FAIR ENOUGH

By WESTB[illegible]ER

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT'S ba[illegible] discovery that the government of Russia is hostile to the United States and her mention of "war" in this connection seem to justify the final disappearance of this tenacious old politician from our public life.

Not even her late husband was more guilty of deceiving the Americans as to the true character of the ruling gang of the Soviet Union and promoting their disguised intentions toward this nation.

Together, and with the help of their political and social parasites, they impeded the old Dies committee in its earnest, if sometimes clumsy, efforts to denounce a wicked enemy among us.

By the abuse of the old montebank's Presidential prestige they were able, and delighted, to put the committee in stocks where so many of their own friends belonged.

FROM the very beginning of the New Deal in the childhood of millions of contemporary voters, Mrs. Roosevelt gave aid and comfort to persons and organizations in the Communist fronts of the arts under WPA and in the unions of the CIO.

An appointee of hers with no qualification beyond nerve, soon became the head shrew of the tin-cup wing of the drama where the American scene was never depicted in terms above moral squalor, a homelike spiritual atmosphere for most of the Presidential set.

The Red Queen took her knitting to the congressional hearings where her protege, Joe Lash, was up for questioning and, with garish political ostentation, invited a batch of fingerling Boles for lunch.

Truth to tell, that was condign punishment, for the table at 1600 Pennsylvania avenue, under the old carpetbagger's absentee management, was like to make the heart grow fonder of the greasy spoon. Still the intent wasn't lost on either the committee or the public.

THE trouble with Eleanor the Great today is that her long record of past performance and association automatically discredit any effort she may make to put herself in a position hostile to the Communists. No person with even a smattering of the covetous lore of the royal family, including her own alert instinct for an easy dollar, would think of calling her a Communist.

There were no more avid mercenaries anywhere in Wall street or the national councils of the American Federation of Labor nor any who would stoop lower to make a buck than her boy, Elliott, and his old man.

Under Roosevelt, the White House was a plush layout, as they say in the argot of the FBI, whereas since the Kansas City Kid moved in with his new crowd of stickmen, overcoat workers and runners, the old manse has fallen to the level of a sawdust joint.

Pat Hannegan and Tom Clark are easy familiars. Hannegan maintained contact with the mob through Tootsie's New York drop and Clark, officially the boss of the FBI, nevertheless treasured the Costellos and Morettis, the Fischettis and the relics of Bugsy Siegel by a public appearance as coat-holder for hunk-deaf Frankie Boy Sinatra.

THIS is a natural digression to explain that strange paradox, the capitalist who gladly acts as patron of the [illegible] noncommittal phases of the [illegible] we've been doing on us but, hmmm[illegible] staunch dollarist.

Quentin Reynolds is an excellent example, not that we need go outside the Roosevelt family for types.

Not in any one night or month did Mr. Reynolds earn his proud reputation as an artful fumbler in the presence of the bad news. It is the reward of years of table-hopping, of a mode of disappearance as subtle as Oriental magic as the fellow came down the room with the check; of deep, dramatic anecdote about the Cockney charwoman he knew when he was alone in London against the dirty Boche.

In that tense atmosphere, who would bang the table to interrupt and say, "Okay, Reynolds, but save it until you lift at least your corner and your girl's corner of this slab!" Not many.

FOR a long time it was smart to be Red. As Eugene Lyons wrote in a book on the subject, The White House was more Red than white and more partial socially, and certainly more congenial, to the most licentious Broadway and Hollywood tramps than to Americans of standard morals.

With the White House standing on that side of the street, the movement naturally drew new artificial prestige and there were literally thousands of non-Communists who were pleased at the chance to pluck a finger-hold on Roosevelt's cape and set themselves forward as gallant fighters for a spurious cause vaguely called human rights.

The stage, the movies and many of the magazines were on that side and the book trade was lost to conscience save Scribner's and a few others.

So it was not only smart but good business to flock with birds of Earl Browder's evil feather. It paid. And, as the Supreme court gibbered in the Harry Bridges' case, a myriad in the nation's anguish of organized riot and war could not be called a Communist, subject to the penalties of treason, unless he flatly avowed his personal intention to tear down the government by violence in some physical sense. This, one could run with the Reds and help them in all their works of preparation, subject to no impairment of his American quality and citizenship.

MONEY always has been important in dealings with the Roosevelts and therefore it might be the easier way to detach the last one from the public pay roll. Considering the boon, $25,000 a year would not be too much and from that we might deduct the amount we have to pay her now for doing whatever good, or harm, she does.

The point to consider is her continuing capacity for mischief in any international klatsch. Anyone who didn't discover until now that the Russian rulers were hostile to us, alert to attack our weakness wherever it shows, simply has no competence to offer.

Anyone who took until June 1945, as Mrs. R. did, to learn that the Communists among us were agents of the Kremlin and unerringly hateful, revealed a personal defect, not a political discovery.

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