EDITORIAL PAGE
THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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There's A Source

When Mayor Baxter and the seven new Councilmen had lunch with the Real Estate Board last week, one of the subjects which came up was reported as a "broadened tax base." Putting two and two together, we deduce that the Realtors were wondering if, with all the bonds that are to be issued for such worthwhile undertakings as the new library, the War Memorial, parks, sewage system and the like, taxes on real estate weren't going to be given a decided hike. Probably they were looking around for something other than real estate to bear a part of the burden.

How far they went into it, we don't know, but if they didn't at least speculate about ABC stores for Charlotte, they overlooked a likely source of other than ad valorem revenue. Last fiscal year, for example, New Hanover County kept for itself more than $400,000 from its ABC stores (the State got $160,000 on top of that, and $21,000 was allocated to special enforcement of the liquor laws). Wake County realized a quarter-million, Durham County almost as much.

It has been estimated that Mecklenburg would derive not less than $500,000 annually by taking over the traffic from bootleggers. $500,000 would pay for the new library in one year, the War Memorial in four or five. The money, to be sure, would belong to the County rather than the City, but city residents pay three-fourths of the County's taxes. It would be a simple case of different pockets in the same suit.

The time, admittedly, is not right, nor would it be equitable to hold a liquor election with so many citizens of the community absent in the services, though many of them will have returned by the time construction of these facilities will become practicable. We are not, in fact, arguing that an election on liquor stores should be held. We are merely pointing out that, for a productive source of revenue other than real estate, liquor stores are obvious.

The Taxing Men

You can take your choice of tax experts these days. That doesn't mean that your bill will be trimmed and your burden lightened, but you can take sides. We've a bunch that the long line will form behind Georgia's Senator George, who has plumped for immediate tax reduction as the only means of easing the country into shape for post-war reconversion. But the other line, standing behind North Carolina's Muley Bob Doughton, is going to throw a lot of weight. President Truman is already there.

Even before a joint Congressional committee had time to meet and make its decision about future tax policies, Senator George had gone to newsmen and come out for tax reduction. Representative Doughton, the dean of tax experts and boss of the House committee where all tax legislation must start, held his tongue. It is reported that he was angry, but he made no public attack upon Senator George.

Between them, these Congressional leaders must reach an agreement which will directly touch every American pocketbook. They must decide that the end of the war in Germany will permit tax reduction on individuals—or they must decide that the war with Japan and the huge debt piled on us will require heavy taxes for years to come. It seems likely, at this moment, that there will be no reduction at all for individuals—at least no sizable reduction. There are plans to ease the load on corporations to some extent, especially smaller corporations, but for the little man with the big burden, there is nothing.

There are only these two schools of thought, diametrically opposed. They are headed by two of our foremost experts on taxation, two men who have been taxing the people longer than any other Americans. Each of them knows the field thoroughly, and yet, when they come to this point in our war, with half the task done, they cannot agree at all. It would be very so pleasant, at least for a while, if we could all agree with Senator George. In that event, we could slash our taxes, breathe easier, and try to struggle on. But the prospects are that we will come to Mr. Doughton's view, that we cannot afford to lighten tax loads now, that we must pay and pay.

A New Emancipation

The momentous decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission to equalize certain freight rates all over the country is not just an economic victory for the South. It is more the razing of a barrier to the progress of industry in the South and West. It is, in effect, a go-ahead signal for big business, particularly manufactures, to move South and West. This is, in a sense, the breaking up of a monopoly, for Eastern industry has long used freight differentials to maintain supremacy. South and West, manufacturers have been forced to pay premium rates. And under that complex system, all sorts of inequities existed, and most of them worked against Southerners and Westerners.

But it is not enough for the South to celebrate the decision as a victory over entrenched privilege—for this decision is only a preliminary to the South's industrial expansion. It will help make it possible, but the section will not gain the full benefit of it unless it does develop industrially to take advantage of its new parity. Equalizing basic rates means simply that costs of doing business in the South have been slashed. The moment that the new rates go into effect (and that may be several years) our transportation costs, by and large, become those of the East—and West.

And though the decision has already been handed down, there are yet adjustments to be made. Shippers will continue to ask for revisions, and the railroads are still to have their say about methods of rate classifications.

The decision itself, reaching into the intricacies of the nation's rate structure, is not for the layman. All he need know is that another step in an economic revolution has come to pass, that the South has one less handicap to face, and that it may now make greater use of its natural and human resources, to progress from colonial status to full participation in the American economy.

Duel With Russia

Men from Mars, gazing at us this week, would be forced to the conclusion that Russia, Britain and the United States were the warring powers of this earth, and that we were likely to tear into each other at any moment. No stranger could overlook the tensions developing between the Big Three. They're everywhere.

They're in Trieste, where Moscow's man Tito is engaged in a deadly little tug-of-war with Britain. They're in San Francisco, where Mr. Stettinius duels with the Russians, and the smaller nations back him up, picking small fights daily. They're at the State Department's elbow, where the White Russian, Leo Pasvolsky, gives advice on Soviet problems—much to the chagrin of our Eastern Allies. They're at the borders in Germany, where American and British correspondents are halted. They're in London, where the Polish Government-in-exile holds court, and is accused by Moscow of being a sworn enemy. They're everywhere, these tensions.

It is as if, in the moment of victory, the United Nations had forgotten the long, hard struggle together, had junked Casablanca, Cairo, Teheran and Yalta, and decided to draw lines for the next war on a new and vaster scale. We are warned by some observers to disregard these little clashes, and to keep our eyes on the larger objective. We are cautioned to withhold judgment, and to press for permanent alliance even if it involves much compromise. There is wisdom in these warnings, for whatever else comes to pass, Britain and the United States must learn to live with Russia.

And we must do this, not alone for fear that we will eventually come to war with Russia. We must bind the Big Three closely together for the simple reason that, if any one of these nations walks out, future peace will become impossible. It is not that Russia will become the enemy; it is that, without her, some enemy will inevitably arise.

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

AGAINST the unfortunate Soviet transgressions which have marred our present Russian relations, must be chalked up a list of petty mistakes and needling of which U. S. officials have been guilty. None of these are basically important in American eyes, but to the Orientally minded Russians, always suspicious and made more so by long years of diplomatic snubbing, they are exaggerated out of proportion and become very serious.

Before the San Francisco Conference opened, for instance, Foreign Minister Molotov took up in Washington the question of rotating the chairmanship among the Big Four inviting countries. Lord Halifax at that time proposed a compromise and it was presumed this would be adopted.

Other delegates were amazed, therefore, when Secretary Stettinius permitted the Mexican Foreign Minister to propose Stettinius' name as full-time chairman of the Conference instead of rotating the chairmanship. Molotov, not understanding English, did not realize what was happening and Stettinius was virtually elected when Molotov rose to reiterate his point made earlier in Washington.

Later, Senator Vandenberg leaked to newsmen what happened at the secret session, giving a distorted version to the effect that Molotov was trying to sabotage the Conference.

The Russians get awfully stubborn when they think you are trying to doublecross them, even on little things. And if our handsome young Secretary of State had put the quietus on his own vanity and graciously offered at the start to share the dull, routine job of wielding the gavel before the delegates (and news photographers) there is no telling what headaches it might have saved us in other places.

Petty Needling

Personal pettiness has featured much of our recent relationship with Russia. The Russians, for instance, have never quite forgotten Chief of Staff Marshall's press conference when he predicted the fall of Moscow in six weeks. Gen. Marshall was only taking the word of his Military Intelligence, and is not anti-Russian. But Red Army generals never forgot it.

Somewhat more serious has been the petty needling of the State Department officials. In the first place, the top adviser to Stettinius is Leo Pasvolsky, last secretary to the Russian Embassy in Washington before the Bolshevik Revolution, later editor of two White Russian newspapers in New York. Various delegates at San Francisco were amazed at the way Stettinius called on Pasvolsky for advice at almost every turn. More than any other man, this White Russian seemed to be the backstage manager of the American delegation.

Another right-hand adviser to Stettinius is charming Jimmy Dunn, chief State Department champion of Franco and the man who consistently opposed the Republican Government of Spain because he feared it was too much like the Soviet. Naturally it is hard for the Russians to forget that Franco came into power through Hitler and Mussolini plus the hands-off embargo policy of Jimmy Dunn; and that Franco promised to send 1,000,000 members of his Blue Division to fight the Russians when they had their backs to the wall at Stalingrad. Now they see Jimmy Dunn sitting at Stettinius' right hand.

Peasant vs. Financier

There are many others—Assistant Secretary Will Clayton, who has been doing an increasingly good job in the State Department, but whom the Russians remember as selling cotton to the Axis through his subsidiaries right up until Pearl Harbor; Assistant Secretary Julius Holmes, who frankly admitted that he saw nothing wrong with Franco or the Fascist Iron Guard of Roumania; Undersecretary Joe Grew, who urged that we continue selling scrap iron and oil to Japan; and finally Ed Stettinius himself, former chairman of U. S. Steel, who has been built up by General Motors and the House of J. P. Morgan.

One up on the State Department needlers, however, when it comes to souring our relations with Russia, are certain admirals and generals who look upon war with Russia as a foregone conclusion. Though we have no territory that either covets, though our borders are in no way contiguous, and though our peoples when they come in genuine contact usually like each other, some of the brass hats have already proposed building 73 warships for an expected war against Russia.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith

"You can really save me from disaster—I lost my ration books! Isn't it lucky we live only 30 miles apart!"

Down Through the Third Reich's Thousand Years

Britain's Game

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

ONE does not like to say it, one does not even like to think it, but it would be in the traditional pattern for Britain to start to build a Germany again, now that a Germany has been defeated. A good Germany, of course; a clean Germany, naturally; but how good and how clean it would be up to Mr. Churchill to say, and the Italian and Greek stories tell us that his standards in these matters are not always high. Was something like this in Mr. Churchill's mind when he told Commons on Wednesday that he wanted Germans to administer Germany?

It is a fair question, when one sees this grim old man begin to pussyfoot, and grow shy, and dodge inquiries about Doenitz, and to appear in every way unlike himself, as if he had a thought he was not ready to articulate.

What is Mr. Churchill up to? He has thrown open a perspective of administration of Germany by Germans. This means, if not outright administration by Junkers generals, administration by the uncles and the cousins and the aunts of Junkers generals. For, to Mr. Churchill, representatives of the lower sections of national life, in any country in Europe, are doubly foreigners; strange creatures, twice removed from his English Tory conceptions.

The fact that Admiral Doenitz was classified as a prisoner of war later the same day did not take the ominous quality out of Mr. Churchill's statement; he either did not know that Doenitz was about to be listed as a prisoner, or else he did not like that fact, for he mumbled and stammered when asked about the Doenitz "government"; he said he preferred to speak of it as an "administration", etc. These are not the words of a man trying to put another man into a prison; they are the words of a man trying to keep another man out of it.

Let us hope it is all a shadow; that there is no real difference between Mr. Churchill and the Americans on this matter, and no real difference between these two taken together and the Russians. Yet so much is involved that we must watch even the shadows.

We had thought, before victory day, that there might be a competition between Russia and the West on how to punish Germany: dire punishment in the East, faster, softer punishment in the West. It will be strange if, instead, this should turn into a competition on how to organize Germany.

Should that happen, and should events run true to form, the West, especially the British zone, would organize from the top down, it would make use of high German pro-nalities, and of the gray slogans of "order". But the Russians would organize from the bottom up; they would mobilize the German masses, not only against their old leaders in the East, but against their old leaders in our zones, too. In such a competition the West can only lose.

It is not unfair to accuse any man of running true to form. And if Mr. Churchill runs true to form, he will be terribly afraid of what he will consider "disorder" in Germany. As a Tory British M. P., also, he will be strongly drawn toward the traditional British policy of building up, somehow or other, the weakest of the great powers on the Continent; in this case, Germany; he may try, once more, to turn that rusty key which has led Britain to disaster twice in this century.

These are pathetic, tired old conceptions; they are not adequate to our day. We must do as we said we would do at Yalta, "break up for all time the German General Staff" and then let nature take its course. If the Germans show a desire to go a little faster toward the left than we think suitable, we must try not to give way to hysteria over that fact. For if we become frightened, we shall blunder and be lost, and lose by default what we fear to lose in competition.

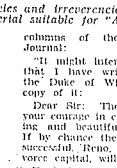
TVA's Victory At Fontana

By Marquis Childs

FONTANA, N. C.

IN three years and eighteen days—two years under the estimated time—the Tennessee Valley Authority has built here in this beautiful mountain country the fourth largest dam in the world.

It is thrilling to listen to the story of how it was rushed through, with the work going forward under great flood lights at night. Two of the big turbines began to turn in January and now they are just completing the job.



Eventually, three great generators will be powered by the waters of the Little Tennessee. They will have a capacity of 202,500 kilowatts.

When the last construction workers have left—the force is now reduced to about 500—this whole towering structure will be operated by 30 men, ten to each shift. That is one of the most striking things about harnessing our American rivers. Once you've done the job, you can leave a few men behind to pull the switches, and the river running down to the sea does the rest.

Project manager at Fontana and the man most responsible for the speed with which the job was done is Fred C. Schlemmer. Although he has begged the building of several other dams for TVA, this is the one that he is most proud of. When he takes you around over the great mountain of masonry, you can see him fairly burst with pride.

Because of Fontana's remoteness, it was necessary to haul 1 neverything needed for the workers and their families. A small town had to be created. That, in turn, meant leveling off mountain tops to get sufficient flat surface to build temporary houses.

Fontana's workers have been decently housed. There is none of the temporary mining camp atmosphere about this community.

Recruiting labor for the construction job was not easy. Not far away is a tremendous munitions ordnance project employing at least 40,000 men, and perhaps by now considerably more. The prospect of decent living quarters did as much as anything else to bring workers to Fontana, where Government wage scales are not quite so high as those that a private contractor can offer.

Many of those who came to Fontana have been part of Schlemmer's gang on other TVA projects. Between them is a friendly relationship. When one of Schlemmer's two sons was killed in the Normandy invasion, hardly a man but showed his sympathy in some way.

He is proud of the co-operation that his men give him. One hundred per cent of all Fontana workers—not 98, he tells you—put 22 to 25 per cent of their pay in war bonds. Days when a record volume of concrete was poured, the champion crews were given a special citation and the whole camp heard about it on the special radio channel that carries music and news.

When the war is ended, all of TVA's power will be at the service of the development of the region. We stopped at several farms where, for $6 to $9 a month, not only lighting but a great deal of the heavy work is done by electricity. That will go on. It is at the base of the TVA idea.

Statesmen At Work

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

THE House was debating an appropriations bill for the State Department:

Mr. KEEFE (Wis.). The point on which I should like to be informed as a member of the House is this: The gentleman has stated that unless this amendment is written into this bill the State Department will have to come back here and ask for a greatly increased appropriation for this item. What I want to know is: How much does this bill carry for the State Department to spend for the maintenance of a commissary establishment in the State Department? How large is that amount, may I ask the chairman?

Mr. RABAUT (Mich.). That matter was fully discussed. The gentleman would have to have the hearings before him to know the answer. The members of the minority were with the committee upstairs, so the gentleman well knows. The gentleman is no novice in this House. The minority was upstairs on the committee, and this was adopted and brought to the floor by the full committee.

Mr. KEEFE. Will the gentleman please answer my specific question?

Mr. RABAUT. I am not answering the gentleman's question at all. The gentleman can look in the hearings and find it.

Mr. KEEFE. The gentleman does not care to answer my question.

Mr. RABAUT. The gentleman was here when this bill was passed in the House.

Mr. KEEFE. I should like to know how much of this lump-sum appropriation of $8,469,705 is allocated by the State Department for the maintenance of a commissary service.

Mr. RABAUT. The gentleman will find that matter was discussed in the hearings. It is up to him to look in the hearings and discover it. This is a conference report that is under consideration. The question the gentleman is bringing up now should have been asked when the bill was under consideration on the floor.

Mr. KEEFE. I am dismayed that the distinguished gentleman has seen fit to cast no light upon this subject at all. It is characteristic of New Deal thinking. You of the majority will jam this thing through without the Congress knowing the facts.

I should like also to know how it would cost the people of the United States a single dollar if the State Department were required to turn into the Treasury under the item of miscellaneous receipts the amount they receive from the operation of this commissary service.

Anything Goes

(A column of irrelevancies and irreverencies, appearing irregularly. If readers run across brief material suitable for "Anything Goes," send it in).

AMERICANA, as reported by the old American Mercury in the days of Mencken:

Massachusetts: Convincing bit of medico-theological dogma, as offered in the correspondence columns of **The Christian Science Sentinel**:

I have found Christian Science as effective with animals as with people. While aboard ship a cat appeared to have what would generally be called a fit. It acted as if blind, and ran around crying and bumping into things. I took it into my quarters and read from Science and Health, just as if I were reading to a person, and in a few minutes it quieted down and went to sleep. In a couple of hours it awakened and was all right. After that it kept close to me whenever possible.

Nevada: An enterprising citizen gets in a publicity plug for his home town, as reported in the letter columns of the Nevada State Journal:

"It might interest you to know that I have written a letter to the Duke of Windsor. Here's a copy of it:

Dear Sir: The world admires your courage in choosing a charming and beautiful life mate . . . If by chance the marriage is not successful, Reno, the world's divorce capital, will welcome you."

—Kentucky: Important civic spectacle is staged by the burghers of Maysville.

E. L. Weaver walked off with the championship of Mason County in long-distance tobacco spitting. "The Orangeburg" man nosed out a Maysleck "expectorator" by a mere one-inch margin when a Weaver stream—propelled from a steady between-the-fingers stance—splashed 17 feet 6 inches away from the line. A crowd of 200 men looked on while the 38 contestants arched their shots eastward on Market Street. Four were disqualified—three for blowing.

Mr. Earl Wilson

IT was a very interesting conference even though nobody asked Mr. Stettinius how to pronounce "bourbon-and-water." I understand this was due to the absence of Mr. Earl Wilson, the dice-cake-and-pronunciation authority, who is said to be speeding to the side of Chiang Kai-shek to ask for the pronunciation of "chowmein." All the other world-thinkers seemed to miss Mr. Wilson very much, and it was generally conceded that he is quite a card. The estimates ranging from deuce of cubs to the four of diamonds.—John Lardner, reporting from San Francisco.

People's Platform

Editors, THE NEWS:

At 2:41 A. M. Sunday, May 7, in a "little red schoolhouse" at Reims, France, a historical event took place. A meeting that proclaiming people all over the world had been fighting, praying, and dying for was in progress. The Nazi "superman" surrendered unconditionally to the mighty Allied forces.

The news was flashed to America and a sudden fear gripped our hearts. The fear that it was "just another rumor." But it was soon known that this was the real thing, this was it, this was the end of five and one-half years of the most titanic struggle the world has ever known.

For a moment, we all felt like running into the street and shouting, shooting guns, and ringing bells. But it was suddenly realized that the big job was still ahead, defeating Japan. So instead of allowing a pandemonium to break loose, we went quietly home, to churches and kneeled to thank God for the victory that saved humanity. That's the American way.

But now that the struggle in Europe is over, now that the horde of "goose-stepping invincibles" has been crushed once and for all, let us not falter. We must work and fight twice as hard as before, because a terrific job lies ahead. The job of crippling Japan so severely, that never again in the history of the world, will our loved ones be forced to die on a bloody battlefield.

Yes, but defeating Japan is not all we must accomplish. We must form an international peace organization so strong and powerful that no nation will dare rise against decent men again. This cannot be done without the help and support of every individual regardless of race, creed, or color. This can be done and it will be done.

Let us not forget the immortal words of our late President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. "We are going to win this war, and we are going to win the peace that follows." This will be done if we all "get in and pitch."

Sincerely,
—JULIAN BARBER

Charlotte.

Insults From The Nawth

Editors, THE NEWS:

Now and then one comes across a "wise guy" from up Nawth who thinks it his Christian duty to civilize us poor Southern heathens. It is only those who are ignorant of conditions here, and thanks be the number is small. I did not know until reading Walter Tyrrell's classic in last week's News, however, that there existed one so ignorant of facts as to accuse us of continuing to fight the Civil War.

And if the rest of the country has known for years that the South's resources were ruined by neglect, may I ask Mr. Tyrrell why "experts" from up Nawth assembled at Chapel Hill only last week to make the announcement? Seems they have been holding out on us unfairly, eh, folks?

Such remarks should of course be treated with the contempt they deserve, but I cannot understand how one can be so brazenly insulting.

I am sure the genteel people from Baltimore and elsewhere will want to apologize for Mr. Tyrrell's insults, his attitude is not representative of theirs.

—MRS. D. S. BEATTY.

Mount Holly, N. C.

Quote, Unquote

END of hostilities in Europe will not solve the national coal shortage and it may be necessary to reissue the "brown-out" order some time during the Fall of this year.

—J. Krug Chairman War Production Board

I have complete confidence in the stupidity of the Japanese.

—Brig. Gen. Frederick Smith, Commander, Fifth Air Force, Pacific.

The biggest task of San Francisco is not negotiation, not charter drafting. It is to create an organization which will be imbued with a righteous spirit, an active principle.

—John Foster Dulles of New York, adviser to U. S. delegation.