

COPY

To the Readers of PM:

Today I received notification from my Local Selective Service Board that I have been classified 1-A. I may be called into service any day from now on. From that day forward, my voice will be not my own but my military superiors'. Therefore, I write this message to you while I am still a civilian so that I may express fully all my feelings—my pride in the service of my country, and what misgivings I have.

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and Mussolini and Hitler declared war within 48 hours, I had a great desire to join the Army. For over a year, PM had been warning Americans of the inevitability of our being attacked. The first serious job that PM had undertaken was done. Perhaps it was fitting that having fulfilled its usefulness, it should dissolve into the war effort—with its presses and its typewriters, its trucks and its 400 employees. It was still a financial failure but its owner, Mr. Marshall Field, could afford to write off the loss.

It was within a week after Pearl Harbor that I took stock of this situation and made my first decision—which was to postpone contemplation of such drastic action until we could determine whether a newspaper such as PM had a really vital part to play in winning the war. For all of us who had anything to do with the policy of PM were agreed upon one thing: that such a paper as PM could have only one objective until the armed forces of Fascism were totally destroyed: victory.

During the first few months of the war, we sought ways and means to use our freedom as journalists to this end. We believe we found them. The fight against enemies in our midst, the exposure of such laxness as cost us the Normandie, the nailing of lies by which the enemy was seeking to undermine the loyalty of working people—we on PM were at no loss to find jobs for which we were peculiarly fitted

because of our freedom from pressure of commercial interests or political ties. In fact, our opportunities multiplied so fast that our principal problem since that attack began has been to find hours enough in the day or columns enough in the paper to wage even a small fraction of the fights we thought worthy. As the revolutionary nature of this war against fear and want became better understood, the responsibility of men of good-will who believed in and were willing to fight for Democracy became clearer and clearer.

Moreover, we no longer had to rely on our own opinion of our usefulness. The public understood and responded. It was not merely that PM's circulation doubled. A new comic and a few new writers might have done that. It was how people reacted to PM's news when they got it. The 43,000 effective protests to the Attorney-General about Social Justice was the first indication. Many many more followed. We were able to help get soldiers' pay increased. The people listened. Their representatives in Washington became attentive to PM's columns.

Before the war was 6 months old, we felt our final decision had made itself: there was useful work for PM to do--useful work which we could only do as civilians bent on proving that a free newspaper could really pull its weight in this life and death struggle for freedom.

Towards service in the armed forces, we took this policy: let the Government judge where each man on our staff would be most useful. We asked no favors. In all, 33 of PM's staff left or were called to serve either in uniform or as civilians.

And now my turn has come.

For the record, I am 41. Two people are dependent on me and I have no other source of income, but I can pass the physical examination for an aircraft pilot's license--I have held one--and no one will starve because I go into

service. When I filled out my papers, Mr. Field filed a routine request that I be deferred because, he was good enough to say, as PM's creator I was its one indispensable employee. In its wisdom, the Board considered and rejected this request.

No appeal was filed. I passed my physical examination.

Now I am a proud 1-A -- and ready to go.

To date I have followed my conscience and spoken my mind. The day I am called I shall begin a new life, obeying other men's orders. I shall obey these orders from whomever they come. When they come from men who are interested only in victory for Democracy, I look forward to the deep satisfaction of obeying them. With equal frankness, I state my misgivings. Should my orders come from a Fascist, there will be no satisfaction in obeying them just because I find him disguised in the uniform of a superior officer. But obey I shall even though I know that there are Fascists disguised as American officers--and that some men who love our enemies' ideas more than our own have gotten in our Army despite everything that has been done to keep them out.

The Fascists have done their best to still PM's voice. They will go on fighting PM after I am gone--but they will not have to raise a finger against me in the Army, because by the act of being sworn in I am silenced. Which is as it should be, for wars are not won without discipline. That, to repeat, is why I write now, before I am under any restrictions.

I leave civilian life with the concern that any man must have who has eyes to see and read and ears to hear. The people of America still harbor many enemies at home. The Bundists with their swastika decorated cellars have been raided, the spying diplomats of the Axis have been sent overseas and one by one the spies are caught. But many mean and selfish men still prosper on the people's payroll.

Some men serve our enemies who only sit and vote--disloyal to the people whom they represent, disloyal to their Commander-in-Chief, disloyal to the ideas for which men are dying.

Some rich men still put the security of their fortunes above the security of their country, and would sacrifice the latter if they knew a way to insure the former.

The shame of the disenfranchisement of 1/10th of our people because their skin is black is a burning cancer. Our social surgeons are still too timid to cut it out. As a people, our faith in the principle that all men are created equal is barely strong enough to give us courage to fight religious intolerance, let alone racial. What a pathetic commentary: that Negroes may become petty officers in the Navy is still considered a great victory.

We fight for freedom from want—with a Congress that votes the milk from starving children—yes, voted the milk from starving children—as they did when their change of a few figures on a sheet of paper took the money from the Farm Security Administration.

We fight for freedom from want—with a Congress that would collect taxes from men and women who have not money to buy enough food to fill their bellies.

We fight for freedom from fear—with a witch-hunt against men of good-will in our Government. A man's livelihood is in danger if his sister once knew a man who contributed to the New Republic.

We fight for law and order based on justice—in a land where the fates of thousands of individuals are determined by secret reports secretly considered.

We fight for plenty—in a land where hundreds and hundreds of thousands of able and productive men are still idle.

We fight for world security—yet we seem to do everything we can to make men insecure in whatever they do—even doctors must fight for the right to go

on fighting one another—rather than for the right to heal, and to be supported by society for healing.

Should I forget all these things when I go into the greatest Army in the world to fight for freedom? I do not understand men who can. When I was 17 and went into the Army before, I could. But the lessons of the last 24 years have been too harshly taught. They are ineradicable.

At the bottom of my heart I feel that the world's first task is to destroy—utterly and totally to destroy—the threat of the force of evil men. For that purpose the mightiest and best disciplined Army in the world must be created. I am deeply proud that I shall be a part of it. But also at the bottom of my heart, a part of every breath I draw and thought I think, is the knowledge that this war, this civil war, this revolution, cannot be won in the field alone—that everywhere, in every walk of life and occupation, it must be fought simultaneously. What very small part I, as a journalist, have played in this fight to-date I must now leave to others to carry on. For 150 years, the revolutionary American people have marched steadily in the same direction. They will continue to march. There is no doubt. There is only the question of how soon and how well we fulfill our destiny.

— Ralph Ingersoll --

Dear Charles:

It's a dizzying experience, seeing you after a month or two in the monastery - but a delightful one! I enjoyed my holiday on Wednesday and thank you for it. As for what I found in the car when the driver and I unloaded it - I am speechless - perhaps because my mouth is almost constantly full now. Really! You are a thoughtful fellow! I am now prepared to state flatly that any resemblance between you and Monty Woolry is purely coincidental. I have my new groceries set out in row because Mike just took a them. They make me feel rich and comfortable. Thank you again.

I have thought a lot about your invitation to contribute to the nation's salvation. Maybe something will come of so much celebration; maybe I'll just doze off to sleep. Thinking has always made me sleepy. At present I'm still inclined to agree with my first reaction: that action must come first. That is that there must be action first or the words won't take. The question is: are the words to accelerate action - or to initiate action? I'm still presuming action is coming - and I would rather wait until it happened before talking. Either it will be good action or bad action. I want to know which before commenting. If you convince me that there is it going to be action, that's something else

again. As I say, I shall presume that we ^{mean} ~~mean~~ to
carry the fight to the enemy and are in the process
of same.

Do let me know any gossip you pick ~~up~~ up
about the origin of this command - or its present
and future. I will find it useful.

I hope you had a calm trip back. That
rounded like quite a strenuous day you'd had
getting here.

Give Mary Louise my best and tell her
I'll be writing her. And give my regards to
mutual friends. Next "three day pass" but one -
due, I expect, in 1944 - I am ~~now~~ going to
try to make Washington.

The weather continues to be a slow piece.

Good hunting

Yours
A. H.

May 22, 1942

A Suggestion for P.M.:

A question and answer daily column--one question, one answer, on the same page, in the same position--might be a good feature.

You might start with:

"What will Hitler do when he knows he is beaten?"

"What should be done with Hitler after victory?"

Start is out with a simple, somewhat silly but generally accepted question such as this and a very brief answer. Questions might be limited to 15 words, and the answers to 30. A whole series of so-called war and economic questions might be put into primer form and later reproduced for the mass moronic as a textbook and aid to the war effort by selling the truth, as in ABC's to minds from 8 to 18.

2136 - R - Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.
May 29, 1942

Dear Ingersoll:

The business we talked about is concluded, and you are in 500 bucks for correspondents. You can send it on, either \$100 a week or all together if you do not think a cashier's check would be embezzled.

A man, who lives 200 miles from Detroit and 100 miles from Chicago in the Ford and McCormick belt, said he did not believe in Washington at all much, but that he thought that PH was getting better every day because it did not yes-yes and kiss-kiss everything that Washington did every day.

Seriously, a bit of leading is a good thing for a month or two, and remember there is nothing surer than that F.D.R. can read.

Sincerely,

Charles E. Marsh

P.S. Your Biddle business is a case in point. Keep it up.

Mr. Ralph Ingersoll
19 East 80th Street
New York, New York

June 11, 1942

Memorandum to Mr. Ingersoll

This lady who handles the WAACS (short for wacky) is now called the head of Hobby's Army. She has a charming daughter named Jessica. Jesse Jones considers her the smartest woman in America. She was officially inducted into office by a certain Army officer who is aware of himself and the proportions of power around here. She is smart enough to fool anyone. She spent two months with the largest picture of Wilkie available in her bedroom from September to October of the '40 campaign. Her son on the day after Roosevelt's election, went to Mama's room and whispered, "How are you, Mrs. Wilkie?"

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Form 16

LC623N 53=KH BROOKLYN NY 7 71 OP

CHARLES E MARSH=

:2136 R ST NORTHWEST WASHINGTON DC=

: I CANT HELP WISHING THAT OUR FRIEND WOULD WRITE THE ANSWER FOR
TODAY'S EDITORIAL IN THE NEWS AND DELIVER IT TOMORROW NIGHT
INSTEAD OF THE OTHER PIECE. TODAY'S EDITORIAL IN THE NEWS IS
THE ENEMY'S OFFICIAL DECLARATION OF WAR. I THINK IT SHOULD BE
OFFICIALLY ACKNOWLEDGED AND THE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED, DONT YOU?
REGARDS=

RALPH INGERSOLL.

Ingersoll
Determined to be an
administrative marking
By RNT On 1-30-06

To:
GENERAL HERSHEY *****AND

local
THE NEW YORK DRAFT BOARD ~~LOCAL~~ NUMBER FORTY FOUR
1109 LEXINGTON AVE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

messrs Mallory, Rice and Preston
~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

HEREWITH IS MY PERSONAL AND FORMAL APPEAL FROM THE IMPROPER CLASSIFICATION OF RALPH INGERSOLL, EDITOR OF THE NEWSPAPER PM, BY THE LOCAL DRAFT BOARD NUMBER FORTY FOUR, 1109 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. I RESPECTFULLY SUBMIT THAT RALPH INGERSOLL SHOULD BE DEFERRED FROM THIS DRAFT ON THE REAL AND PROVEABLE GROUND THAT HE IS ESSENTIAL IN MAINTAINING AND BUILDING PUBLIC MORALE IN THIS COUNTRY. HIS PUBLISHED RECORD IN THIS DIRECTION SPEAKS FOR ITSELF AND IS ATTESTED TO BY SOME OF THE OUTSTANDING CITIZENS OF OUR TIME, THE MAN ON THE STREET INCLUDED. IN ADDITION THERETO THE PRINTED RECORD WILL SHOW THAT UNDER RALPH INGERSOLL'S LEADERSHIP AND INITIATIVE THE NEWSPAPER PM HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR UNCOVERING AND EXPOSING SUBVERSIVE ELEMENTS IN THIS COUNTRY WHO ARE BENT ON IMPAIRING AND DESTROYING AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT AND UNITY. LASTLY, THE PM ENTERPRISE FROM ITS INCEPTION TO ITS INCREASINGLY SUCCESSFUL AND CONTINUED OPERATION, INVOLVING THE EMPLOYMENT OF FOUR HUNDRED PEOPLE DEPENDS ON THIS MAN'S LEADERSHIP AND GUIDANCE. IT IS HIGHLY SIGNIFICANT THAT WHEN RALPH INGERSOLL APPEARED BEFORE HIS LOCAL DRAFT BOARD HE ASKED FOR NO SPECIAL CONSIDERATION WHATSOEVER. HE SAID THAT HIS ONLY DESIRE WAS TO BE ON THE SPOT FROM WHICH HE COULD INFLICT THE MOST DAMAGE UPON THE ENEMIES OF THIS COUNTRY AND THAT HE WAS WILLING TO HAVE THAT DECISION REST WITH THE DRAFT BOARD. AS ~~THE BACKER OF~~ ^{HIS EMPLOYER ON} THIS DAILY NEWSPAPER I THEREFORE FIND IT COMPELLING UPON ME TO SET BEFORE YOU THESE PERTINENT CONSIDERATIONS ON THEIR JUST MERITS, AND IN THIS FORM, SINCE RALPH INGERSOLL HAS BEEN INSTRUCTED TO APPEAR FOR INDUCTION WEDNESDAY JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH.

Be sure this is a FAST wire

2136 R Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C.
June 15, 1942

Dear Ralph:

A good cartoonist could show "Road to Victory 1943 Model at Fall Display". At the wheel General Somervell who is now drawing up his production organization in the Army-Navy Procurement, as Nelson fails to function and is shelved off to the material shortage problem, which of course he can not solve, and where he will get his exit in spite of his rare oratorical powers and his rare personality--who ultimately cannot what ain't so. *Say*

Along side of Somervell should be Roosevelt, leaning forward, with his eyes straight ahead, straining to see, and his hand shading his eyes, blind both to Somervell and the boys in the back seat. In the back seat are Hopkins and Jesse Jones. It is the old business of the capitalist and the politician on the cushions.

Along the side of the road stands Henry Wallace with a field corn background and the plain folks--a man and a woman about the same size as Henry--all thumbing a ride. And with this cartoon the attached full page editorial. The heading of the whole page is "Victory 1943 Model".

Another follow-up would be Somervell building a war production machine in a shop of workers all in officers' uniform--no civilians. Jones and Hopkins are admiring it. The car is labeled "Victory Model 1943". Nelson is leaving for the outside of the shop. The President coming in the door, says, "How are you doin', Don?" This second cartoon, would of course, have an editorial follow-up, but I would not want to spend any more time on the idea, and I know that you would believe a public service was in all this.

Sincerely yours,



Charles E. Marsh

June 16, 1942

And now we come to the immediate picture of the last three weeks inside of the war effort. The Military, small and suffering from the usual inferiority complex of peace time, has now become the most important factor of 1942. The policeman in the residential section is now holding the traffic line as his brother the fireman fights the fire. The non-Military is enjoying the show and lauding the heroes. They even have their own hero—Don Nelson—and as the people turned upon the bankers of 1930 during the financial break-down, they turned in '41 againse the capital big business group represented by Knudsen and Stettinius fronting for DuPont and Wall Street. This spring they turned on Jones somewhat in the conviction that no banker big business man was either fast or direct enough to get the job done.

But in all this picture of the people confused, but well and confident, there is much more and much more than Roosevelt, their hero, or MacArthur, their first military hero, or Nelson who would be their hero.

The real significance of the moment is that Jones, a very smart operator, is extremely active using all of his brains and his experience.

General Somervell has come to the top of Military respect among those who pull the strings and get things done at Washington, the general headquarters. Harry Hopkins, who deals in daily power politics for the President (some unkindly say "against" the President) has an extreme respect for both Somervell and Jones. And so you have a managing eye at the White House for the toughest and strongest big business operator with the toughest and strongest military figure. The approaching collapse of Nelson and the peculiar position of McNutt tells the story that Labor and Management have not won any victory whatsoever over the capitalistic military viewpoint. United States Employment Service has won a victory as the leading agency of the Jones, Hopkins, Somervell line. Nelson has been built for 1942 as definitely as Knudsen

was built for 1941. The people are being given the heroes at the time that they want them.

But the model for 1943 is now in the works. Anybody who wants to see it should examine it in Somervell's shop. Jones and Hopkins have looked at it and apparently approve of it. Nelson will be given a job just as Knudsen was given a job. The peoples' heroes are not shot in America, but as surely as this is June 16, 1942, just as surely it the machine for direct military control of war production in factories, in men, in raw materials, and transportation to the front, being unified under not more than three basic men—Jones, Hopkins and Somervell.

Their problem is no serious threat to the future of the country as a McHutt and a Nelson are put in the Punch and Judy show of 1942. Their problem is no objection to the 1943 model, which is "Military in Control". At the controls are Jones and Hopkins in the back seat, with Roosevelt riding with the chauffeur looking at the road ahead.

But the little people along the road may not be cared for very much on this road to victory. The civilian life of America in 1943 and possibly for much longer needs a bit of careful observation. The fighting forces, the capitalistic forces, and even the government power forces, are not the ultimate. The 160 years has seen many types of government "of the people, by the people and for the people" but in Roosevelt's eyes looking ahead "for the people" because they believe he is "of the people" we may have a 1943 year at least not of government "by the people", but of government without the people.

July 7, 1942

INGERSOLL'S LETTER TO DRAFT BOARD...EXPOSES BOARD'S PREJUDICES AGAINST PM
INGERSOLL DEMANDS UNBIASED DECISION...

Regarding my letter to Local Draft Board No. 44, I have this to say:

My position is now what it always has been. I am ready to go into the Army, I am willing to continue as editor of PM.

What I am kicking about is the decision being made by a draft board which has betrayed prejudice in my case—apparently because it doesn't like PM.

I am asking that my case be handled by an impartial board. I am asking further for a prompt decision, putting an end to the calumny and abuse of me which the board's extraordinary conduct of my case has provided:

Professional appraisers of public opinion have volunteered the advice that, when my induction was stayed without my knowledge or consent, I should have enlisted—taken refuge in a uniform no matter what, lest my actions be misunderstood and the public think me a draft evader.

I have an immense respect for the public's opinion when it is correctly informed. Even that is an understatement. My whole life is lived in the belief that, if they know the facts, the people cannot be wrong.

For me to change a sound course of action in sheer terror of public opinion, however, ignorant of, or grossly misinformed about the facts it may be—that would seem to me the definition of cowardice.

Ralph Ingersoll

Ingersoll's letter to the draft board, mailed yesterday, follows:

July 6, 1942.

Local Draft Board No. 44
1109 Lexington Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

This letter is to acknowledge your request that I appear before you tomorrow evening at 7:30 for a rehearing of my case. It is also to set straight a public record which has become confused.

When I met with you on June 16th, I pointed out that I did not—and would not—set my idea of where I could be most useful against the Selective Service Board's final judgement. And that therefore it would be up to you to decide where I would do this country's enemies the most harm. At the same time I acknowledged that, obviously, I thought that as the editor of PM I was already serving my country better than I might be able to as a private in the army. I am a veteran and I would have re-enlisted long ago had I not felt that my duty to my country was to remain at my present post.

I said that it was up to the democratic process of selective service to decide whether I was right or whether I was wrong about this. You will remember that I took steps to prove that I meant what I said. I still mean it.

For example: I stated to you that I have two financial dependents and that they are both invalids. One, my former wife, is awaiting a very serious operation at Saranac Lake. And the other is an aged paralytic. But I specifically waived the privilege of claiming any preferential treatment on this score. As a matter of cold fact I went out of my way to state to you that I would assume personal responsibility for finding others who would support me, if and when you decide to put me in a uniform.

For example: You know that I had a legal right to appeal any judgment you might make. You also know that I specifically waived this right, too.

For example: It should be no secret to you that I went further than that and that between the time of my hearing on June 16th and the date set for my induction on June 24th I took active steps to dissuade others interested either in my or my work from appealing in my name.

On the morning that you refused to accept me for induction. Mr. Field apologized to me for having filed his appeal to Gen. Hershey, at the last minute and without my knowledge or consent. I shall not apologize for not telling Mr. Field that I am writing you this letter. Because the matter we are discussing is between you and me—and you and your conscience. And between my and your responsibility to public opinion.

At my hearing on the night of June 16th one of you said to me:

"Don't you think it would be a fitting climax to PM's career to have it end with your being drafted into the Army as a private?"

Were you drafting me in order to kill PM—or in order to send an able-bodied combatant to fight our enemies, as PM has done ever since its inception?

You said:

"Wouldn't your competitors laugh if PM went out of business as a result of your being inducted?"

Were you volunteering to help former America Firsters and Isolationists to kill PM—or were you considering your duty of sending me to kill Nazis?

When I replied that "they'd howl with delight," you were much amused and you laughed heartily. Why? Were you settling the account of your private prejudices or were you serving your country?

It is true that both of these remarks were made by a single member of your Board. It is just as true that your chairman appeared to see no impropriety in these statements and did not question them.

Were you thinking of your country then? And of how your decision might best serve it?

Or were you thinking of using your position—and my position—to put the newspaper PM out of business? So that every Bundist rat in this country would feel happy? So that no more Deatherages would be exposed? So that no more Social Justices would be stopped from spreading hate and sedition? Or what were you thinking of?

Since that time, your silence has invited a slanderous attack on me. By whom? By my personal enemies? No. They don't fight me in the public press. By Hitler's enemies? No. For Hitler's enemies are PM's friends. Instead, I have been attacked by Col. McCormick in Chicago in an editorial in which he called me a coward and a disgrace to my profession. And by his relative, Cissy Patterson, in columns of childish invective. And by the crackpot pseudo-radicals who edit a paper called THE NEW LEADER. And by a Negro-baiter named Rankin in Congress. His words were reprinted daily in the Hearst press. And by Christian Fronters parading in front of PM's office with placards depicting you in the role of a judge sitting on a bench before which I am brought.

These are the people whose tongues your silence has loosed.

These people are not my personal enemies. These people don't care any more for me—one way or the other—than you, whom my induction order described as a "Board of my neighbors."

are

These men/attacking me because they want to silence PM. These men and that woman Cissy Patterson lie and slander not to hurt me, but to discredit the thing that I believe in and that PM has been fighting for—an all-out offensive against the Axis and all that it stands for at home as well as abroad.

Whether you meant to or not, you have loosed vicious character assassins from coast to coast—and not only on me, but on yourselves and on the good name of Selective Service.

For you have made many wonder about your judicial impartiality, your public-spiritedness and about the conscientiousness of your decision.

You know that I am not only the Editor but also the Publisher of PM. The Newspaper PM employs 100 people, meeting a weekly payroll of more than \$20,000. Several times this number are dependant upon PM for a living through contracts to supply us with raw materials and contracts for services, etc. Scores of thousands of people pay 5¢ a day to buy and read PM. The Newspaper PM is an enterprise by which many hundreds of people are employed and in which scores of thousands of people are interested, including national leaders of every political persuasion who went on record on our anniversary last month to state publicly their high opinion of PM's usefulness.

And yet you shot my case through your office like a bolt—as if it were a laughable matter and a good joke on PM and a lollypop pacifier to PM's so-called competitors.

You gentlemen are now officers of a local draft board. Is it not the wise and well-established policy of the Selective Service organization to consider the case of an executive directing the destinies of an enterprise of this size and importance with somewhat more thoroughness than that which your actions have recorded? Is it not the wise and well-established policy of the Selective Service machinery to give the case of an executive so placed an automatic six months postponement during which you can inquire into the complex problems of his placement with more care? Is it not the wise and well-established policy of the Selective Service, in a case in which the Army needs the executive head of an organization of this magnitude, not to give him deferment but to order his induction put off, so that he can break in a successor and turn over the reins to him?

Or has the Selective Service so little interest in civilian morale and in the smooth functioning of the economic life of the nation that it is unconcerned about the possibility that to get one private into the army it risks throwing 100 people out of employment—100 people who might well continue their useful employment, given the time to reorganize their executive management, but for the cheerful abruptness of your decision?

From the time I got my first postal card from you—tentatively classifying me 1-A—until I got the postal confirming this rating as final, exactly five days elapsed. But for the fact that I wrote you a letter, I would then have been liable to immediate induction in the army as a private. Five days you allowed for the reorganization of a metropolitan newspaper's management!

My letter—which asked simply for a personal meeting—stayed your hand once. But it did not slow your pace. For from the date I learned the decision you had made at this hearing to the date when I was called at 5:45 in the morning for induction, exactly seven days elapsed.

Why did you seem so confused so soon afterwards? Why were you so vague when your Chairman stated to a reporter:

"We do not know what's going on. Someone must have got to Col. McDermott—brought pressure to bear on him."

You know that any pressure would have been illegal. Did you mean to say that Col. McDermott is subject to pressure while you simply act freely and fully in accordance with your prejudices, which you want to hide from public scrutiny?

You volunteered:

"The mail we have gotten indicates the public wants Ingersoll inducted."

Were you acting as your own press agent when you said that to the Herald-Tribune? What are your contacts with your public? What is your public?

It is you and not your correspondents who have sworn to exercise your duties responsibly as officers of Selective Service.

The vicious tongues that have been loosed have questioned my motives, my patriotism and my personal courage. You are in possession of all the facts—for they were filled in on my original questionnaire and they were amplified by me when I appeared before you, in response to your cross-questioning—but you are queerly silent when your pseudo-public misrepresents me and lauds you.

You know that in the last war I not only enlisted, but I enlisted before I was eligible for the draft. You know that I enlisted when I was 17. You know that after the Armistice I felt so keenly about the necessity for keeping America strongly armed that, of my own volition, I remained in the Reserve Corps, completing my training in Camp Humphreys, Va. You know that as a result of this I was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in the Engineers Reserve Corps. You know that I remained an officer in the Reserve Corps until 1935, when I resigned my commission because by that date it had been 12 years since I had practiced the profession of engineering and it was obvious to the Army, as well as to me, that my days of usefulness as an engineer officer were about over.

You know all about my financial status, too. You were misinformed about it when I appeared before you and you admitted that fact after you had questioned me. When you found that I not only had no capital, but that I was in debt, one of your members gratuitously suggested that Mr. Field was so rich he was sure Mr. Field would support me under any circumstances. The gentleman was very free with someone else's money. I told you that I would no more think of asking Mr. Field for the gift of monies which I would not be earning than I would of asking you to make an improper exception in your handling of my case.

I will go further than that. Because you cross-questioned me on the subject, you were aware of the ironic fact that the only way I could solve my personal financial problem would be not by staying out of the army, but by going back in. For by going into the army again I would have the advantage of the automatic moratorium that the government of this country gives to members of the armed forces in connection with tax debts. I already owe taxes which I have not the money to pay.

Your silence on these matters, gentlemen, is interesting. So is your silence on the record of PM since publication—and the record of my own conduct during this period. The seeds of calumny were sown but you did nothing to kill the poisonous weeds that grew as a result of your action. You remained silent when I was called a coward and a draft dodger.

I did not, when I was before you—and do not now—claim to be any braver than the next man. But I do submit the record that my critics were in their panelled offices writing vindictive editorials denouncing our President and the Commander-in-Chief of our armed forces for his awareness of the coming crisis and the steps he was taking to meet it—while I was already at the front as a journalist.

And you know very well that no job in which the army would put a 41-year-old veteran of the last war like myself could compare—in exposure to personal danger—with the jobs into which I put myself to bring back firsthand accounts of the war to the people who read my paper.

It is your strange silence about many pertinent things which permits me to speak now.

Let us consider the matter of Mr. Field's appeal in more detail. You telephoned me on the afternoon before my induction and broke the news to me that you had had a telegram from him. You would not read it to me, but still you asked me what it meant. I told you I had no idea and suggested that if you did not understand it you get in touch with the man who sent it to you. I said that as far as I was concerned I was party to no appeal and would make none.

Whereupon you told me flatly that you would disregard Mr. Field's wire (I still did not know what it said) and that my induction was to proceed as directed. You cannot have forgotten this, because you then told me that you had decided not only to go through with the induction, but to put me in charge of the detachment of 60 men whom you would send with me to Governors Island.

The only thing you don't know is that following your telephone conversation I reached Mr. Field in Chicago by phone to ask him about the telegram which you said you had received. Mr. Field confirmed the fact that he had wired you, but said nothing about an appeal. He told me that he felt you had acted hastily and that, since he had never been given an opportunity to meet with you, he wanted to make sure that you understood his point of view as PM's owner before you inducted me. So, he said, he had resorted to a last-minute telegram.

I was shocked and surprised on the morning of June 24th when you ruled this telegram to be an appeal because you yourself had told me—your chairman speaking—that whatever Mr. Field's wire said, you had decided to ignore it. It was after its receipt, remember, that you honored me with the leadership of the day's 60 draftees!

Your Chairman will remember the morning I was to be inducted. I arrived at your headquarters at 5:45 a.m. We chatted together and I stood in line with the others and progressed slowly from one room to another—to within four feet of the desk where men were being inducted—before he approached me suddenly, Mr. Field's message in hand, and announced bluntly that you "would not take me." The room was full of photographers and reporters—to witness your dramatic gesture.

Today, gentlemen, Mr. Field's appeal is beside the point, because Col. McDermott has requested that you rehear me. I do not know Col. McDermott's motives any more than you have said you do. I have never met or talked with him. The inference in your statement to a reporter—that it must have been as a result of "pressure"—is a malicious libel as far as I am concerned.

And now I only know that I find myself—through no act of my own—back where I started: requested to appear before you for a hearing.

Gentlemen, I have told you that I will appear. But I do not know why you want me. You are in possession of everything you need to know to make a fair decision.

I gave you a fairly complete inventory of what I considered PM's accomplishments in the war effort. I would have given you more if you had asked, but you felt you had enough and I suspect you have—for, after all, newspapers do not make secrets of their accomplishments.

The reason I even mention PM's record is this:

I do not believe that Selective Service should be used for the purpose of silencing the press. You could have handled my case in such a way that PM be damaged no more than necessary by the drafting of its executive head. Instead, you handled it as if PM did not matter—neither PM nor the 400 people who work for it, now what it has accomplished, nor what it is trying to do. You seemed to go out of your way to damage PM—both by your actions in rushing me through and by your silence when the owner's appeal was misunderstood.

I have no choice but to defend PM's good name to you. I do not consider myself or any other individual indispensable to PM. But I do consider PM a valuable and effective crusader for victory in this democratic war. And you do not seem to. So I'm going to stand up for the paper for which you appear to have so little regard. I will not allow you to be disrespectful of it.

I told you that on December 7th I called the staff of PM together and said to them: "This job we have done has been vindicated, however tragically. It is up to us to re-dedicate ourselves. We have spread the alarm as best we knew how. Not many people listened—but enough." I said to them that now our job is to help win the war.

The reason you asked about this—and the reason I told you, of course—was my implicit obligation to explain my original decision to fight on PM instead of re-enlisting.

I did not even think it a close thing. At 41, I am neither a military man nor a technical expert whose experience can be converted to military purposes—as was Jimmie Doolittle's. Nowadays, aviation cadets know more before they have left their primary trainers than I learned in three years as a private pilot of light planes.

Ever since I saw the bombs falling on innocent people I have wanted to get in it personally, wanted myself to squirt lead into a Messerschmitt or drop a bomb on Berlin. You can't help feeling that way if you've been through it. But I had to face the fact that the only way I know how to hurt the enemy was with words. And that as a military weapon, words—my kind of words—are best used not in the stilted phrases of the press release, but in vigorous editorial campaigns in support of every phase of the war effort.

Nothing has happened since December 7th to make me change my mind. On the contrary, the record that PM has written during the first six months of the war has given substance to my conviction that an aggressive and unselfish journal has an effective role to play in war. A lot has happened to make certain gentlemen change their minds, however. The pseudo Colonels and Captains of certain editorial rooms would now fight PM as violently as they would the Nazis.

The reason, as you will know, that I have left the choice of where I should serve up to you—despite these strong feelings—is my even stronger belief in the democratic process of Selective Service. I cannot be the final arbiter. It is not for me to confirm or deny the soundness of what I have said and felt. It is for you—who are responsible to the American people for the most effective placement of individuals in the war effort—the most effective placement in the army or out of the army. In making this decision you have always had at your command the record of PM—since Pearl Harbor as well as before.

Many men would like to see PM out of business, regardless of its effectiveness in the war effort. Some would like PM killed because it has fought so furiously against America's enemies. It seems to me that a Selective Service board such as yours should take this into account in its handling of the induction of PM's Editor and Publisher—lest, by intemperance or oversight—the Board give comfort to those who are America's enemies as well as PM's.

The Bund would be glad to have PM damaged; so, as you yourself remarked, would PM's so-called competitors. But the Selective Service Board is not in business to comfort them, either.

Before Pearl Harbor the leaders of those who so vociferously agree with your decision to rush me into the army were calling the Administration war mongers for preparing us for the attack. Some of them were full of love for the Japanese, others preferred to do business with Hitler—or approved of how Mussolini had disciplined the Italian people. These men have become patriots very suddenly—over the night of December 7th, as it were. But their flag-waving now is nothing if not insistent. All right, you know the record since then as well as I.

Perhaps you have even inquired why Col. McCormick and Capt. Patterson, retired officers who flaunt their titles, are not back in the army, at least at desk jobs. Perhaps Col. McCormick thinks it serves the war effort better to print, in his paper, military intelligence which endangers the lives of members of the armed forces. Perhaps Capt. Patterson sincerely feels that he helps to build a fighting morale by suggesting that as a democracy we may be lost already and that elections will not be held in November. Perhaps Gissy Patterson feels she is more useful as an editor than as the driver of a Red Cross truck in Iran so that she may be free to publish an editorial suggesting that MacArthur was being left in the Philippines in the hope of eliminating a presidential candidate.

There is less mystery about gentlemen like Congressman Rankin. They have to earn their salaries in Congress by defending the interests that got them elected in poll-tax states—however those interests may conflict with the interests of the country as a whole. The Christian Fronters, I suppose, we can both agree to skip. This is the organization, you recall, some members of which were arrested and stood trial for possession of an arsenal of weapons with which they planned to promote their political ideas.

I am sure you gentlemen would not be interested in furthering their objectives, even if it were proper for you to do so.

PM's enemies now question my usefulness as a public servant in my present capacity—although they have long complimented PM's effectiveness by attacking it. It is not the first time that the question of the usefulness of a man who has been called war monger has been raised. For it was not many months ago that the same people who are now attacking PM and me in Congress were making similar attacks on a Lieut. Commander in the Navy named Walter Winchell. So obviously, whether I am or am not in a uniform, has little to do with the violence you have loosed on me.

At that time the former isolationists took the curious position that Walter Winchell, who had never been to sea, would be more effective before the mast than behind the microphone—through which he has exposed so many, many of this nation's mortal enemies. Incidentally, it was PM which took the leadership in labelling this move for what it was, a barefaced attempt to silence an effective critic by putting him away—in Samoa, say. When PM told what was going on, even the papers that had criticised Winchell were shamed into defending him—for they saw that if the politicians could ever silence their critics by shutting them up in the armed forces the concept of freedom of speech, by which all newspapers live, would have been dealt a nearly mortal blow.

So, gentlemen, now that I find myself in a somewhat related position, I can hardly be surprised. In fact, to date, nothing has surprised me except Mr. Field's appeal—and your own change of heart between the afternoon you said you were going to pay no attention to a telegram you had from him, and the next morning when you told me that on account of it you would not take me.

When I was before you, you displayed neither sympathy nor interest in any of the problems which were automatically raised by my induction.

You were not interested in its effect on the 400 people who work for PM—or on the scores of thousands who buy it. You would not even have heard what I had to say unless I had asked you for the appointment.

You never discussed with me what I might be able to do in the army. On the contrary, the implication that I drew was that you were inducting me, not in the interest of increasing the might of our armed forces, but as a gesture symbolizing the end of the career of what, you inferred, was an unpopular war-mongering journal.

That I was prepared to abide by your decision, you can take as the measure of my belief in the ultimate justice of the democratic process, however, a minor cog may malfunction.

That this cog did malfunction was clear. I would have been a fool to have thought otherwise—for you called no witnesses, you asked for no further evidence, and your haste was revealing. Nevertheless, I continued and still continue—to have confidence not in you as individuals, but in the process and the Government you happen to represent.

This issue is between you and me alone. I have not asked and do not expect others to fight my battle. Men of good will, circa 1942, are too busy fighting their own battles for them to be concerned with my desire to find my most useful place in the war effort. I do not propose to let you damage PM by allowing the circulation of the phony catchphrase, "draft dodger—by proxy" about its editor. Congressman Rankin said that on the floor of Congress, where he has immunity from the laws of libel. I hold you personally responsible for clearing my name of that charge and I ardently hope that you can't consider yourselves immune.

Meanwhile, I wish to state, once and for all, that I considered myself in the service of my country—and on active duty—long before Pearl Harbor. And doubly, trebly so, since Pearl Harbor. And as the Editor of PM I wish to state that my associates have felt and still feel the same way about their work. If I am now to change into an army uniform, in order to continue the fight, I wish it to be done as an honor paid my profession and not as a sentence imposed for voicing views of which you may not approve.

Gentlemen, by words from your own mouths and by your precipitate actions, by your unfair silence and by your self-contradictory vacillation, you have forced me to believe that you are prejudiced. It is not a crime to have prejudices. But when it comes to using the due democratic process to fulfill the demands of one's prejudices—that, in my humble opinion, is a different story. Even Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States disqualify themselves when a possibility of a prejudice is not excluded in a given case. Consult your consciences and if you find you are unable to be objective about PM, it is your duty to disqualify yourselves and let a less prejudiced Board pass on my case.

Sincerely,

RALPH INGERSOLL.



27 SIXTH AVENUE

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

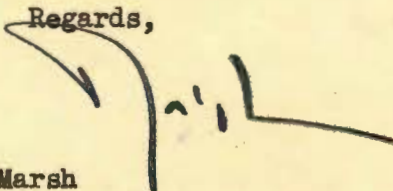
STERLING 3-2501

July 27, 1942

Dear Marsh:

Before I forget it, I was talking to Number Two a week ago and he suggested that I suggest to you that you interest yourself in the story of Andrew Jackson Higgins.

Regards,



Mr. Charles E. Marsh
2136 R Street NW
Washington
D. C.

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To RAIPH TINDERSOLL JULY 30 1942

Street and No. 11 19 EAST 80TH STREET

Place NEW YORK CITY

TWO PEOPLE ARE THINKING OF YOU TODAY AS THE VERY FINE MAN THAT YOU ARE. WE
HAVE NO OTHER THOUGHT THAN THAT YOU ARE SIGNIFICANT AND EFFECTIVE REGARDLESS
OF TIME AND PLACE.

G.E.M. & M.L.G.

CHARLES E. MARSH
ROOM 1045 - ADOLPHUS HOTEL

Sender's address
for reference

TELEGRAPH BIRTHDAY GREETINGS—25c TO ANY WESTERN UNION POINT IN U. S.

Sender's telephone
number



27 SIXTH AVENUE

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

STERLING 3-2501

July 31, 1942

Dear Mary Louise & Charles:

That was a damn fine wire you sent
me and it made me feel swell.

I have a feeling that good friends
are watching over my child with
you two around.

And I hope it won't be too long
before I see you.

Regards,

Ralph

Mrs. Mary Louise Glass and
Mr. Charles E. Marsh
2126 R Street NW
Washington, D.C.

(Dictated by Mr. Ingersoll;
written and signed after he
had left.)

Dallas, Texas
August 13, 1942

Dear Ralph:

I am having a beautiful time today looking at the great Mary Louise who has collapsed from a small little breezer in a Texas campaign.

We have eight days to go with the vote of about 55% to 45% against us, and I had depended upon Mary Louise not to throw a rider on the band. Of course she declares she will be up tomorrow and at 'em.

The present secretary is taking these notes in front of Mary Louise in bed. We have a hotel stenographer doing the leg work.

FLASH - Mary Louise is reading your book, "America is Worth Fighting For." I think this is terrible because she is supposed to be fighting against O'Daniels and is taking a holiday with you ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ (deleted by censor). CUT-IN. Mary Louise speaking: Have you a cure for a stiff arm caused by writing over-much for a man who is more garrulous than guerilla.

FLASH 2 - Marsh speaking: This B - H is saying that I am not war like as you are and that you write better than I.

I know you are busy getting into base training, so will sign off, except to say it has been lots of fun with little chance of success, but sixty-thousand German bloods of Texas think O'Daniels and his pride of last August of "Send the boys home vote" is the hot stuff. And then there are a few labor haters such as Charles E. Marsh and all the friends of yesteryear.

Honestly I feel as if I had betrayed my class. I cannot find a ground for speaking to the friends of 1938 when I left these parts.

If you have a moment you may get me until the 22nd of August (very incidentally M. L.) at the Adolphus Hotel, Dallas, where a letter will reach me.

Sincerely,

Mr. Ralph Ingersoll
% Company C 533 d Engineer
Amphibian Command
Camp Edwards, Mass.

Charles E. Marsh

2136 - R - Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.
September 14, 1942

Dear Ralph:

So you have gained five pounds and lost three inches.

No verification of this. I told #2 about this pulchritude, and it made a great impression on him, as he is somewhat an expert on this physical business.

What I am really interested in is the strange case of Ralph Ingersoll--the brain and the therapeutic value of mediocrity in action.

I remember Ralph Ingersoll as a case history.

All of the great psycho analysts are but step-downs from an ancient order of which Plato was the writing prophet. The old suker has lasted 23,000 years. Cheeking him the other day, I thought he was a highschool teacher, but a damn good one.

You are my walking--or trotting--example of what the medicees (approaching the subject of the brain through the anatomical processes) call Manic Depressives.

To my untutored and unlearned soul a Manic Depressive is just a guy who spouts like a geyser in Yellowstone. If he spouts well, he is a genius. If he just spouts, he is a nut.

Being one of the unsung Manic Depressives myself, I am including you among those who once were. Now you are nothing but a normal who has gained five pounds and lost three inches.

When all this comes down to a simple two-and-two-equal-four, which it, of course, never does, I suggest that the brain food of camp life with all its detachment and return to eye versus bullet which makes one an expert marksman, it is damn good stuff.

I even predict your sense of humor will lengthen to a point of expert proportions.

The hell of all of us who have any sense of proportion is that we don't amount to anything. Witness Napoleon, Alexander, Hitler, Churchill, Roosevelt, and all of those who pretend that they have humor--but have none.

Mary Louise has just looked at her watch. She says that I have to go somewhere. The plane goes to California at six, and then I go into a hospital--which gives me a chance to have you feel sorry for me--a truly erroneous effort on your part. I shall depend upon Mary Louise to tell you that there ain't a damn thing to it, and that I will be back in a couple of weeks.

My failure to come to you was not based on the fact that you were in the state of Walsh, but entirely due to my distaste for seeing a banker at Palmouth, Massachusetts, who is about to sue me. I had hoped to spit on the banker and give you a spiritual kiss at the same time (Walsh seems to be on my brain.)

Again, seriously, I do not see how you have possibly gotten through a course in Private Ingersoll without spitting on some sous lieutenant.

You will be hearing from me, but for heaven's sake let us know at the Washington address if anything happens to you which puts you in the guard house--or moves your location.

Sincerely,

Charles E. Marsh

S/Sgt. Ralph Ingersoll
#12 124 108
Classification, H.Q., E.A.C.
Camp Edwards, Massachusetts

2136 - R - Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.
October 15, 1942

Dear Ralph:

Charles has been away a good part of the time since our trip to the Cape. But we did a tremendous quantity of work while he was here. Most of it has had to do with the use of the medical resources of the country—and using the solution to that as a handle to take hold of the whole subject of man power.

The thing is a real one, and we got along splendidly until sabotage was committed by a bureaucrat. Yesterday Ken Crawford came out and was given all the dope on the situation, and it is just possible he will do some writing on the subject, as well as educating a few columnists here and there. He is quite a fellow I think. Lamb was here; as you may know, he did some good work on the subject of the manpower question in the last Tolan Committee hearings, and is doing some hearings for Pepper for the Senate Labor and Education Committee. That Committee has public health as a part of its routine assignment, and we are trying to move the medical investigation over that way. It looks as though some progress may come.

No. Two is making a speech on November 8th to the Russians. I do not usually take much stock in numerology, but it is possible that eight is a good number for him. The big one was on May 8th, and this is just six months to a day. I have not heard much of what it is actually to be, but enough to feel that it promises more than some of the recent speeches. It is to be delivered to the Friends of Russia, or some such group. I'm sure of the Russian angle, at any rate. He can scarcely be trivial about that. It is rumored that Number One asked him to do it and made some suggestions—and they are the most encouraging I've heard for quite a long time. (This is a silly way to write, but I don't know how else to get at it. I'm sure you will hear it all word of mouth if you do get down to Washington.)

A man who ought to be in a position to hear a good deal that is going on made a bet last night that one or more fronts would be opened within thirty days.

The man who makes the "under water gear" for Higgins was in town the other day. He says Higgins is getting along fine, and is building all the little boats he could possibly turn out, and that only cargo ships were cancelled, and that Higgins had never gotten into production on them. I missed that detail, but, after all, I don't really read the papers as I should. I just got mad at the suggestion they were trying to curtail Higgins, but I was in the campaign then, and what I might have read on any subject is bound to be blurred.

In case you are in New York, you might try to reach Charles. He goes there a good bit now. My sister lives at 265 West Eleventh Street, and her telephone number is Watkins 9-61148. He would be very pleased to see you at any time, I'm sure, but would have no idea when you are there.

TO SAC

Camp Edwards

Mass

Oct 13th 1942

Dear Charles

I'm getting to be as poor a
correspondent as you would be without
Hazel Louise. How have you been and
what's news?

The riches you left me have been
hoarded and the last brandied butt went only
yesterday. They were really wonderful.
A dozen times I have been on the verge of
writing you in sheer exuberance, after
coming in on a cold evening to find my
larkin waiting. Only the prospect of
writing upside down, propped upon the back
for my neck deterred me. I must take an
evening off and treat myself a chair.

Life has quieted down since I sent
you. I'm not been entirely idle - and have
found the answers to some of the questions
I was asking you about the Army Sam in -

and about its progress towards battle. But most of the time I've spent ghost writing letters to Adjutants + Asst. Adjutants and I am now engaged in putting a book on first aid to press. Since its a good one, I may hope that it will save many lives.

I was in Washington last week - from eight a.m. to two p.m. I had not even an hour in which to telephone you for I was one of the Commanding Officer's party and we spent our time in the labyrinth of the War Department. Its quite a show but I felt cheated having come so far to get no further. Since then I've talked with my General and he tells me that if it happens again - I mean, if I have another trip to make to Washington - I may take myself a day of leave then when its over. Now all I have to stumble into is another trip to the capital! I've written our August friend asking him if I might call to see him too. But no telling how long it may be before the opportunity arises.

Dave Hill thinking about the

piece you suggested. But nobly I am
thinking how to become a good and useful
soldier - for that is my job now; and good and
useful soldiers are what old doc history
has ordered

Good luck,

Wall

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NORBERT CONSONNI
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WARREN ROBERTS
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ORLANDO REPORTER-STAR

THE SENTINEL-STAR

Published by Orlando Daily Newspapers, Inc.

ORLANDO, FLORIDA

PAGE SIX

FORT MYERS NEWS-PRESS

THE FORT MYERS PRESS, established 1884, as
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Every morning, seven days a week

CARL HANTON

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Sunday Morning, October 25, 1942

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Morning
ORLANDO MORNING SENTINEL

Evening
ORLANDO REPORTER-STAR

Sunday
SUNDAY SENTINEL-STAR

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NOT MUCH BALONEY

When a rather queer egg named Ralph Ingersoll, editor of the more than slightly "tetched" New York tabloid newspaper experiment called "PM," was jerked out of his sanctum by the draft board and packed off to the army amid shrieks that he was an indispensable master of his journalistic hounds, his loudly voiced contention that the press should be exempt from calls to the country's armed service received no support that we know of from anyone of importance in the profession which he claimed. On the contrary there was a general disclaimer of any such attitude and much spirited rebuke of Ingersoll for having even mentioned so abhorrent a thought.

Nevertheless Ingersoll proceeded to make out a case, which he argued right up to

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ad
S.
train time—when he saw it would do no good and beat the rap by enlisting. Although his local draft board held firm, selective service officials at Washington hemmed and hawed over the case, and set forth some “maybe” and “might” ambiguities which left the door slightly ajar for exempting or deferring newspaper employes should any publisher have the bad taste to request it. Since then—just the other day—the matter was put in more definite form, with a listing of specific newspaper jobs for which deferment could be allowed. The job which Ingersoll held—he was the editor—was not mentioned but nevertheless “PM” triumphantly cried, in a made-up dispatch of its own from Washington, that “Ralph Ingersoll’s fight for recognition of the wartime value of the press and radio was recognized by selective service headquarters in listing 92 occupations in the communications service (including newspapers) as ‘activity essential to support of the war effort.’”

While the ruling was by no means that broad, other newspapers seem to have got some such notion and are as incensed over it as “PM” is happy. Among those taking sour notice is our neighbor the Miami Herald, which went into a conniption of denunciation. Erroneously describing the action as “permitting deferment of a newspaper man at request of his employer on a showing that he is performing an essential operation,” the Herald exclaims: “Newspapermen are not thankful for this bit of official baloney. They scout the idea that American publishers, editors and reporters are important enough to be exempted from military duty.”

Well, so does the selective service bureau. Its list of those who might be excused pointedly omits “publishers, editors and reporters”—except in just one category. “Magazine editors”—the fellows who hold that end of the business together and have a finger in every pie, can beg off, one to a paper we assume. But other editors like Ingersoll, the one who wrote the Herald piece and the one writing this one, will be marched away with publishers and reporters, who weren’t even listed by inference unless in active service as war correspondents.

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Which, as we've said before along with the rest of them that is absolutely as it should be. Sure it's a wrench. As that long array of service emblems covering our window proudly testifies, this establishment has already suffered quite a few dislocations that have been mighty hard to repair. Right now we're due for another. Our city editor, Ronald Halgrim, is awaiting delayed orders, having waived his second call draft number and volunteered himself to the head of the next Lee county quota. He's of about Ingersoll's age and circumstance, and is as valuable to this little paper as anybody could be to the bedlam in "PM." Having been here a long time, since way back in his cub days, he knows the town, its people, and by all means its haunts, so thoroughly that he is literally irreplaceable. Yet no one in the management thought of trying to dissuade him from the duty which he sought and though he is strictly a peaceable citizen when his country is not at war, we have no doubt he would have gone into belligerent action had deferment been suggested because of his value to the paper.

The very idea of any other attitude is as revolting as the Miami Herald so scornfully states it. But newspapers needn't get up on their ears in resenting an insult that wasn't offered. The occupations which selective service listed as entitled to exemption were mostly mechanical, or at any rate more technical than making up words to pound out on a typewriter. It mentioned such as platenpress operators, teletype installers, radio riggers, telephone station supervisors and the like, the object being, we have an idea, not so much to preserve them for the newspapers, radio and other communications services with which they are now employed but to keep them with their hands in so that the government can beckon when it needs them for work in their line.

In any case this is pretty much an academic discussion. We never heard of a newspaper except PM that ever tried to get anybody deferred, or even thought of anything so despicable. It's an affront, of course, to have the suspicion raised but there's no use in making it worse than it is by jumping selective service for something it didn't do. It has done and is doing plenty to justify criticism but it is not offering "baloney" to the newspapers as a means of turning away wrath.

PRESERVATION COPY

2136 R Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C.
November 30, 1942

Dear Ralph:

Your two letters pretty well brought us up to date.

You ask, "What's doing?" Politically probably the bravest statement since November eighth was Wilkie's remark questioning the political manœuvres around Darlan. If he had been a phrase maker, he might have said, "Dollars for Darlan." Ultimately it will cost more lives than the price in lives saved now.

Of course I am looking at it on the long pull and the people of course are "seeing the victories."

Naturally the Spanish situation is the immediate thing.

On inside America, we are having a very rapid group of moves by the Army looking toward the necessities of 1943 all the way from rationing to Army designations for college life as the eighteen-nineteens come under the Army control. Naturally I would have preferred college selectees to come from intellectual controls possibly checked and approved by civilian sources having the war in mind.

Wall Street feels that they will get Dewey. He will become more internationally liberal in statement, but is actually more nationalistic than ever. His group probably contains the smartest of the New York property money brains. They will attack Wallace through Howard-Fogler on the ground that he ought to remain constitutional Vice President and quit meddling. The conservative democratic line which has tie-ups through Baruch and others you know of, with Wall Street, will attack Wallace as a bungler. The old New Dealers of the Corcoran-Cohen school will liason with Baruch (and even your Frankfurter perhaps) to come out at the proper time with Douglas as the strong executive as Byrnes wears out. The very job Byrnes has to placate the Senate which is going to be a partner in the peace, will make Byrnes a middle-of-the-roader, and therefor eventually without color in the general debacle which may take in Henderson and Nelson and McNutt. The President is moving new figures like Lehman into position and probably would like to reach out for Douglas now, although that would

weaken the Supreme Court liberal position there. Those who would make Douglas President have advised him to stay on the Court until there is no one else and the public demand has built up pressure and until the President calls him in with a "must" order to come to the White House in a full time job as executive President.

This time probably would not be before March though things move fast now both in Europe and here. The smart enemies of liberalism who see the necessity of destroying Wallace quickly will attack Wallace probably on the very broad line of ineptitude. For publicity they probably will use their Senate and House false liberals in some investigation of the BEW as a crack-pot, Communist, anti-national and international group which should be eliminated if America is to have a truly American front at the peace table. They will accuse the BEW of hindering the war and being dangerous to the peace. The timing of this attack will be based first on what the Army maneuvers do to the civilian front and upon the dating of the coming elections.

Farley is very busy travelling, specialising on lining up his old crowd through the nation against fourth term Rooseveltism. He is particularly strong, of course, with the democratic, city Irish Catholic groups, but the purely organization democratic control in South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Montana, is largely either of this faith or in sympathy with the Farley personality. The victories of Curley in Massachusetts and the militant fight of the Cardinal against Birth Control, has revitalised the conservative Catholic forces of New England into a militant group which are certainly not pro-Roosevelt and undoubtedly are aware of the danger of a Moscow-Washington line to Catholic demands in post-war South and Central Europe.

Outside of the Spanish situation which politically seems today to be slipping toward the Hitler side without Catholic opposition, we have the acceleration of the French conservatives behind the Catholic royalists of the Petain school.

Broadly, Western Europe politics is touch and go. The conservatives seem to control all the way from our own State Department to the Jesuit group in Rome through the property and religious classes of Spain, Portugal, France, and Italy with probably what remains of the military professionals aiding the broad thought that the ruins of ~~Hitler~~ must save from Russia.

Sincerely,

Charles E. Marsh

Lieutenant Ralph Ingersoll
Camp Edwards, Massachusetts.