ICKES ... THE HATCHET MAN

by FRANKLYN WALTMAN

In an administration of paradoxes and riddles, the outstanding enigma is Secretary of Interior Ike, hatchet man of the New Deal and President Roosevelt's Himmler Blumner. Once a newspaper reporter, Ike has made the press, particularly columnist, a pet peeve. Yet he is not without power as any other cabinet officer, he is still ferociously secret, and the public is almost as ignorant of him as he is of the press. He has been known to say: "When I speak, everyone is listening."

Ike's influence extends even to the press corps. When he announces he will not allow his name to be used, the press corps goes into a frenzy of expression. They demand his resignation, his resignation, his resignation, his resignation. He has been known to say: "When I speak, everyone is listening."

Recently, Ike has been seen wearing a suit with the word "Hatchet" embroidered on the sleeve. This has caused much speculation among reporters. Some believe it means he is getting ready to strike. Others believe it is a sign of his determination to continue his work in the administration.

Despite the speculation, Ike remains a mystery. His true intentions are unknown, and he continues to hold the press in a state of anticipation. Nobody knows what the future holds for Ike, but one thing is certain: he will continue to be a force to be reckoned with in the administration.
AN UNKNOWN OF THE "LUNATIC FRINGE," HE BECAME POOH BAH OF THE NEW DEAL

4 Ike is because Secretary of the Interior because Roosevelt wanted to pay his debt to the Progressive Republicans who had backed him. First he offered the secretaryship to Samuel Johnson of California (left), a member of the old Republican Wing. Then he turned to Cutting of New Mexico (right), who also refused. Johnson and Cutting in turn recommended Ike for some of the spots. But his friends really wanted Ike for the job of Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

That was about his fortune—and, anyway, no one has ever seemed to care what happened to the Indians. When Roosevelt offered him the cabinet post, Ike grabbed it like a kitten catching milk. Eisenhower was convinced, Ike was not much more than a name in the Chicago city directory. In 1912, however, he discovered that he had for many years been on what was generally regarded as the lunatic fringe of politics.

For 30 years he had been an ineffective antagonist of Prohibitionists in his home state. During the Prohibition era he was president of the National Prohibition League, which was shortly afterwards taken over by the Chicago Daily News. In 1932 he served as an assistant in the Republican presidential campaign for Senator Johnson, an opponent of Diesel, for president. Ike made it on his first visit.

5 Ike proceeds on the basis that he is the New Deal's Pooh Bah, with the right to criticize all other cabinet officers and condemn himself at their expense. Right now he is engaged in a desperate struggle with Secretary of Agriculture Wallace (above), trying to have the Forestry Service—or a part of it—sold to the public in the same manner as he sold Wallace and others.

For seven years he has carried on unceasing efforts to grab onto functions of other departments—not only Agriculture, but War, Commerce and others. And he has publicly expressed opinions on matters under the jurisdiction of his cabinet colleagues, much to the chagrin of these officials.

9 One of those opposing force groups in the 1944 election was the Forestry Service in Gibson Pritchard (above), perhaps the best friend the Secretary of Commerce ever had in the government. Pritchard, a former forester in the United States, Pritchard for decades has championed the cause of conservation. He is a Progressive Republican who, like Ike, was an Armisteadite in 1912.

But not long ago Ike went out to Chicago and in a speech there publicly gave Pritchard a dose of milk in the stomach, hearing him as he would one of the Sixty Families. That is the kind of fighter Ike is. With venonous looks he strikes at anyone who opposes him, hitting back in colorful but not always accurate language.

13 The newspapers loved Ike well until they tired of his vituperative attacks. Only recently has he been maligned as in the H. J. Carlisle cartoon on this page. But now that the obscure Chicagoan is seventy years old and is the last honest man in the Roosevelt administration, due to the position given him by the newspapers have given him to.

In Ike's heart he knew that he would "freed of the press," provided the press "shrewd" his freedom. These words have a familiar sound. One to think about it, that's what Stalin, Hitler and Company are doingresh.