# Washington Digest

# **GOP Leaders Intrigue Press** With Election Prospects

By BAUKHAGE

WASHINGTON, D. C. — This weather—in Washington and elsewhere—develops more heat than light. That's a trite phrase, I know,

but it's apropos because heat, rather than light, is always the keyword at this season, politi-cally speaking. Congress accom plished its fadeout rather grace-fully, I thought, even if they must have prayed for forgiveness for "the things we have left undone"

fervently as

for the things they did which didn't sit too well with their consciences. And now the voice of the vote-getter is heard in the land.

Radio and newspaper correspondents are being courted by both political parties. For example, re-cently, a crowd of radio folk was given a luncheon-table look at the vote-getting machinery behind the Republican lines. Our hosts were Republican Chairman Carroll B. Reece at one end of the table, and Republican Campaign Manager Clarence Brown at the other. (A similar jaunt into Democratic terri-tory will be reported in a future

#### Reece Quiet, Popular Chief

Reece is a slight, greying, quiet-voiced man whose Tennessee ac-cent reminds one occasionally of Claude Pepper in one of Claude's unoratorical moments if you can catch him in one. (Personal confession: I like Pepper and Reece both and so do a lot of people who would be the first to say, "the views of these notables do not NECES-SARILY agree with those of the undersigned.")

It is a little presumptuous of me to refer to Reece as "greying" be-cause the year 1889 had to stretch itself from January to December to fill the time-gap between my birth-day and his. He has taught in almost as many academic institutions as I have casually attended. He was a battalion commander in World War I whereas I never rose above the exalted station of shavetail, and among his five decorations are the Distinguished Service Cross, the Distinguished Service Medal and the Purple Heart. He was cited for bravery by a marshal, three generals and a colonel.

Perhaps the same qualities which won Reece his decorations qualified him for his present job. He cer-tainly doesn't lack assurance even if he doesn't rattle sabers in expressing it.

But we are not talking about his job. He is out on the hustings, although his trip, which will take him as far west as Seattle and as far south as Georgia, is mildly camous and as a vacation. Anyhow Mes. flaged as a vacation. Anyhow Mrs. and Miss Reece are going along, and a part of the time will be spent at a resort in the Rockies.

Backstopping Reece here in the capital where nobody votes, but where a lot of writers and talkers remain, will be Clarence Brown, representative from the seventh district of Ohio, a state which might be called a latter-day mother of looking hopefully over the patterns of maternity gowns.

Brown and Reece complement each other very well. Reece is alight, dignified, soft-spoken. Brown is large, loud enough to be heard in the back row without using the PA system, and hail-fellow-well-met. As "campaign manager" he is going to sweat it out (that is literal ) with the rest of the Washingtonians who don't vacate in the

I have a fellow feeling for Representative Brown, tinged perhaps with the natural deference a reporter always has for a publisher. Brown publishes several country newspapers (that's the way he put it himself in the congressional di-rectory) whereas I merely write everal" besides this one. Also he has three more children than I have. He and I once met on the debating platform, and while I would naturally never admit that I didn't present the best argument, I will concede somewhat grudgingly that Brown's resounding oratory won him the most applause. We

WNU Service, 1616 Eye Street, N.W., were debating selective service, and Washington, D. C. I hasten to explain that former I hasten to explain that former Senator (now Supreme court justice) Burton and I had the unpopular side. Anyhow, Brown (may-the-best-man-win) won.

Reece and Brown didn't talk on-the-record at the luncheon but I have a good idea of how things looked to the Republicans at that congenial gathering of radio folk. If the elections were held as of that moment, they claimed, the Re-publicans would win a majority of seats in the house of representatives and would make very heavy inroads on the Democratic majority in the senate. Since then many of the primary battles have been fought and I'll report the reactions later.

#### Gallup Poll Heartens GOP

In the first place I understand that the Republicans took considerable satisfaction in the Gallup poll which showed that, excluding the oneparty Democratic states, 46 per cent of the persons interviewed showed a Democratic preference and 54 per cent a Republican pref-

The GOP leaders believed they had a good, fighting chance to win 15 to 17 senatorial seats from their opponents. In New York, they say Governor Dewey's good record and the campaign he is planning ought to pull in a Republican senator (they won't say whom). They be-lieve Democratic Senator Mead will

have to run or the governorship.
They felt they had a chance in
Delaware and West Virginia and that if the ballots were cast at that moment they would win in Mis-



Carroll B. Reece and Rep. Brown

souri (I'm still talking about the

senatorial race). They called Mon-tana and Washington probabilities rather than mere possibilities. O'Mahoney knows he has a fight, they say, and they believe the Re-publican candidate, John Hender-son, has a chance against the populson, has a chance against the popular gentleman from Wyoming.

I heard a lot of talk, too, about

the interesting possibility in Connecticut where Repr. Clare Luce
was expected to oppose former OPA
Administrator Chester Bowles,
which would be a colorful affair
with all the technical skill of her publisher husband, and all the skill of an advertising man, Mr. Bowles, pitted against each other.

As to the house of representatives, Republican machinery has been grinding in at least 75 districts. Ol' Kentuck

## Bloody Battleground

Kentucky was catalogued as still a dark and bloody battleground. At the time of the luncheon, Repre-sentative May's followers seemed to feel, according to press reports, that he was a martyr. If something should come out to change their minds on that score, he might go down to defeat. And we are re-minded that, as one Republican put it: "every 20 years or so Kentucky changes its mind.'

Other debatable districts were listed in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and

What the Republicans seem to count on most is the natural re-action, the "throw the rascals out" theory which Americans always have reverted to after so long a period of any party's incumbency. In addition, say the GOPundits, there are the usual mistakes of the party in power which result in the ence Brown's constituents who told

"I don't know who I'm FUR, but I know durned well who I'm

The Republicans think they have discovered a trend away from cen-tralized government which may turn the voters against the admin istration and into Republican pas-

## BARBS . . . by Baukhage

Concerning those navy arm-slings sold by the war assets administration as diapers—it seems a 27-inch square of cloth is just that, no matter how you drape it.

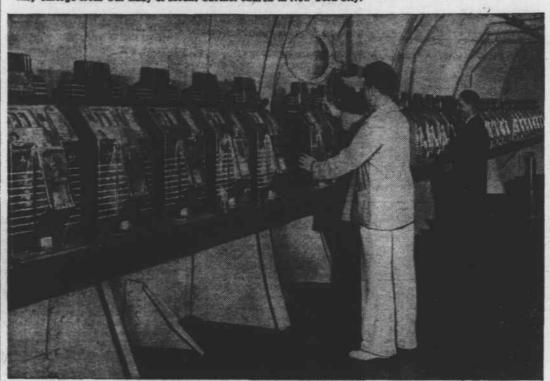
The Paris conference seems to be taking a leaf—and a mouldy one—from congress's book, with their powerful international rules committee doing the ruling.

It's said that President Truman has some WISE advice on the Palestine situation.

A friend of mine loves to hunt old epitaphs in neglected ceme-teries. Lately his activities have been curtailed by discovering an al-lergy in a country churchyard. It may have been poison ivy. Not all cat-astrophes are grey.



PAPER, NOT RICE . . . Hearing that an estimated 1,557,000 pounds of rice are wasted annually by well-wishers at American weddings, Fred Boggio and his pretty bride, the former Bridget Marand, requested that none of the precious grain be thrown at their ceremony. The couple is being showered with confetti as they emerge from Our Lady of Mount Carmel church in New York City.



ONE-ARMED BANDITS... and all sorts of other gambling, including roulette, dice, cards and an up-to-the-minute race results board will flourish on the floating casino, "Lux," a ship which will be anchored six miles off shore at Long Beach, Calif. The idea of staying out in the ocean is to evade federal and state laws prohibit-ing gambling. Attorneys for Tony Cornero, owner and operator of the Lux, believe that he will be untouchable out in the deep. Speedboats will taxi patrons back and forth every five minutes.



BONUS FOR BABIES . . . In an effort to encourage parenthood, the British government now is paying mothers five shillings (about a dollar in American money) per week living allowance for every baby after the first. Payment is authorized by family allowance act of May, 1945. System went into effect Aug. 6, 1946.



WE WANT OUR BALL . . . Neighborhood boys picket the home of resident of Glendale, Calif., claiming that he refuses to return a baseball they knocked into his yard. The property owner says he kept the ball after a stem of a flower was broken in his yard. Two police officers were on hand, trying desperately to look grim and to insure that picketing was "peaceful." No outbreak of violence had been reported when darkness caused retreat.



VEST-POCKET HERCULES . Anthony Muir, 3, son of a former Melbourne, Australia, wrestling champion, weighs in at 49 pounds in his training program for the 1960 heavyweight title. No sweets are permitted in his program of training. Anthony is given a daily training schedule with muscle building equipment designed for



WOUNDED VETS FISH . . . With officers acting as bait boys, wounded veterans, all wheelchair patients, enjoyed fishing at Redondo Beach, Calif. Paraplegie vet, Harry Rotumi, is shown being lowered in a special hoist.

IT'S SAME CROWD AGAIN

PARIS. — It's hot in the galleries of the palace of Luxembourg. In the top gallery sit hundreds of newsmen — Chinese, Siamese, Greek, Indian, New Zealanders, watching a man speak far below. Newsmen from all over the world watching the page. It's their page. What's the peace. It's their peace. What's done here will affect their countries from Baluchistan to Iceland, from Saskatchewan to Samoa, and they

Saskatchewan to Samos, and they are watching.

Far below, under the klieg lights, sits Jimmy Byrnes — patient, polite Jimmy Byrnes — never leaving his seat, never failing to listen. . . A man speaks into the microphone.

man speaks into the microphone. He's interpreting Molotov . . in French. Another man speaks. He's interpreting Molotov in English. . . It takes hours. When, you wonder, will diplomacy ever become modernized? Diplomacy hasn't been changed since 1815. . . The Vienna conference when the great powers divided up Europe and brought on more wars.

more wars.

Paris today is depressingly the same. We invent modern methods of warfare. . . Rockets that may reach the moon, atomic bombs that sink natomic bombs that sink natomic bombs. vies, germs that can destroy civilizations. . . . But the weap-ons of peace never keep pace with the weapons of war . . . nor do the diplomats who wield

the weapons of peace.
The same crowd which failed to head off the last war is here again

even some of the same crowd which sat in at the last Paris peace conference. . . . Look at their faces. Poker faces. No life, no lift, no passion for the peace they are negoti-ating, bored faces, preoccupied faces, bored with the endless translations. Bored with the whole boredom of diplomacy. Not a man among them who lost an arm or a leg, who knows what it is to suf-fer on the battlefield. These are the men who are writing the peace.

Jimmy Byrnes is not bored. Polite, patient, precise Jimmy Byrnes sits on the front row — perhaps he is too polite, too patient. . . You feel like shouting down at Jimmy. You wish you had a telephone to reach him there, way down below. You wish you could tell him:

"That was a great speech you made the other day, Jimmy, but finish it. Tell them the rest of the story. Tell them not only that the United States isn't going to remain isolated but also that we're going to raise hell with anyone blocks our path to peace. Tell them that millions of Americans are fed up with all this frittering; that millions of Americans mean business and will back you up in anything you do.'

Around the senate chamber of the palace of Luxembourg are great, gold ornaments. Woodwork carved in ornate shapes, heavily encrust-ed with gold—remnants of the lush days of the de Medicis. . . . If the French had only been smart. If they had only painted out the gold and substituted white crosses! Then perhaps the bored diplomats sitting below would remember. . . . white crosses . . from Guadalcanal and Stalingrad, from Salerno and New Guinea, from Tobruk and the Rapido, from Normandy and Aachen
. . . Close your eyes and you can see them. . . Thousands of white crosses. . . The dead speak:
"We who lie here have noth-

ing left to give. "To all your praises we are deaf and blind.

"We may not even know if you betray "The hopes we cherished for mankind."

But the diplomats below don't seem to hear. . . . Men in red plush seats, fastidious men in red plush seats, their nails polished, their cravats carefully tied. They don't seem to hear. They are thinking about procedure and majority one man does hear. He sits opposite Jimmie Byrnes. . . A big, uncouth man, his hair not even parted. . . . Evatt of Australia, His cockney accent is uncultured but he dares to speak. He is the only man who comes anywhere near preach-ing the Sermon on the Mount, who tells the bored men in the red plush seats that they must love their seats that they must love their neighbors as themselves. . . Unpleasantly Evatt steps on the toes of the big nations — tells them they have no business sabotaging the peaceful goal of others. . . They don't like Evatt, but they listen. Even patient, polite Jimmie Byrnes doesn't like Evatt. But he listens. . . Thousands of men under white

. . . Thousands of men under white crosses listen, too.

# BARTERING OVER PEACE

Clement Attlee, prime minister of Britain, speaks — the man who per-formed the miracle of defeating War Leader Winston Churchill—a modest man, a sincere, earnest man. His bald head shines under the klieg lights. But it is no halo.
... Some hours before Attlee was haggling with Byrnes over the future of Germany—bartering over the peace of the world; wanting to trade off a British policy in Palestine for an American policy in Germany.

# Gems of Thought

THERE are many good things which we can afford, regardless of our cfrcum-stances.—Benjamin Franklin.

It is one of the beautiful com-pensations of life that no man can sincerely try to help another with out helping himself.—Philip Bailey, Let us look to our country and to our cause; elevate ourselves to the dignity of pure and dis-interested patriots. — Henry

The noisy waves are failures, but the great silent tide is a success.—Phillips Brooks.

Clay.

It is easy, but it is a fine thing, nevertheless, to be modest when one is great.—Voltaire.

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