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"A FREE NATION OF FREE MEN"

After years of futility, the Republican party at last has found a presidential candidate who has something better to offer than protest or reaction. In his acceptance speech at Chicago last night, Tom Dewey came out of the shadowland of publicity in which all presidential candidates are born, and he stood before the American people as a man—a young man vibrant with health and hope and vigor, and one who has faith, that the government of the United States can fulfill its mission in the world and at home without sacrificing the ideal of "a free nation of free men."

It is true that "one swallow does not make a summer" and one speech does not win a presidential election, and there was much that Tom Dewey did not say in this first speech which will need to be said as the campaign goes on, as to the program by which he proposes to make good the hopes which he has raised.

But he does give us a very clear picture of how he intends to proceed:

He will restore the cabinet to dignity and responsibility.
He will restore "government under law" and constitutional procedure.

For the building of world peace, he proposes to keep this nation strong and fit to do its part.
He renounces both "isolationism" and "world state" and points to a great truth, that peace cannot be guided by any one man or group of leaders but must be built into people's hearts.

He says that the chance to work and "get ahead" must be provided for every American and that this has not been accomplished by haphazard experimentation or the squandering of government largesse.
He does not promise us that "happy days are here," but he does deny the doctrine of "division" which has sought to set class against class.

Most important of all, Tom Dewey does not "talk down to us"; he does not patronize or even sympathize. He asks us to feel what he obviously feels, that it is a proud privilege to be an American and that this ideal of ours "a free nation of free men" is still worthy of our faith.

Many times, this newspaper has complained that Franklin D. Roosevelt lacked basic faith, except in his own destiny. Born to wealth and position he has played politics all his life with a devil-may-care skill, just as some rich men have played polo. He has had great pity for the unfortunate and the underprivileged, but it has remained just that. Many of the reforms which he has inaugurated are excellent and will endure, but they have been the gleanings from his tutors and his satellites, and not the result of a leader's purpose.

It has been the tragedy of the New Deal that as Mr. Roosevelt has gained more and more in popularity and power, he has listened more and more to the subtle flatterers, the shrewd schemers, the promoters of "regime," and among these are many who either have little faith in America or little real understanding of what its people are like.

Tom Dewey said some things Wednesday night that millions of Americans have been hoping to hear as we have drifted toward sugar-coated "authoritarianism," as government agents have swarmed across the land like locusts, camping on every doorstep, prying into every life. Tom Dewey says this DOES NOT NEED TO BE! He says we can still have opportunity and freedom—if we work at it.

He does not pretend to have all the answers, but he offers to work with other men and women, and with all of us to try to find them. There is the wholesome element of humility in that speech. That is something we need. It makes men and nations great.

YESSIR, HE'S A "MANUFACTURER"

This is just one of many true stories which could be told to illustrate why millions of Americans are fearful that in "winning the war," the aims of American democracy will be lost.

This concerns the new and strange institution of "trial at the curb" which has been substituted for the ancient guarantee of "due process of law" by so many of our "administrative agencies."

This story does not question the validity of many of the laws which have been enacted to promote administrative efficiency, but it does question the high-handed methods by which they are enforced.

And it concerns a very modest merchant in Eugene who suddenly finds himself "a manufacturer," subject to taxes and penalties which he did not know applied to him at all. It seems a young man came into the store and the following ensued:

Young Man: Do you mend tennis rackets here?
Merchant: We sure do. We use the very best materials and have a workman who really knows how to do it. Now if you'll show me your racket.

Young Man (flashing badge): That's all I

wanted to know. Why haven't you paid your manufacturer's tax?
Merchant: What manufacturer's tax? We don't make tennis rackets; we just mend 'em.

To make a long story very short, it cost the Eugene merchant \$45 in "back taxes and penalties" under an obscure section of law (or interpretation) of which he had never heard. Why didn't he get a lawyer and go to court? That would have cost much more than \$45, much more than he could afford. It was cheaper to pay—and maybe stop mending rackets.

Now if the "gov't man" had showed his badge in the first place instead of "masquerading as a citizen," perhaps the Eugenean would not feel so "sore". But he is only one of thousands afflicted by the "little gestapos" which have been turned loose on the land by dozens of "alphabets".

Many of the cases would be funny, if the underlying danger were not so great. Down in Texas a newspaper is in the courts because of a "Want Ad" which advertised for "a colored janitor". It happens to be a large, rich paper which can afford a fight. But did you know you can get into serious trouble for even seeming to "discriminate against race"? Did you know a similar case happened right here in Eugene. The employer wasn't big enough to fight; he got off by signing some very humiliating pledges.

All over the United States, people are being "tried at the curb" by government agents—for alleged violations of price or rent or wage controls, or obscure tax laws. Some government agencies are said to rate men for promotions what they can "produce" (mostly out of the pockets of little people who are too busy or too poor to fight). This is the most vicious, the most dangerous abuse of power that has ever been inflicted on Americans. Not even war justifies this abuse.

WASHINGTON LETTER

By PETER EDSON
(Register-Guard Washington Correspondent)

Black market operations in textiles and apparel, now threatening to increase U. S. clothing costs through elimination of lower priced lines, may begin at the textile mill and carry through every step of the industry, right to the retailer, according to Office of Price Administration enforcement officials.

Simplest operation, in sales by the mills, may be in falsification of invoices, the customer paying for more yardage than he receives, and knowing it. Or more directly, there may be cash premiums paid on the side by the buyer.

These sales by the mills are normally of what the trade calls grey goods, the unfinished fabrics which go to the converters who may dye the cloth, print it, give it water repellent finishes or any number of special treatments.

Here are the optional steps—and the entirely legal steps—which may lead to so-called black market operations in the industry:

Finished piece good sales are under specific maximum price regulation, MPR 127. There is no use for a layman to try to go into all the price ranges or grades established by this order. To understand its workings, it is enough to know that there is more profit in some finishes than in others. With all piece goods in demand, it is not only natural but good sense for converters to concentrate on producing the more expensive finishes. But this tends to cut down on production of less expensive goods for lower priced clothing. Manufacturers are therefore faced with the problem of using more expensive materials or going out of business. It doesn't take long to decide that.

The remedy for this situation is said to lie in either or both of two principal directions: OPA might roll back the prices of the more expensive finishes to make their production less profitable, or raise prices of the less expensive finishes to make their production more profitable. Along with this, War Production Board might revise its directives so as to cut down production of the more expensive goods and increase production of cheaper goods going into clothing, bedding, towelings and such.

OLIVE BARBER'S OBSERVATIONS

A CHAT WITH PHIL

If it hadn't been for Pat, the hair seal, I'd never have met Phil, the 18 year-old husband. Pat lives in a tank of water on Alaska Way here in Seattle. For a lady whose curves are all in the wrong places, she gets an awful lot of masculine admiration and attention; this in spite of the fact that she's flat footed and has anything but a neatly turned ankle.

Then Phil rode up on a bicycle. We got to talking. Funny, what talkers people are. Or is it that, me being shy like I am, people talk to me to put me at my ease. Like the woman at the hotel desk, for instance. Her father is very old but agile and she has a hard time keeping track of him during the day when she's at work. So she has to phone around town every few minutes to find out where he is.

And then there was the sailor on the corner who, when I asked for directions, told me his life's story. And the waitress who would like to be a Wac but is too skinny. She's drinking a pint of cream a day.

The boy Phil kept speaking of The Mothers, when referring to his family. "How come 'Mothers'?", I asked. "Sounds biologically unsound."

He got the drift in spite of the ten dollar word and explained, "We live together, my wife's people and mine."

"Your wife's people?" and sort of gulped. He laughed and said, "Bet you think I'm too young to be a husband. That's what the Mothers thought too, at first. But I make \$200 a month which is as much as my Dad earns. So I brought them around."

Maybe youngsters reach adulthood sooner than they used to. I know the 10-year-old lad who sat next me in the front seat of the bus knew more than I do even yet. He said he was going to be an airplane designer when he grew up. As a gesture of friendliness, I told him about my nephew who pilots a B-17 flying fortress. "He has a crew of ten," I added.

"Then he must have a G-17. The B-17 has only a 9-man crew. When they added a chin turret, they called it a G-17." He then proceeded to name the different positions, co-pilot, navigator, pilot, gunners of different kinds and last, the chin turret gunner. With no idea of trying to show off, he went into the differences of the various types of air craft.

When the boy got off the bus, the driver called on the Diety to witness that he didn't know what kids were coming to. "Ten years old and he knows stuff like that. And the kid was right, too. My brother's in aviation."

I wonder what that driver would have said had I told him about the 18-year-old husband! At this rate, kids will be middle aged at 20 and old men at 40. Maybe I can't keep pace with the times but, oh a person can be grownup too many years.



READY FOR A RAID—Lt. Col. Andrew E. Galatian, Jr., of Beachwood, N. J., addresses members of his Mitchell bombing squadron before a raid on the Jap base at Rabaul.

Dewey Bandwagon Couldn't Lure Him

CHICAGO—The one man who defied the Dewey avalanche in the 1,056 to 1 nomination of the New York governor is heavy-set—and fighting mad—Grant A. Ritter of Beloit, Wis.

He cast his vote for Gen. Douglas MacArthur—the only vote in the whole convention that was

not presented to Thomas E. Dewey.

Ritter, a farmer, defied persuasion, the wrath of the Wisconsin GOP organization, cajolery and even threats, to exercise his prerogative to vote as he pleased.

Ritter was one of three of Wisconsin's 24 delegates who had intended to vote for MacArthur. The other two are Stanley I. Johnson and Dr. John P. Koehler, both of Milwaukee. These two finally agreed to cast their votes for Dewey. But not Ritter.

Michigan, an original MacArthur supporter, who sought to persuade him to switch to Dewey, Ritter declared:

"MacArthur's situation is no different from Dewey's—neither has announced his candidacy." "When the announcement was

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made that a Wisconsin delegate wanted to place a name in nomination. I went down there to see him," Vandenberg told reporters.

"He already had left his delegation and was headed for the platform. I caught him at the steps and argued that such a course would be humiliating and embarrassing to MacArthur."

Vandenberg said Ritter had agreed not to try to deliver a 30-minute speech for MacArthur which he had prepared, but voted for the general on the ground that he was under instructions of his constituents to do so.

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