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WHAT KIND OF MAN IS DEWEY? When a man is a candidate for an office of high public trust, there is a certain quality of character which we believe is more important than all of the surface manifestations, and that is—ULTIMATE INTEGRITY. There are no super-men. No man is all-wise or all-good. No man can lead unless he has strongly held beliefs of his own, but neither can he lead unless he has proper respect for the views of others. But the quality which has distinguished every truly great leader in the world's history has been that ULTIMATE INTEGRITY which gives him the courage to say in the moment of crisis:

"Here I take my stand because this is what I believe to be right. My political fortunes or those of my party are not important. Beyond this point, there is no compromise, no matter what my fate."

Millions of men and women all over the United States have been asking:

"What kind of man is Tom Dewey?" We think Tom Dewey has that quality of ULTIMATE INTEGRITY. He is young; he is eager, and if he is elected he probably will make mistakes. He does not pretend to "know all the answers," but he is by no means inexperienced in the ways of men. And his ultimate faith is:

"The American people are still capable of real SELF GOVERNMENT."

He is at war with theory which sets class against class, which insists that social security can be had only by yielding government under law to authority; with the assumption that world peace can ever be made without taking the people into the bargain and winning their consent.

Dewey is not making any super-promises. Some of the "wise men" who gather round any presidential candidate think he is making a big mistake. The "wise men" are not always right.

We went down to Portland to try to find out "what Dewey is like." When a presidential candidate goes on tour, there is one very good way to find out what he is like—talk with the people who travel with him, the newspaper reporters, the telegraph and telephone technicians, the railroaders. At the end of three weeks locked up in a train, milling through the crowds at major meetings, there are very few illusions.

Among close to 100 people travelling with the Dewey party, we found only one bad report, and that from a reporter who had been pretty badly banged up in the railroad wreck at Castle Rock. He said:

"Aw hell! He's a cold potato. Sure, he's friendly enough with the boys on the train, but he don't take advice, and what the hell, he ain't got a chance."

Most of the others were not too optimistic about "the challenger's" chances, and many criticized this or that phase of campaign technique, but as to the man himself:

"He's a very swell person... he's as regular as the very 'em... don't let that reserve of his fool you; he doesn't try to be a good time Charlie the way Wilkie did... he certainly stuck with us in that wreck; he wouldn't go on to Portland till he'd made sure every last member of the party could move."

Some of these men have been travelling "presidential specials" for 25 years; many of them are personally "New Dealers"; many regardless of political views are proud to call themselves friends of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The all-but-unanimous verdict on Tom Dewey is that as to character he has "what it takes."

One of the ablest of these writers put it this way:

"Tom Dewey is a great listener. He'll ask you to come back to his car and talk about an issue and a situation, and he wants the truth; he doesn't want a lie. He listens to a lot of people, but he makes up his own mind. He isn't the back slapping type, but he's solid. You like him better every mile you travel with him."

And another man said:

"To understand Tom Dewey you've got to understand the way his mind works. He's a digger for facts. When he was district attorney he never took a case to the grand jury till it was so complete an indictment had to follow, and that's just the way he works on these big issues of the nation."

This was an interesting observation:

"We've had a dickens of a time getting Dewey to do all the bowing and waving that's expected. He said: 'I don't want people to think I'm showing off; this trip is not for that purpose.' But when you get him at a wayside stop, just talking to people, he's swell."

The "atmosphere" of the Dewey train is entirely different from that of the Wilkie train which went through here four years ago. The Wilkie train felt like a picnic grounds. The Dewey train is a workshop. The two men are entirely different.

Mr. Wilkie has a genial, hail-fellow personality, but when he was pitchforked into the political whirlwind he was plainly bewildered, and as the campaign progressed he ceased to "be himself." He struggled desperately to hit the "popular chord." Dewey is no novice in politics and he is complete master of the situation. Wilkie tried to talk to everybody and the results were usually hectic. Dewey selects relatively few for

conference, pumps them dry.

On the train coming up from Portland, there was an opportunity to observe the Dewey working method. Shortly after passing Salem he came into the club car where most of the people assigned to the trip spend their leisure moments. Wayne L. Morse and several other Lane county people were riding in this car.

Dewey came up, was presented, sat down. It was no mere "courtesy call." Dewey wanted information—and criticism. He got both. For at least 30 minutes, Dewey drew out information about the problems of the west—the things that bother the farmer, the working man, the employer, the attitude of the people toward the post-war. Then he drew out some typewritten sheets:

"Here is the first draft of the talk I am going to make in San Francisco tomorrow night. It isn't finished, I wish you'd read it and tell me frankly if you think I am getting at the real issue."

Dewey disappeared toward the front of the train and the "work car." Some time later he was back, and he sat down again:

"All right. Tell me what you think, and don't hesitate to suggest improvements." Morse and others suggested that his talks to date have been "too general" and need to be enlivened here and there with specific instances, illustrations and if possible remedies.

Dewey took the suggestions thoughtfully: "Maybe you are right. In these opening speeches I've been aiming to fix the main principles. I'll give it some thought. As it stands this outline is too long, needs to be done over. Anyhow I'm getting a lot of new ideas. Out in this part of the country you've got a viewpoint that is needed."

There was this rather surprising impression of Tom Dewey. The man is almost "shy." At least there is nothing "cocky" about him. He is not the swaggering "district attorney" of the Sunday supplements. Neither is he the "showman" that might be expected of a man who earned part of his education as a professional singer and who has always had deep interest in theatre.

Watching him in action brought to mind something one of the correspondents had said:

"That fellow has no nerves. Did you notice last night in Portland when we all looked like we'd come out of a butcher shop, he got up there and did his stuff as cool as a cucumber."

Physically Dewey is extremely fit. He is not a large man but muscular. His hands are hard. His eyes are the most remarkable of his features—exceedingly steady and clear. In conversation he affects no mannerisms. The final impression is one of unusual self-control and power.

Tom Dewey is not a super-man, does not claim to be. He is "a bit on the serious side," but he is not wanting in a quick humor. He does not claim to know all the answers but he is very frankly trying to find some of them. Back of that lies some deep conviction.

Definitely Dewey is "presidential timber." And if he regards the presidency of the United States for the rest of the war and for the post-war years as a tremendous responsibility, that is a good thing. Real courage often rests on humility.

"What kind of person is Tom Dewey?" In so short a time, it is not possible to gather much more than an impression, but this is our impression of the man, for what it may be worth. At any rate we believe the Republican party has a candidate of which it can be proud. And this nation is still producing many Americans worthy to be president. Tom Dewey is one of them.

WHAT OTHER EDITORS THINK

DEPENDS ON HITLER (Medford Mail Tribune)

John Gunther, well known student of foreign affairs and war correspondent, sees serious trouble ahead if the Germans are not beaten this year.

Should the Germans be able to somehow stave off defeat, and extend the struggle into the spring of 1945, he fears Hitler's threat to do the Samson act and pull the temple of Europe down as he falls, may be carried out.

So he makes a strong plea for no let-up in the all-out offensive either at the front or behind it, so that no later than the coming New Year's Eve, the epitaph of the Axis in Europe may be formally engraved on the stones of time.

Well, General Eisenhower, last New Year's Day, solemnly promised that victory over Germany would be consummated this year, and at the rate the allied armies are going it would appear to be as certain as anything in war can be.

In fact from this distance it is difficult to figure out how the Nazis, surrounded on three sides, and their defenses crumbling on the fourth, can hold out much longer.

On the other hand, if Hitler should not be rubbed out (our belief is he will be) and should retain control of the German armies,—or what is left of them,—we believe he will never capitulate. That is what he said the other day and for once we have an idea he spoke the truth.

For with such control why should he? As long as he can save his own life by sacrificing the lives of others, what will stop him? And this war has demonstrated that underground and guerrilla warfare can be carried on pretty effectively, when formal surface warfare can't be.

So it all depends, as we see it, on Der Reichsfuehrer. He is the keystone of the German arch. If he should be liquidated the war might end tomorrow. If he should not be and the Reichswaer should continue to stand by him, through thick and thin, then in all likelihood the Nazis would resist, until there is literally no fight left in them.

And to reach this point in a little over four months,—well it COULD be done no doubt; but we fear the allies would have to work overtime to clean up such a mess by January One!

Even so we fall to see the vital importance of the precise date, and in the article in question no convincing evidence to support the calendar feature is presented. The eventual defeat of Germany is certain and has been for a long time. Whether the end comes late this year or early next, we fall to see how the net result in a comparatively few months, can materially alter the post-war situation.

Oregon Soldiers Wounded In Action

- WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—(AP)—U. S. soldiers wounded in action in the southwest Pacific: Ainsworth, PFC Glenn—Mrs. Roy M. Kauffman, sister, Hubbard. Asla, PFC Mitchell—Mrs. Grace V. Asla, mother, La Grande. Baker, PFC Hugh D.—Wilfred L. Baker, father, Salem. Bernhard, Staff Sgt. Harry D.—Harry A. Bernhard, father, Gardiner. Blackwell, Tech. Sgt. George P.—Mrs. Betty Hendrix, sister, Astoria. Clements, Staff Sgt. Darrell C.—Clyde W. Clements, father, Tillamook. Gardner, Tech. 5th Gr. Everett—Mrs. N. L. Bush, friend, Monmouth. Hoffmeister, Staff Sgt. Albert H.—Mrs. Albert H. Hoffmeister, mother, Gresham. Jackson, Staff Sgt. James E.—Mrs. Clarence H. Bassett, mother, The Dalles. Jaynes, PFC Melvin R.—Charley Bowman, friend, Monmouth. Klink, Capt. Reuben E.—Mrs. Ruth A. Klink, wife, 330 First Avenue west, Eugene. Koepke, Sgt. Robert L.—John Koepke, uncle, Lebanon. Larkins, Tech. Sgt. Melvin B.—Ben O. Larkins, father, Salem. McRoberts, Staff Sgt. John H.—Mrs. Alice M. Prock, sister, Heppner. Neely, Staff Sgt. Rant N.—Rant Y. Neely, father, Willamina. Senner, Tech. Sgt. Louis—Conrad Senner, father, Boring. Underwood, PFC Lawrence E.—Mrs. Ilione Schenk, mother, Corvallis. Williams, PFC Norman W.—Mrs. Mary R. Williams, mother, McMinnville. Mediterranean Area Arbuckle, PFC Benjamin J.—Mrs. Iva Arbuckle, mother, Philomath. O'Hagan, Tech. 5th Gr. John R.—Mrs. Aileen G. O'Hagan, wife, Vanport City. European Area Carlson, 2nd Lt. Stanley K.—Mrs. Yvonne E. Carlson, wife, 1508 Thirteenth Avenue, Eugene. Cunningham, Pvt. Clifford R.—Mrs. Mayme C. Cunningham, mother, Portland. Fox, Pvt. James N.—Mrs. Florence G. Fox, mother, Prineville. Hall, Pvt. Truman P.—Mrs. Marie E. Hall, mother, Chiloquin. John, Pvt. Ralph R.—Mrs. Bessie Agnes John, mother, Estacada.

Navy Casualties Of Oregon Listed

- WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—(AP)—Navy casualties: Carter, Earl J., private, first class, U. S. marine corps reserve. Dead. Wife, Mrs. Earl J. Carter, Portland. Churchill, Chester C., gunnery sergeant, U. S. marine corps. Wounded. Wife, Mrs. Chester C. Churchill, Portland. Rosier, Steve Gamaliel Jr., signalman, second class, U. S. naval reserve. Wounded. Father, Steve Gamaliel Rosier Sr., Reedsport. Titze, Herbert Carl, hospital apprentice, first class, U. S. naval reserve. Dead. Parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Titze, Portland.

Cordon Urges Survey Of Columbia Slough

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—(AP)—Among new measures presented to senate yesterday was one by Sen. Cordon (R., Ore.) an amendment to the rivers and harbors bill authorizing a survey of the Columbia slough, Astoria, Ore., with a view to construction of a mooring basin for fishing boats within the harbor.

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