

By Drew Pearson

The Dry's Pyrrhic Victory

Pro-drugs, indefatigable and tightly-organized foes of Demon Rum are generally regarded as an old-fashioned lot who never progressed beyond the elementary sociology of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," but they have, in fact, displayed an amazing adaptability to the shifting political currents of their time.

Many years have passed since Carrie Nation attacked a bar with an axe, and the present technique of the 23 full-time prohibitionist organizations who map national strategy in Washington is far more subtle.

Although they won a great victory in an abnormal election in 1918 through frontal assault, shutting off the national liquor supply in one fell swoop, they have not limited themselves to such a forthright approach. Their overwhelming defeat just fourteen years later did not dampen their ardor nor dent their moral armor, but it demonstrated that the adherents to their peculiar cause will be a minority, and probably always will be.

In order to enforce their will upon the nation they had to choose between the long, heart-breaking effort to convert a majority of the citizenry through a referendum, a slip through a plausible little war time measure that would have outlawed the sale of alcohol within a prescribed radius of any military establishment, and they almost succeeded before some of the more enlightened members realized that the military establishments in virtually every stable community, the

bill would, in fact, have created something close to national prohibition.

This, however, was but one phase of their unrelenting program, and their failure is almost offset by another great success achieved during the war years. When some 12,000,000 young and un-sympathetic men were out of circulation; in communities scattered across eighteen states they used local option to rout the Demon. In only one state, Massachusetts, did they lose ground; the Federal Reserve Bank and 25 others voted for the return of liquor.

We have long ago learned the futility of pointing out the unpleasant odor that emanates from some of the usual prohibitionist methods, and from most dry propaganda, for logic bounces off dedicated citizens convinced that their holy end justifies the most questionable means.

But as a purely practical matter, we have a idea the prohibitionists have outsmarted themselves, and will soon meet the fate of most pressure groups. Twelve million veterans are on their way home, and they will not take any more kindly to the effort to tamper with their personal privileges than their fathers did. And they will soon be organized, represented by a lobby in Washington and one or more highly vocal groups in each community. They represent enough solid political strength to start the nation running the other way, and, if for no other reason than irritation, we expect them to do so without delay.

We wouldn't even be surprised to see rock-ribbed old Mecklenburg finally persuaded to repeal its law, and become legally as well as actually wet within the next twelve months.

WASHINGTON CLEARTEST call for Congressional action on resolution was voiced last week in a little-noticed speech by the ex-Minneapolis steel-sweeper, Representative Gallagher.

Without any hesitation, he pinned responsibility for the Congressional sit-down strike right in the lap of the leadership of important House committees. Gallagher, a member of four committees (General, Indian Affairs, Mining and Mining, and Pensions), pointed out that only the Indian Affairs Committee has been active in this regard.

"I might just as well not be on a committee at all," he remarked. The benevolent, white-haired former supporter of Henry George called for an end to the long delay in stalling the House on the Federal Employment Bill, the 60-cent Minimum Wage Bill, and other important measures bound up with reconstruction.

Reason for the long delays in committees, he said, is that "leaders on both sides of the House do not trust the members if they are not in complete agreement on the objective of these measures, at least they should permit them to come before the House for a vote."

"Why should we sit here day after day doing nothing but talk, talk, criticize, and fight battles that are past, in place of having our eyes to the future for the benefit of our country and for the benefit of the soldier boys? ... I want action and sane thinking."

NOTE—As long as reactionary Southern Congressmen are chairmen of committees they can bottle up legislation and prevent its coming to a vote.

Lewis Comes Home

Officials on both sides publicly deny reports that John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers Union will join the American Federation of Labor. However, privately the deal already has been made.

Lewis will be returned to the fold at the next AFL executive council meeting in Miami, Jan. 21. Furthermore, the temperate mine leader will be granted his No. 1 demand, a seat in the executive council for his 600,444 mine workers.

Details of the reunion were worked out in a series of secret contacts between Lewis and AFL moguls, including President Green, carpenter boss "Big Bill" Hutcheson, and others during the labor-management conference.

Biggest immediate barrier to be overcome was the lack of vacancies on the executive council. However, Green and his associates have now worked out a neat little plan to remedy this—the ouster of Harvey W. Brown, president of the International Association of Machinists.

Brown has been in hot water with AFL bigwigs for a long time because of non-payment of per capita taxes, growing out of a dispute between him and Hutcheson over unionization of millwrights. Only about 5,000 millwrights (they install machinery in industrial plants) are involved, but Brown and Hutcheson have been

batting furiously as to which shall collect dues from them. Brown has threatened several times to pull out of the AFL, unless the issue is decided in his favor and his military tax levies, raised for the last year to show that he means business.

Several months ago, Green told the machinists' boss flatly to "get the taxes on the line" or face suspension. Brown's answer to this ultimatum was that he would pay the back taxes only after midnight if the issue was settled by the AFL executive council—meeting of course, settled in his favor.

There's no chance of this while the potent Hutcheson is sitting on the board. But even should Brown repent and kick in, he still will be given the gate at the January meeting when the AFL regulation providing for the suspension of any union which is three months in arrears in the payment of per capita assessments.

Brown's removal will be a double victory for Hutcheson. Not only is he getting rid of an enemy and thus making it possible to put the full might of the AFL behind his drive or organize the millwrights, but he is also getting a close crowd, John L. Lewis, a seat at the AFL council table.

NOTE—John L. and Hutcheson are strange bed-fellows. Once bitter foes, they slugged it out with their fists some years back at an AFL Convention. Such is the fleeting character of union politics.

Russian Red Tape

Marshall McDuffie, deputy to overseas property liquidator Tom McCabe, has just returned from a trip through conquered Europe. Anxious to go from Warsaw to Prague early in October, he checked with U. S. military headquarters to see if an Army plane was scheduled to cover this mountainous route. None was.

Next McDuffie checked at the American Embassy, where he was told it would be useless to go to the Russians. Even if they were to give him a plane, he was told, Russian red tape would take him ten days to get started.

However, lunching with an American UNRRA worker, McDuffie revealed his predicament. Lunch was over at about 2:30. At 3 P. M. McDuffie received a call from Red Army headquarters offering him a ride on a plane expected to go to Prague from Moscow the next morning.

The Moscow plane was delayed, however, so McDuffie was put on another Russian plane with crew composed of two Russians and three Poles. He was charged 255 rubles for the 400-mile journey over the mountains, and was permitted to pay in Polish zlotys. Thus, the total trip cost him 97 cents in American money.

From Prague, McDuffie drove to Bratislava and Vienna, thence to Frankfurt. With his Russian-Gzech pass and an American flag on the car he had no trouble so long as he was in Russian-controlled territory—being stopped only twice for a reading of his pass.

Between Vienna and Frankfurt, however, McDuffie was stopped six times by American GIs and finally was arrested and fined by an American military policeman for speeding on an eight-lane auto-bahn, or highway. With no traffic in sight in either direction, his chauffeur had been traveling at 55 miles per hour.



"It's about time they cut down the pension age... After all, a man who's been buffed for 20 years deserves a pension!"

Scientific Goose-Bumps

By Samuel Crafton

NEW YORK We were not greatly concerned about the first. Then we went on to destroy cyclotrons, which are run by quiet-type characters who can rarely tell a factory from a mine.

SENTENCE TO IGNORANCE The greatest value of the incident is that it shows us exactly, and in the clearest form, what is worrying American scientists. Our policy sentences almost everybody outside a selected group of official thinkers, to ignorance concerning a vast field of natural knowledge. It means that the enemy will not only be able to get a better education, but that there is a touch of intellectual vandalism. I am sure no such motive consciously entered the hearts of our military men when they ordered the destruction; but after all, it is the whole point of our atomic policy that, conceivably, it makes us fear knowledge.

There is a kind of splendor in the manner in which American scientists have risen to protest the destruction. Professors Johnson, of Chicago, Stone, of the University of California, and Burrows, of Notre Dame, have protested, and so has the Association of Oak Ridge Scientists. These men are hardly pro-Japanese; many of them worked on the atomic bomb which killed so many Japanese; but something about the sight of soldiers pulling laboratories apart gives them the goose-bumps.

A FOEBISH VISION The action was unlike us, somehow; it was unlike America, and it raises horrid visions for the future. For example, if we had not yet made a bonfire of books, it would be only a logical follow-up of the destruction of the cyclotrons to destroy any good Japanese book on nuclear physics; just the kind of thing that we do. And then what no you do with the Japanese physicist? You can't very well have a general blow him out, you make him sign a pledge not to think?

Our action was a kind of wild and characteristic act of freedom of our atomic bomb policy that, instead of giving us a real solid security, it makes us fearful, and it makes us pitch wild. For President Truman, hardly a thinking man, had carefully drawn a line between theoretical atomic knowledge and industrial atomic technology, and he had said that while we would keep the second a secret,

STRANGE MIXTURE This mixture of legal authority and science with the national, all compacted, appears to our scientists as something strange, and something that is not only a little reactionary, but it seems to me that those of us who are always a little more concerned about freedom as it concerns the press, etc., must begin to think now about freedom of atomic energy, for much is wrapped up in that issue. And the worst of it is that we always come to realize that the kind of security offered by these dubious new developments in American life, which even make us secure; it is the kind of security that makes a man a dandy jumpy, and causes his hand to tremble, and when he throws, to throw wide of the mark.

The People's Platform

By C. B. MANNING Spartanburg, S. C. Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor; so doth a little fault in him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor." Eccl. 10:1.

Yes, we have a very broad-minded President of the United States. He is so broad-minded that he can have dinner Saturday night with Methodists, Sunday luncheons with Presbyterians, and dinner with Baptists Sunday night with the members of the United States churches and a true-man to the devil inspired brewers. For he always comes to the same conclusion, wrong with me that a little whisky wouldn't cure?"

And what nerve he's got to dine with church people and then praise the liquor the pastors of these churches fight—let's insult to men in the service to drink? And how will the mothers feel who pray for their boys? And as head of the Army and Navy doesn't set a very poor example and make it easier for all men in the service to drink? Even Gene Tunney the prize fighter and trainer of Navy and Army men would call this a foolish remark, calculated to do great harm to the boys.

How gloriously the President has made honor on a Boy Scout business!—he puts it in every Boy Scout's mind in

Quote, Unquote A generation or less ago preparedness was expressed in an interlocking armament race. Tomorrow it will be a race for scientific supremacy.—Dr. R. M. Macswain, Johns Hopkins University Medical College.

Another Door Is Shut

In a strange and inverted way, the United Nations Organization, which stood only a few months ago as a symbol of our hope for international cooperation, has become a substitute for outright isolation. There could be no surer sign that the UNO is meaningless in its present form than the vote cast in favor of it by Senator Burton K. Wheeler, whose ideas of international cooperation he has recently made known. Senator Wheeler was, if you can remember back that far, a man who was willing to let the world disappear in flames if the United States could but survive the holocaust.

But, as hopeless as the resolution of the San Francisco Conference turned out to be, there has been reason to regard it as a starting point from which we could move toward some more tangible guarantee of enduring peace. President Truman apparently saw the loose alliance embodied in the UNO resolution as a basis for a limited world government, or at least his early pronouncements on the subject left the impression that he would be willing to negotiate with America on a parity of sovereignty in the cause of preserving the peace.

Either Mr. Truman was indulging in double-talk, or he has since changed his mind, for Senator Tom Connally, the

Administration's spokesman on UNO matters, is now on record with this flat statement: "I don't want world government, ever." Senator Connally's statement was intended to inform the Senators Ball (Republican of Minnesota), Fulbright (Democrat of Arkansas) and Taylor (Democrat of Idaho), who have concluded that a world state, with real power to enforce its decisions, is our only hope of survival in the Atomic Age.

Senator Connally's words should be engraved above the entrance of The Chicago Tribune Tower, for they mark a great and overwhelming isolationist victory. The UNO has been reduced to the status of a sounding board against which we can voice internationalist sentiments while we continue to deny our nationalistic path. It will not fool the rest of the world, but perhaps it will fool the people of the United States, and this, apparently, was the intention of some, at least, of those who sponsored it.

No Check, No Balance

That vaunted system of checks and balances which is the Government of the United States is presently putting on an exhibition of total little-check coupled with a noticeable lack of balance. One instance comes under the general heading of the right hand not knowing what the left hand doeth.

Reconversion Director Snyder admits to hearing "increasing reports" that some manufacturers are holding up the delivery of goods until the end of the year shall have expired, and with it the excess profits tax. It is all perfectly legal, says Mr. Snyder, but he does not add that it is also entirely preventable.

Now, with December thrusting around the corner, the horse is gone and there is little point in locking the stable. But,

From The Louisville Courier-Journal: Ellen Glasgow And The South

Ellen Glasgow was born in Richmond, Va., in the house in which she died at the age of 71. Her health was not good, but she never needed money, or knew deprivation of the comfort to which she was accustomed. The impulse which made her write, in the best sense of the word, this country has produced, a total of thirteen novels, a volume of distinguished essays and an autobiography as yet unpublished, came from an unconquerable impulse within herself, an impulse that analyzed without the least modesty, as the fundamental attributes of the artist.

Her calculated attack upon the sterile escapism of the Southern novel of her time, the horse is gone and there is little point in locking the stable. But, From The Louisville Courier-Journal: Ellen Glasgow And The South

for future consideration, when other limitations on production, such as price ceilings, are finally abandoned, we advance the theory that the inevitable procrustean cuts could and should be avoided.

The legislation repealing the excess profits tax, for instance, might have had a section like this: "Profits of the current taxable year shall be computed on the basis of the profits which would have been realized by the customary sale and delivery of merchandise in finished or finishable form."

Full of loopholes? Perhaps so, and we recognize that such a device would bring on a good many arguments. But it would also bring a good many goods onto the market.

tragedy." And again, "I have not, anywhere, discovered a reason to deny Thoreau's profound saying, 'The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation.'"

But neither was she a believer in or a sympathizer with, the newer and rarer school of Southern realism.

"One may admit," she declared, "that the Southern States have more than an equal share of degeneracy and deterioration; but the multitude of half-wits and whole idiots, and nymphomaniacs, and parasites who are scattered all over the South populate the modern literary South could flourish nowhere but in the weird pages of melodrama. There is no harm in the fashion, one surmises, until it poses as tragedy. It may be magnificent, indeed, but it is not realistic, and it is got particularly Southern."

John L. Lewis Is Bidding For Power Again

By Marquis Childs

WASHINGTON SO far as one may judge by surface general Motors strike will be on indefinitely. An irresistible force has met an immovable body.

The longer the deadlock continues in Detroit, the greater becomes the probability that Congress will act. While that action will aimed primarily at labor, it will hit management as well.

The unions are opposed to any form of compulsory arbitration. So are the employers, as represented in the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce. But compulsory arbitration in some form or other is what they will get if the war in Detroit goes on. While the gun will be aimed at labor, inevitably both sides will be hit.

Behind the deadlock, with its dire consequences for the future, you can begin to see the outline of a political drama taking shape. The hero of that drama—or villain, depending on how you happen to feel about it—is none other than that smiling Thespian and time-honored tragedian, John L. Lewis.

Lewis, with his incurable flair for the dramatic, has been sulking ever since the CIO deserted him when he bolted for Wendell Willkie in 1940. Now he sees a chance to come back, and in a big way.

A Shrewd Politician

A shrewd politician, he has been convinced for some time that there is nothing more to be gained from the Democrats. For 1948, he has his eye fixed on the Republicans.

he founded, and then repudiated, of putting labor in a union back into the AFL. With his half million miners, Lewis will be the real power no matter who may happen to be president of the federation. In that role, he will be in a strong position to bargain with the COP.

To Baffle Southerners For political purposes, it will not be hard to make it look as though reactionary Southern Democrats were entirely responsible for the "anti-labor" legislation. Representative Eugene Cox, of Georgia, and others in the House are working hard to make that case. John L. will be able to ignore the fact that the hostile legislation was put over with the help of Republicans who think like he.

Lewis knows full well that the magic of the Roosevelt name and the Roosevelt vote will not be present in 1948. It is hard to see how anything less than that magic can reconcile the split in labor's ranks, unless, of course, the Republicans manage to throw the election away again.

If this seems to look a little far into the future, let it be said that the eager Fordwits are suggesting just these possibilities in Washington today. While the strategy is at present in what might be called the cockpit stage, certain of Lewis' admirers within the COP are taking it with complete seriousness.

One More Gamble

Inside the CIO, it is not being lightly dismissed, either. The few fellow with the shaggy eyebrows is trying to box the CIO in at every possible opportunity. He wants to recover of the "anti-labor" legislation. He wants to recover of the "anti-labor" legislation. He wants to recover of the "anti-labor" legislation. He wants to recover of the "anti-labor" legislation.



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