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Editorial Correspondence

Washington, D. C., Sept. 22—Time DOES march on,—regardless of personalities. Just attended a presidential press conference without FDR and his cigarette holder; also a senior senatorial "tea" without "Charley Mac," and his bow-tie.

The presidential press conference was something new,—an overflow crowd, which would never have been allowed in the old days. In fact some of the visiting newspaper boys were unable to get into the conference-room, nearly including Frank Jenkins of the Klamath Falls News-Herald who just got under the wire.

One might even question the existence of atmosphere in such a mob. Our new President, moreover, is not the atmospheric type anyway,—nor the dramatic type as Franklin Delano so strikingly was. He is most decidedly the business type,—all business,—no frills, no furbelows, no nuances, no temperament, though at times plenty of temper.

There were no preliminaries, no wise-cracks, no suspense before the star's entrance the moment the pushing and shoving ended and the throng was still, President Truman arose—another novelty, of course, for FDR had to remain in his wheelchair—and started right out in a rapid but rather pleasant conversational tone:

"I today transferred all labor powers to the Department of Labor... I have accepted the resignation of the secretary of war with great regret,—one of our great public servants,—and have appointed Mr. Robert Patterson,—I have appointed Senator Burton as an associate justice of the Supreme Court, I,—etc., etc.,—"bing-bang," just like that,—with hardly a pause, change of inflection, or change of expression,—as a business executive might read a rather routine report to his board of directors. The reason for the mob became more apparent,—a newsy conference had undoubtedly been bruited about and this was it.

"Is that all, Mr. President?" came from the center of the reporter's pack in rather a plaintive voice, as some were still trying to catch up on their notes. Everyone laughed, the President included. It WAS all practically. Two or three minor questions and with the inevitable "Thank you Mr. President" (with the accent on the "YOU" this time) everyone filed out. It was all over in five minutes. But in those five minutes an important page in domestic history had been written.

Quite an Oregonian reunion at the "tea." Frank Jenkins just back from a couple of months in Europe; "Judge" Sawyer, publisher and editor of the Bend Bulletin, in Washington for some anti-Missouri Valley hearing (Bob is head of the reclamation opposition to such "authorities"); B. Smith of the Oregon Tax league, Congressman Ellsworth of Roseburg, Senator Wayne Morse, and last, but FAR from least,—"General" Jackson of Medford "in PERSON!"

Senator Cordon presides at such gatherings with rare informality and gusto; not the story-teller type exactly, but he told a very apt anecdote about the Southern share-cropper who, informed he could fatten his hogs FASTER on corn than on acorns, remarked contemptuously "Shucks,—what's TIME to a 'HAWG!'"

As the above indicates the Oregon delegation, especially the two senators and Congressman Ellsworth, not only work, but relax together,—from the standpoint of efficient team-play we have a pious idea the latter is fully as important as the former.

We knew the demand among the army and navy personnel for release was tremendous, but hardly realized the potency and extent of this sentiment among the "folks back home." Senators Cordon and Morse together, for example, get on an average of over 100 requests a day from parents, wives or family members urging the release of their men, still in the service,—and pronto!

President Truman in his press conference demonstrated he has a keen realization of this state of the public mind when he promptly took up and endorsed General MacArthur's statement placing his own—the general's—needs in six months at only around 200,000 men,—instead of 900,000 as some of the State Department boys hereabouts have claimed. En passant we should say there is more than the usual friction being created between the old Guard in the State Department and those in the military establishment and out of it, who are politically inclined.

The long heralded "hurricane" has come and gone, not much of a blow but buckets of rain. In fact, a flood here is feared by some, but from what we have seen of the Potomac and creeks hereabouts would not predict anything as serious as that.

In spite of the rain-soaked terrain, the Nats and Detroit Tigers played their fifth game yesterday, the locals winning to the great joy of local fans, and hopes of a World Series in the national capital are soaring again.

Well, with our incurable "underdog" complex, we hope these dreams are realized, but after that double-header we witnessed can't believe in this case the "better team" would win. But the Senators are a game and colorful bunch of "unknowns" and their last minute grabbing of the American league flag would contribute tremendously to popular interest in the post-season classic.

Speaking of the World Series we remarked on the small attendance at the double-header of Washington's colored gentry, and found the reason to be a surprising one,—surprising to us anyway,—the colored baseball teams of the country are now playing a world series of their own!—R.W.R.

Westbrook Pegler

New York, Sept. 24—The myth of generosity and charity surrounding the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt has endeared him to the "common man" so warmly that some of those who accepted the role of the "protected" under a "protector," cannot even consider the truth about him.

We certainly know that, millionaire though he was, he was picked on by Jesse Jones, another millionaire, and a member of his cabinet, to settle for petty amounts enormous debts which his son, Elliott, had incurred by borrowing. Objective judgment must admit that, in doing so, President Roosevelt exploited the presidency for the financial benefit of his son, even though it be maintained, against honest sense, that when they loaned the money, the lenders were un-mindful of the president's power to help or hurt them.

As samples of the "common man's" hysteria when confronted with proof of this callous perfidy I quote from routine letters: "I have read you a few times and have found it very disgusting and degrading," says one. "Your cracks and slurring remarks about our late president made me sick. Wishing you all my worst regards, you rat."

MURPHY HEADS GUILD
Hollywood, Sept. 24—(U.P.)—George Murphy last night was re-elected president of the screen actors guild after promising to reopen negotiations for a new union contract with movie producers next year.

He relations man, who ran the propaganda for Doherty, and who had seen such sentimental invention somewhere in Barrie.

IF CALLED UPON by proper authority, John J. Raskob, an "economic royalist" of the Du Pont interests, would testify that he had to post a huge personal guarantee to protect Roosevelt's Warm Springs investment ere Roosevelt would consent to run for governor on Al Smith's ticket in 1928.

Roosevelt went to Boston just before election last fall to win the "Catholic vote," and for this purpose dwelt on his great old friendship for Al Smith, who had only contempt for him in recent years but, by then, was dead. In this speech he said he ran for governor at Smith's request but he didn't mention Raskob's check which was the final persuasion, rather than loyalty to Smith.

JOHN FLYNN, in his biographical work "Country Squire in the White House," said Roosevelt tried to plant his political and personal secretary Louie Howe on the New York state public payroll at \$5,000 a year in the guise of secretary to the Taconic State Park commission of which Roosevelt was an honorary member. He said that Robert Moses, a public servant of the most meticulous standards of duty as state park commissioner, was willing to appoint Howe until Howe explained that he could spend only a few hours a week doing work for the public.

"Moses became incensed at this," Flynn wrote. "He refused to appoint Howe and sent word to Roosevelt that he was crazy if he thought he could put his own personal secretary on the public payroll."

Not doubting Mr. Flynn, I nevertheless thought it proper to ask Mr. Moses if this were a correct presentation. His written answer was "It states the facts."

ROOSEVELT so hated Moses for thwarting his attempt to tap the public till that one of the most brilliant public officials of the age never was put to any use in a time when the most despicable jobs to be found in the intellectual slums of American college life were exploiting the anguish of a baffled people to project for themselves careers as professional blackmailers of industry, at which many of them now thrive in the guise of lawyers and labor relations racketeers.

THE farmers' union people will say they got the idea out of a speech Mr. Roosevelt made in which he mentioned a lot of rights, including the right to work. But Mr. Roosevelt did not say there ought to be a law, and before he mentioned the matter it had gotten into a resolution of an international labor office meeting in Philadelphia. Sir William Beveridge, whose vast social security hopes were swamped in the last election, was an ardent champion of legislation to declare the right to work. Going behind and beyond him, an investigation will bring you to the fact that such a right is declared in Soviet Russian constitution.

There it has some meaning because under a dictatorship fixing salaries, controlling hours, renting homes and even cooking and charging for the workers meals, while restraining the worker from freedom, a law promising to share whatever work the government gives is a realistic right. But this is all far behind American ideals and rights which already go much further, promising among other things freedom of work at one place or another and the right not to work.

Even this would not be so perplexing except that both sponsors and amenders of this right-to-work bill agree it carries no legal rights. Co-author Thomas of Utah may not have been pinned down on that point yet, but co-author Murray and amenders Taft and all the others, seem agreed no citizen could sue an employer or the government for a job, or get out an injunction, or that a labor union could sue, or get the courts to make someone establish jobs or wages, hours or anything. This, they all say, is just a declaration of the total policy by congress, no matter how it is worked. Its authors particularly deny that it is a bill to establish a legal basis for a whole new conception of

law in which the unions or individual workers could build up decisions through this new supreme court to indict the government or employers and perhaps establish criminal penalties.

If it does not do this, then what does it do? Well, it's sponsors rather frankly indicate they look on it as a political propaganda step, establishing a policy-peg upon which they can hang future legislative demands. Particularly they want big spending appropriations made in the future, and they will then say: "The policy of every man a job has been established so this appropriation must be made to give him a job." Or they can build up a demand that the Aluminum company be broken up for that reason, or that all black hair be made white because it would create jobs in the hair dyeing industry.

This makes it seem unimportant because congress retains the right to appropriate or not appropriate regardless of this undefined declaration of an unagreed policy. Frankly, then, I do not know what it means, except that everyone will ask for government funds if there is unemployment—which would happen anyway; indeed the government is already spending for that purpose, and has been for 15 years.

A statistical friend of mine claims to have counted 3000 job seeking men in the classified section of the Sunday paper which, incongruously featured in the news the legislative slogan "Every Man a Job." The bill does nothing about that either. It does not proclaim the right of the job to a man, although that problem seems more pressing at this particular time.

Washington, Sept. 24 — Although the full employment bill is being pushed through congress into law by a preponderant favor for it — and there is no objection to the basic hopefulness of its theory — no one seems to know what it means, or even where it came from. By great odds, it is the most uncertain and unclarified piece of legislation of my time here.

I have been calling it a C.I.O. bill because the C.I.O. has campaigned for it in the usual expensive and prepossessing manner which obscures other publicity. But C.I.O. planners did not write it. The numerous senators whose names are attached as co-authors will give you little satisfaction if you inquire where they got the notion of passing a law proclaiming the right to work which has always existed, legally, constitutionally and by custom. The original draft of their bill was probably composed, as nearly as I can ascertain, by the farmers union, farthest left of the three farmers' lobbies and often called the farmer branch of C.I.O. But of all things the farmers need right now, a law declaring their right to work must run behind help shortages, equipment shortages, price fears and practically every other existing agricultural consideration.

Uranium Advantage
To the Editor: The controversy in the Tribune over Editor Ruhl's suggestion that we deliver the secret of the atomic bomb to the United Nations now seems to me to have been "much ado about nothing."

I have just finished reading an article on the atomic bomb in the Sept. ELECTRONICS—a technical magazine with a subscription limited almost entirely to the radio and electronic industry. This article went further in explaining the atomic bomb than anything else I have been privileged to read. It told in detail how the essential ingredients could be produced and how the bomb could be set off. While it is quite possible that the explosion technique actually employed was different, still it struck me that any country which desired the "secret" of the atomic bomb would have only to supply its leading scientists with the contents of this article, and perhaps also some references cited therein, and it would be only a short time before the whole thing was worked out on paper.

Evidence of this may be found in the fact that ELECTRONICS, in this same issue, reprinted an article from its July 1940 issue which went into detail on the quest for atomic power, stressing the importance of U-235 and discussing methods of isolating it.

The German scientists probably knew almost as much as ours about atomic energy, but, most fortunately for us, lacked the raw materials and the technological resources to win the race.

AIMUS FRUITT

News Behind The News By Paul Mallon

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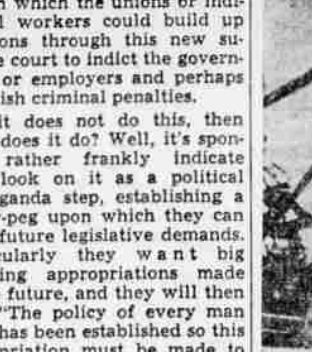
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Washington, Sept. 24 — (U.P.)—The Labor department reported tonight that discharged war workers already have begun a mass migration from war-production areas.

It said a survey showed that fully 17 per cent of the workers who have lost their jobs since the end of the war have moved out of the communities where they lived last spring. Nearly half of them have moved to other states.

A survey of air express shipments to department stores throughout the country shows that 53 per cent of the total originate in New York, 7 per cent in Philadelphia, 6 per cent in Chicago, 4 per cent in Boston, and 3 per cent in Los Angeles.



(Acme Radio-Telephoto) Apprehensive-appearing Japanese harbor pilot, enroute from destroyer Nicholas to battleship Missouri in Sagami Bay, off Tokyo, gets regal ride in Adm. Halsey's personal battle-tossed boat's chair Aug. 27, U.S. Navy radio-telephoto.

It was early morning and around the waiting cat and donkey and truck, dust was an ankle-deep, dead-gray flour. It rose in gusty puffs at each step the loggers took from their cars to their various positions about the job. It drifted up under staggard overalls; it up and was drawn into nostrils, throats and lungs. It settled over the red-checked shirt of the donkey puncher; over the brown shirt of the choker-setter; over the blue and white striped "hickory" of the loader. Rose and drifted and settled until the men were clothed in a common cloak of gray.

The donkey driver moved to a collection of barrels. Soon oil, darkly amber, gurgled thickly; gas was a silver ripple; the tinkle of water through hose from barrel to boiler was a foreign sound in that setting of powder-dry dust and potential explosives. The donkey came to life with an angry roar and clatter; shook itself and coughed blue rings of smoke which soon became one with the dust which rose in shaggy clouds from the vibrating donkey sled.

Across the canyon a logger semaphored in a mystic code; high overhead a cable carried a dangling choker. At a signal from the logger it stopped. More gestures on the part of the logger and the choker swayed, settled and was fastened about a log. The choker-setter scrambled out of the danger zone and gave the signal which set the timber on its way to the cold deck. Small trees in the path of its progress were snapped off with no more resistance, seemingly than if they had been matches. As they gave way, broken pieces of wood and chunks of bark sprayed out; the flak and shrapnel of the woods; each silver, each chunk of bark carrying potential injury, even potential death. The day's logging was off to a good start.

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they drank from jugs of tepid water. It was there, too, when they ate their lunches. It squashed from their clothing as they seated themselves in their cars at the end of the day. Their bodies were encrusted with it and little gobs of it lay in the corners of their red-rimmed eyes. Said a fretful wife that night, "You have no idea what it means to cook supper in this hot little kitchen, working in the cool green woods like you do", and was further irritated by her husband's grunt of sardonic amusement.

Closing time for Sunday Too Late to Classify 4:30 Saturday afternoon. Please remember

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