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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1942.

If They Want to Play Rough, It's High Time to Be Tough

PRO-AXIS Japanese in a California relocation center are asking special consideration, and what they ask should be given without delay.

They have staged a couple of riots recently; have assaulted the president of the Japanese-American Citizens' League and other internees who profess loyalty to the United States; and on Sunday besieged the camp police station with shouts of "Pearl Harbor. Banzai! Banzai!"

By such means and otherwise a certain number of our government's alien guests are proving themselves highly undesirable persons to have in this country. Had they shown off in this way previous to internment, they would have been dealt with summarily.

Heretofore reports from the several relocation centers to which all Japanese, alien and native-born, were removed from Coast defense areas, have indicated a well-ordered, if not entirely happy life.

Rebellious and riotous exceptions must be handled accordingly. Extreme measures taken by the government with Nazi saboteurs and sympathizers may not yet be in order for Pro-Axis Japanese; but to let their treacherous purposes fester in relocation centers is unfair to all who are trying to behave themselves.

Dissenters should have neither time nor opportunity for their demonstrations. They should be segregated; set at hard labor; jailed if necessary. The government should not tolerate nor condone their criminal misconduct.

How Hot Is Heat?

HOTEL and apartment house operators have been admonished by high federal authorities that fuel of every kind must be conserved, and that their premises may not be heated at a temperature of more than 60 to 65 degrees.

Much has been said in criticism of government "snoopers," who range the country over for violations of this, that and the other mandate from on high.

Messrs. Henderson and Ickes are supposed to be very busy. They even say to themselves. Yet many will remember how mother used to scold the children for not doing enough to keep warm.

Et Tu, Brute

THE long decadent and wobbly W. P. A. is given the coup de grace by its originator, chief patron and best friend, the President of the United States.

The President has ordered W. P. A. to wind up its little ball of yarn by February 1. In his budget message of last spring he sought to nurse it along, and Congress was induced to make an attenuated appropriation for another full fiscal year.

As the last lights of the W. P. A. fade out, some group of the multitude on federal payrolls might be cheerfully employed in computing how many billions of dollars it has cost.

Now more highly and happily placed in spending lend-lease billions, not even Hopkins is likely to feel a twinge of regret at the passing of the W. P. A.

Be Careful, Skinny!

SEATTLE garment manufacturers are marveling at the latest edict from the powers that be.

From federal agencies by way of the International Garment Manufacturers' Association comes the ruling that suspender buttons may no longer be attached to pants under Size 38.

Verily, as someone once piously remarked, to him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away.

The thin man no doubt will accept his fate with resignation; but until the war is won, his suspense will be terrible.

British Imperialism of the Past Gives Us More Hope for the Future

PRIME MINISTER WINSTON CHURCHILL'S avowed purpose to hold the British Commonwealth of Nations together after the war has stirred some resentment among those who are critical of Britain's past propensity for acquiring strategic territory here and there.

Expressions of this resentment are heard in some quarters, but not currently from one who might most heartily share that feeling, Spain's Generalissimo Franco.

But if Generalissimo Franco has reason to resent that occupancy, no one attached to the cause of the United Nations can be anything but devoutly thankful that in times past Britain, in one way or another, has attached to her empire such important sites as Gibraltar, Malta, and Suez, and up to this time has been able to hold and defend them.

British imperialism may be objectionable to some, but without it, right at this point in history, we and our allies would be in a sad plight on some of our hottest battlefronts. Since 1704, Gibraltar has resisted all attempts of the covetous to wrest that fortress from the British crown.

Jap Soldiers Starving; We So Sorry!

By CONSTANTINE BROWN

WASHINGTON—About 20,000 Japanese infantry and marine troops are starving in the jungles of Guadalcanal because the American Navy now has absolute mastery of the seas around that hotly disputed island of the Solomons group.

American planes, submarines and task fleet which are mounting guard around Guadalcanal's beaches have sunk all transports, large and small, which have attempted to land food and war materials.

That is to say they are attempting to supplement their meager rations with jungle fruit. The few things the natives raised have already been exhausted and fishing has become impossible since American patrolships are nearly everywhere.

In desperation the Japs are making what may be described as suicidal attacks on the American forces which, while having extended the area they are occupying, are still mastering only a small portion of the island.

These engagements result in heavy casualties for the enemy, while our own are very light. Besides the lack of food, the Japs are beginning to feel the scarcity of ammunition necessary to carry on large-scale operations and heavy bombardment of our positions.

FEW prisoners are usually taken in these fierce combats. The Japanese do not surrender. They are told by their officers that they would be made living objects for bayonet practice if captured by Americans.

The marines are tough in battle, it is true, but once they have captured Japanese soldiers they treat them without rancor. But this the Japanese soldiers are not allowed to know.

On certain occasions prisoners are captured by surprise. After a short period in which they do not disguise their terror they become friendly and suggest to their captors that they become American citizens and settle down in the South Sea Islands.

One of the most significant things about her is that when most Americans mention her name, they are not neutral in their feelings.

DESPITE our recent losses in surface ships, the commander-in-chief of the Japanese navy, Admiral Yamamoto, who said he will dictate peace in the White House one year after Pearl Harbor—can't even supply the men he has landed in Guadalcanal to wipe out the American marines.

THE engagement a week ago shows, however, that Admiral Halsey has sufficient forces at his disposal to counter the Japanese move. Our task forces, placed in an excellent strategic position, are watching the enemy task forces and, since we have a definite superiority in the air, none of their movements remain unknown.

OF course, these engagements are not without losses. But, on the whole, it is safe to estimate that we sink four Jap naval units for each American lost.

AN appreciable percentage of those who specifically approved something about her liked her "great interest in current affairs and the fact that she is able to take a stand on almost any current problem."

IN competent quarters, familiar with Japanese psychology, it is believed that even though the Jap admirals are convinced that further attempts to dislodge us from our present positions must be considered extremely hazardous, they will continue to return until their losses become too serious.

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WITH APOLOGIES TO LIZA

By Carlisle



Most Talked-About Woman: Mrs. Roosevelt

—THE GALLUP POLL

MRS. FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT probably is the target of more adverse criticism and the object of more praise than any other woman in American history.

Mr. Roosevelt has not accepted the traditional role of a President's wife. She is reported to have a more important influence on legislation than any other President's wife in recent years.

IF you were to talk to a representative cross-section of the American public about Mrs. Roosevelt, about two in every five persons you talked to would express disapproval of her on one count or another.

THE Gallup Poll had field reporters across the country put two questions to comparable cross-sections of the voting population:

1. "Is there anything about Mrs. Roosevelt of which you especially disapprove?"

2. "Is there anything about Mrs. Roosevelt of which you especially approve?"

THE criticism most frequently given was that "she is too much in the public eye. She ought to stay at home, where a wife belongs."

With about equal frequency came approval of the fact that "she has a personality of her own and doesn't allow herself just to sit at home and do nothing."

AN appreciable percentage of those who specifically approved something about her liked her "great interest in current affairs and the fact that she is able to take a stand on almost any current problem."

IN contrast was more frequent criticism of the fact that "she is always getting her nose into the government's business." Said a St. Louis, Mo., claims adjuster, "Why the way she acts, you'd think the people elected her President."

ABOUT as large a group as the preceding were those who said, "She talks too much." About half as great a percentage commended her "ability and courage to speak out on what she believes, in spite of criticism."

A LARGE percentage of those approving Mrs. Roosevelt on some specific unit commended her "social consciousness... her efforts on behalf of mankind... on behalf of the poor."

Other targets for those who disapproved were her newspaper column and the criticism that she has "commercialized her position as the President's wife."

ON the other side, was the Bronx resident who said, "She ought to keep quiet and let her husband do the talking. That's the way we run things around our house."

Those interested enough to make comment on her recent trip to England were about equally divided in approving and disapproving.

AMONG other things mentioned less frequently were approval of her "sociability, her friendliness, her genuine interest in people, her courage."

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IT is no wonder then, in such environment, totalitarian propaganda should have made such headway. General Francisco Franco had some of his most enthusiastic admirers, outside of Spain, among the colonists.

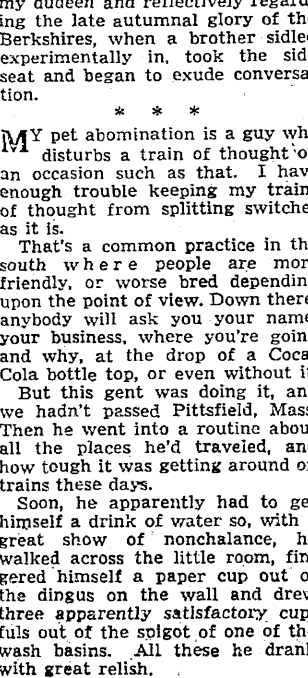
Besides, some 140,000 Algerians are of Spanish blood, and about 40,000 came from Italy. Socially, they don't count for very much.

UNQUESTIONABLY, the glorious North African army has, on the whole, contributed more than any other civilizing force to building modern Algeria. It rules supreme in the southern area.

Two years ago, all young officers eager to resume fighting by the side of Great Britain went to Algeria. Under General Maxime Weysand and Admiral Darlan, the men reputed "unsafe" were combed out and replaced by others, some of whom were called back for retirement, because Vichy felt it could trust them.

THE above facts account mainly for the great response to Admiral Darlan's call. Practically all the generals and colonels were hand-picked by him. He is therefore, in congenial surroundings—as long as the U. S. army command does not undergo another coming process, this time in the reverse.

THE NEIGHBORS — By George Clark



"Oh, I always have to promise Dad we won't get anything for him. But were you ever able to beat him to the tree on Christmas morning?"

Darlan's Hold On Algerians Long-Standing

—By PERTINAX

NEW YORK—Why did Admiral Francois Darlan so easily assert his authority in Algeria and succeed where Gen. Henri Giraud and Gen. Auguste Nogues failed or thought they might fail?

Why does he obviously hope to shape for himself in North Africa a sort of temporary kingdom and, in the long run, to win American tolerance?

The answer is, that in Algeria, the first strip of French territory to be seized by American and British troops, several ingredients of Fascism are local products. Fascist trends and ideas were very much alive in that land even before Benito Mussolini planned the march to Rome.

Thus, the "liberated" France of today, as it stands in North Africa, is the opposite of what goes by the name of "Free France."

IT is a paradoxical state of affairs. To understand the political and social background of the bitter Tunisian battlefields, here are the main points to be kept in mind:

The colonists, in other words the settlers who try to make their agricultural estates yield high returns, are normally antagonistic to the claims of the Arabs and Berbers, and they resisted the central government in Paris insofar as it supported the native population, six millions or more as against one million Europeans.

Under Napoleon III, the colonists scrambled for the land traditionally held under communal ownership, and French officials did not find it easy to strike a fair compromise between contending interests. Their permanent policy was to treat the native community as a reservoir of cheap labor.

SOME officials in France tried also to defeat the granting of French citizenship to the natives, even though these natives had served in the armies of the republic. However, citizenship was granted under a law passed in February, 1919.

Nevertheless, while the way is open to any Algerian to become a French citizen, few Moslems avail themselves of this right because acceptance of the French civil code practically compels them to break loose from their beliefs and modes of life.

Many of the colonists started from humble beginnings and gobbled up property makes for an active, self-centered, but rather harsh and narrow-minded type of society. General Alphonse Juin, until recently commander in chief of Algeria troops, is through marriage, quite representative of that social stratum.

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Imagine That! Santa Claus With a Giggle

—By HENRY McLEMORE

NEW YORK—I got the shock of my life the other day and I'm a man who doesn't shock easily.

I've seen fight promoter Mike Jacobs pour vintage champagne into a lily cup filled with ice and say, "Have some grape, boys."

I've seen my wife when she said, "It doesn't matter how much you lost, dear, just so you had a good time."

I've seen people order okra and spinach when they had a choice of two vegetables.

I've seen—well, that's enough to show you that I am almost shocked. But I am telling you that the other day if someone had draped a coat of electric eels around me I could not have been more shocked than I was.

IT happened this way. I was in the toy department of a big department store just kind of fooling around, you know, having a go at the electric trains, winding up the tanks and trying to make them go up inclines, pulling the triggers of those boys' size machine guns and generally having a very good time.

I still maintain that the toys I broke were faulty in the beginning, and that it was a very fortunate thing that I dropped in to test them out, otherwise the store would have had a mess of complaints to deal with on December 26.

THIS was the situation when out of the corner of the eye that I wasn't using to sight an anti-aircraft gun that fired 100 wooden bullets a minute, I sighted Santa Claus.

NOT the standard Santa Claus. Not the regulation St. Nicholas. Not the accepted resident of the North Pole. Not the genuine driver of Donner and Blitzen and the other reindeer that make such a clatter on the roof.

No, sir! This was a woman Santa Claus. If there is such a thing as a minor horror, then a minor horror of this war is female Santa Claus. Kristine Kringle! Sarah St. Nicholas! Susie Santa Claus! Holy smoke!

THERE she stood, a little off kilter of a Santa Claus. The pillow she used for a stomach didn't help and neither did the soprano voice that squeaked through some cut-down gray whiskers.

She didn't walk like Santa Claus walks. He lumbers and flat-foots around, the result of years of carrying that massive pack on his back. This female Santa Claus minced around on size 3 shoes and, worst of all, she giggled.

The real Santa Claus never giggled. He had a twinkle in his eye and he had a kindly smile, but you always felt that you better be a good boy or girl when he was near because underneath all his sweetness he gave you a feeling of being able to get even stricter with you than Papa if he thought you needed it.

I FEEL sorry for the kids today. They put on long pants when they're 6. They will never know the awful feeling of pride and embarrassment of putting on their first long pants at 16 and feeling that every eye in the world is looking at them.

They will never know the lonesome, sweet call of the old-fashioned locomotive. All they know is the silly hoot of a Diesel streamliner. Worst of all, they have had women Santa Clauses foisted on them.

War is primarily a matter of big things. But there are a lot of little things that it changes, too. Sweet little things.

OFF THE RECORD

By Ed Reed



"I don't want anything, Santa, I'm so tired I just had to sit down."