

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1952

WHY NOT SUBPOENA LAMAR CAUDLE?

ON NOV. 26, 1951, T. Lamar Caudle told the King subcommittee under oath that he was 'afraid for my life' because of his efforts to stamp out racketeers in Charlotte.

THE HAND OF WELCOME

LAST November, when the Celanese Corp. announced it would establish a big central management and sales center in Mecklenburg county, we observed in these columns:

In politics, it was the fashion (before Roosevelt) to say, 'As Maine goes, so goes the nation.' And it is not stretching the imagination to say, 'As Celanese goes, so goes other industry.'

And now comes the announcement that the Duplan Corp., which operates nine weaving and throwing plants in the U. S. and two in Canada, is planning to move its central operations office from Hazelton, Pa., to Charlotte.

LET'S TRY IT, SENATORS

THE Bureau of Internal Revenue reorganization plan was okayed by the House of Representatives and is now being mulled by the Senate.

Senator J. William Clayton of Arkansas and Hoey of North Carolina, who pack a lot of weight on this issue, seem to be undecided on the plan's merits.

They are afraid non-local men might collect taxes in their states. They feel that good-some carpet-baggers might get in. We would remind the Senators that their friends, the Army Engineers, are rarely home folks.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

ONE of our favorite newspapers quoted Fortune magazine the other day as saying that Abraham Lincoln got along with two secretaries, Franklin D. Roosevelt managed to run the Presidency with 50 persons on his office staff, but Harry Truman has already got 1,470 persons on the White House staff with the number still growing.

The funny thing about it is that we were just on the verge of taking an entirely different view of Mr. Truman's big staff—a view influenced, quite frankly, by Fortune's own observations on the subject. So, rather than lift our lances at a contemporary, we'll just pass along Fortune's conclusion:

"Mr. Truman may well be remembered as the President whose use of the machinery by which future Presidents were enabled to handle their work. (The President's executive staff had nearly 1,000 men—1,470 is still growing.)

"In a quiet way, Mr. Truman has been busy setting up a White House organization, a blueprint, in his own mind. His successors will inherit something that was sadly missing from Mr. Truman's own agency—to wit, some tools for tackling the most important job in the history of the world."

From The Richmond News-Leader

IT'S SWEEPING THE COMICS

THERE is a trend afoot in the comic strips, if a trend can be afoot, that merits passing mention. It's love, friends, love, we never had so much love.

At the moment, Lili Abner has invented a perfume (principal ingredient: Confessions) which smells like money and makes women go mad. June Gale, the pretty nurse in Dr. Rex Morgon, is having an affair with the wealthy Worthington Van Fleet that frankly we don't think is anything on earth of Judith Frank, the current heroine in Mary Worth. It starts between love for a high school principal and loyalty to a soldier once rejected. Even aging Ambrose Tucker is kicking up his heels in Gasoline Alley and is read Smilin' Jack, you would think Downside finally had had, this time for a blonde Russian named Kathleen Cherry is afraid to tell Mark Trak that she intends to marry another, Steve Canyon has fallen for the Widow Olson. A female professor has her eye on the Phantom (which reminds us, that was once called Diana),

"What's this about-ye joinin' the Communists? Demanded Pat. 'Aro ye crazy, man?' 'It's the truth,' replied Mike. 'I joined up with them because the doctor told me I've got but a few weeks to live, and I figure I'm better for a Communist to go than a good Irishman.' -Etoosh (Tenn.) Enter prize.

Now, You Said You Wanted To Be Heard?



People's Platform

Letters should be brief. The writers name and address must be given, but may be withheld from publication in the discretion of the Editor.

Have A Heart

Editors, THE NEWS: I WOULD like to state my opinion on the case of the Walter Muller who had a child in their home for two years. The Welfare Department is taking the child away from this couple which has cared for him and loved him. Such a thing is absolutely heart-breaking.

I may be wrong, but I think the law should make exceptions in cases of this nature. I believe that love is the most important thing in a child's life, and Mr. and Mrs. Muller have certainly given him plenty of love.

They are financially able to care for him. So what's the use of taking him away from the people who he loves as his parents? The Welfare Department says that they are too old to adopt little Robert. I say age does not matter where love is concerned. They should be allowed to keep the child as long as they wish, then let the Welfare Department consider adopting him to someone else.

Also, the couple who want to adopt Robert could easily find some child who needs love. Robert has been spoiled. I would like to see the Welfare Department consider adopting him to someone else.

In conclusion let me say to the Welfare Department or anyone else responsible for this action: Don't break three hearts by taking this child away from those who love him so dearly. Have a heart, will you?

MRS. JAMES R. LUTHER

Wily Winnie Churchill

Editors, THE NEWS: IT grieves me greatly to note that the English pirate of blood, sweat and tears fame, the honorable Winston Churchill, has through his magnificent Shakespearean manner and persuasive dramatic talents invaded American industry for critical steel, etc., and has flim-flammed our politicians into giving willing Winston a cool few millions of American dollars much against his wishes in view of the fact he said himself that he didn't come for American aid. It's like the little girl I used to court. She told me not to kiss her but if I miss kiss her you go ahead and get it over with.

While pudgy Winston gets our steel, our money and his will, our planes and ships to protect his honor of the British Empire and Commonwealth, we get the deep-freeze of nothingness in return except the remains of leopards from a brown pasture beyond garden, quite unmentioned about the sick man in the bed-room above. But the two lakes children, whom I used to see whooping after Indians in cowboy costume, went to New York to buy a house and a case of gin and tonics and tipped wide wings across about the house.

I am not against Winston Churchill by any means. But the pirate needs watching. ... He's a clever fellow, that one, who will shake your hand and steal your purse. How much longer must we carry those British Empire on our backs? Wouldn't it be much simpler if we made England the 49th state in the Union rather than support it like a ward boy orphan?

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

IT was very quiet out at Headwaters Farm in Maryland during the last days Harold Ickes was alive. He lay in a huge bed looking out at rows of pine trees that he had planted many years before, and a rose garden that looked waxy and discouraged under the Winter sky.

A herd of white-faced Herefords tried to pull the last remains of leopards from a brown pasture beyond garden, quite unmentioned about the sick man in the bed-room above. But the two lakes children, whom I used to see whooping after Indians in cowboy costume, went to New York to buy a house and a case of gin and tonics and tipped wide wings across about the house.

Ickes looked tired and worn. Pain had racked his 77-year-old body for three months now. Even Christmas was spent in bed.

"I'll be 78 in March," he mused, "and I'd like to live to see one more election day in the country. It's a very important one—vitally important. Some tremendous forces are stirring in this country—and in the Democratic Party. 'I'd like to talk to some of the men who have got to lead this country—Adlai Stevenson is one, and I'd like to talk to Keafauver. We've had too much leadership in the hands of one man. We've got to have new men, young men, new ideas.' I could help here. ..."

American People Are On The March Their Core Is Sound

By HAROLD L. ICKES (This is the late Harold L. Ickes' last column for The News, written Jan. 29 for today's issue. It is printed here with that permission.) Editors: ...

ON PAST occasions, politicians applying their vocations of robbing the public have taken to the hills and, before anyone quite realized it, the whole world was gazing goleg-eyed at television pictures which showed more or more familiar in disclosures that surpassed any "whodunnit" yet written. ...

lost in the middle of the Atlantic and facing the mercy of a cruel world? Then too, if England became a state we could see Winston Churchill's talent for graceful stealing by electing him President. Everyone will agree that he'd make a better president than old Harry who is now suffering from the love and Eisenhowers. Churchill must have felt great as he left the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor and his ship which the shores of Merry England, I suppose he arrived in England with a smile on his pudgy countenance waving American dollars and proclaiming: 'I have nothing to offer you but a few millions of American greenbacks to wet your austerity whiskers.'

DEWEY KING PHILADELPHIA

It Is Phoolish, Isn't It? I WANT to express my appreciation of your editorial of Jan. 25 on my proposal for simpler spelling. Thanks for your addition to those of pronouncing poor Mr. Pough's name.

RALPH DORNFIELD OWEN Simpler Spelling Association (Headquarters: Lake Placid Club, N. Y.)

On Independent Thought

Editors, THE NEWS: THURDLY the way of the skeptic and the critic is toward. ...

Dare to advance a morsel of food for thought, contend to the vintage of tradition, and the advocates of prosaic conformity will contrive to contaminate it against popular consumption with the poison of confusion.

Implement a thought with words of more than two syllables, and the protagonists of intellectual vandalism will seek to destroy it with the claws of materialism and the fangs of ridicule.

Dare to be unconventional or challenge the status quo, and the villains of stupidity hasten to commit assassination with the weapons of profanation and abuse.

But, says Rudyard Kipling, 'if you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs. . . if you can hear to hear the truth you've spoken twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools. . . if you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue. . . Or walk with kings—no less the common touch. . . You'll be a man. . .'

A. W. BLACK.

Budenz, Not Vincent, Seems To Warrant Investigation

By JOSEPH & STEWART ALSOP THE CONGRESSIONAL investigation procedure has been warped and twisted that the really important issues involved in any inquiry are quite likely never to be mentioned at all.

While Budenz usefully assisted the FBI in preparing cases against the Soviet spies, he was not mentioned by the House Committee and the other men it is currently accusing. It was not until March 1950, when McCarthy declared that the same gilt, fellow-wandering John Hopkins professor was the "top Communist agent" in the United States.

Let's Try It, Senators

Senator J. William Clayton of Arkansas and Hoey of North Carolina, who pack a lot of weight on this issue, seem to be undecided on the plan's merits.

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