

The Labor Front
GOP Leaders Quiz Aides on Labor Drive

By Victor Riesel
KISSING babies at election time may be a past art but it doesn't look like the professional political leaders can avoid sitting with them.

It's a technique the labor politicians exploited last month much to the chagrin of the regular 75-cent-an-hour teen age baby-minders. But the union political action chiefs were out for ballots and good will and claim it won many a housewife's vote for their candidates.

Now the Republican Party's earnestly soul-searching strategists are looking into those techniques in every ward in the country to discover if any bets have been overlooked in the drive "to bring victory back . . . in the Congressional elections."

Republican district workers everywhere have just received a letter from their energetic, tall, mustached national chairman, Hugh Scott, who asks them bluntly: "Where did our party fail in your community?"

This form letter to 180,000 party workers has generally been viewed as a routine pep talk on paper with a bid for dollars attached. But there's far more to it than that. At national GOP headquarters in Washington, the strategists tell me they're deeply interested in the operations of the new, doorbell-ringing political machines thrown into the wards by union district captains in the final week of the campaign.

The GOP topade people want to know just what happened. Was their party misunderstood, did they lose on issues, or did the labor crowd merely turn the campaign into a personal popularity contest by sitting with babies, shopping for housewives and commiserating on personal problems?

When the information rolls into the GOP national headquarters in Connecticut Ave. it will be tabulated, analyzed and submitted to the Republican National Committee when it meets during the last week in January or the first week in February somewhere in the Midwest.

Incidentally, at the very time the Republicans are post-mortemizing, the AFL chiefs will be whipping into shape across country in Miami a political and propaganda machine which they expect to huggernaut right into the Democratic Party and capture a good part of it.

The Republicans will not let the Miami managers go unwatched. THE REASON is that Hugh Scott and the other GOP leaders have no intention of automatically conceding the labor vote to the Democrats—and are interested in what the union chiefs have to say.

In fact, ever since early hours that gray dawn of Nov. 4, when thousands of letters began hitting Scott's desk calling for a national wide policy conference to give the Republican Party a "broader base," Scott has been "very much for getting labor's point of view presented at this party."

THEY'RE practical men, these Republican leaders, and have little hope that the committed labor giant, even if they were wanted, would tuck to the national policy conference.

But the GOP did have the support of scores of rank-and-file leaders and rank-and-file rank-and-file. These are the union men Scott will try to get to speak up at the gauntlet.

This conference still is in the planning stage. But there seems to be little doubt, amongst those I spoke to, that the Republican National Committee, when it meets in about a month, will approve a mid-year conference—and that there will be labor men present.

GOV. DEWEY himself now is reported believing that too little emphasis was placed on campaign appeals to the 15,000,000 union members and his camp has been exceedingly friendly to New York labor circles in the past few weeks.

Senator Taft, who was never a die-hard on his labor law, has always been for amending it. There'll be no amendment, but the GOP does want to know what the working union staff is thinking.

Washington Background
Polish-Born Aide Ghosted Hurley's Famed Irish Wit

By The Inquirer Washington Bureau Staff
WASHINGTON, Dec. 23. President Truman elevated Col. A. Robert Ginsburgh to a brigadier general the other day. It reminded us that the new general never got credit for a lot of hard work he put in ghosting pieces for many officials in the War Department from the Secretary of War to some generals.

However, the best story they tell about Ginsburgh concerns Maj. Gen. Patrick J. Hurley when he was Secretary of War in President Herbert Hoover's Cabinet. Hurley went around the country telling some of the funniest Irish stories told by a Cabinet officer. Hurley got the reputation of being an Irish wit. But his audiences did not know that it was Ginsburgh who was putting the Irish jokes in Hurley's speeches.

Incidentally, Ginsburgh, who was born in Warsaw, worked on the old New York World when the First World War started. He enlisted and was promoted to first lieutenant. He has been with the Army many years.

Here is one for the books! The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Co.'s house organ, The Transmitter, shows that it can garble figures as accurately as the Census Bureau, always good for a laugh. The current Transmitter says that: "Yale graduates have 1.3 children while Vassar graduates have 1.7 children. This proves that women have more children than men."

Senator Ralph E. Flanders (R., Vt.) almost became a second story man the other day trying to get into his home. Flanders, who is chairman of a joint House-Senate committee delving into corporate profits, concluded late hearings and went home. His key would not open the door. Flanders circled his house trying the windows on the first floor. It was no soap. They were closed tight.

Forty-five minutes later he called police. A District of Columbia policeman went up a ladder into the only unlocked second story window and let the Senator in. "At least we were safe from burglars," Flanders said later. The espionage hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee has been sending shivers down the backs of Government employes. As a result some very funny incidents have cropped up.

Recently a Civil Service Commission official called in one of his subordinates and told him: "We've had a leak here in the Commission for over a year, and despite everything we've done to run it down, we just can't find the source." "What's it about—loyalty?" the underling asked. "No," the boss answered. "Water."

A collector's Christmas card has been received by officers of the National Geographic Society from the sequestered kingdom of Nepal. Printed on a primitive handmade paper, its chief feature is a conventional kneeling Buddha in the unconventional role of conveying Yule greetings. Underneath the idol is the familiar message: "Merry Christmas."

The blending of Christian and Buddhist symbolism was air-mailed by members of a scientific expedition which recently arrived in Nepal under sponsorship of the Society, Yale University and the Smithsonian Institution. Washington is getting ready to end the wettest season it has experienced since 1889. This time it's not the per capita consumption of alcohol that the Weather Bureau is bragging about, but the amount of rain. With only seven days to go, 58.18 inches of precipitation already has been measured at the National Airport, the fourth greatest amount in 77 years of Weather Bureau records. The record of 61.33 inches in 1889 was preceded by 60.09 in 1878, and 58.17 in 1886.

If you are coming to Washington for the inauguration take the rainfall into consideration. —Edited by John C. O'Brien. Edgar Ansel Mowrer

American Liberty Is Periled By Wild Espionage Scare

THE death of Laurence Duggan ought to be a signal to the American people to stop, look and listen. Like most other citizens, I have not the slightest idea whether Mr. Duggan was the victim of murder or of suicide or of an accident. Yet his death somehow indicates that the United States of America we know is becoming a different and a worse place.

Mr. Duggan's death in connection with the espionage disclosure was not the first. Harry White, formerly a top executive in the Treasury Department, died allegedly of "heart failure" after he had become involved in the same affair.

ALGER HISS, a former State Department favorite, stands accused of perjury in connection with alleged espionage for a foreign government. Dr. Edward Condon, head of the U. S. Bureau of Standards, was denounced publicly by a sub-committee of the House Un-American Activities Committee as the "weakest link in American security."

Other prominent names are being banded about Washington as connected with a vast international plot against the United States. Rightly or wrongly? Who knows? WHAT I think we do know is that if this sort of thing goes on, the kind of United States that lasted from 1789 up until Pearl Harbor is gone forever. Today the FBI has only investigative powers. It is not, I believe, supposed

Westbrook Pegler
Students Get Wrong S' at On Unionism

BY CONVERSATION and correspondence with young Americans I have been convinced that most of the teachers of classes dealing with unionism in our colleges and high schools are either willful liars or ignorant gossips. Some of the young men and women with whom I discussed the large subject of unionism some few years ago are now thoroughly adult citizens along toward thirty. They probably are still deceived by the lies or stupid superstitions which they heard when they were too young to cope with poised and sly professionals in class.

The members of the present student bodies who express their amazement to me obviously are being imposed upon with the same counterfeit of knowledge. THE teachers usually help themselves to the assumption that anything which the students may read in the papers which disparages unionism is Fascist propaganda paid for by Wall Street and/or the National Association of Manufacturers. This was the gist of President Truman's remarks about the Taft-Hartley Law during the recent campaign. Inasmuch as young students are still naive and idealistic, a President who twists the truth has an advantage of them. Not for fifteen or twenty years will they really understand that a candidate who claims a privilege known as "campaign oratory" actually claims a license to lie without moral responsibility.

There is only one way to get at the truth of unionism. That is by analyzing the union constitutions, clause by clause, studying the experience of men, unions and communities and comparing the popular claims with the facts. FORTUNATELY for any student who seriously intends to root out a dishonest teacher, there are few "open" unions. Careful study of any of the big ones will discredit any pedagogue who undertakes to defend them.

To get at the real root of the evil I would recommend the constitutions of the Musicians Union, the Hodcarriers, the Teamsters, the Boiler-makers and the United Mine Workers unions. I suggest these because they are the earliest affronts to the American concept of responsible government and popular power. They spell out autocracy and the power of the union bosses to graft, persecute, abolish the electoral process by executive ruse and perpetuate themselves in office.

I ADVISE all students to heckle their teachers, make them shun the old perceptive, and prove every assumption and contention. Concede nothing. If a teacher slyly speaks of Dan Tobin, the president of the Teamsters, as a "labor leader," say "wait a minute! Not 'labor leader' but 'union boss.' If he won't stand for 'union boss' settle for 'union officer.' But don't let him call Dan Tobin a labor leader. Or Lewis or Moreochi, of the Hodcarriers.

Don't let your teacher speak of the union people as "organized labor." The proper term would be "subjugated labor," so you can prove to the satisfaction of the class if you will study the constitutions, the methods of unions and the conduct of the Labor Relations Board from the beginning.

DON'T let him talk you off the subject. Don't be enticed or seduced into a discussion of the sins of employers, a favorite ruse of the liars and fakers who teach "labor relations" and "social science." The subject is not "relations" between employers and workers. The subject is the relationship between unions and workers, first.

Years ago some of our states, and northern states as well as sisters of the southern tier, leased out convicts from their prisons to work for manufacturers and road-builders. The warden and the employers. Unions nowadays do exactly the same thing, except that they let their subjects receive some pay after the checkoffs. However, don't forget that the union worker has to pay for his own keep whereas the prisoners got free board and room.

You will find that most of the teachers know very little and can be drawn into silly statements. They will say that the Wagner Act was intended to make it possible for workers to organize. Actually, the act plainly says it was intended to promote interstate commerce by removing the causes of labor disputes. But the result was to confer a power of taxation for political purposes on a private, irresponsible political auxiliary of the party which enacted the law.

What is the end of this development? Clearly, a state whose citizens, if they wish to work for their government, are expected to change their opinions in order to have none. Nonetheless, the Chambers documents exist. There certainly has been a leak in the State Department. The spy scare does have justification. How then remove the real need for defending the defense secrets of the United States at a moment of world crisis with the equal need for defending the rights of individual citizens?

SOMETHING, I submit, could be accomplished by education. Had the Administration and the American public been aware that all Communists and crypto-Communists were potential spies for the Soviet Union, clearly some persons would not have been taken into government service. But not all American pro-Russians are spies or even potential spies. Personally, I believe the USSR to be the most reactionary government in the present world and one of the most hateful. That is because I esteem personal liberty far above social security.

THE present spy scare is a symptom of something much more frightening: In the air-and-atom age, there is a real incompatibility between maximum military security and personal freedom. Sometime later, under the threat of instant atomization and retaliation to the "enemy," the American people are going to be deprived of that freedom and personal independence out of which, far more than out of any high standard of living, the "American way of life" has been born.

Woodrow Wilson told us in 1917 that we should have to give up democracy or make the world safe for it. The spy scare is saying that we shall have to give up our freedom or eliminate war.

—: Gossip of the Nation:—
Walter Winchell

NEW YORK, Dec. 23. THE Woonsocket-Call (in Rhode Island) has a fine idea: Every Christmas Day the gazette omits all news of crime and violence from its front pages. Only items having to do with Christmas appear on page one. News stories are relegated to inside pages.

Last Christmas Eve only one officer remained on duty at Camp Kilmer. His name: Capt. Sammy Klaus. Christmas makes this classic tale propitious: An agnostic once challenged a 9-year-old: "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where the Lord is." The youngster replied: "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where He is not."

JOHN BARRYMORE had many difficulties with one ornery B'way producer. Barrymore described him thus: "He's the kind of a man, who, if he said Merry Christmas to you—you'd want to hit him!" Probably the most memorable Yuletide wordage is the beloved poem, "A Visit From St. Nicholas." It was written by Clement C. Moore, who taught Hebrew.

They would have you believe that it happened to a reporter for the anti-New Deal Chicago Tribune. During Christmas Week he was assigned to interview a popular clergyman who was an ardent FDR admirer. The newsmen began the interview with: "Merry Christmas, Father. I am a reporter for the Chicago Tribune." The clergyman intoned: "That is forgiven. Now what other sins do you have to confess?" When Woodrow Wilson was asked what's the best way to prove the greatness of Christianity, he said simply: "Try it."

A COMMON greeting the world over (at this time of year) is the cheery: "Merry Christmas!" but in Miami, Fla., a family uses the phrase all year. The family name is Christmas. When Mama calls, "Merry-Merry Christmas!" she's calling her 27-month-old daughter. Santa Claus is the real name of a preacher in Marshall, Mo. Every year he gets hundreds of letters and answers them all.

Novelist Mary Ellen Chase penned this tale: "My grandmother waited for a fortnight or longer after Christmas before she proffered her gifts to family, neighbors and friends. By early January, she concluded, expectation would have vanished and the rapture of sudden surprise would again be abroad in the world." A Don Marquis wrote: "The exchange of Christmas gifts should be reciprocal rather than retaliatory."

SOME of these Dutch Marines who parachuted into Indonesia were trained at Quantico and Parris Island by our own Marine Corps. American oil interests are pulling out of Colombia, where the good neighbor policy isn't working too well and the oil isn't so good, either. Princess Elizabeth's first official public appearance since the baby's arrival will be at Edinburgh University, where she will receive an honorary law degree next month.

The hardest-working lobby in Washington is trying to land the Secretary of Commerce job for Floyd Ogdum, Atlas Holding Corp. Julius Krug, present secretary, will be one of the first to bow out of Truman's cabinet. Democratic liberals in the House of Representatives are laying plans to seize control of the powerful Rules Committee. If they succeed, the skills will be under the Un-American Activities Committee.

Nancy Oakes Marigny, who swapped quarters with Carmen Figuera, unofficial ambassador from Mexico (he gets her New York apartment, she his villa in Mexico City), will undergo surgery while south of the border. When George Choremis gets his divorce from Nancy Choremis through the Greek Consular Court in Alexandria, he'll marry Parisian-born Simone Bernard Hershey, a childhood romance interrupted when she wed GI Corp. Stanley S. Hershey, of Cleveland, O., while he was attached to the U. S. Army Service Command in the Middle East. She won an unconquered in 1946 in Cleveland.

Mrs. E. E. Steel, wife of the Manufacturers Trust vice president, is seriously ill at a New York hospital. Los Angeles police believe they now have enough evidence to reopen the 13-year-old Thelma Todd mystery death. . . . Scotty Beckett's front page antics (drunken driving charge) may cost him an M-G-M build-up. He was set for the role of Clark Gable's son in "Any Number Can Play."

THE Theater Guild will play Santa Claus to the 371 actors working in its numerous casts. . . . Herb Shriner, "Inside U.S.A." comic, turned the tables by tossing a party for all department

Louella Parsons
Alexis Smith Is Latest to Get Gable

WELL, I couldn't be more surprised! Every actress has been mentioned to her opposite King Gable in "Any Number Can Play" but the girl who actually gets the role. She is Alexis Smith. She was borrowed from London to play opposite Gable, since it is the Christmas season, is in a lending frame of mind. Mervyn LeRoy, the director, is getting ready to shoot after Christmas. So sometimes in the past, Alexis has been accused of being cold and a little aloof. But what do you bet she gives a swell performance with Clark?

Clifford Odets has had many years' dawdling on Hollywood stars on "The Big Night," his play which will star John Garfield on Broadway. Not because all of the girls wouldn't like to play opposite John, who is a good actor, but it seems the play satirizes a well-known Hollywood figure and so they have all said no. I am told that Faye Emerson is being interviewed for the part. Faye, need I add, is Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt.

When Christmas and New Year's are all over, George Montgomery has an interesting proposition to work on. He will blossom out with his own independent production. "Treasure," a story about the Sons of Liberty, a group of Civil War rebels, will not only be produced by George, but he will finance it. The original script by Benny Markson has already been finished, and it will be filmed as a semi-documentary. George says that his wife, Dinah Shore, will not be in the film.

"Portrait of Jenny" is David Selznick's answer to all the stories which berated him for the earthy, violent "Duel in the Sun." "Portrait of Jenny" is so beautifully spiritual, so delicate, and such an interesting study of character. I have no intention of reviewing it until it opens Christmas Day. But I do want to say that Robert Nathan's book, which I never thought had enough body to make a picture, turns out to be a gem. I am personally glad for David.

Snapshots of Hollywood Collectors are all over the place. Gloria Hatrick McLean, who sold her house to Frank Sinatra, has just bought a new one—a story farmhouse in a good water course. The price paid was \$50,000. Ann Sothern was the gal that Clark Gable escorted to dinner at the Zachary Scott's home a few nights ago. June Haver, who everyone expects to marry Dr. John Dunik—who should have married in the first place—glanced at the Fox and Hounds having dinner together. June is selling her house in Chevy Chase.

The old Trocadero, where so many of the stars danced and dined in the old days, is being torn down. A super-duper show store will be erected on the site. Margaret and Barbara Whiting are doing their first show together tomorrow night. Christmas Eve, for the veterans at Sawdick, Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens are back in town with a new car they bought in the Midwest. Willie Howard, the comedian, is still ill in a New York hospital. From New York comes word about the District of Columbia fireman's strike. I. S. P. Marlene appeared at the theater in a gold turban, sable stole, her skin dead white and her eyebrows jet black. But she still looked striking.

Frances Gifford proved that a nice girl I have always known she is when she helped revive an elderly woman who collapsed in a department store, and then drove her home to Glendale. The Hedy Lamarr picture, "Ecstasy," which \$50,000 was spent on added scenes recently, has been given a temporary seal of approval by the Motion Picture Producers Association.

intervening in our domestic political concerns." But the Economist counseled restraint on the part of the Labor Government: "It is surely only common prudence not to do anything, if it is not strictly necessary, that might compromise the future of the Marshall Plan." Winston Churchill, Conservative leader, was blunt in stating the dependence of Britain on the United States. He said that consideration of the bill to nationalize the steel industry ought to include consideration of the relation of that country to the United States, on which the Socialist government and the Socialist policy are living from month to month and from hand to mouth." The implication was frequent that even though we do not raise the point, the British Labor Government ought to take into account the future effect which nationalizing of British industries would be likely to have on the United States and its economic system. Copyright, 1948, H. T. Herald-Tribune, Inc.

happy Christmas time knocking out the eyes of client and contact with wondrous gifts. They understand, however dimly, the importance of at least one aspect of the miracle of friendship; may they go to ever deeper adventures in this field. A Merry Christmas to the United Nations for finally making genocide a crime. It has taken thousands of years for the world to realize that to kill great numbers of people at one time is just as bad as to kill one person. We are still a bit tentative about it, but I am sure that we will accept this notion in time. If we just keep repeating: "To kill a thousand people is just as bad as to kill one." After all, there was once a time when nobody minded splitting in the street, and now it is a misdemeanor. It goes to show what humanity can do about even the most tolerantly accepted misbehavior when its puts its mind to it.

A Merry Christmas to all who know exactly how to save the world. May a healing touch of doubt as to their formulas and pet procedures occur to them during this holiday season. Armed with humility, may they then go forward after New Year's Day, perhaps even to save the world. A MERRY CHRISTMAS to all leathery characters who make a great commercial to-do of the

shovel dug at its subsurface clearing his path. It cheered the crowd enormously and made everybody smile. Perhaps it was a crowd which wanted some proof that man comes before the machine, even in our time. You could see the people on the sidewalk being reassured even about atomic energy by what they were witnessing. A Merry Christmas to all who know exactly how to save the world. May a healing touch of doubt as to their formulas and pet procedures occur to them during this holiday season. Armed with humility, may they then go forward after New Year's Day, perhaps even to save the world.

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They'll Do It Every Time
1925 - With Six Kids to Wash Clothes For, Poor Mom Had to Do the Laundry the Hard Way
1948 - Family Reunion - The Kids Are All Out on Their Own Now - Guess What Pop Finally Gave Mom -

FROM ME TO YOU, MOTHER!

THANKS AND A TIP OF THE HAT TO THE WITTING AND HELLEN GREENE STAY IN NEW YORK CITY

12-24

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Headline Hopping
You Can Still Be Plastered, But Not Painted in N. J. Bars

By Ollie Crawford
DRINK hearty, mates! New Jersey has barred tattoo artists from its saloons. You can still get plastered, but not painted. There was a time when all they needed was the beer. Commissioner Hock says finding Old Ironsides tattooed on your chest, might be bad for your constitution. You can still walk up with the U.S. Missouri firing 20-gun salutes in your head. New Jersey has decided the hangover's bad enough without technical illustrations.

You can have Betty Grable on your mind, but not on your chest. Hock doesn't want any moaning at the bar when he puts out to see. If anybody wants pink elephants, they'll have to paint the beasts themselves. There's such a thing as having one tattoo too many. Bars are no places for skin games and they don't want the customers competing with the television.

Now they'll have speakeasies for tattooing. Hide-aways. Jersey doesn't want you to get tattooed on your "Lost Weekend." Ever since the bridge deals, they've been reshufling the deck. The State's slogan is: "We may be Jersey, but you can't pull the wool over our eyes."

The tattoo artist can still make his mark, but not in Jersey bars. When you're painting the town red, it's no time to get pinked. The only art the commission wants in its taverns is the beer—and the bartender can draw that.

This New Year, all the customers will get stuck with is the check. After all, how can auld acquaintance be fought when the name is tattooed on your right arm?

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