

EDITORIAL PAGE

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Not the Least of Japan's Ninety Thousand Casualties



Washington Merry-Go-Round

By DREW PEARSON

WASHINGTON—One untold story of the late United Nations conference took place at the very end, in room 233 of the San Francisco veterans' building. (This became known as the "Madison Square Garden of international diplomacy" because so many fights were staged there.)

The last incident started when Cuban ambassador Guillermo Belt Ramirez, in a secret session of the steering committee, proposed a vote of thanks to Secretary Stettinius. He was seconded by Peruvian foreign minister Manuel Gallagher. Gallagher had also been one of Australia's warmest supporters in the battle against the "Big Five veto power." But, much to the surprise of the small nations, Gallagher offered a "rising vote of confidence" in the Big Five's handling of the conference.

Small nation delegates arched their eyebrows, but had to stand up, even though irked, in support of the Peruvian gesture.

A second later, sullenness turned to broad grins as Gallagher proposed that the steering committee also rise and pay tribute to Australia's fighting Herbert Evatt as the "great champion of the smaller nations." The Irish-ancestored foreign minister of Peru went on to say that he credited Evatt with having made substantial and progressive changes in the Dumbarton Oaks plan, and he asked that everyone rise in tribute.

The entire steering committee stood. Even Lord Halifax bowed gravely to the fighting Australian who had given the mother country such a run for its money.

Though overcome with emotion, Evatt managed to come up with a pungent crack. "I would like to say a great deal at this moment," he observed. "But I'm afraid someone might exercise his power of veto over me."

Everybody, even including dour-faced Soviet ambassador Gromyko, who proposed the big power veto over unlimited discussion in the general assembly, joined in the laughter. Thus ended the last secret session at San Francisco.

Baseball Fan

Now that the United Nations conference is over, delegates point out that it was Molotov who garnered the early publicity, Stettinius

who got most of the play in the news reels, but Evatt of Australia who did the day-in-day-out crusading for real democracy in preventing war. It was France which was hailed in advance as the expected champion of small nations. But it was Australia which did the job when France fell lamentably by the wayside.

Evatt likes Americans, has married an American wife, collects American books, loves American baseball, seldom goes to bed without seeing how the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Yankees are batting.

Perhaps the only thing he doesn't like about the U. S. A. is the state department. And he took delight during the San Francisco conference in pushing U. S. diplomats around.

Evatt vs. Big Five

Probably the biggest influence in Evatt's crusading policies at San Francisco was the loss of his older brother, killed in the last war. Ever since, Evatt had made it his life work to try to root out the seeds of war. To this end, the three campaigns he waged at San Francisco were: (1) To limit the veto power of big nations so they could not wage war without a United Nations brake; (2) To permit investigation of disputes without veto by the Big Five; (3) To permit free and unlimited discussion in the United Nations assembly.

On the first and most important point, that of preventing one of the Big Five from running amuck, Evatt lost. Any one of the Big Five can ignore the United Nations if it chooses. But on the other two, he put through compromises amounting to important victories.

Evatt contended that "Big Five might does not make right." And it was during a closed-door debate on this question that Evatt had a sensational brush with Senator Tom Connally. The Texas statesman was going through a rip-snorting oratorical routine in which he heaped scorn on the idea that the Big Five wanted to dominate the world. The Texan's bow tie gyrated with his gestures. His handsome curls ruffled as he shouted. It was one of Long Tom's best forensic efforts.

WE, THE WOMEN

By RUTH MILLETT

Welcome home, soldiers. Boy, but it's wonderful to have you back. And it looks as though you are bringing chivalry back with you.

A WAC on a tug yells to a transport crowded with soldiers returning to Boston from Europe: "Come on over; come and get it—a kiss." And a soldier promptly climbs down the transport hawser hand over hand, fights the tide—and collects his kiss.

That's the spirit we haven't seen since you've been gone. Men haven't been fighting for kisses in your absence. They haven't had to. The girls have been fighting over the men.

At parties where men are scarce, it hasn't been a bit unusual to see a bored-looking middle-aged Lothario surrounded by pretty girls. And they all try to outcharm one another to capture his attention.

The girls have been doing the telephoning, arranging the parties, leading the chase.

And the men who have stayed at home have had so much flattering attention they've grown bored with it all. A couple of New York bachelors even protested in an interview about the way women were making fools of themselves over eligible men, and moaned about what a terrible time they were having trying to keep out of women's clutches.

But you soldiers are coming back. You haven't seen American girls in a long, long time. You think they're wonderful. And you're used to having to fight for what you want. Used to overcoming all obstacles. You are in just the right frame of mind to make American women feel once again that they are pretty special, that they are worth fighting for.

It's wonderful to have you back. Now the bored, weary stay-at-homes who have had to fight off the girls can retire from the field. Men ready to jump into the ocean for a pretty girl's kiss are arriving.

Behind Scenes in Washington

By PETER EDSON, La Grande Evening Observer Washington Correspondent

ASHINGTON—The 1700-odd employees of the department of labor said good-bye to retiring Secretary Frances Perkins in the green rooms of the departmental auditorium the other afternoon, and though nobody cried, it was real simpatico. Just to show you what an event it was, Madam Perkins did not wear a tricorne hat. Instead she had on a black sailor number with a broad white ruffling on the brim. She looked real nice and as one of her associates said, she was more relaxed than she had been at any time since she took the job, 12 years, three months, and 29 some days before.

Only a few of the employees who filed by to shake Miss Perkins' hand and hear her say good-bye and thank you had been in the department that long, but they all threw her this farewell party. They took up a collection and got \$375 or nearly two bits per employee with which to buy her a going-away present.

There was quite an argument about what to give Miss Perkins as a going-away present. The men were all for giving her pearls. But the women said she had pearls—wore them all the time. The men probably never noticed that but she did have on a double strand at the going-away party.

The committee finally decided to have the question put up to Madame Perkins herself. This delicate mission was entrusted to Miss J., which is all anybody ever calls the secretary's administrative assistant, red-headed Frances Jurkowitz. At first Miss Perkins said she didn't want anything but when Miss J. told her the money was all collected and she had to pick something, Miss Perkins said what she would really like was an air conditioning unit for her apartment.

Well, the committee went to work on that and though they moved heaven and earth, they couldn't move WPB—the old mechanics—to give with a priority on an air conditioner for Miss Perkins' going-away present. So if some manufacturer of air conditioners or some labor union that makes them reads this, why they ought to be ashamed of themselves and see to it that Miss Perkins gets her last wish, WPB priority or no WPB priority. Maybe somebody should take up another collection.

Anyway, when the committee found they couldn't get an air conditioner for Miss Perkins' going-away present, they went back to Miss J. and Miss J. went back to Miss P. to see what did she want next.

Then Miss Perkins came up with the idea that she hadn't had any new luggage since she came to Washington 12 years ago, or she might be needing a new typewriter because the government wouldn't be furnishing her with a free typewriter after June 30. She probably never thought she would get both, but that's how much the employees of the department of labor think of their Miss Perkins. They not only got her one handbag, which is par in going-away presents, they got her three, big, little, and medium-sized. They're brown airplane luggage and maybe a little on the gay side, more suitable for a bride than a retiring secretary of labor, but perfectly good enough for any gal to pack a spare tricorne hat in, when going-away.

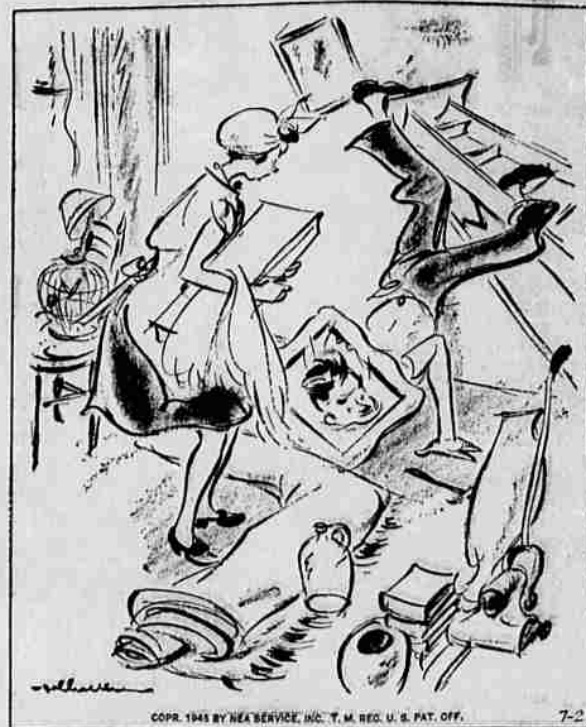
It took a good bit of wire pulling to get the priority for even the new typewriter, but the department of labor employees never give up on any project, once they start, except maybe the first time. So there was a typewriter on exhibit at Miss Perkins' going-away party, along with the three-piece matched luggage set—this is the best part yet—a \$50 war bond which the committee had enough money left over to buy. Lucky Miss Perkins got that too.

On close inspection, the typewriter looked pretty well beat up and second-handed, but there was a sign on the roller which read:

"This is not a new machine but it was loaned for the presentation ceremonies. A new standard typewriter was shipped from the factory on June 25 by express to replace this one on arrival."

Well, the party was all streamlined. Departments came en masse and on schedule from offices scattered all over town. They lined up to shake Miss Perkins' hand for the last and maybe the first time, then they stayed in line to get a little paper plate on which was a paper cup of unspiced orange punch, two cookies, a paper tumbler of salted nuts and a paper napkin, all free, courtesy welfare and recreation association.

Side Glances



Oh, my mother's picture! I think you fell off that ladder on purpose!

McKENNEY ON BRIDGE

By WM. E. MCKENNEY, America's Card Authority

WHEN IN DOUBT— BID NO TRUMP!

Recently I wrote a series of articles on some of the old-timers of whist and bridge, and I received numerous letters asking me why I did not include certain other old-timers. Well, of course, I could not get them all in the series, but the letters brought back some pleasant memories.

My old friend, Carl T. Robertson, Cleveland, O., did not take kindly to contract. However,

Questions & Answers

Q—Has Brazil, who recently declared war on Japan, a Japanese problem?

A—About 300,000 Japs live in Brazil, two-thirds of them in Sao Paulo, the same district containing Germans.

Q—What is the horsepower of the engine of the new navy scouting plane, S. C. Seahawk?

A—Over 1200 h. p.—more than that of 25 automobiles.

Q—In what country is the aur a unit of currency?

A—Iceland.

Q—How have railroad freight and passenger loads of the past year compared with those of World War I?

A—American railroads handled 737 billion ton-miles of freight and 95 billion miles of passenger service during 1944, compared with 405 billions in freight and 42 billions in passenger service during 1918.

Q—Does the membership of the newly elected Canadian house of commons include any women?

A—Yes, one. She is Mrs. Gladys Strum, 38, farm wife of Saskatchewan, a CCF party member.

Q—Are China and India linked by telephone?

A—The first such telephone line was put in service recently between Kunming, China, and Calcutta, India, an approximate distance of 1750 miles.

Q—How many men have been trained for American merchant marine service since the beginning of the world emergency?

A—The war shipping administration says 160,000 officers and seamen have been recruited and trained since 1938.

when he did accept it, he had no patience with approach bids. He bid no trump at every opportunity. Here is a typical Carl Robertson hand.

The opening lead was won with the ace of diamonds and a diamond returned, which Carl won. He now played a spade, and

♠ 10 4	♥ 7 6 5	♦ A 9 8 5 4	♣ 6 5
♠ K J 3 2	♥ K J 8 2	♦ J	♣ 10 9 4 3
♠ 6 5	♥ 10 9 9 3	♦ 7 6 3 2	♣ A K 7
South	West	North	East
Pass	2 ♠	Pass	1 N T
Pass	3 ♠	Pass	2 N T
Pass	3 ♠	Pass	3 N T
Opening—♦ 2			

North won with the ace. Back came the diamond, and Carl now cashed his three good spades and, when South let go a heart, he brought in four hearts which gave him his contract.

IN FORMER YEARS

30 Years Ago

Huge salmon of the Chinook and Blueback type, were running in Catherine creek. R. E. Clanton, master of the state fish hatcheries, inspected Catherine creek and advised the fishermen as to the limits, two a day.

Rev. H. E. Gibson, who for several years was a Baptist minister in La Grande and who built the Baptist church here, was a visitor in the city.

15 Years Ago

Miss Verle Ramm returned from a visit in Portland. Miss Helen Newlin and Miss Iris Hughes drove to Portland to spend a few days visiting friends.

10 Years Ago

Mrs. Dan Carbine and her daughter, Evelyn, and niece, Velda Carbine, went to Portland for a brief visit with relatives.

Half an inch of rainfall which hit the La Grande area, and amounts near the total over the valley brought additional cheer to spring grain growers.

This Curious World



NEXT: Africa's slow-growing population.

EVENING OBSERVER'S PROGRESS PROGRAM

IRRIGATION—Complete the Grande Ronde Valley irrigation project.
LA GRANDE—A city of 10,000—Extend the city limits.

TODAY'S TEXT

And go not after other gods to serve them, and provoke me not to anger with the works of your hands; and I will do you no hurt.—Jeremiah 25:16.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Anger, which, far sweeter than trickling drops of honey, rises in the bosom of a man like smoke.—Homer.

Mr. Hoover to the Rescue

We wouldn't go so far out on a limb as to say that Herbert Hoover is entirely responsible. But the suspicion remains that the former president, on the first visit in a dozen years to his one-time residence at 1600 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C., suggested what looks like a promising and generally acceptable solution of the current food problem.

Not only that, but Hoover seems to have found a patch of common ground on which the obdurate republican congressional food study committee and the White House can meet.

The republican committee has stumped long and loudly for one-man bossing of the food setup, but without offering anything so complete as Hoover's recent blueprint. After the ex-president came out with his 12-point proposal, however, Rep. Tom Jenkins of Ohio introduced his "Hoover Plan" amendment

to the price control act.

This would give the secretary of agriculture control over food production, processing, distribution and pricing, and leave OPA with only the rationing job. Mr. Hoover's suggestions applied only to meats and fats, but otherwise the plans were the same.

Meanwhile, President Truman announced that plan for a single control over food and prices was shaping up at his end of Pennsylvania avenue, adding that when Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson takes over as food administrator, the situation will right itself. He said he hadn't seen Hoover's statement, but he did add that his recent talk with Mr. Hoover on the subject of food had been helpful.

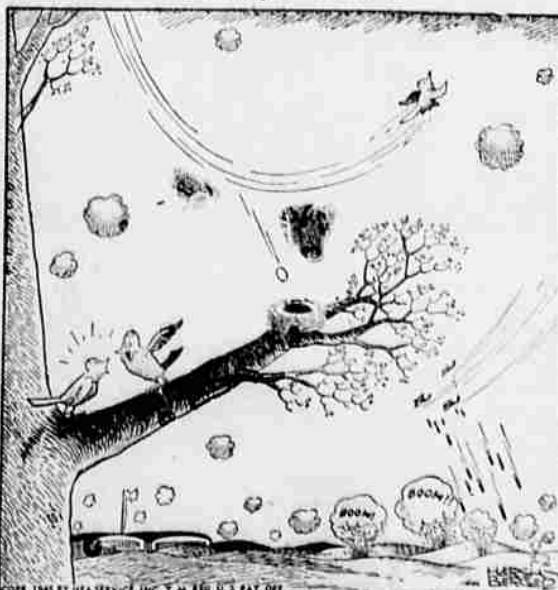
This is pretty encouraging news. It represented a bipartisan approach to substantially the same goal—which is the approach that is demanded in attempts to solve any problems as important as those pertaining to food, prices and the danger of inflation.

The OPA started out with two strikes against it, as did the other wartime agencies concerned with food. Most of them had considerable authority in a limited field. But they went their separate ways in handling what was basically the same problem.

It has long been apparent that speed and availability of transportation in Texas, the ceiling price on corn in Iowa, and the operations of the black market in New York, though handled by separate bureaus, could all add up to no meat.

And whether it is Harry S. Truman, Herbert C. Hoover, Thomas A. Jenkins or Joseph W. Doakes who suggests putting these and other dissimilar difficulties under a single co-ordinator and administrator of food, it seems a hopeful and logical solution.

Funny Business



SO THEY SAY

Any attempt to produce that number (35,000) of extra physicians during the next 15 years would require the creation of perhaps 30 new medical schools and could only result in a serious lowering of the standards of medical education.

—Dr. Willard C. Rappleye, dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia university, New York City.

The existence of black markets in meats and fats (except milk) in every city of the country is sufficient evidence of a breakdown in control of both distribution and price.

—Herbert Hoover, former president of the United States.

Our government has not been sufficiently intelligent to recognize the danger to the public health that is inherent in an inadequate supply of students for schools of medicine.

—Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor, Journal of the American Medical Association.