THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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A POOR WAY TO RUN THE PEOPLE'S BUSINESS

AS WEEK after week rolls by with no Council action on a plan to restrict the movement of heavy trucks in the City, it is becoming distressingly apparent that there is a grave deficiency of leadership in the present City governing body. In no other way can this unpardonable inaction and procrastination be explained.

The truck report, endorsed by the Motor Freight Carriers Association and the Chamber of Commerce, was filed with the Council in January of this year. A new Council took office on May 14. On August 15, the Council called a public hearing on the plan for Sept. 12. The public hearing was held on schedule, but action was delayed for one week. On the following Wednesday, Sept. 19, the matter was again put off as members of the Council informally agreed that on Sept. 26 they would set the date for a special evening meeting to discuss the proposal thoroughly.

But the Sept. 26 meeting was held, and another on Oct. 3, and another on Oct. 10, and still another on Oct. 17. And still there has been no move by the Mayor or any member of the Council to call the special evening meeting, to adopt the report, to reject it, or to do anything but leave it lying around gathering dust.

That, we submit, is a poor way to run the people's business. Not one of the Councilmen would conduct his own business affairs in such a careless, slipshod fashion. Cannot the people expect more efficiency from their public servants?

The unrestricted use by heavy trucks of Charlotte's narrow uptown streets and quiet residential streets is a most pressing problem. Admittedly we do not have, nor will we have in the immediate future, a network of thoroughfares designed for the specific purpose of moving trucks. We cannot, however, delay action to ease the problem until such thoroughfares are provided.

Charlotte is a big and modern city, and it is growing into one of the biggest distribution centers in the nation. In this age, distribution means trucks, and more trucks will lead to more congestion of our already-crowded streets. Surely there is at least one man on the Council who has the vision to see the problem and the courage to fight for the truck regulation plan. Let him step forward!

EUROPE'S ECONOMIC ALTERNATIVES

LECTURER Henry C. Wolfe, who visited Charlotte this week, adds another opinion to the problem of trade between Western and Communist countries that has caused considerable Congressional concern. He endorsed the Administration's policy of economic aid to Europe, but added:

"Until there can be a free flow of goods and services between Italy, France, Britain and Germany on the one hand and Poland, Czechoslovakia and the Balkans and Russia on the other, how can Western Europe be self-sufficient?"

Reasoning based on this viewpoint comes necessarily to a rather dismal conclusion. Free trade between East and West Europe would undoubtedly aid Russia in receiving strategic materials. Neither Western European nor U. S. leaders want that, and certainly Congress would not support aid to Europe if U. S. products flowed right on to Russia, China and Korea. But the alternative presented within the framework of the Wolfe argument—that absence of Western European self-sufficiency, will require long-range U. S. economic aid to Europe—is equally unsavory to American legislators and taxpayers.

The economic insufficiency of Western Europe, which is now cut off from its Eastern markets, is undeniable. The problem facing England is similar to that found in the continental countries, whether their governments are socialistic or conservative. Four out of five cars manufactured in England, British pottery, Scotch whisky and many other manufactured products must be exported in order to pay for imports. Britain's proportion of imports to total production is about four per cent, while ours is 25 per cent. Denmark trades for Polish coal, because it is cheaper than U. S. coal, and doesn't require the expenditure of scarce U. S. dollars. Our North Atlantic partners simply cannot live without extensive foreign trade, but trade barriers and tariff walls discourage extensive trans-Atlantic commerce.

The choice before Europe has been succinctly stated by Will Clayton, former Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs. As he puts it:

"We could sell Western Europe all the wheat she could eat and all the cotton she could wear, and many other things they need. But if U. S. trade restrictions prevent Europe from selling her goods here and getting the dollars to buy from us—then she will get what she needs from Soviet Russia. Eventually the European economy must be integrated with some economy complementary to its own. There are only two such economies in the world: The United States and Soviet Russia."

In other words, Western Europe must trade or die. To trade with Communist countries would build up the enemy. Increased trans-Atlantic trade would strengthen Europe, thus easing it off the back of the American taxpayer, but trans-Atlantic trade requires the removal of tariff barriers.

Economic nationalism in this shrunken world can be as disastrous as military nationalism. This fact was realized at the Ottawa Conference, where a concerted effort to integrate the Atlantic economy was begun.

Meanwhile, the Congressmen who oppose any trade with Communist countries could help the free world arrive at a solution by supporting the brighter, more positive alternative of increasing Atlantic trade.

THE TROUBLES OF MR. SHAPIRO

WE WOULD SAY, offhand, that Mr. Maxwell Shapiro of Boston got what was coming to him when he was fleeced by two "fixers" who promised help on his $142,000 tax bill if he paid them $10,000.

According to Mr. Shapiro's testimony, he was visited by Hugh Finnegan, a brother of the indicted St. Louis tax collector, James P. Finnegan, and Daniel Friedman, a New York insurance man. They told him they had just come down from Boston where they had seen Collector Denis W. Delaney (also under indictment now), and offered to get his tax bill shaved to $40,000 in return for the ten grand "fixing" fee.

Mr. Shapiro ,of course, should have had nothing to do with such a proposal. But he says he called up Mr. Delaney ("He said they were okay"), and subsequently forked over the $10,000 in two equal installments. To date, his tax obligation is still outstanding.

That's a fascinating little story, all right. But there are several unanswered questions. Obviously, Mr. Shapiro couldn't be charged with bribery, for the two "fixers" were not government employees. But isn't he guilty of an attempt to defraud the Government? And didn't the "fixers" commit fraud on poor Mr. Shapiro? Somebody ought to be able to indict somebody in this merry-go-round.

Another thing the Senate probers might look into. Did Mr. Shapiro deduct the $10,000 from his income tax return for that year? He might have listed it as a gambling loss, since he gambled and lost. Or he might have written it off in some other fashion.

In any event, we'd like to hear more about the troubles of Mr. Shapiro.

WORDS

THE bulletin of the Charlotte Merchants Association reports this interesting tidbit, which we pass along for your enlightenment.

Experts who deal with figures have discovered the following data:

Lincoln's Gettysburg address contains 266 words.

The Ten Commandments contain 297 words.

The OPS order to reduce the price on cabbage contains 26,911 words.

From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat

HE 'SLUD HOME

ST. LOUIS baseball fans had better hold onto their respectable bases. Ole Diz, who used to fog 'em by the batters in the National League while a distinguished member of the Gas House Gang, is coming back to St. Louis next year to pitch his baffling grammatical curves over the air as the broadcaster, commentator and soloist for the Browns' baseball games.

Dizzy belongs in St. Louis. It was here that he gained his fame on the diamond and it was in St. Louis that he first burst upon an unsuspecting radio audience as the most original chronicler of heroic deeds since William Shakespeare laid aside his mantle. As a vocal virtuoso, Ole Diz is hardly a candidate for the Metropolitan Opera—though he has his stanch adherents who insist that no one can warble the "Wabash Cannonball" with the same fervor.

But as a man who has "slud" to fame on his mastery of the English language, Ole Diz need offer no apology to Noah Webster. He will find a welcome in keeping with his stature when he returns next season.

We remember a story about the little boy who asked his father to take him to school in the family car. The father demurred and, in doing so, cited the case of Abraham Lincoln. "When Lincoln was your age," said papa, "he walked nine miles to get to school." "So he did," replied Junior, "and when he was your age, he was President of the United States."—*Greenville (Miss.) Democrat-Times.*

Senator Taft says he got such a welcome out around Taft, N. D. (population seven) and thereabouts that he might just run for President. Shucks, there are so few people out there anyone's welcome.

Roses are red, violets are blue; "high influence", what's it got you?—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

The Little Fixes That Spoil The Vines

Investigation, Defense, Debate

Record Of The 82nd Congress

WASHINGTON
(By Congressional Quarterly)

THREATENING war clouds shaped the first session of the 82nd Congress, and a powerful group of Southerners controlled it. The session started slowly but finished fast. It also turned up more public scandal and spent more money than any recent session.

United Nations troops were reeling back from the Yalu River when the 82nd Congress was born last January. UN troops were fighting their way back to the same river when the session drew to a close nine and a half months later.

The session produced the biggest military appropriation bill—about $57 billion—since the height of World War II. Total spending for the year was pushed to $85 billion, a "peacetime" record. A record-breaking foreign aid program is now in conference committee.

Extensive price, wage and rent controls were renewed, along with a system of priorities and allocations for scarce materials. The nation's first Universal Military Service bill was passed.

TAXES TO PEAK

Taxes were boosted to help pay for defense, sending the "peacetime" tax burden to a new peak.

Southern Democrats held the key to Congressional action this year. They showed their strength the first day of the session when they joined with Republicans to push through a change in the House by-laws which gave the South-dominated Rules Committee more power to bottle up bills.

Congressional Quarterly's studies of voting patterns showed that Democratic majorities were so slim that a few Southerners could make or break key legislation—and they did. Southerners joined with Republicans, for instance, to limit the corporation tax boost and again to set a four-division limit on the number of troops the President could send to the Eisenhower army.

But most Southerners stood with the Administration in voting which gave the President more leeway in allotting foreign aid money and approved his nomination of Chester Bowles to be Ambassador to India.

PROBES PLENTIFUL

It was an investigating Congress. CQ surveys showed that Capitol Hill Sherlocks conducted more than 150 special investigations and uncovered scandals in the RFC, Internal Revenue Bureau, in surplus property sales and Army purchasing.

The probes slowed the progress of legislation during the first half of the year. The important Senate Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committees did almost nothing for several months except investigate U. S. military policy in Europe and the Far East.

By July 1, only 70 public laws had been enacted; not more than ten were of major importance. Never had Congress moved more slowly in passing appropriation bills.

The pace picked up, however, and in the next three and a half months Congress almost quadrupled the number of measures enacted; and the major-bill score reached 35.

Appropriations were the knottiest problem. About $85 billion was voted in-thirteen bills after months-long delays. Spending was topped only by World War II totals, and exceeded the 1950 total by some $13 billion. A $5.7 billion tax increase was voted to help meet the expense.

OTHER MAJOR BILLS

Among other major bills passed were the Reciprocal Trade Agreement extension, the famine loan to India, defense housing construction, flood relief bills, and free GI life insurance.

Many important bills were only partially acted on. They can be taken up when the second session meets in January. These include anti-gambling bills, Hawaii and Alaska statehood, measures to settle the "tidelands" oil disputes, and sanctioning "good faith" pricing practices.

While working on bills, Congress found time to investigate such things as military reserve policy, the Stabilization Board, GI insurance, monopoly, the power of the President to send troops to Europe, farm prices and Senatorial elections.

More work was left to be done on investigations into baseball, the Internal Revenue Bureau, Communism, and into a resolution urging the ouster of Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy (R-Wis.). Some of these probes were to continue during the recess; some might be picked up next year.

TRUMAN PROGRAM

In the last days of the session, Congress was kinder to Mr. Truman's legislative program. After a slow start, 22 of the 57 major proposals of the President were approved, Congressional Quarterly's boxscore showed. Partial action was taken on twelve more, sixteen requests were ignored and seven rejected, according to the CQ tabulation.

The session was slower than the first session of the 81st Congress (1949). The House and Senate met fewer days and passed more than 100 fewer bills. In 1949 the Senate needed a little less than an hour to pass an average bill. This year the Senate averaged about one hour and 15 minutes for each bill, CQ figured. The House spent about 25 minutes per measure in 1949, about 35 minutes each this year.

The session may be remembered by historians for its "great debate" on foreign policy. And it will be recalled for its "big name" amendments—the Kem and Battle proposals to force a cut-off of trade with Iron Curtain countries; the Jensen amendment to cut Federal payrolls; the Capehart proposal to limit price controls; and the Keating amendment on public power.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

GOP Wants Tax Hike In Campaign Year

WASHINGTON

WHEN Sen. Walter George of Georgia heard the news that the House of Representatives had rejected his loophole-riddled tax bill, he snorted: "The CIO did it."

Big, bald, Sen. Gene Millikin, Colorado Republican, was more whimsical. Meeting Democratic Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, who had battled against tax loopholes, he joked:

"When the Republicans and the CIO get together, it's an unbeatable combination. That's a partnership you can't lick."

What he and George referred to, of course, was that labor and big-city populations were dead opposed to the tax bill because of the many loopholes favoring upper-bracket taxpayers.

Both, however, overlooked one other important factor behind the defeat of the tax bill—namely, the astute political strategy of cagey GOP leader Joe Martin of Massachusetts.

Joe was the mastermind behind the almost solid block of Republican votes against the tax bill. His official excuse was: "Less Government spending rather than higher taxes." His real reason: "The longer passage of a tax bill is delayed, the more it will help the Republicans."

Republicans are shouting it from the housetops, but what they really wanted was a tax delay until next year, thus putting the Democrats in the embarrassing position of passing an unpopular tax bill in an election year—something the party in power traditionally tries to avoid.

Southern Democratic Chairman?

THERE'S a lot of talk among Democrats about getting away from the precedent followed under Roosevelt of picking a big-city Irish Catholic as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. No religious prejudice is mixed up in this, but rather geography.

Southern Democrats point out that no Southerner has been chairman of the National Committee since Cordell Hull in 1920. They feel that it's now vital to weld the party together and woo rebellious Dixiecrats back into the fold.

This is one reason why able Wilson Wyatt, ex-Mayor of Louisville, Ky., is being pushed for the Democratic chairmanship.

Westerners also point out that no one from their section of the country has led the Democratic National Committee in a long time; so are boosting ex-Congressman John Carroll, one of the ablest men recently to serve in Congress. Another Westerner under consideration is George Killion of San Francisco, former Democratic Treasurer, under whom there were no scandals.

Roosevelt's reason for putting big-city Irishmen at the helm of the Party was partly because he considered them shrewd politicians, partly in order to swing the big-city vote which is predominantly Catholic. Thus, Jim Farley was followed by Ed Flynn of the Bronx; Flynn was followed by Frank Walker of Scranton, Pa., and New York; then Bob Hannegan of St. Louis; who was replaced by Executive Director Gael Sullivan of Chicago and Howard McGrath of Providence, R. I.; who were succeeded by Bill Boyle of Kansas City—all from big-city areas.

Note—One Eastern Irishman for whom President Truman has great personal regard is John Sullivan of New Hampshire, former Secretary of the Navy. "John is so conscientious," Truman recently told a friend, "that he wouldn't write Frank Knox's will until he resigned from the Treasury. He said he would not accept outside work when he was on the Government payroll." (Sullivan was then Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and Knox was Secretary of the Navy. Both came from Manchester, N. H.)

White House Cleanup

PRESIDENT Truman has told trusted friends confidentially of his plan to shake up the White House staff as well as the Democratic National Committee.

"I think we need some new faces and new ideas in the White House," he said. "I'm just getting the same old thoughts back again."

He also added another interesting angle.

"Whoever gets the nomination next year," he said, "shouldn't be handicapped by scandals at the Democratic National Committee that reach into the White House, even if the publicity is exaggerated by the newspapers."

The President remarked that he had decided Democratic Chairman Bill Boyle should resign some weeks ago, though Boyle's friends had pleaded with him against the move. Finally, he called Boyle over and said in effect: "I know you've been complaining about your health. Before we get into the campaign preliminaries, you'd better get a physical checkup."

Boyle took the hint.

Truman Listened

PRIOR to this occurred an unpublicized but stormy session at the White House between Boyle and Truman's former counsel, Clifford.

For several months Clifford, now a private attorney, had been urging the President to clean up at the Democratic National Committee. Its top executives, Clifford told his old chief, were squandering hundred of thousands of dollars of precious campaign funds and achieving almost no results. They had not even formed a research staff to dig up information essential for campaign speeches and Congressional debates. "You've got to get rid of these peanut operators," Clifford said in one session with the President.

Clifford's constant criticisms finally culminated in an evening session at Blair House when Truman invited both Clifford and Boyle in to talk the whole matter out.

Clifford repeated to Boyle his claims that the National Committee was poorly managed and achieving little. Boyle demurred, put up a hot defense. Truman listened. Clifford got caustic. Boyle got bitter. Finally the President broke up the argument. However, his decision to ease out Boyle dated from that evening.

Bevan Puts Free Dentures Before Military Strength

By STEWART ALSOP

THE SCENE is a huge dance hall, hideously decorated with vaguely Latin murals, in this grimy industrial town. On the platform, facing the tightly packed crowd is a heavy man with a half angry, half - amused expression on his broad, pink face. This is Aneurin Bevan, the Labor rebel often described here as "the next Prime Minister but one," and certainly one of the two or three most interesting political figures in England.

As soon as he begins to speak, it is clear that he has something else —that rare electric quality which brings his listeners to the edge of their seats, anxious not to miss a word. He starts quietly, in his musical Welsh accent, with a few jokes — his face is not pretty, he says, but at least the audience can see he has no horns on his forehead. Then he begins to talk with an oddly intellectual seriousness, using phrases like "our collective reaction to the external situation."

HECKLING BOOMERANGS

The Tory hecklers smuggled into the hall soon get to work, and Bevan abruptly changes his tone. "Oh, sit down, Moustache," he shouts at a heckler, or at a strident lady Tory, "I can't abide meat twice cooked or a nattering woman." "What about Abadan?" one heckler yells. "I am coming to Abadan," Bevan shouts back, "and sooner than you'll like." Then he comes to Abadan.

The Conservatives don't want war, he says, with an air of sweet reason. No sane man wants war. But the Tories are "not adjusted" to the changed "external situation." The smaller countries have rights now. "If the United States of America established an industry in Great Britain we would not let the American Congress say what was to be done about it." Although the Tories do not know, what the Tories really mean when they talk of force is — and here his voice rises to a bull roar — "WAR, WAR, WAR."

The crowd roars back. No, Bevan says, that is not the solution. There is another solution. Small countries, like Persia or Egypt, have a right to manage their own affairs. But — and here his voice rises again — THEY HAVE NO RIGHT to deny to the rest of the world what the world needs to live; oil or communications. Thus the matter must be settled within the world organization, the United Nations. This is the real solution.

The crowd seems entirely satisfied by this "solution" and Bevan shifts to firmer ground. He recalls, bitterly and vividly, the miseries of unemployment in the thirties, and points with genuine pride to the raised standards of living for the workers, and the social services, under the Socialists. The crowd responds with violent enthusiasm, and as Bevan ends his speech and sits down, it is clear that here is a politican of stature, a man who must be reckoned with.

NOT DICTATORIAL

From this view of Bevan in action, and from a previous personal contact, certain impressions emerge. First, Bevan is neither a would - be dictator nor the leader of an anti-American Crusade. He has an itch for power, certainly, but he is not of the stuff of which dictators are made. As for the anti-Americanism of the Bevanites, this has been wildly exaggerated. There are occasional pin pricks, certainly, but also occasional bouquets. According to those who have followed closely, anti-Americanism is in no sense a serious issue in this election.

Yet Bevan should be taken seriously by Americans all the same. For this brilliant man has now become the focus for wishful thinking among a minority of Socialists as Chamberlain once was among a majority of Conservatives. Bevan's "solution" for the creeping dry-rot in the Middle East is no more a real solution than Chamberlain's was at Munich. And just as Chamberlain's Conservatives put business as usual before national security, so the Bevanites are putting free dentures before the armed strength necessary to survival.

What is really surprising, in this tired, war-battered country is not there there are Bevanites, but that there are so few of them. The fact is that the British are still basically united on the essential points —the need to rearm, and the need to maintain the Anglo-American alliance. For they know instinctively that if the dry-rot continues much longer, if Britain ceases to be a great power, it will be nonsense to talk of free false teeth — or even a tolerable standard of living — for the people on this crowded island. One suspects that Aneurin Bevan himself is fully aware of this, and would act on the knowledge if he ever attained the power he seeks.

Trains Can't Excite Us Boys Since The Diesels Moved In

By ROBERT C. RUARK

NEW YORK

I REALIZED A lifelong ambition the other day — to play engineer of a fast train — and must report that my heart is broken. The Erie people put me aboard a streamlined Diesel job, on a 133-car haul from Port Jervis to Jersey City, and it was about as exciting as taking a taxi.

A railroad engineer, it always seemed to me, had more glamor than a cowboy or a sea cap'n or a baseball player or a tough detective or an airline pilot. I am an old Casey Jones admirer from way back, and I used to stand at the crossings on the off-chance the engineer might wave at me and give me a modicum of dignity for the day.

The sound of a train in the night always has been the most stimulating of all sensory impacts. When I heard a train go, "WeeeeooOOOHH! I wanted to cry, run away, or burn down the house, just because I was so excited. The chuffing of an old steam-engine job, the clacking wheels, and the smell of train smoke rank topmost among my boyhood souvenirs.

DREAM IS GONE

But the general Dieselization of our train transport has wrecked the whole dream for me. I know all the answers — Diesel is cheaper, stronger, faster, smoother, and the old steam engine is doomed to be a blood brother to the great auk in the extinction files. I think my Erie friends have some 400-odd oilburners as opposed to 100-plus steamers, and one of these days I suppose there just won't be any more cinder-throwers working on the railroads.

But a Diesel, despite all its many virtues, has a whistle that sounds like a ship. It sure don't sound like a train. A Diesel doesn't huff and puff and chuff like a train. It sneaks along as smoothly as a new Cadillac. It ain't a train at all, actually. It is a hybrid of boat and auto, and I resent it.

The engineer and the fireman don't resent it, though. The engineer sits on a soft chair in an air-conditioned cab, with an icebox up forward and a glove compartment in which to keep the gloves he doesn't need any more. He has less than a half-dozen cranks and gadgets to worry about, and, so help me, he wears a white collar to work. So does the fireman.

There is radio telephone, of course, so there is much conversation with the chief terminal, and a passing train will ring up to swap a word or so to the effect that a freight car's slip is showing. There is no smoke, no cinders, none of that wonderful old pungent smell of coal.