

By Drew Pearson

Trouble-Maker

Have you surveyed the mavericks of America in our time? Could you put a finger on the greatest enemies of mankind within our borders?

We have at hand a communique from V. L. Tolodano, a labor leader from Mexico City, who is presently in London about the business of organizing a world labor organization. And he, an expert who's made a deep study of this thing, says that:

"The American Federation of Labor is the most disruptive force on the American continent."

Well, sirs, you could've floored us with a picketing sign. Not a word about Sidney Hillman and the CIO, nor Henry Wallace and the economy of little pigs, nor the Anti-Saloon League. Just the poor old AFL, that great band of hundreds of autonomous unions, composed of "voluntary" members. That conservative branch of the American labor movement which has so often been assailed by John L. Lewis as stoney and reactionary. That is our most disruptive influence. Mr. Tolodano says on the outside looking in.

For he speaks for the labor movement as it exists in Russia. And he champions government domination of labor unions, as per the Soviet system. He has been because AFL had refused to attend the world trade union council, on the ground that it was loaded with Russia's dominated delegates. He wanted a show-down. He thought any world labor organization, including the AFL, would fall, but he wanted to invite it again, just to bring it out in the open. And something else, something more important, is itching Senior Tolodano. He rejected a British plan for an international committee to act as interim authority between conventions of the organization, saying that he favored a new scheme proposed by Sidney Hillman. And then he added, "we must force a new weapon—a new weapon for the working classes of the world." And there he sounded as if he read out of Karl Marx, in the spirit of Lenin's world revolution. That's what all the deplorable AFL seem so dangerous in his eyes.

"Broughtoning"

Things are going to be better with the inmates of North Carolina's mental hospitals. There is an infallible sign: Up in Morganton, where control over most of that State Hospital still rests, the word "broughtoning" is going to mean "Broughton Bill." This little idiom means everything to a few disgruntled gentlemen who regard the whole business of reforming the State hospitals system as most unfortunate. They reached their conclusion that the new Governor would not prosecute his program with vigor when they saw a copy of the bill introduced by Senator O'Berry of Wayne, providing for a house-cleaning among the Hospitals.

As a matter of background information, it should be noted that the Board of Control set up by Governor Broughton has been running down. Business managers of the four hospitals found that things were more and more being handled by superintendents. The medical men of the staffs were not accepting the new order as it had been intended they should. Thus, it was felt that the boards of the individual hospitals needed a turnover—perhaps a complete one. And it was desired that business managers should be given full control over their own duties.

This all began at Morganton, when a strong-minded local board refused to accept as business manager a competent professional officer by the name of Mr. Stine. So we are told, that board regrets having carried its independence so far. It foresees that the new legislation will specifically define the powers of superintendent and business manager (a home of consolation from time to time since the Broughton program opened) and bring in a group of completely new board members.

The O'Berry bill, though it specifies that board members shall be chosen by Congressional district, is not feared by friends of the new hospital system. It is, instead, welcomed, and taken as a sign

Statesmen At Work

(Serious, facetious and comic excerpts from the Congressional Record.)

REP. SYKES, Pa. The Secretary of War says that the Army is not pampering prisoners of war. He is not pampering them with him. But do not let me tell you, you has been the things that my people have seen. They see the prison camps day after day. They see the prisoners, and frequent accounts of the good food, cigarettes and candies enjoyed by German prisoners of war. I have seen many of them, many of them showing great politeness and respect to the soldiers who are American citizens. And in the mind of our people there is a growing resentment. They know how backwards in interpreting the regulations of the Geneva Convention in the light most favorable to the prisoners, the fact that no other nation gives

that administration will henceforth be as it was meant to be in the beginning.

Burt & The Axis

When the first returns were in from Yalta reaction swept the world like some great ripple, as if the tribe of nations were wired for sound. There were buzzards right and left, and cautious necessity dislodged in Washington and London. There was cheering in Moscow. There were bitter plights from the Poles exiled in London. There was a haughty silence in sensitive Paris. There was, in plain, whatever was behind the scenes, there was something else afoot. Goebbels was quick to grab the microphone—and at that he was a day behind alert Tokyo.

Joe Stalin won the fight at Yalta, he said, Roosevelt and Churchill knuckled under, and the spreading menace of the Red bolshevik spread over Poland, the Baltic countries and the Balkans. Americans and Britons had gone home battered, bruised and defeated. About the same time, perhaps at the very same hour, though the time lag made it an unusual hour for a U. S. Senator to be stirring) Senator Burt Wheeler was having his say. Amidst praise, wide acceptance and a certain amount of reasoned questioning of the Yalta Charter, Brother Burt was singing the third verse of the Tokyo-Berlin song. Catastrophe! Crushing defeat for the Western democracies, he was screaming. Joe Stalin had won a great victory, he said, for himself and for Russia—"imperialism."

Is it not strange that our incurable sons and daughters of isolation so often find themselves chanting the chants which are heard in the Axis capitals? And to it, not only in our castles, but in our hearts, so we mutter, on and on, as of pre-war jore. Goebbels and Dornel never come home to him, and so he cannot blush.

Marriage In S. C.

Purchase of The Columbia Record by The State emphasizes the consolidation process which has been going on for some years in the newspaper world. In the larger cities of South Carolina—Columbia, Charleston, Greenville, Spartanburg—both morning and evening papers are now jointly owned and operated. The same is true with Columbia cities, with the exception of Raleigh, where The News & Observer and The Times still go their separate ways, and of Charlotte, where the twain never meet.

From the standpoint of operating newspapers as business ventures, the justification for consolidated morning and evening papers is great. The equipment required by an up-to-date newspaper is extensive and expensive (a printing press alone may run up to \$200,000). This equipment usually falls victim to obsolescence long before it wears out from use. Manifestly, it would be cheaper to equip and operate one shop than two. There are other economies he made, all of which under- wise policies must show in the contentment of the journals which reach the reader. But competition, most especially in newspapering, we believe, is still the life of trade and the guardian of public interest.

There are exceptions (Louisville, Ky., is a notable one), and undoubtedly there are instances (we think of Chicago) where the hottest of competition is yet to subside the arrangement of an individual publisher. But the rule holds generally true. It is true in all phases. Competition for advertising holds down rates, intensifies selling and stimulates mercantile trade. Competition for circulation increases the quality of newspapers and their extent of readability, hence their influence. Competition for news increases their vigilance in the public interest, and competition in community service helps to advance the welfare of the people, plain and fancy. And, that, if that newspaper competition is of the cardinal aim of any rightly-operated newspaper.

It is a common sense to realize that our people must survive the defeat of a defeated Germany. Our experience with Germany is a fortunate of what we shall meet in dealing with a defeated Germany. Our fight is not over. It is not over because the Geneva Convention of German prisoners in our care, that article which is not in the Geneva Convention which forbids propagandizing prisoners. It is not over because the danger that national socialism will survive the defeat of the German armed forces. The reduction of the German prisoners of war and their utilization in a just program of education with post-war Germany becomes in consequence an important task for the Allies.

GOVERNOR DEWEY'S two-day visit to Washington was not exactly a howling success, but both he and GOP Chairman Browne left convinced they had made a step toward long-range Republican objectives. Objectives? Well, these "unholy alliance" between Republicans and Democrats. They have long wanted to replace it with a right Republican program of their own. Actually GOP leaders in the Senate have always been accessible to breaking up the coalition. However, House Minority Leader Joe Martin, who rules lower chamber GOP'ers with an iron hand, has stubbornly opposed. He has long enjoyed leading the Administration through his hydra-headed ally, John Rankin of Mississippi. Gene Cox of Georgia and Virginia, wing-collared, beetle-browed Howard Smith.

During the two-day meeting, Dewey held several long talks with the Republican leadership in both houses. Strongly endorsed Brownell's idea that the GOP needs an independent legislative program of its own. Even Joe Martin, who has been known to threaten recalcitrant Republican Representatives with defeat in the next election if they bolt his leadership at last seemed sympathetic.

Dewey pulled two boners during his visit, which didn't help. Lunching with a number of GOP Senators, he was accompanied by two burly New York State troopers who acted as bodyguards. After lunch in the Senate dining room, several Senators came up to shake hands. But Dewey's bodyguards, not realizing that the Senate dining room is open to all Senators, tried to block off one or two unexpected Senators, including pugacious Senator Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi. When Bilbo was prevented from walking into the dining room to pay his respects to Dewey he backed away and bellowed:

"See here, you—this is the Capitol of the United States. And this is the Senate of the United States. And this is the Senate dining room. And I'm a United States Senator so get the H—out of the way." Dewey pulled two boners during his visit, which didn't help.

Left-Handed Dewey. Dewey's other boner was with the press. Instead of calling a regular press conference as is customary with all political figures, the New York Governor got involved into a private dinner with a small group of newsmen. Not even the Associated Press or the United

Press were included in this secret powwow. Naturally there was a howl. To straighten things out a cocktail party was held for some of those who were peeved. However, even this was restricted, and only caused Dewey more trouble. Two of those who were left out, John Farrell of New York and Truman Felt of the St. Louis Star Times, decided to dine over to the Blair where the Dewey press conference was taking place. At the hotel desk they were told strict orders had been let by Dewey not to reveal where his dinner was taking place. However, upstairs in the Pan American room, Terrill and Felt managed to get past a guard and meet themselves in the room with Dewey and the small group of newsmen, all from pro-Dewey papers. Abruptly Dewey stopped talking. There was a moment of embarrassed silence. Dewey's face turned crimson. Finally Felt spoke up:

"I hope we're not embarrassing anyone," he said, "We just thought we'd drop over. We heard the Governor is meeting with the press."

The silence continued, with the chill spreading like a quick freeze over a basket of fresh-picked fruit. "We were embarrassing anyone, we leave," said Felt standing up and walking towards the door.

Underground Seethes. According to uncorroborated dispatches now reaching Washington, active guerrilla warfare is flaring up on a mounting scale behind the German lines. The first real indication of an active fifth column in Germany came recently with accurate reports of pitched battles inside Berlin, Breslau and Bremen. This new guerrilla warfare differs from that of Partisan units outside France, Yugoslavia and Greece in that few of the guerrilla troops are Germans. The bulk are Frenchmen and Russians who were captured earlier in the war and have been used as slave labor.

All of these workers were carefully guarded by Hitlerites until recently. Most lived in big cities and worked in large industrial plants. In Berlin for example, hundreds of thousands of slave laborers have been housed in fenced off temporary barracks in the heart of the city.

Once Berlin is taken it is expected that the several million slave laborers will flare into such revolt that Germany—except in the mountainous south—will caw like an eggshell.

Flocking



IN GERMANY — (A) — The famous 1st Infantry Division's new commander is a coffee-smoking, chess-playing, six-foot, six-inch, heavy-duty, military officer with one chief battle-brother. He is the man who backed them up with the big Kansas — born Major, Gen. Clifford Anderson. He is the third man to lead the "Red One" Division since it landed in North Africa. He is the only one who knows the value of infantry and artillery teamwork. Before becoming commander of the 1st Infantry, he was the division's military general in all of its World War II campaigns in Tunisia, Sicily, France, Belgium and Germany.

The Strange Squeeze In Parliament

By Marquis Childs

THEY had a debate in the House of Commons the other day on what kind of chamber should be built after the war to replace the one destroyed by bombs in the war. The subject of the debate was a report recommending that the new House be patterned as nearly as possible after the one that was destroyed. It would be just as small as the old one, which would mean that only about one-fourth of the members could find seats. Prime Minister Churchill led those who favored keeping the chamber small. The point Churchill and the others emphasized was the importance of preserving intimacy of exchange, and they spoke with scorn of anything but a design which might make the chamber into a "theater."

From the minority, including the minority on the committee, it was recommended the form of the new chamber to be built after the war be more spacious. It made you think of the Mad Hatters tea party in Wonderland. The Prime Minister and his friends on the floor benches were crying "No room, no room," while the back benches who can never fight their way into the House on the days of big debates were crying for places at the table.

Quote, Unquote

Even with the work that has already been done, the Army's tax system still represents a patchwork which has been built up over the years. —Rep. Joseph W. Martin Jr., Republican, of Massachusetts. Without this war we could not have had the high grade gasoline we have now. Our tax system is better planes, better automobiles, more efficient transportation generally.—Adm. H. H. Arnold. It is the greed for gain, the lust for power which has been called into existence by the economic struggle which is the fundamental cause of the present World War. —Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president Columbia U. The present German attitude is not apathetic or resigned. So much terror has rained on us that we have passed the limits of horrors. —Gen. Charles W. Brag, Brig. Gen. The general is giving him the coat. He's that



FATHER CAN'T FIND ANY SHOE COUPONS AND HE SWEARS HE'S GOING BARFOOTED AS SOON AS THE SNOW METS—I NEVER DID UNDERSTAND HIS SENSE OF HUMOR!

People's Platform

Editors, The News: As there have been quite a number of letters about the dog Biaz, I feel moved to add a word. Aside from the simple matter of "first things first" (cargo before passengers) it seems plain to the business angle of the case, as an animal nailed up in a crate is in a state of physical discomfort and mental distress, not knowing what is happening to him. Humane considerations demand that an animal to be shipped should reach the destination as quickly as possible. I have had plenty of experience in shipping cats, and I know all about it. To be shipped is a very painful ordeal for any animal. The railroads have consideration for animals, and always give through freight service to preference for animals, for example, an animal traveling on a cargo plane is not crated up in a crate, and is not in a state of fear and worry on account of not knowing what is happening to him. A few hours' delay does not make the difference to him that a day would be to a helpless dumb animal. Every dog whether he belongs to the "C" class or the "O" class, is entitled to humane treatment.

If this dog had belonged to any one else besides a member of the Roosevelt family, no animal would have been made. There are people always watching out to make a mountain out of a molehill in any little matter that concerns the Roosevelt family. These low and mean souls are suffering from the jealousy complex. Because the Roosevelts are more important than they are, they have it in for them. They cannot "take it" when they see a man make an extraordinary success of his life as our President has done. They cannot reverse greatness; they can only be jealous of it. We extend our only and best regards to these mean souls. —ALICE McFARLAND, Charlotte.

The Last of The Blaze Plooms

Editors, The News: My the poor "Newy." For such poetry to set as the trip sent in by W. C. Nisbet Hitler's man 'tis plain. To see Unfortunate to the end For this kind of the free On a mild day dreary in '23 Old Nisbet was leary But now with stomach full Of food He does drip and ooze with Ingratitude. But it is not news To those who held honest views That Nisbet in his folly Can lash out against a nice lady In Mt. Holly All to vent his spleen on That man and all his cares Who brought-out Nisbet back From the shores of despair. —H. E. BRADDERMAN, Charlotte.

Four-Star Guy

By Hel Boyle

kind of a guy. I don't know anyone that doesn't like him. Andrus keeps a farmer's house, getting up when the sun—so late as seven in the Winter—goes out as four in the Summer. He likes to chat, likes to work, keeps his pipe lit almost constantly, and drinks at least a dozen cups of coffee a day. When he thinks he has been smoked too much, he slows up by "rolling his own." He smokes 10-cent pipe tobacco. His military beliefs are simple and direct.

1. That the only way to whip the Germans is to seek them hard, get them on the run and never allow them time to rest, get set or die in. 2. That the American dough-boy is a better man and a better fighter than the German infantryman. 3. That you use less ammunition in the long run and kill more Germans by massed artillery fire when allowed targets are available.

No division has had greater success with mobile masses of armor, with mobile masses of armor, than the 1st Infantry under Andrus. Typical was the speed with which his gunners broke up a German counter-attack northeast of Aachen. The Nazis struck by night, trying for a surprise. But exactly six minutes after they were alerted Andrus' artillery was plastering them with 100 guns—eight full battalions. The counter-attack broke up immediately. Andrus has had phenomenal success with the 105 mm. gun because his favorite field piece is the new 155 mm. howitzer because it can "plunk them into a rail yard." When his battifield worries are over for the day, the General likes to read his much-thumbed copy of Mark Twain or a current periodical. Typical was his working crossword puzzles or solving cryptograms, cribbage and chess. He is a crack cribbage player. His favorite chess opponent is his ally, Lt. Robert C. Bush, a Harvard graduate of New York City. That's because I usually can beat him, sniled Andrus. The General doesn't enjoy a game unless the competition is tough.