THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Full Circle On The Bomb

WE seem to have gone full circle in our thinking on The Bomb. In the first flush of victory, after Hiroshima and Nagasaki had disappeared and the Japanese had surrendered, we believed that our new weapon would allow the United States to dominate the world—in the interests of peace and democracy of course. Then doubts came creeping; the scientists kept reminding us that atoms are everywhere and can be split in Stalingrad as well as at Alamagordo; the secret, they said, was good for no more than a decade at the outside. We moved then toward internationalization of The Bomb, offering it to the United Nations in return for certain not unreasonable guarantees. Now, we gather from the testimony offered before the Senate Committee investigating the qualifications of President Truman's appointees to the Atomic Energy Commission, we are back where we started—worrying about secret agents prowling around Oak Ridge.

Even so thoughtful a statesman as Bernard Baruch, who only a few months ago was speaking bravely and eloquently on behalf of international control of the atom, seems to be looking for Reds under the bed. He made public reference to the Communist spy ring in Canada, and it appears that he had even stronger words at the closed hearing. Honest John Bricker came out, foot in mouth, with a wistful little plan for maintaining our sovereignty while outlawing the use of The Bomb that turned out to be a carbon copy of the one offered the UN by Mr. Gromyko. The Army seems to be convinced that The Bomb will remain our exclusive property if it is allowed to post a big enough guard over the nation's filing cabinets, and the Congress seems about ready to agree.

This would make some sense if it weren't for the fact that, in the view of every competent scientist, we are trying to guard a secret that isn't really secret. The basic principles of nuclear fission are common knowledge all around the globe, as they were long before the Smythe report, which Mr. Baruch criticized inferentially as telling too much, was ever published. Some part of the mechanical process of harnessing atomic energy for destructive purposes may, in fact, be secret, but there is no reason to believe the scientists of other nations will be long in working it out. Before we put our full faith in the innate superiority of American mechanical genius, it might be well to remember that the scientists who worked out our own technique had names like Einstein, Fermi, and Oppenheimer.

Actually, in view of our present strained relations with Russia, the practical effect of the alarums and excursions that Washington will not be important, whatever comes of them. But they are symptomatic of our new nationalism, our cynical lack of faith in peace based on true international cooperation. We have abandoned the effort to work out a practicable method of sharing the atomic secret, and are concentrating instead on working out a method to keep from sharing it.

That state of mind, it seems to us, is a good deal more dangerous than The Bomb. No less an authority than General Eisenhower has an excellent name for it—Maginot-mindedness. The reference is to France's Maginot Line, that string of concrete fortresses practical Frenchmen insisted would preserve the peace by its impenetrability. The Line did not preserve the peace, and it was not impenetrable. Its sole function was to lull the French people in the years between World Wars I and II, giving them a false sense of security that allowed them to ignore their international obligations. God forbid that The Bomb should serve that same purpose in the interval between World Wars II and III.

The Great Closed-Shop Debate

PRESIDENT CHARLES E. WILSON of General Motors has announced that he will take up farming before he will sign a closed shop contract with a labor union.

An important faction of the Republican Party, supported by an important faction (Southern) of the Democratic Party, will introduce legislation in the Congress outlawing closed-shop contracts.

A bill outlawing the closed shop in North Carolina has been introduced in the Legislature.

It is not surprising that an anti-closed shop bill should turn up in Congress. But it is rather surprising to find one in the hopper of the Legislature, and to find it introduced by Representatives from Beaufort, Martin and Gates, counties where we would imagine all resident union members could hold a convention in a telephone booth. We didn't realize that North Carolina had much of a labor problem, being as free of strikes as any state in the Union during these past uncertain months.

At any rate, such legislation points up the issue. Most employers look with disfavor upon the closed shop, and those who have to deal with labor unions are likely to display some bitterness, as Mr. Wilson did, when the subject is mentioned. All labor union leaders favor the closed shop, and one of them observed the other day that making it illegal would "set the labor movement in this country back a hundred years."

This alignment seems to us entirely normal and natural. The closed shop allows a union to hold fractious employees in line by force, thus enabling it to present a solid front to an employer when it bargains. An open shop allows an employer to weaken the union's position by hiring non-union men, thus giving management a considerable advantage at the bargaining table.

Overlaid on these two simple, direct and understandable motives, however, there is an imposing collection of abstract considerations having to do with democracy, justice, et al. And the debate on the closed shop is conducted always in terms of these abstractions. The forensic advantage lies, we think, with the employer. After all, there is something naturally abhorrent about forcing a man to join a union in order to take a job, and the closed shop accomplishes exactly that. The union people can only reply that there is no law *requiring* a closed shop, that where it exists it has been obtained initially through bargaining, and that union men have as great a God-given right to organize and demand it as they do to demand an extra ten cents an hour or paper towels in the washroom. But there is an effective counter-argument to that: the effect of the closed shop is to perpetuate a union's exclusive bargaining rights whether it still has unanimous support among the workers or not.

We would like to think that the gentlemen on both sides of this question were really interested in the undemocratic, or democratic, aspects of the closed shop question. We fear, however, that the motives of most can be measured in dollars and cents; the issue is part of the continual jockeying for advantage between employer and organized employee. Since this looks very much like the employer's inning, it seems likely that the closed shop will be banned, and we can think of no particular reason to mourn it. But it might be well for those who are preparing to celebrate a great victory to remember that in asking for an anti-closed shop law they are condoning governmental intervention in employer-employee relations. That principle, as the New Deal so thoroughly demonstrated, can work both ways.

Could This Be Music?

WE remarked here recently upon the fox-hunting feud now raging in Iredell, and we are now informed that feeling is running even higher in Rowan. We are indebted to Bill Snider of *The Salisbury Post* for this intelligence; Mr. Snider is the author of a lengthy and rhapsodic essay on Rowan's foxes which begins: "Praising fox hunters to a Rowan County farmer is like spitting in a policeman's eye."

It is necessary to understand that the fox hunters of Rowan, Iredell, and contiguous territory are not red-coated gentry addicted to fine horseflesh and stirrup cups. Their cups, if any, are taken on foot, as is their hunting, although Mr. Snider reports that a progressive younger element now operates occasionally in automobiles. Moreover, they hunt at night, and unarmed. They actually raise foxes in order to chase them, and then let them go if they manage to capture them. This infuriates the farmers, who complain that the foxes are marauders, and the gun-toting huntsmen, who consider such sentimentality a sign of softening of the brain.

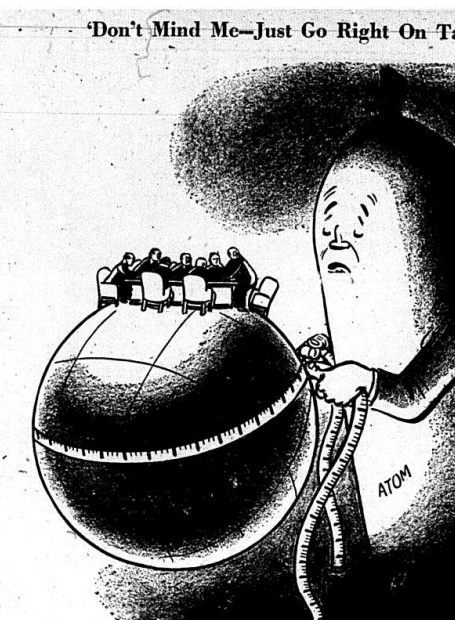
The principal object of the Tar Heel fox hunt, indeed, is aesthetic. The boys just like to listen to the hounds. Mr. Snider explains it this way: "They spin dulcet talkes of fox hounds baying on the sweet night air while expectant hunters pick a comfortable stump, build a fire, bring out the coffee and just listen. It's the prettiest music this side of Shangri-la, the boys say."

But here again, the fox hunters run into the closed mind. The farmers say the danged dogs wake 'em up at night, and don't catch any foxes anyway. The futility of the continuing effort to convert the opposition is demonstrated by the conversation Mr. Snider overheard between a devotee and an elderly farmer. The hounds were stringing out across the bottom in full cry, and the hunter sighed and said: "Ain't that purty music?" And the old man spat and replied: "Don't hear no music. Sounds like a bunch of hound dogs yelpin' to me."

Today's episode ends on a note of rare suspense, with Congress promising tax cuts up to 20 per cent, or possibly nothing. Don't miss tomorrow's thrilling installment!

In a Southern raffle a five-year-old boy wins a 170-pound pig. Picture his disillusion on learning that it isn't full of money.

The advices are mixed: While economists in the main foresee a recession, a Detroit foundry bravely adds two new chimneys to the plant letterhead



'Don't Mind Me—Just Go Right On Talking'

Samuel Grafton

Realism In France

PARIS

ONE does not ordinarily think of the Anglo-Saxon as being a dreamy type. Yet after one reaches Paris and has a taste of French realism, an odd feeling begins to stir that perhaps both America and Britain are filled with visionaries, even romantics. French foreign policy for example, is based on the simple idea of keeping Germany down. That policy is hard, local, and appropriate to the annals of our time. It makes the British, with their vision of a reconstituted German army, perhaps, an offer against Russia, seem awfully moody and way up in the air, and it makes us seem sometimes to be floating, too. Some American officials, I hear, think the French are inclined to be cruel because they want the Ruhr internationalized and because they don't sentimentalize about the Germans. But the French are not cruel; they just don't like to be hit on the head and they won't let anybody change the subject.

UNREALISTIC AMERICANS

One misses this note of realism in some of the Americans who are now traveling about Europe. One correspondent told me of a wonderful conversation between two American business men on the London to Paris train the other day. The two debated at some length the great question of how soon the French would follow the British Socialistic lead and nationalize their railroads. It happens that French railroads have been nationalized since about the time of the discovery of the steam engine. But the two travelers were not going to let a mere fact like that interfere with moody enjoyment of their pet horror of an expanding world socialism.

Much of American and British diplomatic activity seems to be devoted to pursuing hobgoblins of this sort, and it makes French activity and thinking seem reassuringly real, like life in a kitchen.

I went to a press conference at the Quai D'Orsay the other day at which a French official, Herve Alphand, explained the French plan for internationalizing the Ruhr under the United Nations. A French reporter asked where the profits of German industry would go under the plan and Alphand explained that he did not care where they went, they could go to Germany to reduce occupation costs, so long as control was international. An American present then asked why certain Eastern sections of Germany, now in the Russian sphere, could not also be internationalized. Alphand said briefly that he did not think those sections were German any more and he sounded as if he didn't mind that fact. It was characteristic. I chose to think, that to an American, internationalization itself suddenly loomed up as a possible pressure instrument against Russia, while to Alphand it was important only as a device to keep Germany down.

One supposes, of course, that actual internationalization of the Ruhr would probably frighten many Americans who are already frightened of the hobgoblins, for it sounds like a kind of double nationalization, or socialism in spades.

But the French are never put off with words. If someone were to propose to the French that they follow the British plan of not eating very well for the next two or three years in order to increase exports, it seems to me the French would merely reply, "And how can we be sure anybody would buy our exports after that time?" No one asks that question in moody Britain; it would be unpatriotic.

DIGNITY OF LIFE

And when I said that there was, in spite of the magnificence of current discussions, a certain deep organic realism in France, I meant it. I have just driven with some others through the snow to the little village of St. Pierre near Maintenon. There we had lunch, in a tiny unheated cafe at a table beside the cookstove. In the cold and under the circumstances it would have been quite reasonable to fob us off with sandwiches, but the woman of the place gave us instead the most carefully prepared and presented pate and chops and potatoes and sausages and cheese and special crepes. I was appreciative, not for the food, but for the implied French assertion, amid hardship, on that bitter cold afternoon of how real a thing is, or should be, the unending dignity of life.

People's Platform

Our Unscientific Reasoning

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

HAVE you gotten your tongue out of your cheek yet?

Last week I read that editorial "Onward, Downward With the Arts" which appeared in The News January 29. In it, you undertake to condemn radio for its commercial practices. An interesting study, sir, the lurching of your logic. You rise to such a crescendo of indignation, in eight paragraphs, that you arrive at the bland conclusion that radio is disappearing anyway (all of which proves its usefulness of your foregoing indictments against it).

Let me take some of your statements, which I presume you offer as factual, and mirror them against the actual circumstances.

You say: "Radio is the only one of the media which is completely and unashamedly commercial".

There are over 1,000 broadcasting stations on the air. About twenty per cent of them have no network affiliation at all. Those that do devote an approximate average of 30 per cent of their time to network programs. It is safe to say that 60 per cent of everything you hear on the air is produced by radio station staffs. (Can you know of one show originating in Charlotte that is produced by an advertiser or agency?) And you cannot cite a single network production which goes on the air without the supervision of a network production expert.

You say, "The successful radio programs are prepared, not by entertainment or information experts, but by advertising experts."

Is this intended to imply to your readers that such programs as Information Please, Bob Hope, Fred Allen, the NBC Symphony, Quiz Kids, DuPont Cavalcade, Kate Smith, the Hit Parade and scores of other past wood productions are advertising programs? If such is your implication, where are you getting your information? For it is completely fallacious, and your readers themselves will recognize it as such.

You say, "A man who objects to a radio commercial can defend himself only by shutting off the entire program."

That's better than he can do with a newspaper, of course, and I defy you to find on any radio station advertising as noxious as some of the body odor-depilatory copy that appears in the press. There is a strong inference to be drawn from this part of your discussion that advertising, per se, is objectionable—since you state that in a newspaper a reader can overlook the advertising, while in radio a listener cannot. I call that a subtle affection of all advertisers now employing space in your good newspaper, to any of whom I will be happy to forward a WBT rate card with a list of availabilities.

You say, "Our research department is totally unscientific, but we seem to note a pronounced trend away from radio listening."

To demonstrate how unscientific your reasoning is in this instance, let me tell you that there are over 60,000,000 radio families in the United States today; that more radio receivers will be manufactured and sold in 1947 than in any year theretofore; that Federal officials predict there will be twice as many radio stations in the United States by January, 1948, as there were in January, 1947; that all indices on audience show a marked trend upward in listening; that studies have shown that people spend more time listening to radio that they devote to any other pursuit excepting working and sleeping.

I would not be indignant that you should criticize radio constructively. We have much to do to improve our service to the public, both in developing better programs and better advertising. But if you are to criticize, I think in fairness your appraisal should be based on fact and not these ectoplasmic platitudes you are scraping from the wall of your Ivory Tower.

I believe most listeners would agree with me that radio has come a long way in 25 years from a standing start; that its service, as developed in a short quarter century, at least matches the service of the press of this nation, which has been operating for over two centuries.

—CHARLES CRUTCHFIELD,
General Manager, WBT.

(NOTE: Matches our service? Why we admit the wireless is way out in front. No matter how hard we try to pack more punch into our "body odor-depilatory copy" we can't find a thing that compares with that B.O. foghorn.—Eds., THE NEWS).

Friends And Enemies

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

I NOTICE that the vets are getting very bitter in regard to no place to live, and the landlords yelping about higher profits on rent.

The GI will have to accept people's records for what they are. And know their friends and enemies apart.

The GIs can consult their enemies' records, made while they were slugging it out and their buddies dying like flies. Their enemies were shirking their duty, hoarding food for their bellies, yelping for gasoline and grabbing for themselves.

Actions speak louder than words. It was our country's and God's cause that was at stake. But it was of no concern of theirs.

President Roosevelt asked that the GIs have a law to make those who were not doing their duty do it or go to jail; this was also denied to the GIs. This, Mr. GI, is the kind of Government you have and the kind of people you are mixed up with.

—MRS. J. D. BIGGERS.

Payroll Meeters

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

"HAVE you ever met a pay roll?" asks Senator Johnston of Colorado of the members of the Atomic Commission. "Yes, have you ever met a pay roll?" echo our Republican Senators with the rhythm of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera and with the gravity of a Greek Chorus. So that is the standard we are setting for ourselves—the standard by which we shall measure the worth of a man—"has he ever met a pay roll"—And as the "moving finger writes", God help you if the check mark is in the box marked "No".

We deliberately blind ourselves to the irrefutable fact that the men who "moved this earth" were notorious "non-pay roll meeters." Bobby Burns never met a pay roll, neither did Shakespeare, nor St. Paul, nor Spinoza, nor Columbus. Socrates did not pay off anyone on Saturday night, neither did Rembrandt, nor Hugo Grotius, nor Stephen Foster. Even our own great Benjamin Franklin would have had to be marked "yes and no" on that exam. He met his pay roll every day, paying his helper 50 and 60 cents at a time. As fast as "pay roll meeters" are interred with six pall-bearers, duly appointed by the Chamber of Commerce, somewhere there sits a "non-pay roll meeter", who may be then laying the foundation for his immortality with some special service to the intellectual advancement of mankind.

—H. E. BRADERMAN.

Harold Ickes

Congressional Salaries

WASHINGTON

I HAVE been in favor of higher salaries, generally, for Government employees in the three branches of the Federal service, from the President down. I do not believe that the increases allowed members of Congress in the last session of the Congress were greater than the circumstances warranted. I publicly advocated an annual salary of $25,000 for each Senator and Representative.

However, the bill providing Senators and Representatives with an additional $2,500 a year for "expenses" free of income tax, was legislation of a very low order. Of course, expenses, whether lower or greater than $2,500 a year, should be free of income taxes. But to say arbitrarily that personal expenses do not vary as between individuals or localities or circumstances is a surreptitious cover-up and makes a farce of the income tax law which is supposed to be an equal burden upon all citizens.

HONORABLE COURSE

The celerity with which the Commissioner of Internal Revenue hastened to decide that he would not call for an accounting of this $2,500 a year "expense" allowance, some measure of that official's willingness to curry favor with the men and women who hold the purse strings of the Government in their hands. One would think that it would not conform with the dignity and self-respect of a member of Congress to add this $2,500 to his income, as it should be added. Of course he should then deduct for legitimate expenses, whether such deduction be greater or lesser than $2,500 a year. I believe that this is what members of Congress generally will do.

But a stranger thing even than this is the apparent indifference of the Congress of the need of fellow employees, especially those in the executive departments, to decent salaries. If the cost of living has gone up for them, it has gone up for all. The recent tragic death of that fine public servant, Harold D. Smith, who had worked beyond his strength for years as Director of the Budget at $10,000 a year, minus income taxes, warrants a close query as to why the Eightieth Congress, enjoying as it does higher emoluments out of the Treasury should be so callously indifferent to the privations still patiently borne by many others in the Government employ.

In addition to the $2,500 a year non-taxable "expenses," Senators and Representatives now enjoy a salary of $12,500. There is much more besides. For instance the stationery allowance for 1946 was $950. Here we find another bad practice. There should be a maximum stationery allowance out of which each Congressman should be permitted to draw for stationery actually used. But there should be no withdrawing of cash. Whether or not the stationery allowance, if drawn down in cash, is taxable, I do not know, but I doubt whether taxes are paid on it.

MILEAGE ALLOWANCE

Then there is the mileage allowance of long-standing, amounting to 20 cents a mile. Actual traveling expenses should be paid, but there should be no such padding as the 20 cents a mile permits in practically all instances. The distance from Washington to Honolulu — the extreme example — is 4,838 miles. For this, an allowance of $1,935.20 is made while a round-trip fare by airplane is $607.10, a difference of $1,328.10. Is this also free from income taxes? There have been instances when the Department of Congress has been a technical one that has not allowed time for Congressmen to get home and back, even if they wanted to, notwithstanding which they collected their full 20 cents a mile for a purely hypothetical round trip.

In addition to the foregoing legitimate salary items, and some less legitimate "expenses," Senators are allowed $10,000 a year for an executive assistant, plus some $20,000 for clerks. This latter allowance varies according to the population of the different states. Representatives are permitted $5,000 a year for clerical help. Moreover, in addition to increased money perequisites of various sorts, some of them hidden in obscure language in the need of law adopted at the last session a system of retirement pay, as should have been done long before, which will make it unnecessary for the widow of a Congressman in the future to borrow money for funeral expenses or for a Senator duck Congressman himself to open a Hoover fruit-emporium at the most convenient corner.

GRAVY FOR ALL

Since the Congress has ladled out a generous portion of gravy for the Federal judiciary and for its own members, I suggest that it should not overlook the President, and his Cabinet, and other executive officers. They, too, are entitled to decent treatment.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round: Navy Brass Hats Sell Cars In Shanghai

WASHINGTON

WHILE the Navy is handing out prison terms to enlisted men who sell cigarettes on the Shanghai black market, and while the enlisted men's barracks in Shanghai — an abandoned warehouse—are almost unfit for human habitation, the high-ranking admirals continue to get away with murder.

An admiral can sell his car on the Shanghai market at an exorbitant price—$8,200—and ship it to Shanghai at Government expense on an LST boat, can use Government radio communications as a priority mess to arrange for the deal—and nothing happens. But if an enlisted man sells a carton of cigarettes in Shanghai—he's out of luck.

To illustrate, here is the almost unbelievable series of radiograms sent by Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid, Jr., commander of U. S. Naval forces in the Western Pacific, and his friends regarding the sale of an automobile, presumably his. Admiral Cooke, now at sea, was not available for comment, but the radiograms tell their own story. Here they are:

"From Admiral Cooke to Lt. Comdr. Cornell, probably at Suite B, Cathay Hotel. 'Car being transhipped from Okinawa on LST 1141 departing 5 October and probably due Shanghai 7 October. You are authorized to remain in Shanghai or to return here for further return to Shanghai probably 6 October.

"'Your suggestion of putting binder on car for seven hundred dollars approved.'

Admirals, of course, believe in helping admirals. So, later, Rear Adm. Apollo Soucek, now commander of Fleet Air Wing 1, radioed Admiral Cooke regarding the shipment of the automobile from Okinawa:

"Captain Connelly assumed personal charge and advised that shipment would be made LST 1141 about 5 October. I am not sure actual sailing date. First information addressee requested notify Admiral Cooke estimated time of arrival of LST 1141 in Shanghai."

$8,200 For An Auto

FOLLOWING this, Lt. Comdr. Wallace Cornell was supposed to handle the Shanghai end of the motor deal but momentarily was without orders to be in Shanghai. Therefore, he sent the following message from Tsingtao to Lt. Comdr. Donald Shaul, in charge of Shanghai port facilities:

"Please contact Mr. Paul Meyer at Mark L. Moody. Instruct him to make contact on basis he and I discussed. Advise result."

Lt. Comdr. Shaul was right on the job. Paul Meyer, referred to above, was the agent for the Mark L. Moody Co., one of Shanghai's largest auto-trading companies, and after contacting Meyer, Shaul sent the following message back to Lt. Comdr. Cornell:

"$8,200 net best bid. Meyer requests instructions."

But the $8,200 offer by Meyer was not sufficient, even though most automobiles in the United States sell for only a fraction of this price. So Lt. Comdr. Cornell wired back to Lt. Comdr. Shaul, again at priority rates and again at Government expense:

"Inform Meyer we will accept $700 net. We will pay customs. Advise Cornell USN Port Facility Tsingtao."

Shaul, however, was not able to get the higher price of $8,700. Furthermore, the original offer of $8,200 also fizzled, for he radioed back to Lt. Comdr. Cornell in Tsingtao:

"Final deal fell through. Meyer working on another. Where is Joe. All of us worried. Shaul."

And that is the story of how the admirals permit Government transport and Government radio facilities to be used to sell automobiles on the Shanghai market—while enlisted men are jailed for selling cigarettes.

CIO-AFL Economists

FORMER War Production Board economist Bob Nathan was disturbed the other day to read an attack upon his analysis of corporation profits released by AFL President Bill Green. Nathan, therefore, called Margaret Scattergood, one of the AFL's top economists, to ask her about it.

"Who wrote that analysis of my report, Margaret?" he asked.

"I wrote it," replied Miss Scattergood.

"Well, I just want to ask you one question," Nathan said. "Did you read my report before you wrote it?"

"No," replied the AFL economist.

Knutson's Rebuff

CONGRESSIONAL leaders hushed it up, but one of the oldest traditions of Capitol history was broken when the Senate-House Joint Budget Committee rejected babbling, tax-cutting Congressman Knutson of Minnesota as its chairman and elected Senator John Taber instead.

Always in the past the man chosen to head up joint committees that deal with budget and tax problems has been the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. This is because the Ways & Means is the first and the oldest House committee, as well as the creator of all other House committees. It initiates all tax legislation; the Senate amends.

However, when the joint Budget Committee was organized, chatterbox Knutson, chairman of Ways & Means, was deliberately passed over by the Republican colleagues in favor of Taber. To make the rebuff all the more humiliating, Knutson was actually presiding at the time it happened.

The Minnesotan expected to remain in the chair after his perfunctory nomination for permanent chairman, but alert GOP Rep. Everett Dirksen of Illinois rose in the closed session and moved the nomination of Taber instead.

As if by a prearranged signal, Clarence Cannon of Missouri, the retiring Democratic appropriations chairman, was on his feet with a seconding speech. Other members responded with a thunderous chorus vote of approval.

For once the usually pompous Knutson was speechless. He turned ashen white but said nothing.