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And Evening Chronicle

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A Victory

Surprise In Italy Helps Us Great

The amphibious operations in Italy seem to us almost a miracle of war. In a relatively small, compact battle zone, Allied troops were put ashore in great numbers behind enemy lines and on enemy flanks supposedly alert to every danger. And yet the operations began with ease, almost without resistance. It is almost unbelievable that such a move could have taken place, involving hundreds of vessels and thousands of men, without the enemy becoming aware of our intentions and moving over short lines to meet the threat.

Yet the actions were launched with tremendous effectiveness, neutralizing to some extent the forces gathered by the enemy to the South, and at least partially eliminating his elaborate defenses as a military asset. That these landings were carefully and skillfully conceived and launched is beyond debate. That they are having a real effect upon the Italian campaign is told all too clearly in the German flight from Rome. It becomes apparent that the city will not much longer be tenable.

Despite the swift effectiveness of these new blows, however, do not expect to hear praises for them on all sides. Thousands of lay experts have long since become impatient with our Italian campaign, and caustically critical. There were loud cries at the news of our minor disaster in the harbor at Bari; this far greater operation, bringing success to our arms, is not likely to cause anything like so big a stir at home.

If the leap-frog tactics in Italy do not bring the excitement such as a full-scale invasion of the Continent will surely bring, it must still be remembered that this move brings us forward progress at a cheap rate. It has saved many lives, and brings greater pressure upon a beleaguered Germany. In Italy, these days, we contribute to the humiliation of the German supermen.

The Yield

It Is Sometimes Not High In The House

We know well enough that these are challenging times, fit only for the most vital business. But we will not have you miss action in The House, when Rep. Bloom of New York put on a Friday fight to hold the floor during a fierce discussion of relief to India. It went, in part, like this:

Mr. BLOOM. I decline to yield further.

Mr. SMITH of Ohio. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. BLOOM. I cannot yield.

Mr. SMITH of Ohio. I want to correct a misstatement that has been made.

The CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from New York declines to yield.

Mr. SMITH of Ohio. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. BLOOM. Not until I have completed my statement.

(Here a statement)

Mr. MUNDT. Will the gentleman yield?

Mr. BLOOM. No.

Mr. HOFFMAN. Will the gentleman yield to me?

Mr. BLOOM. Mr. Chairman, I decline to yield. I have been very fair yesterday and today.

Mr. MUNDT. The gentleman used my name. Now he declines to yield.

Mr. BLOOM. The gentleman mentioned my name, too.

Mr. HOFFMAN. Mr. Chairman, a point of order. The gentleman speaks so infrequently that I hoped we have the gentleman yield to me at the proper time?

Mr. BLOOM. I decline to yield.

Mr. WHITE. I said "at the proper time."

Mr. BLOOM. No.

Mr. WHITE. Mr. Chairman, if he does not yield to anybody I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The CHAIRMAN. Does the gentleman make the point of order that a quorum is not present?

Mr. WHITE. Mr. Chairman, I make that point of order. I mean it and I want it in the Record.

The CHAIRMAN. The Chair will count. (After counting.) One hundred and nineteen Members are present, a quorum. The gentleman from New York (Mr. Bloom) is recognized.

(Here a statement).

Mr. MUNDT. I will accept the challenge of the gentleman. Will he yield?

Mr. BLOOM. No. I stated I would not yield. I want to finish my statement.

(And here a statement)

Mr. MUNDT. Will the gentleman yield? He is now questioning my sincerity.

Mr. HOFFMAN. And your honesty.

Mr. BLOOM. Mr. Chairman, I am not questioning the sincerity nor honesty of my esteemed colleague from South Dakota. I refuse to yield.

Mr. HOFFMAN. Mr. Chairman, a parliamentary inquiry.

The CHAIRMAN. The gentleman will state it.

Mr. BLOOM. Mr. Chairman, I do not yield for a parliamentary inquiry. I do not yield for that purpose.

Mr. HOFFMAN. Does not the gentleman yield for a parliamentary inquiry?

Mr. BLOOM. No. Please let me finish.

Is there anyone to say, now, that The House of Representatives is not awake to its great responsibilities?

DeGaulle

He Speaks Right Out For French Freedom

British and American leaders must keep a sharp eye on this fellow DeGaulle. He's always been hard for us to get along with, but now he's broken out with radicalism. The man actually speaks for holding a French election as soon as his native land has been liberated. He does not want to dally around, waiting for 80 per cent of the electorate to filter back home from slavery in Germany and exile all over the world. Surely, this is dangerous political thinking!

DeGaulle has looked upon the political vacuum we have created in Italy, and seen the spoiling of our ideals there. He has seen all too closely the bitter business in North Africa after our landings there. And he wants no more of such a situation. He wants France liberated, and he wants to hear her speak, quickly. He pines for the day when she shall give voice to her own sentiments. He is suspicious of London and Washington, and argues against the advanced plan of a moratorium.

This is a man who believes that France still knows what she wants, and that she should be heard at the first opportunity. He does not want to leave her fate up to chance, or the calculated machinations of foreign diplomats and politicians. In the period after German collapse, You see how dangerous this man is?

He does not want to allow Americans and Britishers a chance to set up their policies of "expediency". He wants no deals made with the men of Vichy. He wants to hear from the people themselves, and does not want them muzzled as are the unfortunate citizens of

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON.

NOT long ago, the Justice Department brought an anti-trust suit against two members of the British House of Lords and one of Britain's biggest companies, Imperial Chemical Industries. Now, the Justice Department is investigating another British group of companies in connection with an alleged monopoly of a vital war material—mica.

Most people don't realize it, but today mica probably is the most important single material of the entire war. Without it there would be no radar, no radio, no electric gun controls and no detector devices. Yet there are indications that the U. S. Government has allowed itself to be restricted in the production and importation of mica by a British trust. The trust has been operating right under the noses of American officials.

What the Justice Department is interested in is why production of mica is low, and whether monopoly tactics are to blame. Today, despite the vital role mica plays in the war, we are forced to use paper dielectric devices as a substitute for mica. This is not satisfactory, and General Electric has spent $100,000 trying to find a better substitute, without success. In order to get out from under the British control of mica, the War Production Board some time ago urged the production of mica in the United States. To this end, Jesse Jones set up a special subsidiary of his Metals Reserve Company, called the Colonial Mica Corporation.

British Connections

However, it doesn't look as if he had done much about escaping the British control. The Justice Department finds that the man Jones has placed in charge is George A. Purcell, who in private life used to head a mica company known as Colonial Mica Company. Now he is running for Jesse Jones, the Colonial Mica Corporation. Furthermore, it is considered significant that Purcell was recommended for this Jesse Jones job by Howard C. Sykes, who is intimately connected with the British mica interests, and heads one company affiliated with the British group.

Significant also is the fact that Purcell is a neighbor of another big British mica official. Purcell lives at 21 Collins Ave., Bloomfield, N. J. next door to J. F. French, vice-president of Eugene Munsell & Company, which is part of the British trust. (Sykes, who put Purcell in his job, is connected with Munsell & Company). Thus, Purcell, who runs U. S. mica operations for Jesse Jones, could lean out of his window and discuss mica prices and production with his next door neighbor, an official of the British group.

One thing the Justice Department is interested in, in addition to the urgent war needs of mica, is domestic production after the war. The British trust long has built up the myth that its mica (obtained from India) is the world's best, just as the British formerly sold the idea that Sheffield was the world's best quality of cutlery steel.

However, the Bureau of Standards, after testing samples from various parts of the world, has failed to find any difference between foreign and domestic mica—India and the U. S. A. are the world's only important producing countries, but the product from India has so completely dominated world markets that the United States supplies less than twenty per cent of its own requirements.

This became a subject of alarm during the last war, and the Tariff Commission subsequently reported: "Central of supplies by London was clearly manifest during the last war and was exercised to the fullest extent through the British Ministry of Munitions. The total world supply, rigidly controlled from London, proved just sufficient during the war for the needs of all countries except Germany and its allies."

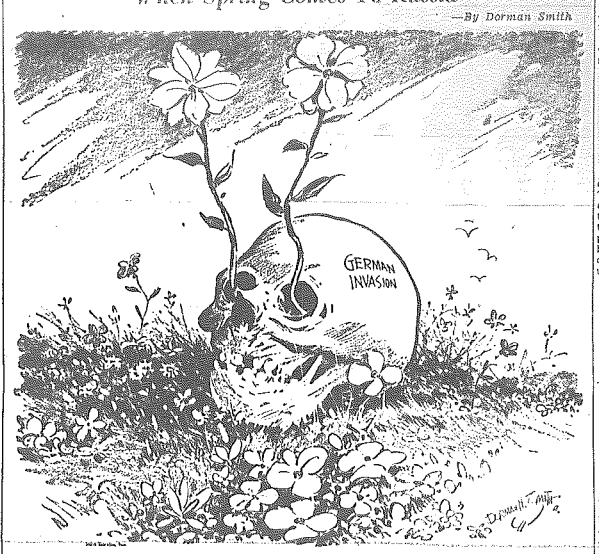
Today, Justice Department officials are investigating to see whether the British, together with their friends in the U. S. A., are still trying to keep production down so that their companies will be supreme after this war also.

Merry-Go-Round

In the Library of Congress, back numbers of Esquire are kept in the Delta Collection, a special collection of sex books and other erotica available to adults, not to adolescents . . . Tables have been turned since the days of aluminum shortage, when wood was rushed into service to replace light metals. Now lumber is so short that WPB's Lumber Facilities Branch is urging industry to substitute light metals for wood . . . British Embassy officials, mindful of food and liquor shortages here, are avoiding the usual diplomatic entertaining . . . Though he holds the important post of Senate whip, Senator Lister Hill of Alabama is facing a tough primary fight in May. He is opposed by big private power companies.

When Spring Comes To Russia

—By Dorman Smith



We Must Stick

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

ONE of the real reasons why the Russians may mistrust us a trifle, even now, is that we have no real plans for the future of Europe. We want to go home. We are in favor of whatever will enable us to win quickly and go home fast.

That is why we are able to get along better with the Polish Government-in-exile than the Russians are. The Polish Government-in-exile is merely our temporary companion on a brief adventure; but the Russians have to think of the same Polish Government in terms of a permanent neighbor, separated only by a party fence. We are asking for the moment when we can say: "Good-bye, Europe. Good-bye! May all your children be democrats." But the Russians have to stay in the old neighborhood.

It is a commendable aim on our part to want to go home speedily. Every G. I. echoes that wish. He would be a strange fellow if he didn't. But it makes us, in a sense, visitors. We are awfully temporary in Europe. That is why we are able to say, beaming, and with a kind of stuffy heartiness, that we are going to let nature take its course, politically, in each country on the Continent. We are not going to interfere in the internal wars between the stinkweeds and the violets. That is very broad-minded of us. It is almost sweet.

But it is the attitude of the visitor, not of the permanent resident, who is likely to have very decided ideas on the subject of living among stinkweeds. He is especially troubled when he sees us being "fair" to the weeds, by reaching out a hand to protect them whenever the violets, as in France and Italy, show a tendency to spread. We call this being democratic, and impartial. But it is the impartiality of Lady Bountiful, inspecting the peasants' huts. She would look under the beds with a more searching eye, and measure the closets more carefully, if she were examining a proposed habitation for herself.

No one is impartial about having half weeds and half flowers in his own garden. It is only in the other fellow's acre that such a state of affairs appears to be true equity. So it is that in France we help keep a Flandin and a Peyrouton from being tried for treason, and in Yugoslavia we give virtually equal recognition to two movements, neither of which can live with the other, and in Italy we try to strike a careful balance between good and evil.

Our favorite color for Europe is a dull gray, which we get by mixing everything together. Then we daub this shade vigorously on every house in town. Of course we wouldn't live there if you gave us the place. We have beautiful reasons for doing all this. But the reason of reasons is that we don't intend to be there very long.

We are satisfied with a cursory glance at the references of anybody who is willing to hold the baby and let us catch the train.

So maybe it is our very quality of being so relaxed about it all that stirs the Russians to a bit of distrust; maybe it is our very urbanity which moves them to occasional dark thoughts. We think the Polish Government-in-exile is a good old government-in-exile, fine, fine; and we consider that France is making very satisfactory progress toward liberalism. But Spaniards are killing Russians on Russian soil. The Polish border has been an open sore for two decades. These problems will remain after we, the shining visitors, shall have gone home, chuckling at how neatly we put that last point about impartiality.

Maybe if we showed a disposition to make more enemies in Europe, we would make more friends. If you get what I mean, and firmer ones; or, to put it another way, when you splash that gray paint around too much, everything begins to look sort of muddy.

New Britain's Primitive Front

By Raymond Clapper

Continued from Page One

der your jeep. Once our carburetor filled with water. The driver dried it out with a bandage from his first-aid kit, saying: "That's the most use I've found for the kit."

Other parts of the road are being driven through the swamp with bulldozers. Ruts are hub-deep in the constant battle with the mud, which our driver says is far worse than on Guadalcanal, where it was more sandy and not so deep.

The bow doors of our LST opened and we came into the channel at Finschhafen. We had to wait for our turn to unload because there was a jam of LCVPs and other landing craft. Finally we came to the ramp and our jeeps were lowered into the water. We had to wait for a long time for a tow boat to pull us off the sandy beach because our motor was flooded. Our jeep was the last one off the ship before it had to back out because of the jam of landing craft behind us.

In order to save time several of us went over the side into a small Higgins boat which pushed us up to the beach. We jumped off into hip-high surf. Although we got soaking wet, in a couple of hours we were completely dry. No one pays any attention to the rain, because the air is warm and soon dries you off.

Trees along the edge of the jungle for 200 yards back were stripped or shredded or knocked down by shell fire. Our troops had moved through this area the day before yesterday. Our troops had moved through this area the day before yesterday. Our troops had moved through this area the day before yesterday