

George Sokolsky Truman Joins In Campaign Of Disunity

THE pattern of the Truman campaign is now clear. It had apparently been fully considered and projected before the acceptance speech in Philadelphia, although at the time it was not recognized as a campaign method. However, the same pattern was employed in the Labor Day speech at Detroit and subordinates are using it in their speeches and statements. Perhaps in his desire to prove that he is a competent man, like Henry Wallace, Mr. Truman resorted to a form of campaigning not witnessed among Presidential candidates in this century.

The pattern is one of simultaneous complaint and attack—but it is not against Thomas E. Dewey or Henry Wallace. It is a complaint against and an attack upon the listening audience.

THIS is a novel campaign method and is designed to shame segments of American life for ingratitude, if not to Mr. Truman, at any rate ingratitude to the Democratic Party and the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Therefore, they should vote for him out of gratitude for past favors done and the hope of favors in prospect.

The President of the United States thus stipulates that he is not bound by law, but by personal transactions on a quid pro quo basis.

TRUMAN after time in the Labor Day speech he used the theme:

There is only one test of friendship. It is a test of the heart. You know without being told who is your friend and who is not your friend.

Curiously, Mr. Truman is not campaigning against Mr. Dewey who is his principal opponent, but against Henry Wallace, whose tactics he and his associates mimic. Thus, Oscar Ewing, who is more and more emerging as the Truman spokesman, speaking to an audience of Negroes, continued this pattern of class-consciousness, of special pleading, of breaking American society into segments of bitterness, into splinters of hate.

Every Negro that loves his race should be fighting for the reelection of President Truman!

THE only way to make this pattern effective is to break up the American people into smaller and smaller segments—to frighten each segment into voting for Truman. For the principal instrument is fear. If those who received special favors can be convinced that they will lose what they are not entitled to receive, Truman can be elected. Truman's next speech will be in Iowa. If he pursues this pattern, as he undoubtedly will, he will say that any American farmer who does not vote for Truman is a fool because look what Truman—pardon me, Woodrow Wilson and Truman did for the American farmer from 1933 to 1948.

BUT speaking to farmers, per se, will not be enough. The farmers will have to be in the line of class-segments. There will be corn farmers, wheat farmers, potato farmers and so on. Before this campaign is over, each farmer segment will be told exactly how many dollars Mr. Truman—that is, the American taxpayer—provided in direct subsidies and the farmer will be told that if they do not vote for Truman, the hand-out will cease. For Truman is not taking the position that farm subsidies are an economic process devised to prevent our farmers from falling into the position of peasants and that the national economy requires some such device under certain conditions.

No, he refuses to treat this as a scientific subject. Rather he insists. We gave the farmers the money, if they don't come through with votes, they're just plain, down-ingrates.

MAYBE all this is just campaigning and one method is as good as another. But I fear this pattern of division because this country is already suffering from a loss of national unity. Three decades of subversive propaganda have torn us into class-conscious, race-conscious, occupation-conscious, area-conscious people. We have not only become quarrelsome among ourselves but we have forgotten the essential fact that we are first and above all else Americans.

If the Republicans adopt "one country indivisible, with liberty and justice for all," as their slogan, it will be performing a patriotic service in the interest of national unity.

One Word Led to Another—

By Arthur (Bugs) Beer

EVERY once in a while some screwball stampedes over the high wall and gets loose for a trial run in the chipped china solitaires.

These crackpot agitators are as dizzy as the chicken that hatched in the electric fan. They have the audacious wrongfulness of a giraffe with a sore throat.

But they attract a multitudinous following that is amazing in its routing, base-running and scoring. Who are these examples of fractured porcelain? Where do these half-baked crumbs come from?

That's what I'm going to buzz about. Many, many years ago there was a crack that you couldn't keep a squirrel on the ground. To that sage formula I added, "Nor a nut in a tree."

Making the prescription read in two, "You can't keep a squirrel on the ground. Nor a nut in a tree."

These grounded peacocks are the perpetual Howlow Eeners who croak. Excessively on the banners and make an outdoor sign-post of a wall motto.

They are what we call the lunatic fringe. The loose threads of

Washington Background Hoover Has Overload Of Reorganization Data

By The Inquirer Washington Bureau Staff

ADDRESSING the National Press Club the other day, former President Herbert C. Hoover, who is directing the activities of the commission on the reorganization of the executive department of the Government, told the following story illustrating how he now regards his job:

"A gentleman recently gave a little girl a book about penguins. She wrote the gentleman thanking him for the book. She said she found it very interesting but that it contained considerably more about penguins than she needed to know.

"I feel about this subject of Government reorganization just about the way that the girl felt about the book on penguins," Hoover said.

P. S. Incidentally, Hoover neglected to say that he was the gentleman who sent the little girl the book about penguins.

One of the first congratulatory messages to reach Hoover after he delivered his statesmanlike address to the Republican National Convention was signed by President Truman. The President followed it up with a letter telling the former President how much he had enjoyed the speech.

While he was often at loggerheads with newspapermen when he was in the White House, Hoover received a rousing demonstration when he arose to speak at the Press Club luncheon. Joseph Short, recalled that, while every President since Theodore Roosevelt had been a member of the club, Hoover was the first President who became a member in his own right, being at the time of his election Secretary of Commerce and the part owner of a newspaper.

"This goes to show," Short said, "that while every member of the Press Club cannot become President of the United States, being a member of the club is not a handicap to the attainment of that high honor."

When Dr. H. C. Byrd was coach of the football team of Maryland University he was known by the nickname of "Curly." Now he is President of the university but his name still is carried in official university publications as "Dr. H. C. 'Curly' Byrd, President."

A civilian recently got a job in the Navy press relations office by representing himself to be a writer. The first assignment he received was the preparation of a release on a complicated phase of the atomic energy program. The civilian struggled manfully for several hours, then threw up his hands and explained to the chief personnel officer that he was a member of the club. The other civilian suggested that he write a letter to the chief personnel officer asking for a transfer to some other division.

"But I couldn't write a good letter," the first civilian objected.

The second civilian offered to do it for him and sat down and composed a well-phrased letter explaining why the first civilian was seeking a transfer.

When the personnel officer received the letter, he called in the first civilian and said:

"What do you mean asking for a transfer because you can't write? This is one of the best-written letters I've read in a long time. Go back to your present job and stay there."

The symbolic figure "Freedom," which tops the Capitol dome, is having a complete beauty parlor treatment—shampoo and facial massage. "Freedom" gets this attention only once a year and it takes several beauticians—painters to you—to do the job. To clean the elaborate headpiece of the 19-foot bronze figure is a ticklish job and painters will tackle it only when there is practically no wind.

"The separation and sequence of classes are accidental and devoid of logic," wrote the Soviet bibliophile. —Edited by John C. O'Brien.

Samuel Grafton Liberalism Takes a Beating In Battle It Cannot Lose

THESE are not what you might call good days for the liberal movement. Life has been hard on us social improvers lately. A few years ago, during the war, and just before, it was easy. There was Hitler, and you did not have to think very hard to know your place in the world. It was enough to be, according to one's talents, limply or eloquently, a poet of democracy; and so deep ran Hitler's evil that he made even doggerel directed against him sound good while eloquence could make us cry.

No body has cried much recently. That the old feeling is still there is shown by the fact that when an appropriate event comes along, such as the founding of Israel, the old responses rise to the surface again. But on the whole we have slipped from a simple time, in which it was enough to love something very much, into a complicated one, in which worry and close judgment are called upon to replace love and action.

AND conservatism has made the liberal's lot harder by finding a slogan which is a kind of blurred tracing of the old anti-Hitler slogan. It has unified itself behind the outcry against Russia, as once liberals around the world unified themselves behind the outcry against Hitler. The tone-poems, of whatever merit, come from the right these days; and even if the right may not always be as eloquent as it thinks, at least it thinks it is eloquent, and anyone who thinks he is eloquent is to that degree magnified and made formidable.

And this, too, has added to the liberal's difficulties. For while the liberal longs to raise his voice in solid pro-democratic affirmations (as, on the record, he did during

years when some of those now most audible were rather silent) he has an uneasy feeling that he may thereby find himself calling for a war and weeping into the same mug of beer as is some gentleman who does not believe very hard in minimum wage legislation.

AND yet, with all this, I have a funny feeling that the rout of the liberal is not as complete as it looks. On paper he is taking a terrible beating, and the other side seems clearly to have the upper hand. But in part it is an optical illusion, based on the fact that we are too close to the current election, which gives the liberal the feeling that he may be put permanently out of business in November.

Oddly enough, that is the only thing that cannot happen in this election. The liberal cannot be put permanently out of business by Dewey's victory in 1948, any more than he was put out of business by Harding's victory in 1920. For the liberal's business is to see to it that every family in America has a decent house, and enough food, and enough freedom, and never knows want. Dewey cannot put anybody out of this business, unless he intends to solve these problems himself, which obviously he does not, and cannot.

DURING the Roosevelt years, the liberal carried on his business by working for the election of a certain political party. That habit has persisted, long after the election victories of that party have ceased to have quite the old meaning. The defeat of the Democratic Party no longer has the same meaning it used to have as a disaster for liberalism, in so many quarters, which takes a victory for that party no longer would have the meaning it used to have as a victory for liberalism.

The liberal will still be in business the morning after election day. He may have to find new ways in which to fight, but he may also find to his surprise, that he is in better shape than whoever wins.

AS FOR the anti-Russian mobilization, that, too, has a card-board element, as a permanent crusade by means of which the conservative approach can hope to gain a permanent upper hand in the shaping of events. That it is not an exact copy of the anti-Hitler movement is shown by the general lifting of spirits, in so many quarters, which takes place whenever chances for peace seem to improve a bit. In spite of many unjustified Russian actions, there remains a feeling that peace ought to be possible, a feeling which hardly existed in Hitler's case, and which indicates that conservatism has not found a replica of what liberalism had in the world anti-Hitler movement.

I will write on the subject again, being willing to leave it for the moment with the admission that here, on our home front, liberalism has clearly taken a licking in battle, it cannot lose, while conservatism has clearly administered one, in a fight it can hardly win.

The Labor Front CIO Planning Political War After Election

By Victor Riesel

THIS war of nervous men who lead labor politically may well wind up as a war between two "third parties" after this Presidential election.

One of these parties will be Henry Wallace's. The other will be launched by the CIO—if the Democratic Party falls apart and all of Phil Murray's men can't put it together again.

That at least is the way Murray is thinking and talking these days in whatever passes inside CIO as a smoke-filled room. And as Murray goes—so goes CIO's 6,000,000.

AT LEAST twice within the past few weeks Murray has told friends and some high CIO leaders that the CIO is in politics permanently and will be forced to launch some sort of political party next year if the Democrats collapse under the trip-hammer blows of Gov. Dewey, Henry Wallace and Gov. Thurmond.

However, before heavy money is spent on such a political venture, some CIO leaders tell me, every effort will be made to revive the organization—but without the Dixiecrats.

SHOULD this succeed, the CIO leaders frankly say they would lead the Democratic Party in many States—and their Political Action Committee would be synonymous with the Democratic machine. However, if the veteran Democrats save the pieces, say the CIO men, then CIO will have to go into political business for itself.

But whatever happens there cannot be peace with Wallace's Progressive Party for many obvious reasons reading from left to right—and one more which I can report for the first time.

AND that is—once earlier this year, in all the time Wallace and his people were organizing their machinery, planning candidates, conventions and election strategy, did they officially visit any of the big time labor outfits, nor did they seek conferences to invite the national labor leaders in.

Wallace did not talk to Phil Murray or Bill Green. Nor did he seek appointments or conferences with them although they lead 14,000,000 union members. Nor were any of the other politically sophisticated leaders consulted.

THE entire matter of first contact with CIO was put directly up to Mr. Wallace himself by the CIO transport chief, fiery, blue-eyed, brouge-rolling Mike Quill. They were seated on a platform together waiting to speak to a political rally when Quill leaned over to Wallace and asked:

"Have you talked to Phil Murray about the third party to see what CIO thinks? That's important to us labor people."

Wallace replied that he had been too busy and that he hadn't seen Murray in a long time. Shortly after that, Quill, feeling his place was with CIO, pulled out before the third party got under way officially. And now Wallace is blasting the labor leaders for not joining him.

NO CIO action on independent political organization, or even planning, will occur during the campaign.

All energies will be "intensely" pitched to getting the union people to register and then vote. No matter what happens to their candidates the labor people want to make a showing to prove they do have political influence. So intense is this drive that Emil Rieve's CIO Textile Workers will be well on their way to having all their 400,000 members registered.

AFTER the election there are exactly 20 days to the national CIO convention opening in Portland's Hotel Heathman on Nov. 29) for the CIO chiefs to plan future strategy based on their PAC machine—which now has 30,000 political captains operating throughout the U. S. and some 300,000 clock workers signed up.

But whatever is decided—CIO is in politics to stay.

One Man's Opinion

By Walter Kiernan

There is something stabilizing in the news that Miss America of 1948 knows how to pluck a chicken.

No power can stop our onward upward march while we can produce lovely gingham muslin at home in the hen house as the Stork Club.

It came just at a time when Henry Wallace had us convinced that Mr. Truman was responsible for all our fears. We had been guessing that Stalin was.

Nor was he back to Stalin and chicken plucking.

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME

By Jimmy Hatlo



Gossip of the Nation - Walter Winchell

MOON OVER MANHATTAN—Broadway Newsreel: The Queen Mother of Egypt has taken a turn for the worse at the Sherry-Netherland. . . . Georgette Windsor and H. Cushing, 4th, are reconciled for the twentieth time. They're on their new moon money. . . . The T. Galliards are experimenting apart. He's a socialist society of the Times. She's "Pat" Coffin of Look. . . . Beautiful Met Opera star Jarmila Novotna, who clobbered in M-G-M's "The Search," registering her job for the fall school term. . . . Most popular editor in town: Wm. Curley, in W. R. Hearst's employ 50 years in the next few editions. . . . Beatrice Lillie, hopping into a keb (make up and costume) for a drive around the park before "Overture!"

Movie star Robert Montgomery, who spends his annual vacation on his farm 62 miles from the Stork. . . . Sallies In Our Alley: Peter Donald saw critic George Jean Nathan yawning in front of a theater five minutes before curtain time. "Isn't it a little early," inquired Peter, "to be giving your opinion?" . . . Henny Youngman says: "Judging by the critics' shellackings, the new Broadway season hasn't been launched—it's been lynched!"

SAME OLD FANNY: Dear old Fanny Ward, who is only 78 (and is blessed with a sensuousness), got caught in the heavy rains the other night. . . . She picked up the rear of her wide frock to cover her millinery. . . . "Ferlandsakes!" exclaimed her husband. "Put down your dress—you're exposing your caboose!" . . . "So what?" cackled Fanny. "That's old-hat's new!"

Memos of a Midnighter: Kay Thompson and the Williams freres start at the Copley-Plaza (Boston) and then into their first theater (the Roxby) for 3 weeks. . . . Don't miss one of the few good comedy acts on television—Smith & Dale, in a return booking (Sept. 21) on M. Berle's Texaco show. Berle will be one of the waiters. . . . The Embassy Newsreel theater tabulate the ballots for Presidential candidates by counting the coins you drop into the bottles. All the money goes to the Runyon Cancer Fund. Thanks. . . . Careful scrutiny of the financial pages will show you how to get rich quick. There's one stock on the Big Board that pays 10 percent dividend for your money at its current price. It's a \$4 dividend and is selling at about \$45. . . . I'll be a Januher for Velas and Yolande. . . . Hank Behrman, the Brooklyn pitcher, is spellbound by the curves of model Peggy Wymes. May elope.

BIG TOWN SIDESHOW: It was one of those electric nights in the Stork's Clubroom. . . . Nearly everybody was some important nobody. . . . Mary Pickford was gabbling like maaad with Jack Pearl. . . . Robert Montgomery yoo-hooing at the field. . . . Arlene Francis chopping up some one with Louis Calhern, and Arthur Treacher was being welcomed back. . . . "How gay!" someone observed. "But nobody seems to realize we have royalty over at the corner table. Prince Philip of Greece and Princess Irene!" . . . "That's because," flipped Jack Haley, "they can't even do a handstand!"

Broadway Local: Best movie on Broadway is at the Paramount. It's "Sorry, Wrong Number." Runner-up: "Rope," at the Globe. The rest are n-n-n.

Ed Sullivan

STATE OF THE UNION—Everybody pickin' on somebody else. Husbands nagging at wives and wives taking it out on the children. Nerves rasped by world news are edgy, and people are jittery, in-cluding the excuse.

You notice it in the stuff that the press agents' mail to the desk. Irritable little raps at performers, innuendos that the producer of a show in rehearsal wants to fire the director, or the director wants to get rid of a featured comic. Everybody pickin' on somebody else, and for no reason.

People are jumping down each other's throats, at the slightest excuse. I called a femme press agent yesterday, to question her on two items and attempt to learn what persuaded her to become so malicious.

She had sent in one cutting crack about a girl singer. According to her, the warbler had become the talk of the town, was drinking too heavily.

"I phoned the press agent and suggested that running people's lives was a full-time job for the deity, who hadn't requested any help, so far as this reporter was aware.

"I'm sorry," the agent apologized, "but my nerves are jumpy and I guess I was picking on her."

Everybody pickin' on somebody.

"YOU'VE got to take life easier," says Joe Howard, one of the headliners at the Roxby with our Harvest Moon champs. "Take it easy and things will come along and fall into your lap."

Joe Howard, whose song hits include "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," knows a little about life and how it should be led.

He worked for years, more years than he cares to remember, and he saved \$100,000. He lost it overnight when his show, "The Time, the Place and the Girl" folded.

"Didn't like it, of course," says the veteran, "but I figured out that apparently I was destined to make money, and that I'd get it all back again. So I went back to work, but this time I worked harder and I made up my mind I'd never become a vinegar-sour. I went out of my way to wear a big smile, figuring I'd meet life more than half-way and maybe gentle it up."

HOWARD'S recipe worked out, fine. By writing songs and playing the theaters and night clubs, he piled up \$240,000 in cash. At the end of 1928 he didn't have to invent a smile. It was a natural. "Yes, sir," reflected Joe, "I was loaded, sitting on top of the world."

I asked him what happened. "There was a stock market crash in 1929, and that did it, Edward, that did it," smiled the junesmith. "Wiped me clean."

"Toughest thing in the world is to pocket your pride," confided Joe Howard, "but I pocketed my pride and stepped up my smile and I went to work at Bill Hardy's 'Gey Nineties.' It was pretty tough, at my age, to accept tips from men I'd know and worked with all my life, but I figured it was part of the game, and I went on singing my songs, dressed in a full dress suit, the only thing that was left of my money."

"Yes, sir," he lighted up his face. "You can't threaten it, or get ornery because this old world is no Johnny-come-lately, and it knows all the answers and it's always applying new tests, to see if you rate something out of the ordinary."

I ASKED Joe Howard who he considered the top songwriter of them all. "Walter Donaldson," he answered. "He did lyrics and melody and did 'em better than anyone else. Next to him was the boy who died, George Gershwin, a great talent."

Throughout our conversation, the 79-year-old songwriter didn't pick on anybody. "Gets you no place, picking on somebody else," advised Joe. "If you feel ornery, nag at yourself, because you're the only one to blame if you can't take life easy."

seemly air the crisis before all the 57 nations. When I asked about the possibilities of a top-level diplomatic huddle—the resumption of the Foreign Ministers' conference on German-Austrian peace—I received only a shrug and negative headshakes today. The British, who usually take a realistic view, have few illusions left. That may explain why so many watched the RAF fly past today with more than just idle curiosity.

One big question was on every lip. What is Russia's purpose in dragging these discussions along? What is the plot behind this diplomatic stalling?

From one of the best-informed of British public servants, I heard this, "Stalin knows the vast moral responsibility that rests upon either of our nations in the beginning of hostilities. He can stir the kettle within the last hairline of boiling over with no objection from the Soviet people. So he sits. And we can only stew, wait and wonder."

But now the waiting seems ended here. There were an astonishing number of American jet planes with the RAF today. They flew so low even Russian spies could read the insignia. They sped over London in a northerly direction.

An old man with a Continental accent, a faded derby and an ill-fitting suit stopped before my pilot friend and me. Pointing, he rasped, "Wasting petrol. Peace should have been settled three years ago. . . . when the other planes were flying and we knew what we were doing." It was the most sensible remark I've heard in months—in or out of diplomatic circles.

Opinions

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Louella Parsons Gary Cooper Is Set for 'Task Force'

HOLLYWOOD, Sept. 15.—I WAS talking to Gary Cooper a few days ago and he told me that Jerry Wald has given him "Task Force" to read.

"I will probably do it," Gary said. "After I have a vacation. You know what it is—the history of the beginning of the carriers, and the whole U. S. Navy in the States Navy in the back of it."

It's a great story and I'd like to make it after I get a rest."

Gary is just completing a book "F. U. N. I. A. in a head," also for Warner's, but he says before he even thinks of doing another movie, he and Rocky are going to Colorado and Sun Valley.

"You know I worked hard, and some of the scenes are very difficult in 'Fountainhead,'" he said. "I know he worked hard because I have seen him several times the last week and he seemed tired. But with his enthusiasm over 'Task Force' you can put it down in your book that he will do it, because Jack Warner says he will wait for him."

Certainly a touchy subject, the racial angle in "Lost Boundaries," which was bought by Louis B. Mayer a year ago, and which Dore Schary is now preparing for production. It's about a prominent professional man who is a Negro and passes as a white man.

Twentieth also bought a story, "Quality," with somewhat the same angle, but abandoned it.

Louis de Rochemont, who made "The House on 94 Street," has been named to produce "Lost Boundaries" and the story may make this picture his the man. That's why L. B. and Dore nominated him.

Not too many years ago, Bill Pine and Bill Thomas were press agents as Bill Thomas was press agent for Dorothy Lamour and her sarong.

Time has brought changes with Pine and Thomas. Now ex-press agents, they have made a fortune producing inexpensive but successful films.

Dottie herself hasn't exactly stood still. Now she's an important star of both screen and radio, going stronger than ever.

Today, Dottie signed a contract with her former press agent to star in "The Man Who Sings & Dreams." This is the movie for which a Don Durys dyed his blonde hair black.

Today I checked with Edward Small on a rumor that he had found his Valentine. I have been checking regularly with Eddie since 1938 on what actor would play Rudolph Valentino. Eddie always answers, "We haven't any one yet, but we expect to have soon."

It's 11 years since he bought the rights to the biography of the sleek, handsome Italian boy whose memory will never die in the hearts of his fans.

He's tested dozens of actors and always, at the last minute, decided they wouldn't do. All in all, Eddie has spent \$200,000 on the story.

Talked with Anatole Litvak, who is back from Europe after three and a half months. Tola may have a new picture.

Nonames on his hands this coming year — I mean Barbara Stanwyck in "The Snake Pit."

He says he won't start a picture until the first of the year, and then he may make it in Europe. Darryl Zanuck has a commitment with him, and as soon as Darryl has breathing space, Anatole will go in and talk over what story will follow "The Snake Pit" for him at 20th.

Snapshots of Hollywood Collected at Random: Janet Thomas flew back from Louisville, Ky., to spend her birthday with Johnny Meyer. She and Jerry had a dinner for two at Ciro's, but the thing that got the paying customers was the spits Janet wore—the newest gasp.

Chita Chimp will be given an 18-month-old fourth companion on Oct. 8, her eighth birthday. If Chita has the baby, she'll be a Jimmie Martin hates our young cocker spaniel, they'll have fights galore—or maybe chimps aren't as jealous as spaniels.

Mariene Dietrich has turned baby-sitter. She's remained with her grandchild while her daughter Maria and her husband made a week-end trip.

The Franchot Tones, according to a letter received, are seeing Paris together like a happy bride and groom on their second honeymoon. Despite the fact that she filed for divorce, I'll be surprised, indeed, if they don't come back reconciled.

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