

W. C. DOWD JR. Publisher J. E. DOWD HARRY S. ASHMORE Associate Editor

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1945

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

THE situation inside the office of fumbling war converter John Snyder is so bad it can't go on much longer. It goes to prove that the other day that Lt. Gen. Levin H. Campbell Jr., chief of ordnance, and one of his ablest executive aides, who is now a member of the staff of the chief of staff of the Army, walked out of Snyder's office. Campbell had been loaned to Snyder to help with the reconversion job, but the mess was too much for him.

Another climax came last week when Snyder informed Truman secretly that he would not testify for the Administration-supported bill to raise minimum wages to 65 cents an hour. Snyder was to have been one of the key witnesses. The bill is considered one of the most important pieces of legislation on the Truman calendar, and aims to keep buying power at a high level to prevent depression.

Snyder, after backing and filling, finally wrote his boss in the White House a confidential memo saying that he did not believe in the 65-cent minimum-wage law, that some employers couldn't afford to pay it, and that he could not testify.

How long Truman will go along with his old Missouri National Guard friend remains to be seen. He has been very patient so far.

Note—Many Capitol observers believe Truman's most serious mistake was firing Henry Morgenthau as Secretary of the Treasury. When Morgenthau departed, Fred Vinson was yanked out of the war reconverter's job to replace him. Vinson is one of the few men in Government who have the know-how to cut red tape and get things done. Skilled men of this type are few and far between. And Snyder, a relatively green banker from St. Louis, was put in Vinson's large and difficult shoes.

John L. Lewis Battles

Here is what has been happening behind the closed doors of the labor-management conference during the last few days. Exaggerate how impressed a resident by John L. Lewis to become the leader of the AFL as well as the United Mine Workers, also a frantic fight by Lewis and Bill Green not to be backed into a corner by CIO Chief Phil Murray regarding wage increases.

Here is some of the backstage hyplay. When Bill Green virtually left Lewis become the AFL spokesman, he immediately leaped to labor ranks. Also, he backfired Green got a barrage of complaints from the AFL that he was letting Lewis steal the show. Also AFL members didn't like the Lewis idea of price increases well as wage increases—which, in the end, meant no gain for labor.

Meanwhile, Phil Murray kept hammering home his resolution for "immediate substantial wage increases." Finally, at a secret session of the executive committee last week, Green nervously announced that he had something to say.

"I want to make the AFL's position clear," declared Green. "The AFL should not be misunderstood. We are not opposing wage increases for our people. If

only the AFL had not misunderstood Mr. Murray's resolution, the problem would never have arisen."

Lewis Squirrels

Lewis twisted and squirmed as Green spoke, realizing he was losing some of his grip on the AFL, whose members also squirmed as the speaker said that "in that case," replied Phil Murray, "I propose that this conference record itself in favor of my resolution which says that parties in collective bargaining agree to substantial wage increases."

This again brought Green to his feet. He made a half-hour speech saying that his organization, which bargains craft by craft, could not support a resolution setting for "substantial wage increases." Green was snubbed by George Harrison of the AFL Brotherhood of Railway Clerks.

Meanwhile, Harrison interjected, "that neither side is going to get its resolution approved. We should avoid being compelled to vote for or against either resolution of wage increases."

Harrison was referring to a substitute management resolution favoring collective bargaining but making no mention of wage increases. The resolution suggested that management withdraw its resolution and that Murray eliminate the last paragraph of his proposal, namely his statement that wage increases are imperative. Management delegates promptly agreed with Harrison's suggestion. But Murray was on his feet standing.

"I want a vote on my resolution," he belted. "If I am going to win, then fine. And, if I am going to lose, well, then, that's all right too. I am entitled to a recorded vote. I want everybody on record as to where they stand on this issue."

John L. Lewis then rose and offered an innocuous substitute resolution calling for neither higher nor lower wages but only for harmony. But the Lewis proposal got no support from any side.

Management Parries

H. W. Prentiss Jr., of the Armstrong Cork Co. Lancaster, Pa., then proposed a six-man committee to iron out the differences in the various resolutions. He suggested that the committee be composed of Green, Murray, Lewis, and three other management members. This delighted Green, who immediately moved acceptance of the Prentiss suggestion. Green knew this would put Murray on the spot and result in a 3-1 vote against the CIO.

But Murray was on his feet again. "Management has had one full week to study the CIO proposal," stormed the CIO chief. "It has submitted its own proposal. They answer to our call for immediate wage increases is no. I want a vote on my resolution."

Murray was bypassed, and the committee voted 13-3 to support Prentiss. At this point Murray calmly announced that he would not serve on the compromise drafting committee.

Meanwhile, the AFL and Lewis are racking their collective brains trying to figure out a way to avoid a vote. Murray has put Lewis on the spot. Neither can afford to vote against wage increases. At the same time, management cannot fly in the face of President Truman's statement that immediate wage increases are essential by opposing the Murray resolution either. That's what the deadlock is all about.

Disintegration And Drift

The other day a huge Liberator put down on a flying field at Walnut Ridge, Arkansas, and disgorged a skeleton crew. The young pilot, who had flown the ship on 64 combat missions, watched without emotion as a crane hoisted her. A glider, moved up to trap wings and fuselage into scrap. "She was worth the last overhaul and repair job," he remarked. "To get us here. Her job's done. There's nothing more you can do with her."

This is the most spectacular evidence of the disintegration of our military machine, but the disintegration extends as well as material. Both the Army and Navy have warned that the present horizontal discharge system has, by releasing key specialists, incapacitated the service for combat. The military bosses, although they can't be too far from the truth, the Congress for the paralyzing stampede to bring the boys home.

The Congress is undoubtedly due some blame in the matter, for its post-war approach to military and naval matters has bordered on the dilatory. But the armed services themselves are also

at fault, for the end of the war caught them without a coherent demobilization plan, and with no clear idea of what would be needed for peacetime operation. The plans that have now been cranked are so confused and unworkable, such as peacetime military training for civilians, and merger of the Navy and War Departments. And, of course, the long shadow of the atomic bomb has confused the whole issue.

The Congress, the armed services and the President must soon agree upon some sort of fundamental military policy if we are to avoid wasting billions of dollars worth of existing equipment, and thousands of trained men. Neither the Army nor the Navy can offer any sort of assured future to the young veterans who might be interested in taking up a service career, and the result is that they are departing by the hundreds.

Some part of our ponderous war machine, the best part if possible, must be salvaged. We cannot delay in determining the exact size and shape of our peacetime military establishment and how it will be financed. It is imperative that the military be reorganized in five years of restly experiment and actual experience lead to oblivion.

The fact that no policy is likely to endure in the uncertain years ahead is no excuse for further delay. We can, as history has proved so many times, afford to be wrong, but we can no longer afford to drift.

The Captain And His Dream

Captain Frank Lilliman's sojourn at the Pennsylvania Hotel is a noteworthy public event and he, a returned DSC-wearing paratrooper, seems undisturbed by the constant glare of flashlight bulbs. He is the guest of the hotel, and his slightest whim is the staff's law; the dream he dreamed in Europe is coming true at the expense of the management.

The nation is being permitted to share Captain Lilliman's realized dreams; he has become a symbol of all the soldiers who labored and suffered in far places, and the gesture the Pennsylvania Hotel is making is to inquire as to the cost of satisfying his demands is directed to all the returning veterans. It's profitable, too, for the hotel has received thousands of dollars worth of free advertising in return for the headline and space on his advertisement.

We wonder how news of the Captain's celebration is being received by the several million veterans whose dreams of homecoming, as poignant as his and in many cases identical, have faded in the face of a desperate struggle to find housing. Few civilian jobs are available, the best necessities. They will not, we suppose, begrudge the Captain his good fortune, but the detailed descriptions of his meals (lobster Newburg, filet mignon, baked potatoes buried in butter, crepe Suzette) and his surroundings in a rooming player keeps Strauss waives sounding

in his suite may add a little to their increasing bitterness.

The Pennsylvania Hotel's gesture involved in his way, considerable good will, and we suppose the management would have made it even if it had resulted in not a single line of publicity. But it seems empty and false alongside the universal consideration offered, for instance, by the Bell Telephone Company, which automatically puts the veteran at the top of its long waiting list when he applies for a phone. And, so far as we know, the Bell Company has done this without fanfare or advertisement; we have seen no large advertisements pointing out what a great and good monopoly it is.

Bell is not indulging in any false sentimentality, nor rushing forward to clutch the hand of the returning veteran as he comes in and asks for a telephone he gets it. The gesture costs the Telephone Company nothing, except possibly the good will of a few frustrated civilian subscribers, but, on the other hand, it earns it nothing except the appreciation of a few thousand veterans. It strikes us as an excellent example of enlightened business practice.

We do not believe that the veteran deserves, or really desires, any special treatment as he gingerly re-enters civilian life, but he should not be penalized because of his ability. And it is this principle that the Bell Company seems to be unique in recognizing.

The Great Pituitary Secret

Miss Hedy Lamarr is generally regarded as a sort of modern Venus, and her bust, waist and hip measurements are employed as a standard of excellence by beauty contest judges, theatrical agents and others who are employed in the fascinating, if dangerous, business of promoting the charms of the nation's young ladies. We certainly are not prepared to demur in this judgment, for we cannot otherwise account for Miss Lamarr's success as an actress, endowed as she is with the histrionic qualifications of Elsie the Cow.

An entire chapter will be devoted to the life and times of Miss Lamarr's pituitary gland.

But it appears that Miss Lamarr's admirable professional equipment was not as had always innocently assumed, heaven-sent. She did not arrive at her present eminence in the course of a normal birth blossoming; she is the creation of our George Antheil, a sometime columnist, adviser to the State Department, and a rather decent symphonist and the discordant Ballet Mechanique, and a practicing glaucoma, emmanence on the side. There was nothing normal about his ministrations to Miss Lamarr, but they were glorious, as reported by her biographer, he reports, and now look at her."

We foresee a considerable disruption in our morals, customs and economy of the country when the secret is out. When every young lady is equipped with a well-adjusted pituitary and is, as a result, perfectly proportioned, thousands of fashion designers, who now earn their living by making convulsions, will be thrown out of work. And Miss Lamarr will gradually disappear as their charms lose their rarity value.

We do not deny this fate, however, for we well know that the national dislocation will quickly pass. As soon as the change takes effect, the nation will have a lovely, but uniform sheepishness, a new crop of Hollywood heroines will arise, distinguished by their severe vertical proportions. The fashion experts will be re-employed designing false facades and costumes appear convex and vice versa, will be thrown out of work. And Miss Lamarr will gradually disappear as their charms lose their rarity value.

We must look out, says a dark thinker, for German students organizing for war in the guise of smoking. Surely it is a worthy cause, and a noble one in many minds; where did the character of those trifling things during the time of "The Student Prince."

"Down with the capitalists!" cries Prof. Laaki—which raises a question in many minds: Where did the character of those trifling things during the time of "The Student Prince?"

We would dispute this revelation as interesting, but not particularly significant, if Mr. Antheil had not also announced that the miracle he worked for Miss Lamarr will soon be available to every young lady who has the pituitary gland," he explains. "That's a little round thing up there behind your forehead." If the old pituitary is in there functioning properly any young lady will have curves. If it over-functions she will likely be a circle; if it under-functions she will never be a customer of the sweater shops. And, according to Mr. Antheil, the little round thing can be controlled.

The method, of course, remains a secret, one we would place on a level with the atomic formula, but it will be available to every young lady when Mr. Antheil's book he is writing.

"Jun-Yer-r! It's Time To Come Home, Now!"



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The Nation's Housing Problem Is Dynamite

By Marquis Childs

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The People's Platform

Home On The Range

By D.-W. LOCKE

Charlotte (Referring to the printed opinion of Mr. J. E. Barrentine, President of the Charlotte Real Estate Board, on the solution of the problems of housing in Charlotte, I am deeply amused at the narrowness of his viewpoint.

A Brief Comment on Freedom and Restraint

By R. O. VANDERBOSK

Evanson, Ill. (Of course, the only way to increase purchasing power and decrease costs is by better management. Free enterprise has made this country what it is. Our laws, chief among which is the Sherman Anti-Trust law and the restrictions placed on the development of monopolies, the more recent ones being the various international cartels and any combination, have seen to it that the free exchange of goods and ideas makes it possible for free enterprise to succeed in this country as in no other country.

A Reader Finds An Area of Agreement

By E. C. McCALL

Lenox, N.Y. (I have been taking the Charlotte News for the last three years or more and thoroughly enjoy reading it when I get home by the evening train. Occasionally, of course, there are certain editorials with which I might not fully agree or take issue with you. However, I am glad to compliment you for three splendid ones in your Thursday, Nov. 15th issue, particularly the following: "The Baptist Race - A Note on the Planter's Problem." These items, in my opinion, reveal deep thinking and are timely and well written. I am, therefore, in my appreciation to you for items like these in which there is so much good thought.

This week, some of the leaders in the National Association of Housing officials are meeting in Wash-

ington. They were called together by Hugh R. Pomeroy, executive director, not to consider the problem of housing for the next four or five critical years.