

George Sokolsky
Reds Seem
Ashamed of
Their Label

YOU can call Herbert Hoover, Tom Dewey, Bob Taft, or anybody else, a Fascist. Nothing happens when you do that, but I wonder what the Governor of North Carolina would do to the Governor of South Carolina, if one called the other a Republican. There are limits to what can be said about a public man.

I have known politicians to smile when they were called crooks, to get a merry twinkle in their eyes when they were denounced as grafters. I have even known them to refer to each other in those delectable Anglo-Saxon terms which no gentleman takes without a smile. But when the same politicians are called Communists or Reds, they flare up as though someone had discovered their right name.

IT IS all a matter of fashion. There was a time when everybody wanted to be known as a liberal. Definitions were offensive, of course, because what was one man's liberalism was another man's poison. For instance, Fiorello LaGuardia was one of America's deepest-dyed liberals. But it was his Police Department, which he personally managed as Mayor of New York, that sent an under-cover crew into all sorts of organizations to spy on them. That has just come out after a long secrecy. When Himmler did that in Germany it was denounced as the worst form of Fascist depravity. Here it is liberalism.

IT IS liberal and good manners to denounce a man for being a stooge, a tool, a front for the National Association of Manufacturers, even if he dislikes the NAM. For instance, the Hartley-Taft Labor Bill is being widely described as an NAM bill in spite of the fact that the NAM had as much to do with it as you or I. True, there has been some boastful NAM advertising to give the impression of achievement where there is none.

If, however, you attack a Senator as being under CIO pressures, even if true, it is an offensive accusation which he resents. Is he ashamed of that association?

THE greatest crime of all is to call a man a Communist even if every public act shows him to be one. You have to be careful about that. You can call him a dope but not a Communist even if you can quote him head-on as supporting every twist and twirl of the Communist line. Some try the subtlety of saying that he is pro-Communist which is no go, because that is still disgraceful and humiliating. He might sue for damages.

You might say that he loves Stalin more than Truman, which is his constitutional privilege, or that the Kremlin is a better headquarters than the White House, which is a matter of taste. But you cannot say he is a Communist unless you have a copy of his party card.

THE other day, I saw a piece which used a phrase, "The Hoover-Truman-Vatican Policy." You can say that about anybody. But it is troublesome to suggest that anybody, even if you can put the words in parallel columns, speaks the Kremlin-Third International line. That defines the poor bloke.

I think this is all to the good. If people are proud of their causes, they are not ashamed of them. No man sues for libel if he is described, let us say, as a Christian. But there are suits going these days for calling men Communists. That's fine. That means that they are ashamed of that association. That means that it has become a disgrace, an insult, a humiliation, to be called a Communist. Nothing could be better for this country.

Copyright, 1947, N. Y. Tribune, Inc.

Washington Background

Lobbyist Seeks to Curb
Capital Cocktail Careers

By The Inquirer Washington Bureau Staff

REPORTING the other day on lobbyists who have registered with the clerk of the House and the secretary of the Senate, we omitted the man who set forth the most embracing statement of objectives. He is John Dickinson Bell, editor and publisher of Unveiling the Universe. Bell says that among other aims he hopes to recommend "laws which will effectively control boozeleers and the booze racket; to enact a constitutional amendment which will prevent the election or appointment to any office whatsoever where the person has any control over lives, the livelihood, the liberty, the land, and/or the property of others, when such become text or cocktail or sick or muddled or boozey or drunk, and/or from other venoms that menace commonweal."

The yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, which has always enjoyed great popularity among farmers and even victory garden growers, is being published this year for the first time since 1942. A resume or recent developments in farming, gardening, and home-making, the yearbook has been published every year since 1862 except for the interruption during the Second World War. It may be obtained from the superintendent of documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, for \$2.

Seldom have the clerks of the House had to deal with so many duplicating names on the House roll call. For example, there are five Smiths (four Republicans, one Democrat), five Johnsons (three Republicans, two Democrats), four Jones (two Republicans, two Democrats), four Millers (three Republicans, one Democrat), three Coles (all Republicans), two Scotts, both Philadelphia Republicans, two Simpsons, two Wilsons, two Thomases, two Boggs, two Bradleys, two Browns, two Cases, two Davises, two Grants, two Halls, two Jacksons, two Jenkins, two Mansfields, two Murrays, two Phillips, two Prices, two Reeds, two Martins and two Schwabes.

In addition there are three other pairs whose names are pronounced alike, although spelled differently: McMillan of South Dakota and McMillen of Illinois; Gwinn of New York and Gwynne of Iowa; Engle of California and Engel of Michigan.

Senate clerks have less trouble with the Senate List, which has only two duplicating names: Robertson of Virginia and Robertson of Wyoming; Thomas of Utah and Thomas of Oklahoma.

Pennsylvania is leading the Nation in enrollments in the Naval Reserve. Many cities of the State have exceeded their assignments. Philadelphia with an assignment of 3990 had enrolled 2142 on May 1. Pittsburgh had enrolled 965 of its assignment of 1890. Of an assignment of 11,130 for the State, 9874 have enrolled.

Some capital observers attribute the keen interest of Senator Millard F. Tydings (D., Md.) in the hundreds of held-up nominations for postmasterships sent up by the President this year to his reported aspiration to be President Truman's running mate in 1948.

The Senate Civil Service Committee, headed by Senator William Langer (D., N. D.) has refused to report the nominations for confirmation. His argument is that he wants to investigate why so many nominees happen to be Democrats, when postmasters are supposed to be selected from competitive Civil Service examination lists.

Politicians regard postmasters as extremely efficient campaigners, which may or may not account for Tydings' interest in the pending nominations.

Gael Sullivan, executive director of the Democratic National Committee, announced the other day that Josef Berger, assistant director of publicity of the committee, had been awarded a Guggenheim fellowship for the purpose of writing a novel and was resigning.

"That won't be much of a change of pace for Berger," commented a Republican Congressman. "Everything that has been coming out of the Democratic National Committee in the last few months sounded like fiction to me."
—Edited by John C. O'Brien

Edgar Ansel Mowrer
Communist Party 'Friends'
Form Hidden Danger in U.S.

THE Federal Government should understand that whether Carl Aldo Marzani is a dues-paying member of the Communist Party is beside the point. The real issue is whether he has consciously promoted Communist or pro-Soviet aims.

Marzani, a former State Department employe, was found guilty by a Federal Court Jury Thursday on charges of hiding Communist Party affiliations in a Federal loyalty test. The Communist Party is—obviously—not a political party but a worldwide conspiracy. Some of it is visible, most of it is underground.

IN ORDER to remain hidden, the Party long ago arranged for three different sort of "comrades": (1) avowed, dues-paying members; (2) unofficial "friends" who, by remaining formally outside the party, can promote its aims unhampered by embarrassing membership ties.

Outside Russia, it is the invisible and unofficial "comrades" who serve Moscow best—as the Canadian espionage trials demonstrated.

I KNOW this because on one occasion, a highly placed Soviet official tried to convert me. Since he may not be dead, I shall keep back details which might identify him. I am, however, ready to swear that the following represents the substance of our conversation.

Comrade X began by inviting me to an excellent lunch at an inconspicuous restaurant. Over the coffee he opened up.

Comrade X: You are doing good work against Hitler. We have been observing you for some time.

E. A. M.: Honored, I'm sure.

X: Your weakness is, you are not a Marxist and do not quite understand Hitlerism. Only Karl Marx is the key to understanding of the contemporary world. Have you studied Marx?

E. A. M.: Pretty thoroughly. I was not converted. Probably I need a touch of divine grace—as for other religions.

X: Seriously, why don't you join us?

E. A. M.: Who's us—the Soviet Government?

X: The Communist Party.

E. A. M.: What good would I be to you if I gave up my present job and moved to Moscow?

X: Who said anything about moving to Moscow? We would want you to remain just where you are.

E. A. M.: Interesting but hardly practical. My present boss is a pretty liberal fellow. But if I announced that I had joined the Communist Party, he might be narrow-minded enough to suggest I look for another job.

X: Why tell him? Some of our best friends find it convenient to keep their friendship for us dark.

E. A. M. (after a pause): I see. Yes, I suppose I might be useful. But it's no good because I don't believe in Marx.

X: That might come in time. You are a friend of the oppressed.

E. A. M.: Thanks again. But suppose I did join up, what would I get out of it?

X: I don't understand.

The Labor Front

Wallace Only
A Salesman
For Magazine

By Victor Riesel

HENRY WALLACE is working his way through the U. S. selling magazines. In his own stary eyes he may see himself as the nation's only forward-looking, a sandy-haired lone ranger galloping across country shouting "Hi-Ho Progress" to the adoring proletariat.

But he's selling magazines. It may hurt his feelings to see it put that way. But let's get it straight. That barnstorming political circus Wallace is trundling from city to city—a circus equipped at times with a burlesque blackout artist (left wing); a radio barker (very left wing); and an opera singer (very, very left wing)—is a publicity stunt sponsored by his magazine people.

IT'S important to set the record straight because Henry Wallace has been passing himself off as the leader of a new working stiff "up-surgin'" crusade; a new third party; a new tendency which sees as evil all who disagree (or don't subscribe). Nonsense.

He's selling magazines. Let's see—just who does Mr. Wallace actually speak for—so insultingly? Whom does he represent? His magazine, of course, which has sponsored his speaking tour.

ALSO the extreme left wingers in the carefully selected cities where he's spoken in crowded halls. In each of these big towns, the little Karl Marx clubs, the debating societies, the campus left-wing centers; the leather-jacket crowd; the multitude of Committees to Protect the Indonesian Proletariat and Save by Buying at Lower Prices Later, were dragnetted by Wallace's professional promoters in search of audiences.

I know this happened in Chicago, where he appeared with a night club comedian, a singer and a radio commentator who are the regular standbys at most all left-wing rallies and "cause" benefits in the East. I know this happened in Oakland, where they alerted every left winger in the San Francisco Bay Area. It happened in Detroit, too, where only the left-wing union at Ford would have him to a disconsolate meeting outside the plant.

THAT'S his only crowd. The left-wing clique in each city. He doesn't speak for business. He doesn't speak for any influential Republican, Democrat or Socialist. And he doesn't speak for labor. I'd rather not print what the AFL men said of him today when I clobbered them on Wallace. As for the CIO, Mr. Wallace hasn't spoken to any important leader of that organization in many months.

Today I was told in the headquarters of informed CIO leaders that "as far as we're concerned Wallace is no candidate for anything. He has no support in CIO. He's just a propagandist on a speaking trip."

IN FACT Wallace has alienated CIO political leaders by attacking Minneapolis Mayor Humphrey, whom the CIO's Political Action Committee boasts it re-elected.

So slight is Wallace's influence in labor circles he could get only six union men, mostly obscure, to give him letters of introduction to foreign union chiefs when he went abroad.

AS FOR Wallace leading a third party—a story he's had his press agents pipe to columnists and reporters—that's just downright silly. That lone political ranger couldn't rally anybody but the left wingers to get an election petition signed, unless he paid so much per hundred names gathered.

That left-wing crowd, those leather-jacket-era intellectuals and those hep college kids couldn't elect Wallace as alderman in any of the cities in which they filled the meeting halls for him. If they could they would have elected their own left wingers long ago.

So, if they want Wallace in '48—they'd better subscribe to his magazine. He sells it, you know.

THE STRANGEST THINGS HAPPEN TO LABOR: You're no true son of Brokepin unless you go out to the ball park at least once a year to do homage to the Dodgers. At least, so thinks the AFL coffee makers' union. They've just signed an agreement with a Brooklyn plant to set aside one afternoon every summer when the workers can put down tools and go out to bellow for the Bums at full pay and at the boss' expense.

It's no cinch to make a worm turn. In fact a worm tutor is worth \$20 a day to his boss if you believe the new worm-AFL union. The 70 members of the studio animal handlers' union, whose work ranges from cockroaches to condors, are demanding as much as \$50 a day for training the more stubborn beasts. They want to work in a closed shop, too—and they don't mean a cage.

have hidden it in his shoe. Eight to one.

Bill restraining hand laundries from sharpening collars. Eight to one.

Disqualifying of college basketball stars for taking four quick steps with a book. Eight to one.

In a poker game why do the winners require more sleep than the losers? Eight to one.

What is millinery? It is something a woman will put on her head in the parlor that she would throw away in the kitchen. Eight to one.

When a lady makes a mistake she can always collect alimony on it. Eight to one.

Shall a barber drop a hot towel on your face when it is too hot to hold? Eight to one.

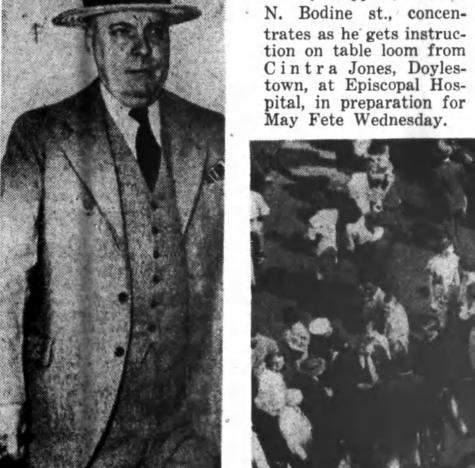
Is a Yogi a Bombay Boy Scout who has tied a knot in himself? Eight to one.

Should the next President's daughter sing without warning on the radio? Eight to one.

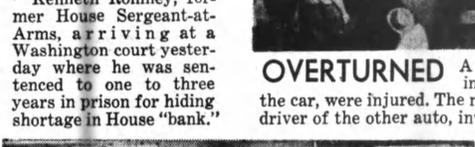
The rest of the time the Justices of the high, the low and the medium rare, were accepting retarded diplomats from various colleges. They got smart after they were graduated.



INTENT
Billy Ruppert, of 2124 N. Bodine st., concentrates as he gets instruction on table loom from C. Intra Jones, Doylestown, at Episcopal Hospital, in preparation for May Fete Wednesday.



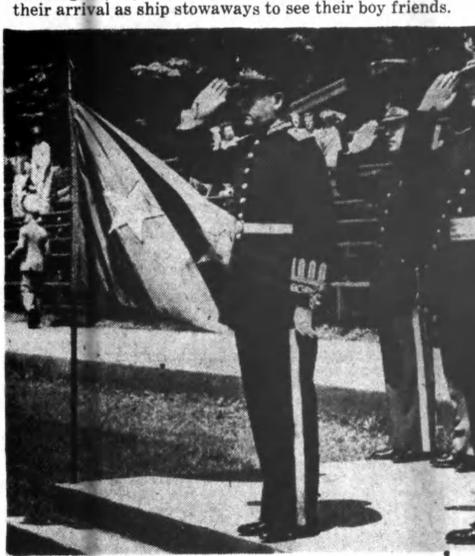
SENTENCED
Kenneth Romney, former House Sergeant-at-Arms, arriving at a Washington court yesterday where he was sentenced to one to three years in prison for hiding shortage in House "bank."



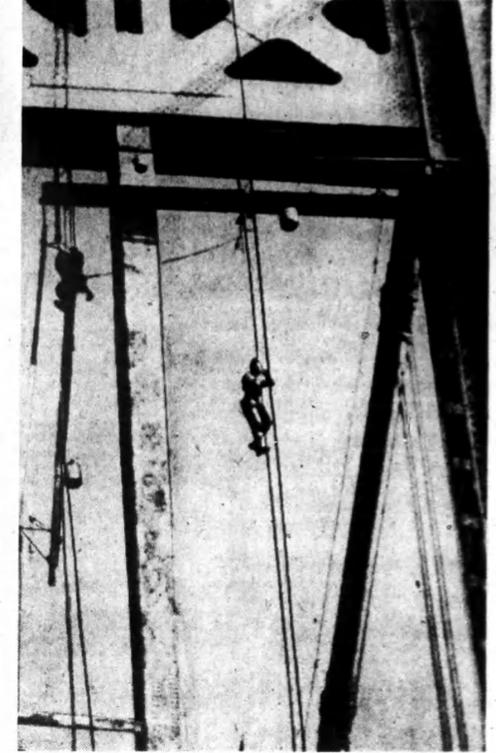
OVERTURNED
A car overturned after a crash at Broad and Cherry sts., during the rush hour yesterday afternoon. Four youths, riding in the car, were injured. The machine upset against a third car, parked on the corner. The driver of the other auto, involved in the crash, was not injured, police reported.



STOWAWAYS
Sandra Lee (left), Wanda Sauderian (center), and Norma Hughes, Australians, shown in New Orleans after their arrival as ship stowaways to see their boy friends.



SALUTE
Gen. Luis Alamillo Flores (left, foreground), of Mexico, saluting as cadets of Valley Forge Military Academy pass in review during his visit to the school yesterday. Next to him is Maj. Gen. Milton G. Baker, academy head.



LEFT DANGLING
Two painters hang by their safety belts 200 feet above the Triborough Bridge in New York after their scaffold slipped. The men were rescued when fellow workers swung them back and forth on the ropes until they were able to grab the tower structure. Both were uninjured.



HONORED
Dr. R. C. Hutchison (left), Lafayette College president, receiving honorary Doctor of Laws degree from R. P. Hooper, of Jefferson Medical College, at Jefferson's graduation exercises.



FOUND SLAIN
Mrs. Ethel Ellis Boyd, 35, taxi operator and driver, who was found slain in a ditch near Forest City, Ark. A suspect has been arrested, authorities report.



FOUND SLAIN
Mrs. Ethel Ellis Boyd, 35, taxi operator and driver, who was found slain in a ditch near Forest City, Ark. A suspect has been arrested, authorities report.