



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1953

Some Notes On Bombs & Brotherhood

THIS is Brotherhood Week which fact will be made evident in various speeches, gatherings and public proclamations.

We much prefer to regard the annual observance as a celebration of man's progress toward ridding society of baseless hates and fears rather than as a time of exhortations and admonitions. For all the current frenzies over racial issues and the moonlit marches of sheeted hooded social marauders, the shoddy sills of "difference" between human beings, their religions, customs and colors, are slowly crumbling away in America. That shrill note in the cries of the hate merchants is one of alarm—not triumph. Man will retain his difference in myriad divisions of race, religion and custom but the time will come when these divisions will become matters of human interest and sources of understanding rather than of sick suspicion.

Admittedly, this is an exceedingly long view. It imposes some strain on our supply of optimism. Brotherhood Week was ushered into the Charlotte area with some icy reminders that termites are still at work behind the facade of good

will. Despite efforts of the police, the mental pygmies who endangered the lives of 40 Charlotteans by setting a bomb at Temple Beth-El last November are still roaming about in their private jungles. Also at large are the pygmies who attempted to destroy Temple Emanuel in Gastonia. Meantime, county police are holding five men accused of trying to dynamite Woodland School, a Negro institution which was the scene of a cross burning earlier in the month.

So admonitions are in order—even for optimism in this Brotherhood Week. Although the hate merchants and the hooers are a distinct minority, they can still in the instant of a bomb blast the fruit of years of effort by men of good will to promote human understanding and accord.

Despite the speeches, gatherings and public proclamations, the crackpot fringe never hears about Brotherhood Week.

The admonition ought to be that although the destructiveness of the hate merchants may be aimed at one or another group, the injury afflicts us all. Hate, like all other diseases, is no respecter of persons.

It's Time To Save The Symphony

MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage breast it must also possess the power to inspire a little gratitude here and there.

The inspirational value of Saturday evening's concert by the Charlotte Symphony Orchestra ought to have been tremendous. Under the baton of Jak Zadikov, the orchestra demonstrated the sheer breadth and beauty of its expressive power.

But just as important, the triumphant February concert gave the orchestra's board of directors a perfect peg on which to hang its drive for community support. Likewise, it offers the public an opportunity to show its gratitude for evolutions of fine music in Charlotte.

This is not a ticket-selling campaign. It is an appeal for the additional funds that are always needed to keep a symphony orchestra operating. It is the kind of appeal that all symphonies must

make, for ticket sales make up only about half of the normal operating expenses of a large orchestra.

Charlotte's orchestra is wisely attempting to build a broad base of support. Many individuals and firms will be contacted rather than just a few. The symphony gives pleasure to many—and important private citizens—many communities—why shouldn't the burden of support be shared by many? Such a move will surely help create broader interest in the orchestra's fortunes.

Despite its threadbare finances, the Charlotte Symphony is holding on. It is continuing to enrich the cultural life of the community. It will be restored to economic health if the citizens of Charlotte and surrounding communities want that enrichment to continue.

The chips are down now. It's time to save the symphony.

Wanted: Cannon That Conked Hooker

THE hope more than a dash of Yankee shrewdness will flavor the dickering of the local Daughters of the Confederacy and the National Park Service over future possession of that Spanish cannon.

That cannon, name of El Dominante, the Park Service wants to move from the front yard of Alexander Graham Junior High School to a gun emplacement at Castillo de San Marcos at St. Augustine, Fla. Offered in exchange is a Confederate cannon of the Napoleon type.

The swap seems fair since Florida had more truck with the Spanish than the Carolinas, and the Carolinas were more heavily engaged than Florida in the brothers' war.

But, then, why swap fair? The United Daughters possess the cannon that is craved by the federals. It would seem to us unseemly for them to yield it up without exacting the stiff price federals

have always had to pay to gain possession of Confederate cannon. Trade for a Confederate cannon, yes, but not just any old Confederate cannon. Who wants a piece that might have been used by Gen. Beauregard in the "defense of Atlanta, for example?"

Perhaps the Daughters should suggest that the Park Service rummage about the battlefields to see if it can produce the cannon that hurled a ball toward a colonnaded house at Chancellorsville, which ball splattered Union Gen. Joe Hooker into a daze that retreated less slowly than his army.

Now, that was a cannon!

We had thought to suggest also that the Park Service might ship us up from South Carolina one of those pieces that reduced Ft. Sumter. But, then, all we really desire is a little sharp trading—not a Disunited Daughters of the Confederacy.

U. S. Complacency's Broken Crutch

THOSE Americans who smugly resist seeing portraits of Soviet scientific prowess in the flight of the Sputniks had a simple explanation.

Captured German scientists, they said, had supplied the inventiveness and skills required to put the Red satellites in orbit. Scientifically speaking, Russia still was a nation of nudniks with no hope of challenging the technical superiority of the West.

The argument wholly avoided the point that, however, the United States had succeeded in making startling scientific progress. It also avoided the fact that a ballistic missile made by Germany is no more humane than one made by Russia.

The argument really was no argument at all but a device for winning the impact of sharp-edged facts on the cozy cushions of U.S. complacency.

The portraits of the Sputnik remain clear. The main picture is a Walter

Linnemann phrased it "is that starting at the end of World War II with their country devastated, their technology far more primitive than our own, the Russians have achieved a rate of scientific and technological development which is faster than our own."

As for the German scientists, it is interesting to read the reports of personnel who developed the Jupiter-C rocket which put the U.S. Explorer in orbit. There are Werner von Braun, Kurt Debus, Hermann Oberth, Ernst Stuhlinger, among others. The names sound like those of Germans, don't they? They are.

Some mystery surrounds the part played by German scientists in Russia's successful satellite launches. But there is no mystery at all about their part in putting up the Explorer.

A team of more than a hundred German scientists headed by von Braun was essentially responsible for doing the job.

Little Known Men Make Great Decisions In The Dark

By STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON
THE members of the federal regulatory agencies might be compared to mice trying to ride tigers in the dark. To put the matter more concretely, they are relatively low-paid, little-known men who are supposed to exercise life and death power over a huge segment of American industry. And they operate in the dark most of the time, since indirectly

the press and public pay very little attention to what they are doing.

The federal agencies are getting more than their share of attention now, of course, as a result of the tremendous ruckus in the House Subcommittee which was supposed to investigate them. One reason for the ruckus is obviously the personality of the fired subcommittee member, Dr. Bernard Schwartz, who appears to be that not unusual phenomenon, a foolish man with a high intelligence quotient. But there are other reasons why the row has stirred up such fierce emotions, and they are worth examining.

The historian Sydney Hyman has suggested that the regulatory agencies have more power, in terms of decisions which count most in the day-to-day life of Americans, than the President or the Congress or the Supreme Court. This may be putting the case too strongly. But it is certainly true that the power of the agencies is at least theoretically immense.

WHO AND HOW MUCH

The agencies decide how much the firms will pay for their rail or air tickets, the gas for their autos, the rates for the telephone, the rates for the electric power, the rates for the water, and so on. In the process, the agencies make decisions which involve millions of dollars of profit or loss for the industries they regulate. Who are the men who make these extraordinarily far-reaching decisions?

Some are unquestionably able and dedicated men. But that is more or less accidental. For membership on one of the regulatory agencies is a minor plum in the bureaucratic tree. Men who have the power of awarding television licenses, for example, worth tens of millions of dollars, receive the



DR. BERNARD SCHWARTZ
The Genie Is Out

inadequate salaries of a middle level bureaucrat. More important, the agency members, even the chairman, lack that prestige and personal glitter which, more than money, attracts good men to government.

POOR COVERAGE

Who, after all, before the present row got started, could have named the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, for example, or of the Civil Aeronautics Board? Even the great press associations, with their high staffs, do not bother to provide regular coverage of the activities of the agencies. That job is left to the trade magazines, naturally sympathetic to the industry to be regulated. So a commission member who alienates a powerful industry is likely to get his head thoroughly bashed in the trade magazines, while his act of delinquency is disregarded elsewhere.

Add that in the past, members

of the regulatory agencies have found good jobs in the industries they are supposed to regulate. It is any wonder that many members have been identified themselves with the interests of those industries? Unquestionably it never occurred to Chairman Doerfer of the F.C.C. that he was doing anything at all unusual in taking favors from the communications industry.

BUSINESS OF POLITICS

The industries supposedly regulated are, moreover, without exception engaged in the business of politics. They contribute heavily to both political parties. Usually the purposes of these contributions are not spent out so frankly as in the now famous letter of Texas Republican Committeeman H. J. Porter, in which Porter virtually invited his fellow Texans to invest in the northern Republicans in order to pass the gas bill. But the purpose is there all the same.

Any real airing of the regulatory agencies' dirty linen would cut both ways and most painfully. Rep. Orin Harris, chief enemy of Dr. Schwartz, is both a Democrat and sponsor of this year's bill freeing the gas industry from regulation (already virtually non-existent) by the Federal Power Commission. Most of the other good friends of the gas industry are also Democrats. To take another example, Pan American Airways, past master of the business of politics, had at least as much influence in the Truman administration as in the present one, and it has at least as many Democratic congressional friends as Republicans.

BOTTLING THE GENIE

When Chairman Doerfer of the C. A. B. refused to release the files on two cases involving Pan American, he sweetly suggested that, if the committee insisted, correspondence with congressmen might also be released. This not

very veiled threat caused many Democrats to sliver as Republicans. All this suggests why there is such frantic resistance on every side to any really serious probe of the regulatory agencies. It also suggests why it is a good bet that somewhere the genie released by the impetuous Dr. Schwartz will be stuffed back into its bottle, and no really serious investigation of the regulatory agencies will be made.

Auto Factory Sets Pattern For Economy

By MARQUIS CHILDS

DETROIT
THE automobile assembly line, which has a lot to do with the way we live, may also determine the future with a momentous struggle just ahead involving all the forces of a dominating industry.

It is a long way from the Tin Lizzie to the sleek, low, chromed, humming car of today. The Tin Lizzie was made to sell for \$500; its latest successor sells for five or six times that much. And that difference is a measure of the fabulous changes that have occurred in the 40 years or more in the automobile industry and the country.

The impending struggle is over a new kind of collective bargaining demand—a profit-sharing by the workers as a matter of right. On one side are the three great corporations that have all but a small fraction of the business, and on the other is a trade union with powers utterly unknown in the era of the Tin Lizzie.

A BATTLEGROUND

As so often in the past, Detroit is again a battleground. The deadlock for beginning contract negotiations between General Motors Corp. and the United Auto Workers is March 29. Two months after that a new contract will be agreed to or a strike by the union will bring the assembly line to a stop.

The preliminary skirmishing went on in Washington, with both sides firing off their propaganda guns before the Keenan anti-monopoly committee. They are now sending out scouting parties in the reconnoitering phase, trying to gauge what the respective strength of each side will be when the showdown comes.

MORE CLOSINGS?

The current recession has a lot to do with last year's strike. Company men executives believe that insofar as the auto industry is concerned, there is the slightest chance of President Eisenhower's March upturn occurring. They expect that unemployment will increase rather than decrease. When they talk in private, company executives speak frankly of still further plant closings and work suspensions.

VARIOUS REMEDIES

In the testimony before the Keenan committee, various ways to remedy the recession were suggested. Theodore O. Yalem, vice-president for finance for Ford, suggested what he said would be a quick cure. Yalem, in his skillful presentation, proposed not reducing taxes, but providing a moratorium on the collection of personal income tax. In this way, the withholding of the federal tax could be stopped immediately. If that is done, Yalem told the committee, the depression will vanish like the mist under the sun.

With the ingenuity and the persuasiveness that his bargaining opponents readily concede to him, Reuther put forward his profit-sharing plan not just as a temporary remedy for the recession, but as a cure-all for the dilemma that invariably tends to wipe out wage increases.

Under the Reuther plan, after the companies have paid all basic costs, including the "basic dividend" to stockholders and bonuses to executives out of a profit margin of 10 per cent, "excess profits" would be divided as follows: One-half to stockholders and executives, one-fourth to wage and salary workers and one-fourth to consumers through a year-end rebate on the cars they had bought.

NEWEST BID

This last in Reuther's newest bid to bring down car prices, a move he has so often advocated, is adding the union's share of generous wage increase—fringe benefit package to put up to management.

What the company executives believe is that Reuther will never call a strike for the profit-sharing plan. He will get his wage increase, or part of it, and the wage will go up, and the blame will plainly be on the union.

'Anyone Care About Old-Fashioned Open Space?'



People's Platform

Reuther A Piker
On Profit Sharing

Editors, The News
WALTER REUTHER is a piker when it comes to sharing the profits. The preacher said in Ecclesiastes, "The profit of the earth is for all."

Reckon Those Rats
Are Ultimate Weapon

Editors, The News
The National Association for Prevention Of Rat Trapping (NAPORT), meeting in its annual convention, passed a resolution protesting the use of mice and rats in airborne space missiles by amateur rocketeers.

Even when precautions are taken to protect the animals, the possibility of mechanical failure is

simply too great to subject our American mice and rats to such danger.

Certain casualties are to be expected in these experiments—the loss of eyelids, fingers, hands and human lives.

Of course if it weren't against the law, the kids could buy a 25-cent skyrocket that would go probably twice as high, with considerably less danger, than the things our junior scientists are shooting around us now. But it is against the law, so the kids just make a substitute. Yes, this mutilation of a bunch of kids is of little consequence, but it must protect our American mice and rats.

In case of any future war, these rodents could be trapped (painlessly, of course) and flown over enemy territory, to be parachuted through the little mist.

—WILLIAM SANSON in "A Touch of the Sun"

Soon this little army would eat and destroy our enemy's rod support, and this causing his ultimate surrender.

Friends, our American mice and rats constitute our greatest potential defense weapon. We must protect them.

—A. CRUPPER BUCKLE

The Pause

THE rain fell sheeting and sheeting for some minutes, then suddenly quietened, whispered, stopped altogether — as though some heavenly hand had screened it — to a close. A pause, all things seemed to hesitate, to awake, surprised from their sleep, and then the sun came quickly creeping light through the last filtering clouds, the moist earth and grasses glittered through the little mist.

—WILLIAM SANSON in "A Touch of the Sun"

From The Sanford Herald

WHO ORDERED COLE SLAW?

THERE is good news in a recent issue of the Moore County News. It is supplied by Penn Seawell. In his editorial page column, he tells us:

"At the Carriage Hotel where I roomed, I must have ordered cole slaw. It is not a habitual dish. If you want it, you order it. It certainly is not forced upon you in the dining room. This hotel is becoming noted all over the South for its meals, the hospitality of its management, the preparation of the food it serves. Its quality and savor and its economy to the consumer."

No cole slaw unless you ask for it! What a wonderful thing.

In the average southern eating place, cole slaw is as standard a part of the table setting as paper napkin and smear of oleo upon a bit of cardboard. Usually the stuff is pale and watery. Sometimes it has been further contaminated with colors and a solution stained with mustard.

The South, we suppose, can justify its cabbage crop. Cabbage is no worse than Lord Lester's turnips. No doubt it is good for pigs.

But the South cannot justify its policy of shoving cole slaw at hungry people. May Penn Seawell's host live long and prosper upon souther fare.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
HOW chimney the Federal Communications Commission has been with heads of the big networks is revealed in private correspondence between Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and George McCannagh, former chairman of the FCC, and his son.

The correspondence points up a fact well known in Washington: FCC commissioners have their doors open to all sorts of network executives, network lobbyists, and utility officials. Instead of

operating in an aloof capacity as judges, they are too ready to be misled into favors of the executives whom they are supposed to regulate for the benefit of the public.

The public in turn has little chance to lunch or dine them or take them on free airplane trips.

Job Wanted

In the case of ex-chairman McCannagh, he even had the temerity to ask the president of a leading network for a

job for his son, despite the fact that McCannagh had to pass on important network applications.

CBS president Stanton, of whom he asked this, would not put himself in an embarrassing position and gave McCannagh's son wise advice—namely, not to take a job with a TV station which had made pending before the FCC. In contrast, Pan American Airways, which has matters pending constantly before the CAB and the FCC, has hired the son of a nephew, Milton Eisenhower Jr. The first document is a telegram dated

Nov. 11, 1955, from Stanton's secretary, Winifred Williams, in New York asking: "Please give first name of McCannagh's son. Regards." At the bottom of the wire is the notation that the reply was phoned back, "David C."

Stanton, a busy man, next had two meetings. At the first, Stanton wrote that he was on Dec. 3. Simultaneously, Stanton wrote young Dave.

He CBS chief also wrote a letter to the wire. The CBS president of KLTZ-TV, a CBS affiliate in Denver