. The job was one of primary instruction and plant building.

Now comes the tale of achievement which is unparalleled in the annals of American industry. The Ford Motor Car Company got its go-ahead signal in August, 1940. In September, it started the plant, finishing in May, 1941. Engines began rolling out in July, 1941, and this month the production compares well with what the old line aircraft engine-makers did in some of their pre-war years.

Buick did an even more remarkable job. They got the decision to go ahead in October, 1940. They started their plant in March, 1941, and were scheduled to ship their first engines in March, 1942, but they were about two months ahead of schedule in getting out their first engine in December, 1941. Buick is now in quantity production and this month is making engines at a rate that was not expected to be reached till January, 1942.

BUT that's only part of the story. How were Buick and Ford taught the making of aircraft engines in such a short time? Pratt & Whitney, for instance, sent instructors to the two newcomers in the business. The auto men were willing and eager pupils.

An average of 50 top-flight executives of Pratt & Whitney spent their time every day for several months training the new makers of aircraft engines, passing on the experience and accumulated knowledge of 20 years.

Ford and Buick are not making the same kind of engines and the jobs are somewhat different in many respects, but the fact remains that both were ahead of schedule in getting their first engines produced and Buick is eight months ahead of schedule in quantity production.

AND all this happened while both Pratt & Whitney and Curtiss-Wright expanded their own existing facilities to such a point that it is believed these two companies alone are making more aircraft engines today than all of the factories of the Axis countries combined.

Nor is there an end yet to expansion, not only of the primary facilities of the two big pioneers but of the auto-makers' plants, so that if the war lasts through 1943 or 1944, the United States will have a standardized production of aircraft engines well along.

This means that the two big pioneers in the engine business then can concentrate the attention of their designers and engineers to the improvements that are bound to become necessary in meeting the combat requirements of our Flying Fortresses and fighter planes.

F. B. I. Doing Good Job, but Enemy Agents Have Been Busy Among Us for Many Years

By CONSTANTINE BROWN

WASHINGTON—The Federal Bureau of Investigation and the intelligence services of the War and Navy Departments are making strenuous efforts to cope with the agents who are working for the Axis. If the work is not always successful and if much is left undone, the federal men are not to be blamed, for it is only since 1940 that attention has been paid to this work, which is as important as fighting a battle with ships, planes and men.

Until a few months before Pearl Harbor, the government treated the intelligence and counter-espionage services like stepchildren. American counter-espionage and anti-fifth column services are a recent improvisation.

While the men who have been drafted for this work are doing their best, they are still far behind in the technique of coping with experienced enemy agents and also lack a sufficiently large and trained personnel for this kind of warfare.

THE Nazis and the Japs have been preparing for espionage in the United States for the last ten years. Since 1936, however, they have stepped-up their activities and sent into this country their best specialists.

The United States Army and Navy have never maintained proper espionage and counter-espionage services in peace time. The F. B. I. was never allowed to do anything along those lines, principally because of the shortage of personnel. The main job of Edgar Hoover's boys was to catch kidnapers, forgers and other types of lawbreakers.

Hence, neither the F. B. I. nor the Army or Navy intelligence services (the latter two are more aptly described as military information centers) developed agents capable of dealing with the highly trained spies of our present enemies.

Besides their own nationals, the Japanese and the Nazis are using men and women of other nationalities, including American-born and American-naturalized citizens. When the war broke out and enemy aliens were placed under strict supervision, the enemy was able to draw on these non-alien agents. Despite censorship and control of our borders, many channels of immediate communication remain open between the United States and Germany and Japan.

THE enemy has at his disposal highly trained men who direct the operations of agents who are either in sympathy with the Axis or in their pay.

Three distinct groups are known to exist in the United States: Actual spies, who report movements of troops and ships, gather information about production and try to obtain blue prints of our latest men-of-war and airplanes; saboteurs, men and women, who are paid to destroy war plants, machines and tools and attempt to destroy railroads and bridges; and, finally, the largest and most difficult group to deal with, the fifth columnists, whose job is to destroy confidence in the armed forces, to whisper stories of disasters which the government and press of the country are keeping secret.

These men and women are moving in all circles, from the swanky drawing rooms of Washington society to the lunch counters and washrooms of war plants. They pose as super-patriots, who are pained by the inefficiency of the civilian and military leaders of the nation, or as people who "know it all" and are willing to impart their knowledge to less privileged. The favorite tune of these agents is that we don't have a ghost of a chance to defeat the Axis because we are always too late with too little.

THE war will end, they say, in complete collapse of our social and economic system. The squandering methods of the administration will bring us to the brink of ruin long before the Axis has been exhausted.

Since speech is free and many of these birds of ill omen are "well connected," little can be done against these most powerful auxiliaries of the Axis military forces. Their work is facilitated by the fact that there have been instances of light-heartedness and incompetence on the part of the civilian administration.

EVEN when these agents, who must run into thousands, are unearthed by counter-espionage officers, nothing can be done against them. It is a fact that Axis spies and saboteurs are persons who have been trained for this type of work for at least 20 years.

Hence our F. B. I., Army and Navy men are little match for them, not only because they lack the necessary experience but also because they are greatly outnumbered by the enemy agents.

In dealing with the fifth columnists, the federal men are handicapped still more because they have no means of obtaining evidence to place them behind bars. Neither is there specific legislation, if evidence were obtained, to bring about conviction of those who spread rumors with intent to assist the enemy.

When Entertaining the Boys, Don't Try to Be Too 'Nice'

By DALE HARRISON

NEW YORK—This shouldn't be bandied about, but several soldiers, sailors and marines have told me confidentially and off the record that some of the efforts of society people to show them a good time on their leaves is embarrassing and quite a bit of a bore.

Not that the service men don't appreciate the thought behind the deed. It is just that somehow the nice women who give nice parties for the boys don't have the proper knack.

AFTER talking the matter over with numerous service men, I believe the answer to their entertainment problem is something like this: They don't want to go to stiff parties among people with whom they wouldn't think of associating if they were still in civilian life; they prefer entertainment in an easy, comfortable atmosphere, without any social, etiquette frills; they much prefer to choose their own girl companions than to have girls dealt off to them from the social register or from some volunteer group which mistakenly believes this is doing something for the fighting men.

THERE are exceptions. Some service men appreciate being asked to a private home to sit down to dinner in a homey atmosphere with folk who aren't stiff and formal.

But the rank and file of the young men in this part of the country are finding the city itself much more fascinating than any formal entertainment that the good women can arrange for them. They argue that even with the best intentions, women are hardly the ones to map out a program of recreation of the kind a young man, off on the greatest adventure of his life, would elect for himself. They won't argue but what the entertainment the women may arrange for them is more wholesome. Their point is that it seldom is he-mannish enough for them.

THERE isn't much doubt that many of the lads are running into some pretty rough phases of life that they might never have known if they had remained civilians; but war can hardly be anything less than that. War is not an afternoon tea, and the men who fight it are not effete in their tastes.

Unfortunately, it's the rough, tough, up-and-at-'em fighting man who is more important to America today than the men who know the niceties of conventions and social practices but aren't psychologically poised for war.

THE most popular social efforts in their behalf are those which provide headquarters for the service men when on furloughs; which make tickets to broadcasts and other entertainment available, but which do not attempt to routine the service man's leisure hours. Incidentally, all the more attention I have received from service men has sparked with delighted satisfaction with the manner in which American soldiers are being trained and treated. Some of the boys even say they are sorry they didn't know what a swell thing the armed services were years ago.

THE NEIGHBORS By George Clark



"Here she comes again! It's your turn to listen to a lot of articles that prove we don't know what we're allowed to sell!"