

The Seattle Daily Times

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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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Here's Our Chance to Tell Congress Where to Get Off

TAKING advantage of a somewhat informal Easter recess, many members of Congress have hastened homeward to talk with their constituents. Even those who have heretofore thought it enough to keep their ears to the ground at Washington, D. C., are not now satisfied with what they hear by that means. They want to get it straight.

All seats in the House of Representatives and one-third of the Senate seats are open to this year's elections. There will be lively campaigning in nearly every district and in most of the states. The only exceptions so far definitely noted are in favor of Senator McNary of Oregon, already assured that he will have no Democratic competitor, and Senator Norris of Nebraska, who will be unopposed if he chooses to run again.

Elsewhere there will be some hard fighting. The beginning of this is right at hand. The first state primary will be held in Illinois, April 14, when candidates for one Senate and twenty-six House seats will be nominated. Seven other states hold primaries in May; and an increasing number each ensuing month to a finish in September. Final elections fall on November 3.

Seldom in history has Congress been so confused as to the state of the public mind. Never have senators and representatives had so many messages from the folk back home; but these are messages of such varying and contradictory purport as to increase perplexity. Members of Congress have their own ideas of what they should say and do; but this is the year when they must at least seem to pay deference to the voters.

National issues and campaign issues are not necessarily identical. What may appear to be a proper course from a viewpoint at the national capital, may be very distasteful to state and district majorities. On the other hand, state and district demands may be deemed incompatible with the national interest. The personal problem of every candidate for reelection to Congress is how to square his record with the opinions of those whose votes he must have.

There has been much talk of keeping politics out of the war. Effort in that direction has been at least partly successful. But there is no chance of keeping war out of the political campaign.

Those who have questioned the people's awareness of war will be abundantly informed that the people are thinking of little else. They are particularly weighing every act of Congress, and every failure to act, in the light of war needs.

In this respect the war will be an irreplaceable campaign issue. The people, however, are not in mood to favor candidates merely because nominally attached to the party in power, or because they voted for every war proposal of the administration. They are keenly resentful of every delay and useless diversion from the war effort, whether by Congress, the administration, any dollar-a-year men, any labor group, or anybody else.

No Chase for Rascals

IN earlier days, when an election had been won, the immediate slogan of the victors was "Turn the rascals out." This was the shibboleth of the spoils system. Here in Seattle, as in other cities, counties, states and the nation itself, incumbents in public office, high and low, were fired as fast as possible to make way for adherents of the winning side.

The sweep was usually complete. No doubt some rascals were turned out, but along with them went everybody else. In this respect, civil service and non-partisan government have effected a change for the better in Seattle. For instance, there are very few municipal offices in which an incoming mayor can make immediate change.

None the less, the attitude declared by Mayor-elect Devin is refreshing and encouraging. He has no mind to muckrake the past. The old book will be closed and a new book opened when he takes office in June. If there are any "rascals" around, they will have chance to reform. He will judge them by their performances under the administration for which he will be responsible.

Such sound common sense increases public confidence in Judge Devin.

'By the Whole Force and Power of This Nation'

TO the men of the American expeditionary forces now on many distant fronts President Roosevelt sends an inspiring message.

Upon the outcome of the war in which they are engaged, the President says, depends the freedom of their lives, the freedom of the lives of those they love; their fellow-citizens; their people. And he gives them this assurance:

"You will be supported by the whole force and power of this nation." That assurance must be made good.

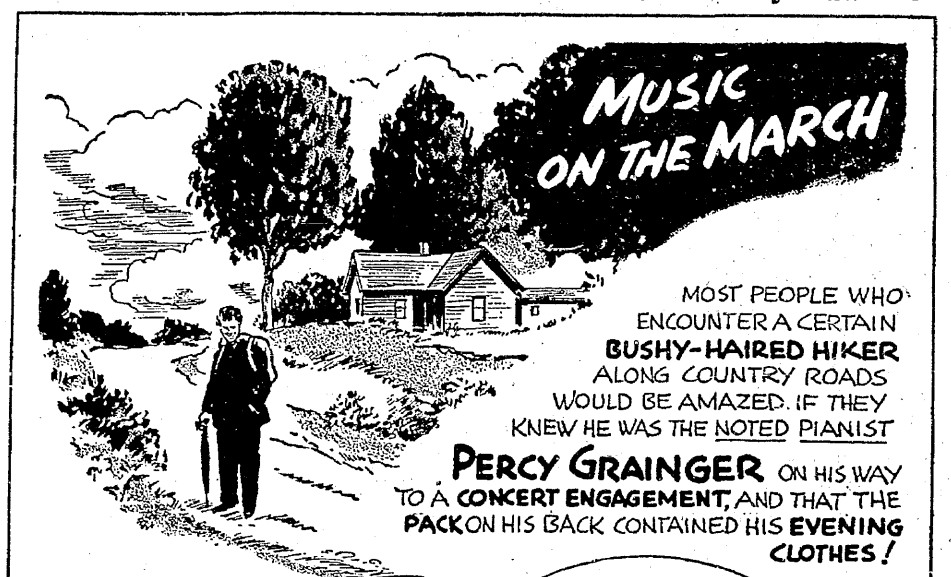
Long before Pearl Harbor, the American people had willingly acquiesced in their President's designation of this country as the arsenal of democracy. Much has been done to justify that; much more awaits the doing.

At several stages of this war in which the United States has been actively engaged scarcely four months, the Allies have suffered heavy losses through lack of adequate preparation and support. Again and again it has been said that American aid was "too little and too late."

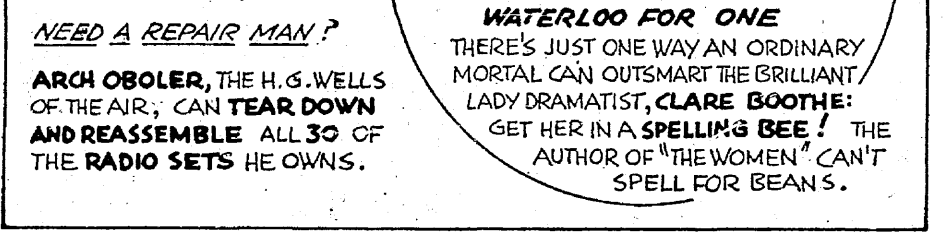
The implied reproach so far has not been deserved. The United States has had no primary responsibility for the defense of other lands and other peoples. But now a primary and vital responsibility rests directly upon this country and its government.

Too little and too late must never be said of the support promised American forces, land, sea and air, wherever they may be.

PRIVATE LIVES By Edwin Cox



MUSIC ON THE MARCH MOST PEOPLE WHO ENCOUNTER A CERTAIN BUSHY-HAIRED HIKER ALONG COUNTRY ROADS WOULD BE AMAZED, IF THEY KNEW HE WAS THE NOTED PIANIST PERCY GRAINGER ON HIS WAY TO A CONCERT ENGAGEMENT, AND THAT THE PACK ON HIS BACK CONTAINED HIS EVENING CLOTHES!



NEED A REPAIR MAN? ARCH OBOLER, THE H. G. WELLS OF THE AIR, CAN TEAR DOWN AND REASSEMBLE ALL 30 OF THE RADIO SETS HE OWNS.



WATERLOO FOR ONE THERE'S JUST ONE WAY AN ORDINARY MORTAL CAN OUTSMART THE BRILLIANT LADY DRAMATIST, CLARE BOOTHE: GET HER IN A SPELLING BEE! THE AUTHOR OF 'THE WOMEN' CAN'T SPELL FOR BEAN'S.

Hitler Quiets His Partners' Squabbles And Now Is Ready for Spring Offensive

By CONSTANTINE BROWN.

WASHINGTON.—Only scattered and incomplete details regarding Adolf Hitler's tremendous preparations for the great spring offensive have reached Washington so far, but these lead naval and military observers to forecast one of the bitterest struggles in history.

While none of the observers venture to predict where the first blow will fall, it is believed the battle will extend from the North African shores to the plains of Syria and Iraq, and from the Black Sea to the Baltic.

All the headline generals of the first Nazi adventure in Russia, including Field Marshals von Brauchitsch, Von Bock and especially the slippery commander of the African forces, Erwin Rommel, have had long consultations with Hitler and Reichsmarshal Goering.

Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop and the German diplomats stationed at Ankara, Sofia and Bucharest were invited to participate in these strategic conferences, while Otto Abetz, the Nazi ambassador in Paris, has reported verbally on the situation of France and the prospective position of the Vichy government in the coming campaign.

Abetz is not a frequent visitor at Vichy, but to compensate for his discretion, Admiral Darlan and other high officials of the Petain administration make weekly visits to Paris to keep the representative of the Reich fully posted on what is going on in the regions of the French Empire over which the Axis does not have direct and immediate control.

ACCORDING to best available reports, the flare-up between the old antagonists and now partners of the Axis, Rumania and Hungary, is about extinguished. Much of the fireworks is said to have been the work of Nazi agents, who believe that old dissensions must be kept alive if Hitler is to remain the supreme arbiter of Europe.

After three weeks of snarling at each other, the Rumanians and the Magyars were ordered to behave. Rumanian troops concentrated in the Carpathian

Mountains are now being transferred to the Russian border; so are the Hungarian forces which were rushed to the frontier when Budapest became alarmed at the tone of the government-controlled press in Bucharest and information was received that four Rumanian divisions had reached the new Hungarian frontier.

If available reports are correct, not less than seven fresh divisions—about 100,000 men—are now on the way to the central Russian front to strengthen the existing Nazi forces. Nazi aviation has been added to these forces, which have only a few tank and motorized battalions.

THE situation in Bulgaria is more difficult and King Boris went to Germany to personally receive orders from the Fuehrer. The Bulgarians are good fighters—among the best of Hitler's allies. But representatives in Bulgaria, after examining the situation objectively, reported back to headquarters that it would be difficult to induce the Bulgarian peasant soldier to fight the Russians.

There is more than a sentimental tie between the Slavs in the Balkans and the Russians. Hitler's military observers have warned headquarters that while the Bulgars would make first-class cannon-fodder in a battle against the Turks or the Yugoslavs, they cannot be relied on against the Russians.

Hitler hoped to use the available 200,000 well-trained and well-equipped Bulgars for an eventual offensive against the U. S. S. R. by sending Bulgarian forces across the Black Sea into the Caucasus. For this purpose he expects to persuade or force the Turks to permit Axis ships to go through the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus into the Black Sea.

The reluctance of the Bulgars to cooperate with the Germans against Russia may necessitate certain changes in German plans regarding Southern Russia. In any event, it is reported that King Boris has promised his Nazi boss Bulgaria's full cooperation in the event the Axis decides to force its way into Turkey.

It's a Helluva Government That Keeps Public 'Confidence' by Muzzling Critics

By BRIG. GEN. HUGH S. JOHNSON

WASHINGTON.—It seems to me that there is almost nothing within reason that our more than 130,000,000 people can't do if they are organized to act as a team and given leadership to show them the way to do it.

They are so intelligent, enthusiastic and eager that the mental side of the job is half done before we start. The President is clearly right in saying there should be "more parades." At this stage of the job—or far earlier—it must have an inspirational background.

HE is doubtless thinking, a little wistfully, perhaps of his own glorious first "one hundred days" when he came to office to find a discouraged, dispirited people, so frequently defrauded in frustration and delay over so many years, that millions of them had given up hope that "anything could be done about it" and were grimly and hopelessly waiting in a sort of stupor, like a man who has surrendered to some grisly, tragic, inescapable fate.

SENTENCE SERMONS

AMID THE TUMULT—

- A cool head is always our best defense.
-The facts still persist in being facts.
-At least one calm, sure voice is always needed.
-He lives best who thinks twice before speaking once.
-It will pay to take time for solitude.
-We can be sure that only the small stars are falling.
-The eternal values of life seem to be of greater worth.

A FORWARD LOOKING CITIZEN—

- Is not one who overlooks any fact.
-Is one who sees difficulties and something else besides.
-Is one who looks far enough ahead to see the way out.
-Is not one who sees only the rose hites.
-Is not one who talks only about progress.
-Is one who always knows where he is before he looks ahead.
-Is one who faces facts with faith.

THEY are alert enough. There has hardly been a single important reform or improvement in our bungling war effort that has not come from popular pressure exerted through Congress, rather than through executive leadership.

ORGANIZATION of the population to act as one, leadership to show it the way, inspiration to spark the effort—these have been lacking; and, as a result, we are prepared to be effective at only a fraction of our potential strength.

Now the kind of criticism that has been our only spur to action is being answered by hifalutin name-calling—"sixty-columnists" and the like. Censorship threatens more and more to tighten.

To question the wisdom of executive decision is said to aid and comfort the enemy and shake confidence in the government. It is a hell of a kind of a government which can maintain confidence only by silencing discussion of its actions.

Let Japs Bet on the Ponies—With No Races on the Square

By HENRY McLEMORE

NEW YORK.—The government is on the right track at last in dealing with the Japanese in California. Pictures from that state reveal that the Santa Anita racetrack, world's biggest home of the sport of kings and suckers, has been converted into a detention camp and thousands of evacuees will be housed there while awaiting assignment to permanent centers.

The government needs to take but one more step to make this set-up perfect. Bring in some horses and resume racing at Santa Anita. Racings was called off at Santa Anita earlier in the year as a war measure. It is my contention that it now should be reinstated—as a war measure.

It doesn't make sense to have that many Japanese suckers living at a racetrack without seizing such a royal opportunity to take their money away from them. Japanese are born gamblers anyway, and it would be only a matter of time until the horses had taken enough from the Japs' kimono pockets to buy a raft of Defense Bonds.

SANTA ANITA for the Japanese would not need to be run exactly as Santa Anita was run for Americans before the war. It was strictly legitimate then, with everything on the up and up. But, for the Japanese, who proved at Pearl Harbor that they enjoy a bit of the old trickery, Santa Anita could be operated with a few cute touches guaranteed to separate them from their yen.

The official, trained Santa Anita starter could be replaced by a man who had a son serving on a submarine in the South Pacific. This would insure that the horse the Japanese aliens had installed as a favorite, and were backing with heavy dough, would get none the best of it when the field was sent away.

The complex, foolproof photo-finish camera could be taken out and a 1910 box-type Brownie No. 1 installed. As this type of camera has difficulty catching any object that moves faster than an equestrian statue, the Japs couldn't count on too fair a shake in a blanket finish.

The number of races on the program could be increased from eight to just as many as could be run between sun up and dark. Post time for the first race would be 6 a. m. and the last one wouldn't be run until just before the sun went down.

No Jap, no matter how smart a handicapper, could lick such a program. It requires genius to beat an eight-race program, as so many of us know. Not even a horse player who combined the talents of Leonardo da Vinci, Thomas Edison, Socrates, and Roger Babson could hope to escape defeat from a 30-race card.

TO make it even tougher for the Japs, all the disbarred jockeys, trainers and owners in the country would be extended an invitation to go to Santa Anita and give the Nipponese a thorough going over. The saliva test business would be abandoned and any horse that didn't actually do a jitterbug dance as he crossed the finish line would be passed as normal. Instead of giving a watch to the jockey who rode the most favorites during the meeting, a grandfather's clock would be awarded the rider who pulled up the most favorites.

Dye jobs would be readily accepted and trainers would be as busy as mothers before Easter, brewing up various tints. Welsching book-makers would be greeted with open arms and allowed to do as much business as they could.

THE big race of the year would be the Hari-Kari Handicap. Every Japanese naturally would prepare himself for a big killing. At the last moment, unbeknownst to the Japanese, some fine horse like Whirlaway or Alsab, would be shipped in and his name temporarily changed to something that would keep the Japs from betting on him. A name like Tokyo-In-Ashes the 2nd, with a breeding by Bomber out of Alaska Or, Japan-as-Liked, by 1944 out of Natural Resources.

Not only would the money raised at Santa Anita under this scheme come in very handy for the government, but think of how Tokyo would appreciate the treatment of its subjects in this country when word got back there that all they did was to go to the horse races from morning until night.

Even in a Florist's Window, Spring Still Has Its Thrill

By DALE HARRISON

NEW YORK.—Nostalgia: It's almost a sin, with the world in the state it's in, to be happy, but spring in the country now cues the day, is born anew.

What happiness there is to be snatched comes largely from memory. One can close his eyes, speed himself back through the years, be a child again, and be happy. It may be an ersatz happiness, but it is happiness, nonetheless.

Anyone who has ever stood in awe and seen the first violet shyly unfold its delicate petals, sending forth one of the loveliest of all the world's perfumes, knows happiness. Sometimes not all the snow of a bitter winter has melted away, but the violets knew spring had come, and they came forth to speak it.

The dandelions, less charming, but far more brazen, poked their way bravely along the roadside and in the lawns. Their welcome yellow beauty would become boring before summer had spent itself, but in spring they were as welcome as if they were orchids.

MORE subtle than the flowers, but with a long-range view of life, were the trees, whose buds dared take shape even before man, the skeptic, had the fortitude to take off his winter underwear; and sometimes the buds rued their eagerness and were nipped by winter's rear guard, Frost.

Somehow, though, they usually managed to weather the late spring nippiness, and before April was done, they flung their blossoms of pink and white to the warming sun.

We who exult publicly in the city's meeting places of the glories of the springtime of our youth, are looked upon with grudging admiration oftentimes by those poor unfortunates who, born in the city, have been denied childhoods in the country. Usually they openly express disbelief in the wonders of which we prattle.

Violets could never be as beautiful as we tell, nor dandelions, nor buttercups, nor pussywillows. They see no thrill in tramping through the woods hunting wintergreen berries, or hepaticas.

HE who with sleeve rolled high and knees pressed into the soft soil of a brook's bank has not reached and grasped watercrisp, growing on the water's surface from roots that stem down to the stream's bottom, has never truly lived.

Nor has he lived who has not, as a child, tramped on spring's first warm days, into the woods to marvel at nature's nativity, and then trudged home, weary, dirty, and with wet, muddy feet, to be spanked and put to bed without his supper.

OUR spring in New York is behind the window glass of a florist's shop, in a small flower pot on a casement, in a vase of posies on the mantel, and in the islands of grass that the city plants sometimes in the center of the wide avenues.

Even grass, fighting for life in the city's springtime, can be beautiful to eyes and hearts starved for the joyousness of a countryside's spring.

THE NEIGHBORS By George Clark



"You see, captain, our boy has inherited his father's hot temper. So when he flares up, just take my advice and don't argue with him till he's cooled down!"