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ALIVE AND KICKING

ALTHOUGH the state convention of the Republican Party failed to stir any great enthusiasm among the delegates or generate any new campaign issues, it produced several interesting by-products.

First of all, the election of 38-year-old Jim Baley of Marshall as state chairman succeeding Sim DeLapp is a harbinger of a new era in State GOP matters. Mr. DeLapp has served his party well, but it had become clear that the N. C. Republicans needed a transfusion of new blood.

Mr. Baley is a practical and knowing politician. He has represented Madison County in two terms of the General Assembly, and should be fully aware by now of the problems facing his party in its struggle to surmount the obstacles of a one-party system.

Secondly, the decision not to put a candidate in the field against the venerable Democrat, Clyde R. Hoey, is interesting. Presumably the Republicans think, as every Democrat in the state thinks except Marshall Kurfees, that Mr. Hoey is unbeatable, and that they would be wasting their time and money opposing him.

There is also the suggestion that perhaps Mr. Hoey's voting record is rather acceptable to the Republicans anyway, and that fighting him would be like knifing a friend in the back.

Finally, the platform adopted by the convention was notable mainly for one omission: the failure to take a stand in behalf of the Lodge-Gossett electoral reform amendment passed by the Senate and now bogged down in the House Rules Committee. If the North Carolina Republicans were operating under the proportional system of the Lodge Plan, every vote they could round up in Presidential elections would count in the national total. Then, instead of being step-children of the national Republican Party, Tar Heel GOPers would be taken right into the bosom of the family and treated affectionately.

At any rate, it's encouraging to see the Republicans keep themselves in the picture. As long as there's life, there's hope.

THE RUSSIAN 'ELECTION'

THE RUSSIAN "election" is all over and the "democratic" forces led by Premier Stalin have swept to victory again, this time by a unanimous vote from 99.96 per cent of the qualified Russian voters—more than 100,000,000 of them, if we are to believe the Moscow Radio.

This year the Commies did even better than a brand-name U. S. soap, which claims to be only 99.44 per cent pure.

It is, we agree, an all-time election record. Never before in history have the qualified voters turned out in such numbers to rubberstamp a single slate of candidates placed before them for their approval.

To most of the people in the world, the sham Russian election is an utter farce. Herblock's cartoon today sums it up more succinctly than can we.

In all probability a majority of the Russian people think they really have something close to popular rule. They have never known another system, or another definition of "democracy" save that forced into their minds by Red propaganda.

Therein lies the real tragedy of the Russian election. It fools no one except the Russian people. Confined behind the Iron Curtain, isolated from association with and knowledge about the rest of the world, they plod along their weary ways, heedless of the fate which their masters have mapped out for them, and unaware that there are plain people elsewhere in the world who would like to work with them in an effort to avoid that fate.

GUARDIAN OF OUR MORALS

FOR a happy moment there, we thought this Bergman-Rossellini thing had gone the way of all good news stories—back to oblivion. We thought, too, that at last the nation's publicity seekers had tired of getting their names in the paper by condemning that particular affair as horrible and disgusting.

But, alas, we were wrong. There was at least one more fellow standing in line, ready to catch the last reflected limelight from that fast-fading family. The chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado, was determined to have his say. Said he:

The studio was indulging in "nauseating commercialism" in releasing the Bergman-Rossellini film "Stromboli" at this time.

Miss Bergman has "taken a nose dive from the high fame and glory, to the role of a common mistress."

Rossellini is "a common love thief . . . unspeakable . . . vile."

The whole thing was "a frightful tragedy filled with brazen indifference, degradation, international intrigue, pathos and humiliation."

This, with the possible exception of that "international intrigue" business, would have passed muster, Sen. Johnson would have had his say like a lot of other people.

But he wasn't willing to stop With the affair of the Swedish star and the Italian director as his immediate reason, he launched an attack on the entire American movie industry.

"I'm not a prude or a puritan and I love good movies, but it seems to me the industry is getting to the point where all an actor has to do is get arrested for something or get messed up in some immoral affair and stardom is guaranteed."

And that is sufficient for Sen. Johnson. The whole movie industry will be dragged through the muck in April when Johnson calls them on the carpet before his Commerce Committee. Johnson wants to license movie stars, make them get a license from the Commerce Department—a license that could be denied if they had been convicted on morals charges or admitted committing acts "constituting the essential elements of a crime involving moral turpitude." A $10,000 permit would have to be obtained for interstate shipment of any motion picture.

The Motion Picture Producers Association has defended itself well against Johnson's charges, declaring that Hollywood has no more than its share of persons violating moral codes. In their concern over their own welfare, however, the Association overlooked a major point.

Why should motion picture stars be singled out? Could not a case equally as good be made out against writers or musicians or radio announcers or Senators—or anyone else, for that matter?

No one should be held accountable to the Commerce Department for his morals. That is a matter for God and/or the police department.

MR. WILSON'S EXPENSE ACCOUNTS

NOT since Governor Scott shifted his cigar to the other side of his mouth and started growling about petty graft and inefficiency in the State Government has the Capital City enjoyed such a choice gossip morsel as Jeff Wilson's expense accounts.

The jolly Mr. Wilson, you may recall, was elevated from his position as clerk of the 1949 House of Representatives (where he served as part time court tender for the legislators) to the head of the Traffic Safety Division of the Bureau of Motor Vehicles.

Now his boss, Col. L. C. Rosser, has him dangling over the fire because of some expense vouchers he's turned in recently. According to a tabulation in the *Raleigh News & Observer's* "Under the Dome" column, Mr. Wilson has been very active in the Lions International and the Young Democrats Club, all at State expense. We quote:

"Wilson . . . collected a $31.01 expense check from the State for the last week in February. For the first two days of that week, he was attending a state-wide Lions session at Goldsboro. For the last three days, he was in Shelby and Statesville with some high Lions officials, attending to Lions business.

"Wilson says he did get some State business done while at the Goldsboro meeting, but he admits it was incidental to attending the session as a Lions official. The State had a safe driving exhibit at the meeting, he explains, and he made a talk to Lions on traffic safety while there.

"The rest of the week's program, he admits, was club business . . . On Friday of the week in question, Wilson's expense account lists a $7 charge for 'Statesville to Biscoe'. Although the $7 bill, the maximum the State allows for in-state expenses, would appear to cover a hotel bill, Wilson admits he spent the night at his home in Biscoe, Montgomery County. That was certainly an error,' he said last week of the earlier $7 charge from Statesville to Biscoe.

"Last September 16 and 17, Wilson attended virtually all functions at the Young Democrat convention at New Bern. He collected $7 a day in expenses for each day, with the cost of operating his State car coming the extra. Wilson says he got some State business attended to on the trip. He conferred at length with a district supervisor at New Bern 'about overall problems' held an interview with a prospective employee . . . and looked into a recreation matter."

The most unusual angle to Wilson's wanderings, however, was that James Civils (the prospective employee Wilson interviewed in New Bern, now on the pay roll as a special field representative of the Safety Division), collected an expense account of $43 for that same last week in February, $12 more than his boss turned in. Said "Under The Dome":

"Civils, who spends much of his time chauffeuring Wilson in the latter's State car, ran up the amount while accompanying his boss at the Goldsboro session and later driving him across most of the state for the other Lions activities."

According to news dispatches from Raleigh, the Wilson affair is now in Col. Rosser's hands. It has been suggested that Wilson may offer to resign. We would suggest that his offer be snapped up, and that Governor Scott find out how many other sub-officials in the State Government have chauffeurs to drive them around the state on private business at State expense.

'We Now Bring You More Late Election Returns'

McCarthy Communist Hunt Lacks Senate Responsibility

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON

UNDER the glow of the television lights Sen. McCarthy is beginning to look pale and a little flustered. The material he is offering as evidence of his charges is so very thin that even he himself seems to lack confidence in it.

His strategy is to spread it out for as long as possible so that it will reap the largest harvest of headlines. It probably contributes to the campaign to remove Dean Acheson from the office of Secretary of State. And certainly it contributes to the uncertainty, the fear and the suspicion that undermine the hopes for a positive, constructive American foreign policy both at home and abroad.

But, in my opinion, that is not the greatest disservice McCarthy is performing. What he is doing that is most dangerous and most reckless is to extend and confirm the technique of the indictment by association and smear.

You don't have to watch the process very long to understand what it is. It is the technique of the revolutionary tribunal, those fantastic mock courts that came into being in the holocaust of the French Revolution. It bears some relation to the methods of the purge trials in Soviet Russia. The whole approach could hardly be more directly at variance with the Anglo-Saxon concept of equal justice under law that has slowly and painfully evolved through the centuries.

As a reading Charles Dickens' thrilling novel, "A Tale of Two Cities," you get some idea of what those revolutionary tribunals were like. Victims by the thousands were hauled before so-called courts. If it could be shown in any remote way that the individual had had contact with any aristocrat for whatever reason, the clamor for his blood went up and he was carted off to the guillotine.

Whether this ten - cent store Robespierre from Wisconsin knows it or not, what he is helping to do is break down law and order. The Senator can reply, of course, with the easy and cynical good humor that is natural to him that his victims are, after all, not guillotined.

But the smear can destroy, too. Denials rarely catch up with the original accusation. They are usually found back among the want ads while the charge itself has blossomed in big headlines on page 1. Few victims have the aggressiveness, the spunk and the resources of Judge Dorothy Kenyon.

The investigating committee itself has a lot to answer for. The method of procedure should have been carefully mapped out before any evidence was presented. It is difficult to see why Chairman Millard Tydings should at the outset have given McCarthy his choice of presenting the charges in public or in closed session since this opened the way for public accusation with the accuser hiding under the cloak of legal immunity.

A precedent existed for orderly procedure. That was in the inquiry conducted by the Joint Senate-House Atomic Energy Committee into the charges brought by Sen. Hickenlooper of Iowa.

CLOSED SESSION

Hickenlooper had a list of 27 employees of the Atomic Energy Commission whom he considered in the doubtful category. The names of those individuals were not spread across the front pages. Under Chairman Brien McMahon they were thoroughly reviewed in closed session.

Long before the last case was reached, it was apparent to virtually all committee members that the charges raised were insubstantial. Attendance at the closed sessions fell away to the chairman and one or two others.

But the important point is that reputations were not subjected to lynch law. Elemental justice was observed. If at any time the atomic committee had agreed that an individual case warranted a public hearing, then the hearing would have been held. There was no inclination to keep back information to which the public was entitled.

It was too much to expect that McCarthy himself would show a sense of responsibility. Virtually all the material he has produced thus far has come out of the files of other investigating committees, including the notoriously irresponsible California Un-American Activities Committee. Or it is read out of newspapers and magazines.

This seems to me to call for something more than a mere political exchange between Republicans and Democrats. The Senate, under the Constitution, has the power to make its own rules of conduct and to compel its members to live up to those rules. This would be a good time to try to define Senatorial responsibility by a new rule.

Collected By Bill Sharpe

TURPENTINE DRIPPINGS

Sounds

(Southern Pines Pilot)

Sometimes it seems as if different times of the year had their different sounds. In Summer the sounds are lazy, slow, peaceful; to fit in with the moss and the bass, perhaps. There is the soft rustle of thick-leaved trees, the contented roo-roos of mourning doves, even the metallic squawk of the Diesels seems subdued.

But in Winter, it's different. Then sounds are clear-cut and insistent. The birds rattle the dry branches in the thickets, the branches themselves rub against each other, squeaking and protesting with early morning stiffness.

Sounds carry far. Stand on any hillside and you are bombarded by the noise; the crack of an axe way off in the woods and the thud of a tree falling; the bay of hounds several miles away, the roar of a truck on Route 1, people talking, hens cackling, dogs arguing querulously over the breakfast bone.

But, Winter or Summer, there was one sound that was the best; and you don't hear it any more. It is gone with the passenger pigeons and the sandy roads; the long, wailing hoo-hooing of an old engine on the Aberdeen and Rockfish. That was a real Tom Wolfe engine; gone to come no more.

* * *

Old Weather Saws Upheld

(Moore County News)

A study of 333 proverbs taken from sources back to the time the Bible was written was reported by Dr. Vaden W. Miles of Wayne University, Detroit, a physics professor. The proverbs were culled and put to the scientific test by a group of three investigators, including a licensed meteorologist.

One hundred fifty-three of the proverbs were deemed to be directly connected with factors now known to contribute to the making of the weather. Of these, 56.9 per cent were termed "true in terms of scientific principles." 15.0 per cent were labeled "false" on the same basis; no scientific principle could be discovered in 16.9 per cent and the jury disagreed on whether 11.1 per cent should be "true" or "false".

* * *

Timely Tantrum

(Twin City Sentinel)

Thomasville students who winced at the piano music during chapel periods and student assemblies, figured today they were a cinch for relief—either in the form of silence or a new piano.

Frederick Marvin, Los Angeles pianist, flatly refused to play a scheduled concert Tuesday night on the school's "untunable" 1924 grand piano.

Mrs. Charles F. Finch, Civic Music Association president, had her own piano brought right over, but the audience had to wait another half an hour while it was tuned.

* * *

Fifty Sofas

(Southern Pines Pilot)

Then the names of the camellias are lovely to hear and think about: Dainty Lady, Cheerful . . . a bright little red job with specks of white on the petals, defiantly, will . . . cheerful. There is Blush and Herme and a dozen other graceful names.

We were mulling them over when Mr. Dowd surprisingly said: "I bought fifty sofas last week."

A stunned silence followed. He chewed dreamily then looked up. "That's one there," he said, pointing to a bush with dark shiney green leaves and tightly closed buds. "That's a Sofa."

"Sofa?" we asked. "Yes m," he said and spelled it out, "S-O-P-H-I-A."

* * *

Ever Been To Sutpin?

(Asheboro Courier)

We drove around by Saxapahaw the other day and I noticed a sign to Sutpin and decided to investigate. Mr Scott has made a hardsurfaced road to the place from number 87 and I guess it will be completed to Silk Hope soon as they have lots of stone on it. The community around Sutpin is a nice dairying section. Everybody seemed to have a number of cows and most of them had rabbit dogs plenty. Sutpin is a country store and grist mill on the bank of a creek. Looked like a place of plenty and of long establishment. The bridge is a one way drive so don't you go down that road at eighty.

* * *

Knocked—Down And Out

(Pinehurst Outlook)

The most unkindest cut of all was administered last week by Jack Hobson in the course of his 9,205th gin rummy engagement with E. G. B. Riley. The cutlee was Riley.

The historic moment occurred when Riley, without any preliminaries, knocked without drawing a card. His moment of glory was painfully brief. Hobson, without drawing a breath, undercut his adversary. Riley was reported recovering slowly by attending physicians who cautioned that "he is still a very slick man."

* * *

We Like To Laugh

(Red Buck Bryant in Montgomery Herald)

Southerners like to laugh. Thomas Carlyle, great Scotch historian, said that people should work and laugh. Now, that the South is busy, the old habit of laughing still abides.

Southern people talk. If well-educated they may talk over the heads of Tom, Dick and Harry. Almost any fellow one meets on the highway or at a church or store will talk if given encouragement. Many, while unlearned, have tales to tell and get them told. A few crab conversations by pompous airs. But the common run of Carolinians, as I met them, were talkative. Some of those who never saw inside of a college campus were gifted conversationalists.

* * *

H. S. L. S. L.

(Asheville Citizen)

Under UMW rules John L. Lewis is supposed to retire at 70, which is next month, but an aide says he can stay on for life and trusts that John will "live forever".

Nothing personal, you understand, but members of the Ancient and Honorable Order of He Should Live So Long will please stand up and be counted.

A Man With Gout At Thirty Can Say He's Really Lived

By ROBERT C. RUARK

NEW YORK

IT gives me solid comfort on the subject of tax time to reflect that this is still a land of opportunity. I know, I am a mere boy in his middle thirties, but I have the disease that takes rich men as much as 70 years to acquire. Gentle readers, I have the gout.

My big toe is swelled up to banana size. It aches like an ulcerated tooth. Even a sock hurts it, and I have never been so happy in my life. Think of it! A land so prepaint with possibility that even a commoner can boast the gout, formerly a disease of kings, nobles and bloated stockbrokers.

THE PEAK IS REACHED

Whoever heard of a newspaperman with the gout? Ulcers we have, insomnia we have, and nervous indigestion and hangovers and cirrhosis of the liver, but not gout. Gout is the aristocrat of all diseases, and generally does not even attack British generals until they retire, or prime ministers until they are defeated. And I have a fine, fabulous case, with the down soft on my cheeks and the adolescent pimples still a blooming memory.

Until I acquired this malady, I had always thought it came from rich living—from too much port and too many walnuts after feasting, and that it was such a snobbish disease it refused to homestead on a common man's foot.

This is evidently a myth, and I am the living proof that a poor country lad, by dint of trying, also can achieve the malaises of the mighty. Golly, only fifteen years out of the sticks and already I got gout!

It gives a man tremendous prestige. A friend of mine just sold a magazine serial for about $15,000, and I have spoiled his day. He is rich, but baby, he ain't got the gout.

Dean Acheson runs the State Dept. but he doesn't have to sit with his foot on a cushion while handmaidens scurry to fetch this and carry that. Harry Truman is an earthy man who rules the Presidency, but he is as gutless as Shirley Temple.

HIGH COTTON

On the other hand, George Washington, the Father of his Country, was an old gout man, and some of the Caesars had it, too. Hot diggety-dog! Hand me the hatchet, Jeeves, I aim to go out and slay me a cherry tree or flip a few slaves to the lions.

What pleases me so much is that I have achieved identification with the great on practically no dough, little labor and no social prominence whatsoever. That argues noisily that America is a land of equality. If gout was good enough for Edward VII, it's good enough for me.

Neither Toots Shor nor Sherman Billingsley has gout, even though they run their own restaurants and could acquire it at wholesale prices. Darryl Zanuck is a demigod and even rides polo ponies, but gout snubbed him openly. Arthur Godfrey is gutless and so is Glenn McCarthy, the oil baron.

When I think of all the people who have everything but gout, which I got in spades, I am as hilthful as a linnet. Aly's got Rita but he ain't got gout. Roberto's got Ingrid, but his feet are free of fame. Not even Sonny Wisecarver had what I got—gout.

Oh, happy, happy gout, to strike me down in the first flush of manhood! But confidentially, it's a dear price to pay for fame. Ouch! A fly just lit on my big toe.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Huge Sums Voted Without Roll Call

WASHINGTON

WITH economy the watchword on Capitol Hill, Senators and Congressmen might be better off criticizing the bureaucrats less and paying more attention to how Congress itself handles the taxpayers' money.

The power to tax and spend rests squarely on Congressional shoulders, and by juggling the purse strings Congress can control the Federal Government.

Yet, believe it or not, Congress appropriated twenty-nine billion bucks last year without so much as a record vote. In other words, the taxpayers had no way of determining how their Representatives voted.

In many cases, the majority of Congressmen didn't even show up to vote when expenditures running into millions of dollars were approved. This is clear from the Congressional Record which shows that a quorum wasn't always present to vote on appropriations — though the Constitution clearly provides that, "a majority (of each House) shall constitute a quorum to do business."

Because this is a careless way to handle the taxpayers' money, conscientious Congressman Dwight Rogers of Florida is urging a resolution to require a rollcall vote on all appropriations. This would help remedy the slipshod method in which some appropriations are handled.

NOTE—Here are some of the appropriations approved last year without a rollcall vote: $1,617,739,361 for independent agencies; $12,949,567,498 for the military establishment; $3,090,528,903 for the Treasury and Post Office Depts.; $2,387,779,885 for the Labor Dept. and Federal Security Agency; $715,901,697 for the Agriculture Dept.; $584,098,797 for the Interior Dept.; $100,000,000 for Palestine refugees.

Soviet Vs. Pearson

THE Soviet-controlled press recently launched a diatribe against yours truly, calling him among other things, "The chained dog of the monopolists of Wall Street." The attack was published in Ogonek, the Life Magazine of Russia, and, in order to give everyone a break in the popular pastime of throwing bricks at this writer, here are the highlights of what they say in Moscow:

"In his newspaper column," says Ogonek, "Pearson resorts to complicated sleight-of-hand. He is an acknowledged master of the art of lying and slandering, and other columnists and commentators envy him . . .

"Pearson's connections are widespread. He doesn't have to hunt for sensations. Ministers, generals, admirals, high-placed Government officials and gangsters supply him with secret information, gossip, and, in particular, slanderous fabrications about the Soviet Union. With Pearson's help, dark intrigues are frequently consummated . . .

"On one occasion Pearson concocted a radio discussion on the question of 'democracy'. As 'experts' he invited such arch-reactionaries as the then Attorney-General Tom Clark; Clare Boothe Luce (wife of the owner of the reactionary magazines 'Life' and 'Time') and the notorious warmonger James Byrnes (former Secretary of State).

'Gangster Of The Press'

"AS American newspapers have frequently disclosed, Pearson has powerful friends in the U. S. Senate, including Senator O'Mahoney, Bridges and other arch-reactionaries. In the House of Representatives, he enjoys the favor of the Speaker, Sam Rayburn, and the Republican leader, Joe Martin. Pearson also has ties with the FBI (the American Gestapo) . . .

"Pearson frequently comes out with provocative announcements. In the general howl of the warmongers his voice also is heard, the husky voice of the mongrel true to his master. Pearson is an unwavering adherent of the criminal plans for the establishment of world domination by American monopoly. He has cynically declared that the U. S. has enough atom bombs to throw a few on every one of the countries that are members of the U. N.

"Some time ago the international organization of journalists, at the proposal of the Polish delegate, adopted a resolution condemning malicious instigators and propagandists for war. It called upon the National Association of Journalists to expel from their ranks persons blackening themselves with war propaganda, race and national hatreds, insinformation and slander. In the disgraceful list of these journalists appears the name of Pearson, a gangster of the press, the chained dog of the monopolists from Wall Street."

Japs Watch Democracy

ANOTHER Step in the political re-education of Japan took place without fanfare the other day—9,000 miles from Japan, in a Washington convention. Though no reporters were on hand to witness it, members of the United States Senate and Japanese Diet sat across the table from each other and exchanged political ideas.

If the same scene had taken place ten years sooner, Pearl Harbor might never have happened.

It was a curious sight, these American and Japanese legislators talking a belaved, if not dead, enemy. The Japanese had come to watch democracy at work and were keen-eyed with interest. They rattled off questions, and scribbled the answers in notebooks.

One Senator on the American side of the table was a former missionary to Japan—high-minded Elbert Thomas of Utah. Another had been a Marine wounded in battle against the Japanese—scholarly Paul Douglas of Illinois.

This battle scene was solemnly recalled by Sen. Douglas. He told how the Japanese fought a last-ditch stand though outnumbered two to one by the Americans.

"The Japanese fought bravely and valiantly," declared Douglas. Then, looking squarely at the Japanese legislators across the table, he added: "I am now looking forward to the Japanese fighting just as hard for democracy as they fought against it."

Throughout the visit, the Japanese asked most of the questions, chiefly on the technical processes of democracy. But the Americans wanted to know, in return, how the Japanese public feels about America.

"Perhaps I am in the best position to answer that," replied Takizo Matsumoto, slowly. "You see I represent Hiroshima."

"I was educated in the United States. I have many American friends and American ties," he continued. "This is well known by the people of Hiroshima. Yet they have always elected me by overwhelming majorities.

"I think that is your answer."