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Entered as second class matter at the post office at Madison, Wisconsin under the act of March 3, 1879

Home delivered rates in Madison, 25 cents a week, payable to the carrier weekly; \$1.10 per month; \$3.25 for three months in advance; \$4.50 for six months in advance and \$13 for a year in advance.

Mail subscription rates in Wisconsin \$5 a year payable in advance. Special rates to men in service, \$5 a year. Other rates on request.

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Sunday, August 13, 1944

(The Guest Editorial) Out of War, a Plan for Peace

By Capt. Joseph R. McCarthy, U. S. Marine Corps Judge, 10th Wisconsin Circuit

Since I returned to Wisconsin late in July I have been asked at least 100 times:

"What do the boys out there think about happenings at home, and what do they expect when they return?"

It is a big question, but I shall try to answer it in this space.

For 17 months, I lived with American and Wisconsin men in the South-west Pacific, lived with them and worked with them. I think I understand them and can relate with fair accuracy their composite views, hopes, and desires.

Of first importance, by all odds, is the fact that the men on the firing lines are not thinking about bonuses, or dotes, or gratuities of the sort that their newspaper clippings and delayed home town newspapers tell them the politicians have been talking about during the last year or two.

These men are not out there on the firing line for money.

This nation can never pay its fighting men with money.

They have a job to do, their country's job, the most important job this nation has ever tackled in its whole history, and they want to do it as quickly and as well as they can, and then return to their homes, their families, and their normal occupations.

And that last is important.

They are concerned about jobs, decent jobs, jobs which they had before they enlisted, jobs on which they can live decently and support their families.

I have served in the marine air force. I wonder if it is commonly known how many of America's fliers have married before they were sent to active battle-fronts. Thousands of men in the war theater with which I am familiar have wives and babies waiting for them. Presently they are being paid well. But they are keenly aware that the day will come when they will be discharged, when they will return to their home towns and look for jobs. They are vitally, poignantly conscious of that day. They are worried about those jobs.

The most valuable and effective boost to our fighters' morale that could possibly be devised by the American people and their government would be an assurance that those men can work when they return after the war. They are not interested in dotes or bonuses.

The men are presently concerned, too, about getting home on leave after a reasonable period of combat service. Some of those men I know have been at the front for a long time. They want to see a smoothly working service rotation system, and they are hoping it will come soon.

We read in letters and news clippings from home about the concern

that the men in service may be developing a hoarse, tired labor. That is not true. America's soldiers and sailors and airmen are a true cross-section of this great country, including labor. They have the savvy, the realism, the practicality, the hopes and the dreams, and the ambitions of America's citizen-at-large, matured perhaps, sharpened maybe, by their life and experiences in far places and on dangerous tasks and missions.

America's soldiers know that there are selfish and unpatriotic labor leaders, just as they know that there are incompetent and greedy men in management, misfits in the military, in government, in all human enterprises and institutions.

America's soldiers have not lost their perspective. They know that America has produced miraculously, the men at the front know that they are well-armed, better armed than the enemy. They know that they are fed fairly well in terms of geography and circumstances. They are not griping about the home front.

The men and officers of my acquaintance have a deep and sincere admiration and respect for the military staff of Gen. Douglas MacArthur. We admire him for his gigantic achievements with small loss of American lives. I personally regard him as destined to become the ranking military genius in the history of American wars.

We are proud of the marvelous coordination achieved by the air arm of the American services, and the gallant New Zealand air force. There is a strange, a remarkable feeling of security as you sit in the gunner's seat of a dive bomber and New Zealand, marine, navy and army fighters scissor protectively back and forth above, below and around you. You feel as safe, almost literally, as in a rocking chair at home.

We know about and are following with profound interest the debate at home on America's future place in the world, and the discussions about means of conserving peace when it is won. At least in the theater in which I have served, the fighting man's mind is not so insulated as some recent articles in the newspapers and magazines would have you believe.

I do not presume to speak categorically for my fellows, but I believe I reflect their general consciousness that the world has shrunk tremendously since the war began. It is not shrinking and will undoubtedly shrink further in the life-time of our children, and that this fact has severe implications for America's role in future world wars.

Almost certain, I believe, is that I would have been forcibly reminded a couple of weeks ago when I flew from Bougainville to California in four days.

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Certainly, too, there ought to be machinery to back such an international tribunal with force. As a circuit judge, my judgment is strong, strong enough to support the proposal of the authoritative presence of the sheriff's department on another floor of the courthouse. Enforcement machinery is necessary.

Not that such enforcement machinery shall necessarily be often used. The sheriff is not called upon to enforce every order of the court. The mere threat of his power, his authority, his power, the realization that he can and will enforce a judgment, is sufficient to win authority and respect for the court system of our land.

American fighting men are intelligent, thinking citizens. Many of the boys you know are the men I know now. They know there may be pitfalls between the proposal for an international peace power and its actual achievement and functioning.

Therefore, they are also interested in keeping America strong, strong enough to protect its own vital and legitimate national interests if—possibly and unfortunately—our idealism and good-will and determination to lead and to help in the solving of peaceful world system through international collaboration is not immediately successful.

It is my personal conviction, fortified by my experiences and talks with American soldiers and sailors and airmen 10,000 miles removed from the meadows and lakes of Wisconsin, that America must and shall retain strategic bases in the South Pacific and in such other parts of the world as our national security interests dictate after this war is concluded.

There are in the South Pacific, for example, natural resources of untold quantities, control or supervision of which means the power to keep the peace on that side of the earth.

That does not mean, of course, that America is interested in empire. America is interested in peace, fair, just, and lasting peace. It is not interested in helping citizens are coming home day after day determined to do their part, to add their weight and their voices to the demand that such a humanitarian goal be achieved for the preservation of Christian civilization.



CAPT. JOSEPH R. MCCARTHY

The Wisconsin circuit judge-turned U. S. marine dive-bomber and intelligence officer is a candidate for the Republican nomination for United States senator in Tuesday's primary election. He is shown above in the marine captain's uniform with decorations and ribbons won in almost a year and a half's combat service in the Southwest Pacific.

Dive-Bombing Judge for Senator A Guy Named Joe—McCarthy of Wisconsin and the Pacific—Is Still Fighting His Way Up

By REX L. KARNY (State Journal Staff Writer)

One spring day in 1939, a strapping lawyer a couple of years out of law school, walked into the law office of James Durfee, the American Legion leader and Astoria attorney.

"Hello, Jim," said the visitor familiarly. "I'm glad to see you again." Durfee leaned back in his chair, stared over the desk and the grinning intruder, responded laconically.

"Well, now, let me see. I don't think I remember you." Joe McCarthy took the rebuff in good spirit, smiled even more broadly, and showed the incident away in his long memory. He shook hands and explained that he was running for the circuit judgeship of the 10th Wisconsin circuit.

It was a year later. Judge Joseph R. McCarthy sat in his splendid chambers in the luxurious new Outagamie county courthouse. There was a knock on the door and James Durfee, prominent lawyer of the circuit, entered. He hurried across the room, extended his hand, and declared familiarly and exuberantly.

"Hello, there Judge, congratulations on your election." And Judge Joe McCarthy leaned back in his chair, studied the visitor for a moment unamusingly, and retorted:

"Well, now, let me see. I don't think I caught the name."

Durfee, who only last week retired as state commander of the American Legion, is fond of telling that story about his now close friend Joe McCarthy. It personifies the Irish wit and sparkling personality of the most audacious, aggressive, determined and brilliant young men ever to enter Wisconsin public life.

For Joe McCarthy has packed into the first 12 years of his adult life more achievement and experience than most men gain in a lifetime.

Now he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for U. S. senator. The primary election Tuesday will give him a decision in the greatest adventure of his busy 24 years.

It is wholly characteristic that his candidacy for the senatorship should be conducted in a fashion that is completely unorthodox in Wisconsin political circles.

He is not a candidate in the ordinary meaning of the word. He has not campaigned personally. Until two weeks ago, and for 17 months before that, he was active duty with the U. S. marine corps as an air combat officer at Bougainville in the Solomons and points east and south. He has made no speeches, undertaken no hand-shaking tours of the hinterlands.

His campaign has been wholly in the hands of a voluntary committee of old friends and admirers, men and women who have known Joe since he started his meteoric rise into Wisconsin public life a dozen years ago, men and women who have confidence in him, and are eager to help him and their money to push him another rung up the ladder of public service.

McCarthy's biography, short in years, is long in experiences and achievements. He was born on the homestead of his father, Tim McCarthy, in the town of Grand Chute and lived there as a nor-

FR Loses Ground His Popularity Wanes in Rocky Mountain Area

By GEORGE GALLUP Director, American Institute of Public Opinion

PRINCETON, N. J. — IN THE EIGHT states of the Rocky Mountain region, Gov. Thomas E. Dewey has lost ground since white Franklin D. Roosevelt is ahead in the other five.

The states where Mr. Dewey leads at present are Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming. In Mr. Roosevelt's column are Montana, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, and New Mexico. In the presidential election year today, the president carried all the Mountain states but one, Colorado.

The political situation in those states today, as revealed in opinion samplings by the Institute, is shown below. The figures are based on civilian votes only, not including the soldiers vote. The poll question was: If the presidential election were being held TODAY, how would you vote—for Dewey, or for Roosevelt?

Table showing poll results for Dewey and Roosevelt in Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Arizona, Nevada, and New Mexico.

All of the eight states show a trend away from Mr. Roosevelt as compared to 1940. The largest deflection is found in Wyoming and Idaho. The Roosevelt percentage today is eight points lower in Wyoming and in Idaho than it was in the 1940 election.

The smallest shift away from the president has taken place in New Mexico, where he has lost only 1 per cent, and in Montana, where the drop was only 2 per cent. In other states of the region—Arizona, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada—the president has lost from 4 to 6 percentage points since 1940.

THE ENTIRE COST OF TODAY'S SURVEY, and of all other polls conducted by the Institute, is underwritten by a group of approximately 130 daily newspapers. Some of these papers support the Democratic party on their editorial pages, other support the Republican party, and others are independent politically. All of the hundreds of thousands of ballots in the Institute's polls since the organization's start in 1935 have been turned over to Princeton University, where they are available for the inspection of leaders of all political parties and qualified students of public opinion.

YESTERDAYS

(15 Years Ago ... Aug. 13, 1929) Joseph W. Bennis, 24, Chicago, electrified a portion of Madison today by disrobing at the corner of N. Broadway and ...

(10 Years Ago ... Aug. 13, 1934) Unshaven, hair uncut, and physically weak, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd was relieved today from his four and one-half months of self-imposed isolation in a hut 123 miles out on the Ross ice barrier in "Little America," Antarctica.

which he had dreamed in the corn fields as a boy. McCarthy had been on the bench for three years when war came. He was still "Joe" to his constituents, albeit his court was run with dignity and streamlined efficiency. He chafed during those first few months after Pearl Harbor.

He could delegate his court work to friends in arrears, as he said. He was single. He was physically fit. He wanted to enlist in the marines. But when it came back from Washington it had one change. He marines thought Judge McCarthy was officer material. He became Lieut. Joseph R. McCarthy in August, 1942.

That winter, after training, he was sent into active service in the Southwest Pacific, where during 17 subsequent months he saw service in several notable battles with the Japanese and won two citations for conspicuous gallantry, efficient and valorous conduct of his duties, and was promoted to a captaincy.

Although he was a young officer, he volunteered for missions as a tail gunner and aerial photographer. He did it to learn his job better, to understand the pilot's work, to get a better grasp of his duties and responsibilities.

Now he tells about those 17 action-packed months as though they were among the most prosaic of his life. But he was seriously injured in an airplane crash in the Southwest Pacific. He was hospitalized for several months and discharged from the service as a lieutenant.

He met personally as many people as six months of day night travel could produce. At the end of the period, little girls and boys were telling their parents about Joe McCarthy.

At the time, however, most politicians and lawyers thereabouts wrote off McCarthy's candidacy as a lack, perhaps a publicity stunt. This young man could not possibly unseat Justice Wern.

Joe smiled at their scoffing. He sent a personal letter to every voter in the three counties, a warm, simple note. He met personally as many people as six months of day night travel could produce. At the end of the period, little girls and boys were telling their parents about Joe McCarthy.

Even before the votes were counted, old political heads were wagging in unfeigned surprise and admiration, naturally. The 25-year-old country lawyer, four years out of law school, had done it. He had unseated a sitting judge who was secondarily unbeatable, become the youngest circuit judge in the history of the state, the youngest in America. He had begun the career of public service of

Henry Noll's Sunday Thoughts

HENRY NOLL

JUDGE W. W. KEYES, KNOWN in the early days as the Republican "boss" of Wisconsin, was a good boss to the postoffice employees during his terms as postmaster. Besides serving Uncle Sam, he also held the office of mayor of Madison several terms and was judge of the municipal, now superior court. "Boss" Keyes bitterly fought the La Follette wing of the Republican party but the followers of the late Sen. Robert M. La Follette succeeded in unseating him as municipal judge. Keyes, they backed up Anthony Donnan who served as judge until his death.

Judge Keyes owned the old Keyes block which stood at S. Carroll and S. Hamilton streets and was replaced in later years by the present structure, built by the law firm of Richmond, Jackson, and Swanson. When the municipal court was located in the office now occupied by the city auditor on the second floor of the city hall, the judge always held court first and then went over to the railroad yards. Policemen worked on small salaries but the judge was paid a fee of \$1 for each arrest.

One day Judge Keyes left the courtroom after he had disposed of the usual crop of cases. On his way to his office he met the late Chief of Police Thomas Shaugnessy, then a patrolman, coming through the Capitol park with a woman. Judge Keyes was determined not to return to the city hall as he held court under a tree in the park, near the Wisconsin ave. entrance.

After the judge had listened to the charge made by Tom, he pronounced a sentence of 10 days in jail on bread and water.

JUDGE KEYES HAD WILLIAM A. Devine, later postmaster, for his assistant, in the old building on the Manchester street site. Postoffice clerks never took any offense at what the judge said to them because they knew he did not mean it.

Judge Keyes owned a farm across Lake Monona in the region—Arizona, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada—the president has lost from 4 to 6 percentage points since 1940. Judge Keyes owned a farm across Lake Monona in the region—Arizona, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada—the president has lost from 4 to 6 percentage points since 1940.

After that bossy did not interfere with the game any more. Just before leaving for the depot to board a train for Milwaukee one morning, the judge called up the office, to leave a message for Billy Devine.

"This is the postoffice," replied a clerk. "Who is this talking?" the P. M. wanted to know.

"This is one of the clerks," came the reply. "For heaven's sake, have you no name?" Judge Keyes demanded.

Those who know Judge Keyes can imagine how he blasted away at the timid clerk. When the judge arrived at the depot, he told one of the postoffice workers who was at the station to tell the clerk that he apologized for the rough treatment he gave him when the phone.

When Judge Keyes came to his office the next morning he put his arm around the clerk and told him not to mind what he said to him over the phone.

"Judge Keyes was gruff at times but he was big hearted and always stood up for his employees when he felt that they were in the right.

THE CONCERTS PRESENTED EACH season by the Civic chorus and Madison Symphony orchestra, reminds us of the days when the Madison Choral Union delighted Madison with its concerts in the old red brick armory on Langdon st. The chorus was made up of university students and professors and was a popular feature.

There is a NEW STRING QUARTET in town. Its members frankly admit that it is not their intention to compete with the Pro-Artists and the Chamber Music Society of the Trachte family. George A. Trachte, a former member of the common council and president and manager of Trachte Bros. Co. and his nephew, Leonard, are the mandolinists, his brother, Arthur F. plays the guitar, and Henry, father of Len, is the pianist. All of them are connected with the Trachte business. Art is secretary-treasurer.

The quartet has played before several church groups and is always ready to lend cheer to birthday parties in the family.

In former years George and Art sang in Madison church groups and is always ready to lend cheer to birthday parties in the family.

We have never heard the quartet play but those who have says they have enjoyed the music. Church-goers will probably have an opportunity to hear more of the playing of the Trachte brothers and young Len.

CAUSE OF LAGS

Time lag in the usual radio circuit is caused by inductance and lasts only a fraction of a second. On the official Jap radio circuit, it is a matter of weeks of broadcasting news of lost islands are frequent and are caused by reluctance. —Washington Evening Star.



TALE-GUNNER MCCARTHY Capt. Joe McCarthy, snapped in one of his 14 dive-bombing missions for which he volunteered as tail-gunner and aerial photographer. It was on one of these missions that Capt. McCarthy, now a candidate for the Republican nomination for U. S. senator, was seriously injured.