THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

THOMAS L. ROBINSON ..... Publisher
J. E. DOWD ..... General Manager
B. S. GRIFFITH ..... Executive Editor
C. A. McKNIGHT ..... Editor

THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1950

A GUARANTEE OF SERVICE

WHEN, at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, the paralyzing tide of the railroad firemen's strike against four major rail systems began rolling west from the Atlantic Coast, stranded commuters at suburban stations were the first to understand the ominous significance of the strike.

But as the day wore on, citizens with less apparent need for rail service began to wonder how it was that 18,000 railroad firemen could launch a strike which might bring hardship to millions.

And, when, at mid-day, hopes for immediate settlement of the strike went aglimmering, citizens listened with more care to a railroad executive's warning that the strike against the Southern, Santa Fe, New York Central and Pennsylvania systems will "have an immediate and disastrous effect on the public interest."

The executive was Harry A. De Butts, former Charlottean and now vice-president in charge of operations for Southern. He warned further:

"It would bring about almost instantaneous paralysis of the life of the large parts of the country served by these four major systems, bringing the terror of starvation and disease to great numbers of citizens."

If, as members of the striking Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen would have it, starvation, disease and economic paralysis are not around the *immediate* corner, it is all too true that a prolonged nationwide railroad strike would endanger public and economic health. This single union now has the power to bring about such a strike; no single group should wield so mighty a weapon.

The railroads are essential to the nation. They bring food to market, workers to their plants and offices, pharmaceuticals to drug stores, tractors to farmers; they bring mail, industrial equipment. We have, all of us, become dependent to some degree on railroad service.

We must have a guarantee that that service will not be withdrawn.

We must not be victimized by such feather-bed demands as that which prompted the firemen to quit work yesterday morning. (The firemen had demanded an extra fireman aboard multiple unit Diesel locomotives. Twice the Presidential fact-finders have ruled that the union demand was not justified. But after the long, careful prékess of the Railway Labor Act had found them at fault, the firemen struck anyway.)

Southern executive De Butts has already sounded the cry for passage by Congress of a bill to outlaw rail strikes. As a result of the hasty action of the firemen's union (and past violations of the public interest by unions like John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers), such a bill will find much favor with the public and with Congressmen.

A likely result of the firemen's strike will be the passage of a bill calling for compulsory arbitration as a last resort in rail strikes. A law guaranteeing the continuance of this essential public service has long been needed. It should, of course, provide for justice to both employer and employee. It should insist upon fair wages and satisfactory working conditions, but it should also restrain unions from irresponsible strikes against the public interest, which even officials of other rail unions have recognized the firemen's strike to be.

KICKING AROUND AN OLD PROBLEM

THE people of Charlotte, who have waited with enormous patience all these years for the City Government do something about stream pollution, will be pardoned if they show some bewilderment over the appointment of still another committee to "study" the matter.

Stream pollution has been bounced around like a football in the present Administration—from Council to City Manager to Council to Chief Engineers to Council to a new committee to . . .

It is time that it come to rest.

As a matter of fact, we thought it had come to rest right where it belonged—in the hands of the City Council—after the Chicago engineers turned in their report recently. They suggested that a sewage plant capable of handling all industrial wastes be built, thus relieving industries of any responsibility except the regulation of the volume of their waste.

That idea didn't click with several members of the Council, one of whom, Mr. Boyd, spoke out quite strongly in opposition to the engineers' scheme and insisted that industries should treat their own waste in their own factories before dumping it in the sewage system.

As the paragraph on this page said the other day, "He that sticketh his neck out, the same shall be named chairman." So Mr. Boyd finds himself chairman of the new stream pollution committee. His co-members are Messrs. Aitken and Wilkinson.

We are at a loss to know what this committee can do that the full Council couldn't have done with equal dispatch, but it has been appointed and the first meeting has been set for next week.

The people of Charlotte are going to expect Mr. Boyd's actions to speak louder than his words for a chance. "*Sumer is icumen in*", as the anonymous bard heralded many centuries ago, and when it comes in it will bring warm sticky days and warm sticky nights with smelly vapors rising from the smelly creeks to drift low and clinging across the lawns and into open windows.

Unless substantial progress toward eliminating stream pollution has been made by them, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Boyd and the other Councilmen will learn that the patience of the people is great, but not inexhaustible.

'WHERE ARE THEY?'

WHEN News reporters phoned registrars last Saturday to find out how registration for the important May 27 primary was going, the response from the registrars was almost unanimous: a curious "Where are they?"

Charlotte and Mecklenburg County voters were, it appeared last Saturday, staying away from the registration points in droves.

The registrars are not alone in being puzzled—the candidates are puzzled, non-partisan political groups are puzzled and citizens who look on voting as their part in preserving their free way of life are puzzled.

Persons to fill the following offices are to be nominated two weeks from Saturday:

The County Board of Commissioners.

Several key County posts.

The Mecklenburg delegation to the General Assembly—four Representatives one Senator.

One U. S. Congressman.

Two U. S. Senators.

Other state and judicial offices.

These are important offices, important not only to the citizens of Charlotte and Mecklenburg, but—in three instances—of great importance to the nation.

Who will choose the men to fill these offices? The comparative handful—37,000 —of the potential voting force of approximately 78,000 to 80,000 persons in a county with 178,000 citizens?

It appears that between 35,000 to 40,000 Charlottetans and Mecklenburgers have —through negligence and/or lack of interest—disfranchised themselves this year.

If the vote had been taken from these thousands by force, there'd go up a howl like the Southern Piedmont never heard before. But so long as these non-voters feel that they could vote if they needed to, they'll give up their vote with a shrug.

The News has joined other individuals and groups this Spring in urging the qualified voters of Charlotte and Mecklenburg to get their names on the new registration books. Wide publicity has been given to the fact that the rearrangement of precincts and new registration last year means that everyone who didn't register anew at that time must go to their polling places and register if they want to vote two weeks from Saturday.

Saturday, May 13, is the last registration day before the primary, your last chance this year to have a voice in your county, state and national government.

Earlier registration this year (April 29 and May 6) has been extremely disappointing. Only a few hundred appeared on each Saturday.

It is to be hoped that the customary last-day boom will bring the city and county's actual voting strength nearer to their great potential strength. But it is not our waning political influence in the state that is troubling: it is our citizens' waning interest in participation in government—and democracy is based on participation in government.

The negligent voter has the vote if he wants it; but that vote without use is not worth a plugged nickel.

A Soviet biologist is crossing a cow and a giraffe. This is for the consumer who prefers evaporated milk in the tall can.—*Jackson (Miss.) Daily News.*

After agricultural crop surpluses have piled up a few years more, Uncle Sam can tell the farmers all to take a year's holiday and pay them off without producing anything.—*New Orleans (La.) States.*

One of our contemporaries received a call from a woman who wanted her spouse's name put in the obituary column because she caught him kissing his secretary. The editor asked: "How long has he been dead?" "He starts tomorrow!" was the answer.—*Mattoon (Ill.) Journal-Gazette.*

Sign in a Florida cafe window: "We make pies like mother made before she learned to play canasta."—*Pittsburg (Tex.) Gazette.*

With both jokers in use in canasta, what's anyone using for an extra card to fold a few times and level up a card table leg?—*Jackson (Miss.) Daily News.*

"The One In The Front Is From The Communists'

Collected By Bill Sharpe

TURPENTINE DRIPPINGS

Last Request
(Marion Star)

On her death bed, Mrs. Brooks got her last little wish. She read the final chapter in a serial before the magazine was published.

When Dr J. P. Cain Jr., prominent Mullins physician, learned that his patient, the late Mrs. B. S. Brooks Jr., was vitally interested in a serial running in the Saturday Evening Post, and that she wanted to read the last chapter, he immediately sent a wire to the publishing house.

Within ten hours an advance copy of the magazine was in the hands of the patient before she lapsed into a coma.

Just Too Much
(Zebulon Record)

On numerous occasions I have felt ashamed of having had the radio over the radio, and whenever that happens I make up my mind to pay more attention to it. But, if I don't leave it on I am liable to miss part of the program decided upon, and, if I do leave it on, I hear so much not worth tiring my ears for that it's discouraging. The last effort made was when I heard some man's voice throbbingly pleading that day and night, night and day, his whole life through would be spent making love to you. And I wondered why anyone should think that a boon worthy of such pleas. If he had begged for intervals of making love, one might understand and sympathize, but "day and night and day" are enough to wear out both love and patience. I cut off the radio and went back to work.

The Braying Human
(Roxboro Courier-Times)

Hollywood recently produced a cinema about a talking mule and we imagine the most enlightened sequel which can be expected after this current production would be a movie about a walking, talking human being. If presented before a critical mule audience we would certainly hope that that dogmatic and stubborn animal would be-haw with as much gusto as three Person County citizens did when they witnessed the travails and triumphs of the mule who talked like a man in local theaters.

Everybody Satisfied?
(Pete Ivey Twin City Sentinel)

That was a good quote made by W. D. Carmichael Jr. at the dedication of the William Neal Reynolds Coliseum at State College last week. He said: "It would be less than Christian-like of me, Governor Scott, if I did not say that it was a Lucky Strike for North Carolina when Reynolds hit on Camels."

The Real Thing
(Camden Chronicle)

"Trusting" last week in the General Assembly over a bill to require the Governor to make known the names of the colonels on his staff brought to our mind the old old story of some Northern tourists who were visiting in the South in the days before the First World War and at a time when we had lots of honorary "colonels". These tourists were out visiting old Southern colonial homes. They drove up to one particularly handsome one and there they were greeted by an old Negro servant. "Who lives here?" they asked the old Negro. "Col. George Smith, sah," he replied. Thinking to have some fun out of the old Negro, the tourists asked, "Colonel in whose army?" "He ain't no colonel in anybody's army," replied the old Negro, "he's just a natchel-born colonel."

Keith Is Bored
(Fuquay Independent)

Maynard Keith, a militant supporter of Charles M. Johnson in the latter's campaign for governor two years ago, is somewhat apathetic toward the Graham-Smith-Reynolds-Boyd Senatorial campaign. Keith has no love for either Graham or Smith, both of whom were in the Scott fold two years ago, and he sees nothing in either Reynolds or Boyd to get excited about. "I will do like Al Smith did back in 1932. Take a walk," said Maynard who is just downright bored with the 1950 edition of Senatorial candidates.

Good Old Pal
(Beatrice Cobb in Morganton News-Herald)

A dozen years, or more, ago we put an electric stove in our kitchen, but could never quite make up our minds to do away with the old Majestic woodburning (or coal) range. Until recently Laura had always claimed that she could "cook better" on the old-timer, especially for frying chicken, baking biscuits and canning. Maybe because she has learned more about cooking with electricity, and maybe because she has had her eye on the old range for some time for her own home, she agreed with me readily this week when I remarked that it would surely give us much more room in the kitchen if we should get the old wood-burner out of the way. It all came about in our renovating job in the kitchen —repainting, new cabinets, new floor-covering, etc. The old Majestic is going out, but I must admit that there's a lot of sentiment attached to it, and I hate to see it go. It's like parting with an old friend. If it could talk it could tell a long tale of years of cozy entertainment and of family reminiscences. Often inanimate things can seem to have real personalities. Our old stove is in that classification.

The Way We Do It
(Rocky Mount Telegram)

It seems that a group of women were making their first trip to the nation's Capital, and we were being driven from the railway station to their hotel. As they passed the many Federal buildings they expressed amazement at the number and size of them. And, after listening, the cabbie spoke up and said:

"Yeh, and just think, ladies, they didn't cost nobody nothin'."

Word And Deed Contradiction May Embarrass The Democrats

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON

REPUBLICANS are preparing to exploit what is the most glaring weakness in the role of a President on tour at this particular moment. Mr. Truman is barnstorming while Congress stays on the job.

What is even more pointed, he is out on a speechmaking trip while the Democratic majorities in Congress fumble the Fair Deal program. The Southern filibuster over FEPC in the Senate is hardly a favorable backdrop for an excursion in search of favor and votes.

The filibuster advertises the basic division in the Democratic party at the very time that the President is sounding the theme of unity to the country. It also advertises the failure of leadership in a party in power for seventeen years.

ANOTHER SIT-DOWN

Besides the filibuster on the floor of the Senate, another kind of sit-down is going on that shows up the handicaps Mr. Truman suffers from in his own party. It is a prize example of the confusion of purpose between the White House and the Congress.

On Oct. 19, 1949, President Truman sent to the Senate the nomination of William H. Hastie to be a judge of the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit, which includes New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware. This was no routine appointment. Hastie is a Negro and is the first time a Negro ever was appointed to a Circuit judgship.

Congress adjourned on Oct. 19 without acting on the appointment. On Jan. 5 of this year the President sent Hastie's name to the Senate again along with a number of other judicial appointments.

With only two or three exceptions, those other appointments have been confirmed. Until recently, no hearing had been held on the Hastie appointment. Officials of the Judiciary Committee say that a hearing was held more than a month ago but it was so carefully kept secret that Hastie did not know of it.

Meanwhile, there is no indication of further action on the nomination. It is gathering dust in the files of the committee of which Sen. Pat McCarran is the chairman.

All nominees for judgships are investigated by the FBI before they are put in nomination. Moreover, Hastie had been a Federal District Judge in the Virgin Islands and after that he was Governor of the islands. Some evidence exists that a second FBI investigation has been ordered, although the committee professes to know nothing about it.

The motives for the sit-down on the Hastie nomination are not hard to discover. One reason is his membership in organizations subsequently judged subversive, including several for the advancement of the colored race. But his principal political activity in the past three years has been in Americans for Democratic Action, which has been strongly anti-Communist. He was at one time chairman of ADA.

While he was Governor of the Virgin Islands, the Saturday Evening Post wrote a highly favorable article about Hastie, recounting his struggle up from poverty. The article reported that in the view of the Dept. of Interior he was the ablest Governor the islands had ever had.

Hastie campaigned hard for Truman in 1948. His influence with Negro voters is considerable. And, in view of the appeal made by Henry Wallace's Progressive Party, it may well have been an important factor in swinging the great majority of the Negro vote into the Democratic camp.

There is ample room for criticising our judicial system and the ever-growing habit of passing our judgeships solely as a reward for political services rendered. As Sen. William Knowland of California pointed out, of the 289 Federal judges named from 1933 to 1950 there were 272 Democrats and seventeen Republicans. In the years 1921-1933, 191 Republicans, twenty Democrats and three judges of unknown affiliation were named.

But quite apart from political loyalties, Hastie has demonstrated his fitness. It is unfair to discriminate against him for any reason whatsoever and especially because he happens to have been born a Negro.

Outraged Soprano Is Heard In Tirade Over Her Runners

By ROBERT C. RUARK

NEW YORK

THE LATEST press-agent stunt from Hollywood (and a pretty bald one, too) announces that my lady's legs have once again taken precedence over her minxes as the focal point of allure, and it may be so happened that the assassin of the plump sweater had a list of the female torsos slated for slaughter. That he makes stockings for a living concerns me not. He had better start making them stouter.

I just mutter in a practically universal female plaint when I say, quote, that nylon stocking ain't what they used to be when Faith-ex was young. This is a tougher topic than the H-bomb, for hell contains no comparable fury to a dame who opens a hunger vein, or she is merely sitting in a chair with her knees crossed, doing no harm to nobody.

This is strictly a scrap I wouldn't referee with a ball bat in one hand and a chemist in the other. All I know is that the frailty of modern nylons is the topic, by and large, of every female soprano, in all the powder rooms, and don't ask me how I know. It may destroy the basic structure of my benevolent espionage system.

NOT CONVINCED

The nylon manufacturers may swear on a stack of supporters that today's deniers are wrought of spun Toledo steel, but they will convince no woman that some evil spirit isn't abroad in cobwebs into the soup which congeals into hose.

This female and her friends have discarded Ingrid Bergman and the brutality of man as favorite fixtures, and spend most of their vocal hours working out on stockings. I will attempt a sample, hysterical quote, with no commas.

"I am sick and tired of spending a fortune every week to keep my legs covered with stockings that go bust if you wrinkle an eyebrow let alone cross a leg stooping over is sheer suicide and if the manufacturers say it is because the stockings are sheerer now than before the war that is a lot of sheer stuff—from Hollywood (and a pretty bald one, too) announces that my lady's legs have once again taken precedence over her minxes as the focal point of allure, and it may be so happened that the assassin of the plump sweater had a list of the female torsos slated for slaughter. That he makes stockings for a living concerns me not. He had better start making them stouter.

I just mutter in a practically universal female plaint when I say, quote, that nylon stocking ain't what they used to be when Faithex was young. This is a tougher topic than the H-bomb, for hell contains no comparable fury to a dame who opens a hunger vein, or she is merely sitting in a chair with her knees crossed, doing no harm to nobody.

This is strictly a scrap I wouldn't referee with a ball bat in one hand and a chemist in the other. All I know is that the frailty of modern nylons is the topic, by and large, of every female soprano, in all the powder rooms, and don't ask me how I know. It may destroy the basic structure of my benevolent espionage system.

NOT CONVINCED

The nylon manufacturers may swear on a stack of supporters that today's deniers are wrought of spun Toledo steel, but they will convince no woman that some evil spirit isn't abroad in cobwebs into the soup which congeals into hose.

This female and her friends have discarded Ingrid Bergman and the brutality of man as favorite fixtures, and spend most of their vocal hours working out on stockings. I will attempt a sample, hysterical quote, with no commas.

"I am sick and tired of spending a fortune every week to keep my legs covered with stockings that go bust if you wrinkle an eyebrow let alone cross a leg stooping over is sheer suicide and if the manufacturers say it is because the stockings are sheerer now than before the war that is a lot of sheer stuffand-nonsense I can give me the prewar stockings everytime why when the war started I only had four pairs and two pairs lasted me six months and the other two pairs lasted me another six months and now I pop a pair a day and so do the saleswoman who has to wear the heavier service-weight hose don't tell me they didn't make 'em tougher when the competition was on why it was stronger than it is now and if the Japs will start sending us silk I will and if they don't I shall. There goes another runner and I will trade ten pairs of today's for one pair of the 1941 brand and I don't care who's right and who's wrong they just don't last any more and I am sick and tired of it and blast! I broke open the other leg."

This concerns me not at all, since I always wear white cotton socks, and am a great admirer of Miss Jane Russell, as opposed to Miss Marilyn Gardner, but it would be well to warn the manufacturers that a woman is a difficult creature to handle when she thinks she is getting the old whoosh-stuff from the factory. Get enough women sore enough on any swear on a stack of supporters that today's deniers are wrought of spun Toledo steel, but they will convince no woman that some evil spirit isn't abroad in cobwebs into the soup which congeals into hose.

This female and her friends have discarded Ingrid Bergman and the brutality of man as favorite fixtures, and spend most of their vocal hours working out on stockings. I will attempt a sample, hysterical quote, with no commas.

"I am sick and tired of spending a fortune every week to keep my legs covered with stockings that go bust if you wrinkle an eyebrow let alone cross a leg stooping over is sheer suicide and if the manufacturers say it is because the stockings are sheerer now than before the war that is a lot of sheer stuffand-nonsense I can give me the prewar stockings everytime why when the war started I only had four pairs and two pairs lasted me six months and the other two pairs lasted me another six months and now I pop a pair a day and so do the saleswoman who has to wear the heavier service-weight hose don't tell me they didn't make 'em tougher when the competition was on why it was stronger than it is now and if the Japs will start sending us silk I will and if they don't I shall. There goes another runner and I will trade ten pairs of today's for one pair of the 1941 brand and I don't care who's right and who's wrong they just don't last any more and I am sick and tired of it and blast! I broke open the other leg."

This concerns me not at all, since I always wear white cotton socks, and am a great admirer of Miss Jane Russell, as opposed to Miss Marilyn Gardner, but it would be well to warn the manufacturers that a woman is a difficult creature to handle when she thinks she is getting the old whoosh-stuff from the factory. Get enough women sore enough on any

They will fight you in the tearooms, in the little-girls'-rooms, at dress-shop counters. If they are sufficiently dissatisfied with stockings, they will make high-style of bobbysox and saddle shoes, or take up hip-boots as the latest chic-step from Vogue or Harper's. If enough of the fashion prophets preach from the mountain top, they will even cut off their legs and hobble around on raw kneecaps as a sign of faith in Fashion.

I have done some research on the flimsiness of today's legware, and so far I can only report that the stockings are the same as always. It gets me nowhere.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Truman And GOP Critic Plan Campaign

WASHINGTON

SOME time before leaving on his whistle-stop trip, President Truman held a hush-hush dinner with one of his most intimate friends—Sen. Brewster of Maine.

The dinner was held not in the White House, but at the Carlton Hotel. And it was the President who inspired the meeting. He and Brewster had worked together on the old Truman committee, once had been warm friends.

Chief result of the Carlton dinner was a challenge to test out the Fair Deal. Brewster is chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, and has the job of electing as many GOP Senators as possible next November.

Knowing this, Truman challenged: "I'll lay my program out and you lay your program out, and we'll have a showdown."

Brewster agreed.

Though he didn't actually plan it that way, part of the showdown is coming right now. Truman is now putting his policies before the public, while Brewster has been busy lining up speakers to refute him. He has already lined up Taft for a speech in Cincinnati, Wherry in Nebraska, Hickenlooper in Iowa, Morse in Oregon, and Congressman Keefe in Wisconsin.

Brewster says the battle, hatched over the dinner table at the Carlton Hotel, will continue until November.

Acheson's Big Problem

BEFORE Secretary of State Acheson left for the Big Three conference, he had a report from the Orient indicating that French Indo-China was the most vital area in preventing the spread of Communism.

The report came from Ed Dickinson, ace trouble-shooter for ECA Administrator Paul Hoffman. State Dept. officials concur with Dickinson's views.

They believe that if Communism once takes over Indo-China, then Burma, the Malays, Siam, India and Indonesia will also fall, making all of the Orient a Russian sphere of influence.

Furthermore, it is believed that this is Moscow's chief goal. For the Red Army today lacks oil, gasoline, tin and rubber. All these things are to be obtained in the wealthy area lying south of French Indo-China.

That is why Indo-China is one of the toughest jobs facing Acheson and also why he met it head-on following his arrival in Paris. Here are some of the factors he still has to contend with:

1. The U. S. Senate is hot and bothered about China, but not Indo-China. This may be because of the well-heeled Kuomintang lobby which has spent thousands in Washington influencing Congress. Whatever the cause, when Acheson publicly proposed aid to Indo-China, he was rebuked next day by Sen. George of Georgia who wanted to know who was going to vote the money.

2. The French are a handicap. French administration of Indo-China in the past has been inefficient, corrupt, imperialistic. The natives don't like them, shoot down French troops and refuse to serve in the army outside of Indo-China.

3. Indo-China is split among various factions. There is no love for Emperor Dao Dai, onetime Paris playboy, whom the French have set up as ruler. There is also bitter hatred for guerrilla leader Ho Chi Minh and his scorched-earth policy.

Possibly the United States could handle the situation better without the French. But that would alienate one of our closest allies. Thus Acheson has the Senate to buck on one hand, the French on the other and the Communists all around him.

John L. Lewis Purge

JOHN L. LEWIS, Republican, has been busy backstage trying to purge a Democrat, Rep. Anthony Cavalcante of Pennsylvania. Lewis is sore because Cavalcante demanded that district four of the United Mine Workers have local autonomy and the right to elect their own officers. Cavalcante used to be a member of this local, has an excellent record in Congress, and will be supported by many rank-and-file miners. However, Lewis' strong-arm men are doing their best to elect Edward Dumbauld, Cavalcante's opponent.

New England Slump

THE President's Council of Economic Advisers, while pleased with the recent unemployment drop, are still deeply concerned over the situation in the New England area. Throughout the nation unemployment now averages 5% per cent, but in New England it averages around 12 per cent. As a result, the council will soon set up a task force of prominent businessmen and economists with instructions to make a thorough and intensive study of the causes and cures of New England's semi-depression. This will be the first step in the Government's plan to help industrial New England get back on its feet.

Speech Backfired

A MINNESOTA farmer may lose out in becoming Undersecretary of Agriculture, because he tried too hard to drum up an audience for his boss. The eager beaver is Charles W. Stickney, Minnesota committee chairman for the Producers Marketing Association.

Stickney wanted to be sure Secretary of Agriculture Charlie Brannan had a full house when he came to St. Paul on April 4, so he passed the word that 8,000 Minnesota farmer committeemen could look forward to expenses for listening.

Word of this, however, leaked back to enemy No. 1 of the Brannan Plan, Sen. George Aiken, the Vermont Republican. Aiken promptly raised such a howl that the general accounting office is now ordered to see if an improper use of Government funds is involved.

However, here is another aftermath. Until recently, Stickney was all set to succeed Al Loveland as Undersecretary of Agriculture. Now he isn't.

Note—When Secretary Brannan found that the St. Paul audience was getting $5 a day each for expenses, he changed his speech to a non-political farm discourse.

Coal Operators Union

BIG coal operators are quietly planning to form a virtual union of their own, thereby giving Harry Moses, boss of the U. S. Steel-owned H. S. Frick Coke Co., the same dictatorial powers over Northern operators that John L. Lewis wields over the miners.

Under the proposed new setup, scheduled to take effect early in July, Moses will be top man of an executive committee that can force all Northern operators, big and little, to sign contracts with the United Mine Workers.

In other words, U. S. Steel, which already has a monopolistic grip on the steel industry, also will control the coal industry.

Note—Southern operators and many independents are griping.