THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Why Not A Primary?

As this is written there is still a great deal of legal confusion concerning the manner in which the late Representative Ervin's successor is to be chosen. There will have to be a general election, set by the Governor, for Federal statutes specify that no appointed Representative shall sit in Congress, but the manner in which the parties shall choose their nominees is not set forth in any law or party regulation thus far uncovered by the legal eagles.

As it stands now, it appears that it would be quite legal for the Democratic Party (and the Republicans too, for that matter) to call upon its Congressional district committee to nominate a candidate; this was done once before, in the Fifth district, and in the face of that precedent there now seems to be a chance that the party chieftans will decide to dispense with the primary balloting that is an integral, in fact a determining part of normal elections.

Since it seems unlikely that the Republicans will be able to bring forward a serious contender for the seat, such action would mean that six Democratic politicos will be able to sit down in one of those traditional smoke-filled rooms and name the Congressman from the Tenth District of North Carolina. There is a possibility, of course, that other good Democrats would disagree with the Committee's verdict and send one or more of their own men into the general election as independents, but, party regularity being what it is, it doesn't seem likely that any but the most disgruntled would attempt it.

The first reaction of the district bosses when they were caught, unprepared, with a Congressional vacancy, was an attempt to preserve the empty seat until 1946. This could be done by naming some non-political citizen who would be willing to accept the status of lame-duck, agreeing in advance to retire at the completion of the present term. However, with a half-dozen active contenders already seeking the Committee's favor, it now seems far more likely that whoever finally goes to Washington will do so with the idea of offering for re-election. And, of course, a year of fence-building, plus the natural advantage that accrues to the incumbent, will give him a great advantage in the regular election.

In the legal opinions thus far handed down, most of them of the curbstone variety, there has been no question of the Committee's authority to arrange a Democratic primary in order to select a Congressional nominee. And, in our own curbstone view, the Committee not only has the authority to call a primary, it has a clear obligation to do so.

If the vacancy had occurred somewhere near the end of Representative Ervin's term, the method of naming his successor would not be particularly important. But this is the exact mid-point, and in the year ahead the Congress will face all the towering problems of reconversion that have been postponed since V-J Day. Certainly this would be an unusually poor time for six Democratic politicians to pull a Congressman out of a hat.

The intention of the Federal statute prohibiting the appointment of Representatives is clear enough, and we can see no justification for abridging it through partisan manipulation, no matter how legal it may be. And we believe the Committee will find it most difficult to explain any final decision that does not recognize the right of the citizens of the Tenth District to choose their own Congressman, a right as valid now as it was a year ago or as it will be a year from now.

One More Grand Tour

You can never be sure these days when three Senators board a C-54 and set out for distant shores whether they have something important to investigate or whether they are simply among the dwindling group who haven't yet been overseas and whose turn has come up.

However, even in a season when Congressional probes have largely fallen into disrepute, the proposed round-the-world junket of the Senators from the Defense Investigation Committee seems likely to provide something more valuable than a change of scene for three weary legislators. Senators Tunnell, Mitchell and Knowland are going to look into the matter of army waste, and while a month seems a terribly brief period for such a monumental task, they should be able to run a few of the more shocking rumors to earth.

The Senate, it seems, is disturbed by the stories now floating around the country, the tales of airplanes being shoved off the decks of carriers, of trucks being driven over cliffs, of foodstuff being burned before the eyes of starving natives. There is bound to be, as Senator Knowland concedes, a certain amount of justifiable waste in winding up such a scattered war, but it will be the business of the Senators to find out whether or not the army has gone hog-wild.

The mere waste of army goods is bad enough, but these recurring reports, too frequent and too detailed to be ignored, indicate that much of the stuff being scrapped, or allowed to deteriorate, is desperately needed abroad. It is probably true that most of the material we have concentrated on foreign shores is not worth the cost of shipment home, but that knowledge, in this time of great need, hardly justifies scrapping anything except weapons. Our diplomats, laboring in their erratic fashion to build good will for America, are set back by the spectacle of the military proceeding in callous fashion to destroy goods it no longer needs without even pausing to find out if our good neighbors could use them.

Senator Tunnell, chairman of the subcommittee, is an old Congressional bloodhound of varied investigative experience, and young Senator Knowland is just out of the army. They should make a good team, and we wish them well as they plunge into the jungle of red tape that surrounds the army's supply system. They can, if they bring back evidence that the wild rumors are rooted in fact, launch a full-dress investigation designed not to smear Franklin Roosevelt and a handful of befuddled generals, but to correct a glaring evil while there is still time for such correction to be of value to a starving world.

Of Peace And Quiet

We received a letter the other day from a subscriber who condemned all strikers for their failure to insure the veteran "a quiet, peaceful place to live." We found the writer's frenzied longing for order a little disturbing, for she extended it to the young men now returning from the noisy disorder of war, and it might logically be expected that a good many of them will share her view.

The eternal thundering from left and right is annoying, particularly to the sensitive ear, and sometimes it is hard to recognize as the comforting sound it is. Peace and quiet, in this rather violent democracy of ours, are the real danger signals, for our progress is measured by disorder and our energy is derived from the clash of conflicting views.

There are even those who fear that we are no longer sufficiently divided, that, even in these parlous times, we have attained a dangerous unanimity. Morris Ernst, writing in the *Saturday Review* warns that "programs for the development of the mind of man have become so concentrated in the hands of a few people that diversity of opinion and the kind of championship of new causes that arises in a competitive market of thought have substantially evaporated." Mr. Ernst gloomily points out that broadcasting is largely controlled by four radio networks, that virtually all movies are produced or distributed by five major companies, and that only 117 cities in the United States still have daily newspaper competition.

It is true that the great periods of American progress have been the noisy and disorderly periods, the times of violent and intemperate argument. Competition, after all, is a polite name for conflict, and our system of government is primarily designed to perpetuate it.

The great debate now raging in the nation, annoying as it may be at the moment, is actually an indication that the fabulous American Way has survived another great war with its working parts intact. Democracy is a disorderly process, and democrats have no reason to expect peace and quiet this side of the millenium, or the grave.

From The Louisville Courier-Journal:

Give 'Em Enough Rope

News Item: The bus driver told police he did not see the ambulance because the bus was jammed with persons standing near the front door.

The "skip" greets them with cheer, with "Please! Move to the rear!" And he greets them with jest and with song; he cajoles and he begs those intractable legs to pick up and just move along. But folks fix him with glares, with the coldest of stares, for they've paid him their cash and so what? And this land it is free, you can't do this to me, and I'll stand where I'll stand if I not. There's the gal who's been shopping, her galoshes flopping and eyes from the exercise bleary; would she move from the front though we all try to shunt past her hips? Well, you tell 'em, we're weary. And the kids from the school as a general rule find their pals and the jive talk begins; and they stand there and chatter and what does it matter if we move at the risk of our ships? But the one who annoys us, whose temperament cloys us, is the guy who prefers to be tossed by his neighbors who edge past, with great labors wedge past, because he just will not be bossed! So they stand on their rights won by grandfathers' fights, though the secret at long last is spilled, that the end of their attitude, if we give enough latitude, is the mere right to get themselves killed.

Drew Pearson

The Wrong Toast Puts Jesse Jones In The Doghouse

WASHINGTON.

SINCE Franklin Roosevelt died, Jesse Jones has managed to stay on pretty good terms with Harry Truman. However, Jesse certainly muffed the ball at a private dinner at which the President was guest of honor the other night.

The dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Symington—he's the surplus property administrator—and at the start of the meal Mr. Symington rose and proposed a toast to the President of the United States. Mrs. Symington then rose and proposed a toast to the First Lady.

The guests then sat down and started eating. Suddenly, however, they heard a rattling at the end of the table. Someone was banging a fork against a plate. It was Jesse Jones demanding to be heard. Jones rose and said he, too, wanted to propose a toast. Lifting his glass, he said:

"I propose a toast to 'Mrs. Fiddlesticks,' the mother of Mrs. Truman."

The ensuing silence would have caused anyone less brash than Jesse to slide under the table. Obviously, he was referring to the remark made by the President's mother, "Oh Fiddlesticks," when she was asked to pose for the photographers. However, nobody at the table thought this was funny at all. Nor did they think it funny that Jesse should get the President's mother mixed up with Mrs. Truman's mother.

After a moment of silence, Jesse sheepishly sat down. Dinner guests later referred to him as "Mr. Fuddy-Duddy" Jones, and remarked that his umbilical cord with the White House seems permanently severed.

STALIN QUOTES BIBLE

Senator Claude Pepper of Florida, just returned from a lengthy tour of Europe, had a man-to-man talk with Joe Stalin.

At one point during their conversation, Stalin told the Florida Senator that he realized there was strong opposition to the Soviet Government among certain elements of the American press and people, but that this wouldn't deter his efforts to improve mutual relations.

"As Christ said," Stalin remarked, "'Seek and ye shall find.'"—a strange remark coming from a man supposed to be un-godly.

CAPITAL CHAFF

Since publication of General Marshall's letter to Governor Dewey telling how we were cracking Japanese and German codes, every major Government has been changing its codes almost daily. In addition, the best cryptographers in the world are now hard at work in every capital trying to figure out new unbreakable codes. All suspect we have broken their codes too . . . The row between Mayor Maestri of New Orleans and Jimmy Comiskey was patched up as well as secret caucus. This means that Maestri will be re-elected mayor of New Orleans. Basis for the settlement was that Comiskey would name the criminal sheriff . . .

THE OTHER LAFOLLETTE

When the name LaFollette is mentioned in Washington, most people think of the Senator from Wisconsin, who succeeded his crusading Bull-Moose father. But another LaFollette, from Indiana, not Wisconsin, who sits in the House of Representatives, not the Senate, is also attracting more and more attention.

Empty chairs fill up quickly when Representative Charles LaFollette takes the floor for a speech. Colleagues may sometimes disagree with the two-fisted Indiana Republican, but they agree that what he says usually is interesting and never fails to pack a wallop.

In fact, one of his recent speeches packed such a wallop that conservative colleagues on the Republican side almost swooned. For LaFollette declared that States' sacred cow, States' rights, and before he was through had virtually de-horned the animal.

"There are no such things as States' rights," declared the red-headed Hoosier. "There are rights of citizens who live within a state. The man who speaks of State sovereignty speaks the language of totalitarianism. There is only individual sovereignty."

Colleagues on both sides of the aisle listened in amazed silence. Only Congressmen to answer were two Republicans, Jensen of Iowa and Bates of Massachusetts. Significantly, no whimpers came from Southern Democrats.

"Did not the sovereignty of the states exist long before the Federal Government was established?" asked Bates.

"Yes, but man existed long before the state of Massachusetts," shot back LaFollette.

"The state of Massachusetts did not create its citizens and does not own them. The citizens own the state. In the Continental Congress and the convention which created the Constitution . . . the issue was not States' rights.

"The issue was, 'shall the people determine that they can be better served by a (Federal) Government with power over the state.' That is the constitutional answer, and it is the only answer that parallels with any idea of the innate dignity and honor of mankind. From that premise I do not yield, nor shall I ever yield. God giving me the strength to retain my intellectual, moral, and spiritual integrity."

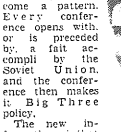
No one had any adequate comeback.

Along About 1975

Dorothy Thompson

The Recognition Of Marshal Tito

NEW YORK



THE first information to come out of Moscow reveals that the American habit of advancing to a point from which, later, to retreat, has become a pattern. Every conference opens with, or is preceded by, a fait accompli by the Soviet Union, and the conference then makes it Big Three policy.

The new information is that we shall recognize the "government" of Yugoslavia.

At the end of October, we, along with Great Britain and the Soviets called Tito's attention to the provisions of Yalta as they affected the "elections" he had scheduled for Nov. 11, and advised postponing them until conformable conditions could be established. Tito called them anyhow, and the Soviet supported his decision.

THE DISFRANCHISED

What happened was the regular totalitarian plebiscite: one list only, one propaganda only; disfranchisement of "fascist collaborators"; a new slogan to describe all opposition; police terror; packing of the plebiscite by extending the vote to all who "had fought in the resistance", which included youngsters of twelve to seventeen; "The voting age is 18». Unable to register their protest thousands of Yugoslavs absented themselves, a risky thing to do, because in the "New Democracy", silence is not regarded as consent, but as inviting a visit from the political police.

The United States withheld recognition—as from Bulgaria — and now from Moscow rescinds. Non-recognition is a weak weed of policy anyhow, but pretty soon Washington's diplomatic corps, with its privileges, will, at this rate, be packed with Soviet agents.

Our Government knows all about the Tito regime. Not only is it a monstrous dictatorship, exerting a monstrous terror, but its despot is a Soviet Quisling. Tito appeared in Yugoslavia to fight for "his country" only after Russia entered the war. He was a member of the Russian military intelligence. Numbers of experienced objective correspondents have been in Yugoslavia, and all, without exception report privately, and some publicly, that Tito has not more than a small minority of popular support.

STRATEGIC FRONT

But it is doubtful whether Tito's role is even "ideological". He is in Yugoslavia to hold an important strategical front for the Soviet's expanding Empire. Yugoslavia is essential to pressure on Turkey—which was saved from the Germans by the Yugoslav rising, in which Tito, at that moment, was entirely disinterested. So is Iran essential, and the Soviet agents who are "liberating" Azerbaijan are in the same game. In playing this game, the question of former "collaborationists" is inconsequential. The "realistic" definition of anti-fascist is "whoever will play our game", and for those who will the past is forgotten and forgiven.

Thus, it will interest those who think that Tito is anti-fascist, to know that the Commander of his Belgrade Guard is none other than Gen. Mirkomesich, who in 1941 commanded a regiment of artillery on the side of the Germans on the southern front, and in 1942 headed a Croat division which fought with Von Paulus at Stalingrad. For this he received the decoration of Oak Leaves with Swords from Adolf Hitler. Taken prisoner by the Russians, he has returned to Belgrade to aid Tito.

FASCIST SUPPORTERS

Suleiman Filipovich, a member of Tito's Cabinet, commanded a division of the Fascist Ustachi in Bosnia, and for his horrible slaughters of the population was put high on the list of war criminals prepared by the original government in exile.

Dragutin Pavelich, Commander of Yugoslav Aviation, was chief of Anton Pavelic's school of aviation. Pavelic, agent of Mussolini, involved in the assassination of King Alexander, also fought with and was decorated by Hitler.

All this has importance beyond Yugoslavia. Officers are plainly to be accepted if they will serve Russian purposes, and there are many high German officers still in Moscow, and not confined to prison camps! Not one of them is on trial in Nuernberg.

The pattern of activity in Yugoslavia is Nazi. There is the same uniformed youth often armed, continually marching, and shouting in mind-deadening rhythm, "Hail Ti-to . . . Ti-to, Ti-to, interspersed, for variation, with Sta-lin, Sta-lin; the same ubiquitous ikon of the Fuehrer's face; the same Gestapo units — with other letters, of course.

A DICTATORSHIP

This, then, is what we are "recognizing". The dictatorship of a foreign agent over a country whose people fought with us during the Russo-German pact; the gerrymandering of the Balkans to the center of the real resistance to Germany, so as to write her out of Yugoslav politics as a factor; the elevation to positions of power of former fascist, German-decorated Croatian generals; and the tyrannous suppression of the people.

And: Note for the War Crimes tribunal: There are tens of thousands of Yugoslav patriots in concentration camps. M. Kosta Potic, "former" Yugoslav Minister to Washington, who was specifically named by Ribbentrop, on April 4, 1941, as being one of the leaders of those "disturbing harmonious relations between Yugoslavia and Germany" would certainly land amongst them, if he should ever return to his betrayed land.

The People's Platform

On Academic Freedom

By C. N. Sisson

HARTSVILLE, S. C.

At this yet very critical hour in the annals of world history, educational leaders have openly marked out the new frontiers of "Education in a Free Society" by such acts as that of Col. J. N. Harrelson, the Chancellor of State College, Raleigh, N. C., in which he warns a professor on leave to serve as executive secretary of the North Carolina Wildlife Federation that he must "cease speaking on controversial subjects or resign from the faculty."

Col. Frank L. Page, president of the Federation, stated, "I could not understand Colonel Harrelson's statement when he emphasized that Ross Stevens was given his leave of absence from State College to be a biologist for the North Carolina Wildlife Federation. Stevens was never employed as a biologist. He knew, we knew, and everybody else, including State College knew that we had one purpose in mind for Professor Stevens. That was to organize new clubs for the Federation throughout the state."

Although the details are totally lacking that might throw more light on the subject, as it stands it seems to involve the very essence of academic freedom in the land of the free and the constitutional rights of a person under the American Bill of Rights.

The Governor of the state, who has already established himself as worthy of the tradition and ideals of the Old North State, and the president of the University, known for his idealistic and realistic pattern of justice, are called upon to think and act in such a way that Colonel Harrelson shall not bring any discredit on the unblemished record of the state that holds a pre-eminent position in American education. The hour has arrived when a professor should have the liberties for which men and women have fought and died all over the world.

"You mean we can get this new football coach for only $5,000?—Why, we can hardly pick up a good professor for that price!"

Quote, Unquote

I DO not think the ordinary citizen of Great Britain thought that the war was being fought to return, under any pretext, the Indonesian peoples to the sovereignty of Holland.

—Prof. Harold J. Laski, chairman, British Labor Party.

The labor turmoil won't be cured by repressive legislation. The lasting cure must come from within—by both labor and management taking saner, more realistic attitudes.

—Akron, O., Beacon-Journal.

Marquis Childs

Veterans Need A Better Break

WASHINGTON

ONE of the less happy aspects of our first peacetime Christmas, with all of the boom-spending that has been going on, is the fact that the veteran has too often been penalized.

The fantastic travel rush, which is putting a greater passenger burden on the railroads than at any time during the war, has left thousands of incoming veterans stranded on the West Coast.

The Office of Defense Transportation made a gesture or two in the direction of improving the situation. But they were merely gestures and it is not likely they will make very much difference.

It's not hard to imagine how you would feel if you had spent long, weary months in the Pacific and then on your return found yourself stranded in Los Angeles or San Francisco unable to get on a train for home. You would probably think some pretty harsh thoughts about civilians.

The fact is, of course, that under pressure from Congress and public opinion the Army has speeded up demobilization to an extent that would have been considered impossible six months ago. With men returning to civilian life at the rate of a million a month, the facilities simply are not available.

A BETTER JOB

It would seem, however, that we could do a better job than we are doing. OPA Administrator Chester Bowles is considering a plan whereby a veteran's discharge papers would give him priority to buy scarce clothing.

That's a step in the right direction. Those of us who've been able to buy throughout the war should give returning veterans first chance. The clothing shortage makes this imperative.

More instead of less consideration is also due the men still in the service. Someone has sent me an article from the Pacific edition of Stars and Stripes telling how red tape—brand new red tape—is snarling up emergency furloughs.

During the war when a man's wife or his parents were seriously ill or when some other crisis required an emergency furlough, the request was checked by the Red Cross back home and on verification of the emergency, the man's commander in the field could grant the leave. Now apparently because some swivel-chair officers have nothing else to do, the request must be referred back to the Adjutant General's Office in Washington.

ANOTHER DELAY

This means a delay of from two to six weeks. Emergency furlough radio messages are side-tracked. Men in the Navy and Marine Corps on emergency furlough must come home by water. Red Cross officers in the field say this new application of red tape has practically eliminated the furloughs as emergency aids.

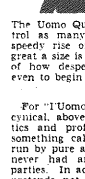
When the services are trying hard to keep men in uniform and attract new recruits, this is shortsighted. Our men in the Pacific and in Europe should be made to feel that they are sharing the responsibility vital to America's welfare. Instead they sometimes get the idea that they are being deliberately exiled.

Their job is almost as important as it was during the war and they should be made to feel its importance.

Samuel Grafton

A New Front Gains In Italy

NEW YORK



AMERICANS might as well begin to learn the name and become familiar with the precepts of the "Uomo Qualunque" Front, Italy's new political movement. This is about the dreariest, emptiest and most inane political development in post war Europe, which makes the more remarkable the fact that it is leaping into popularity. Its new weekly magazine "l'Uomo Qualunque" which means "The Common Man," or, perhaps "Everyman", claims a circulation of 500,000, more than all the newspapers in Rome combined. The Uomo Qualunque Front is said to control as many as 1,500,000 votes, and the speedy rise of this banal movement to so great a size is perhaps our best current index of how desperately the Allies have failed even to begin to solve Italy's problems.

A PURE STATE

For "l'Uomo Qualunque" peddles a kind of cynical, above-the-battle contempt for politics and professional politicians; it wants something called an "administrative" state, run by pure and refined creatures who have never had anything to do with political parties. In addition to disdaining parties, it pretends not to care whether Italy has a King or a President. On the positive side, the Uomo Qualunque Front is dreadfully shy about stating any program; its emphasis is all on this hatred of the professional politicians, on the need for truth, purity, honor, etc., etc.

The main theme of "l'Uomo Qualunque" is guff; for public business must be done by the politicians, just as poems must be written by the poets, and bread baked by the bakers. A denunciation of parties is a denunciation of the particular kind of free political life which has sprung up in Italy since Mussolini. Obviously, "l'Uomo Qualunque" is leading the Italian people up a side-alley, but into that alley there are now pouring the befuddled, the frustrated, the fearful, the harrassed and the confused who prefer a mystique to a program, and also those who are forever searching for an ideal terminology in which to dress their passions. It is significant that the main strength of l'Uomo Qualunque Front lies in the South of Italy, where Allied armies found virtually no resistance movements, and that its activities helped to bring about the downfall of Premier Ferruccio Parri, who came out of the partisan movement of the North.

PARTLY OUR FAULT

And it may be partly our fault that Parri, one of Italy's most promising men, fell; for we, too, have played a role in this dubious struggle. Our refusal to end military government in the North, when promised, made it difficult for Parri to set up anything like a national program, and our inability to arrange even a preliminary peace treaty also helped make Parri look like just what "l'Uomo Qualunque" was complaining about, an ineffective politician.

It seems to me that we need a much sharper sense of the sweep and surge of political tides, as we watch Europe's masters of double-talk preparing to take advantage of democracy's first timid trials and first failures in the liberated countries; we dare not, by omission or commission help, in any way, the dismal procession into the side-alley. We need a new seriousness, as great as that of those who are preparing to take advantage of our lack of seriousness.