

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

Sickness

The pattern is as familiar as the furrows in a cotton field. Last June an attempt was made to rape a white child in Madison, Florida. Ten days later a posse ran Jesse James Payne, a Negro, and wounded him. His patrolmen managed to save him, got him away to the State prison. On Tuesday he was returned to Madison for arraignment. (It doesn't matter now, but he was planned to plead innocent.)

responsibility for disposition of the atomic formula out of the Executive's hands and give it to Congress.

But perhaps the most remarkable exhibit is going on over in the Senate. For over two weeks, while the Argentine situation bubbled and boiled and developed into a major diplomatic problem, a Senate committee has held up the appointment of Spruille Braden, our ranking authority on Argentina, as assistant Secretary of State. Why? No official explanation has been made, but Capitol reporters are intimating that the only reason is that the Senate is miffed at the State Department's independence and wants to be consulted more often in the conduct of international affairs.

Well, this may be sufficient reason for delay. Braden around, but it seems a little childish, and unnecessary, almost as ridiculous as the delay in the appointment of Dean Acheson because he had questioned one of General MacArthur's pronouncements. This procedure, moreover, is, we think, a particularly poor time for Congress to be celebrating its emancipation.

Scholar's Reaction

The scholar, as Mr. Grafton remarks across the page, has finally earned the respect of practical men by threatening to destroy them with his split atom, and it would not be amiss to note here that testimony of the most successful professor of them all—James B. Conant, president of Harvard University, who paid his respects yesterday to the victims of North Carolina on the occasion of its 150th anniversary.

Dr. Conant had a great deal to say of the development of higher education in America, and of its future. But he, an educator who has done as much to bring the university down off the high plane of its manly address, toward the end of the part a college should play in the lives of those who do not attend it.

This leadership of a community of scholars. Like the leadership of a community, it requires: first, capacity based on expert knowledge; second, broad vision; third, courage; and fourth, the ability to do the least significant. More and more I believe the nation and different groups (social, or economic groups) must look to the university scholars for guidance in solving the social and economic problems. To this end the professors of these subjects must explore every one of the questions of the application of man's behavior but the application of our present knowledge.

But for this, one condition is essential. This is the absolute freedom of discussion, absolutely un molested inquiry. We must have a spirit of tolerance, and we must have the expression of all opinions, however heretical they may appear. On this point there is no room for compromise. We are afraid of heresy within our university, or we are not. If we are afraid of heresy, we are not fit to lead. The door will be shut to the development of a culture which will be a different kind of culture than the scholar defined in the days ahead as well as a century ago—defined as "that man who must think for himself at the ability of the time, all the hopes of the future." I see the modern universities as leading the way in the development of a unified, coherent culture, the expression of the best of the human mind, a scientific age.

This is the testimony of a man who was instrumental in unleashing the terrible power of the atom, a student on a hill in Arizona and watched an agonizing flash of purple light. To him the future poses no new problem. There is no greater threat in atomic energy than there was in gunpowder; he has confidence in the state and in the vanishing in a surrender to the forces of bigotry.

Queens' Journey

In the great international discord there seems one true, clear note of good will—a minor item, at the very bottom of the long list of our diplomatic deals—the shipment of 24 queen bees to the French Society of Beekeepers of the Lower Rhone Valley.

The Germans, who didn't overlook anything, spent a week or so of bee life in the Rhone area. The result was a very real tragedy: lack of pollination curtailed food crops and spelled doom for the important floral and perfume industries. The Rhone area is almost entirely dependent on the bees for their long life; they will receive the ministrations of 2,000 queens. The drones will die, but the queens will live on, spreading offspring by the thousand, and in time the lovely Rhone valley will bloom again. So, perhaps, will international amity.

Emancipation

We are as tolerant of Congress as the boys feel it meet and proper to celebrate the departure of Franklin Roosevelt after a decent interval of mourning. When FDR was in the White House, he kept a close eye on the Hill, and he wasn't loath to crack down when he felt it necessary. He didn't get along with Congress, but Congress got along with him, fuming and fretting most of the time, but recognizing that the President had the people behind him. Mr. Truman has the people behind him, too, but he is much more sympathetic to the Congressional aversion to the term rubber stamp. He has announced his desires in a quiet voice, and he is the gentlest of presidents. The result is that Congress is exercising prerogatives it had almost forgotten it possessed.

Statesmen At Work

(Serious, facetious and comic excerpts from the Congressional Record)

THE HOUSE was discussing printing the testimony gathered at a hearing held by a Senate committee on the Missouri Valley Authority . . .

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WASHINGTON—Some editors believe that a columnist's support of a report. But sometimes this "calumnious" gets tripping under the President's desk, which is what Jimmy Byrnes says to the House Ways and Means Committee, or climbing up State Department fire-escape to read Jimmy Byrnes' diplomatic dispatches. . . . Sometimes not even a "chronic liar" can avoid the argument by telling the truth—especially when the world looks so dreary. . . .

Dreary October

October can be about the most beautiful month in the year ordinarily get up bursting with the joy of living. . . . But not this October. On top of General Marshall's solemn message, along came the atom-bomb warning with another cheerful warning. The atom bomb, they say, is sure to be discovered by other countries. . . .

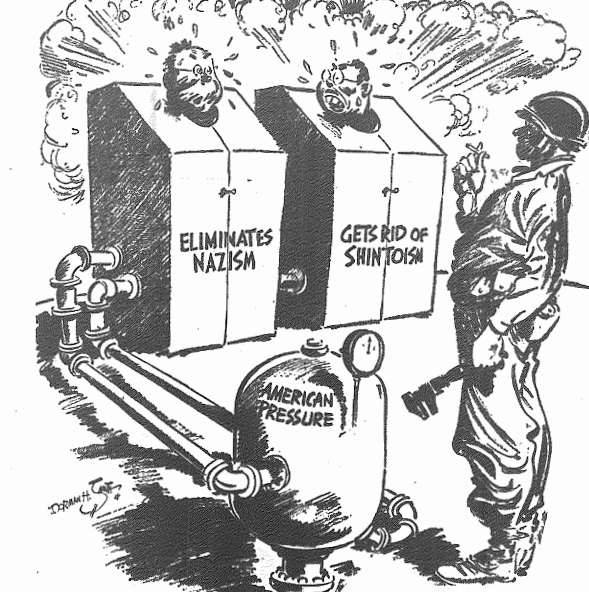
Selling The USA

So the problem is partly getting the Russians to like us and trust us, and to understand that we're not such bad people. . . . The other day, I traveled from Washington to St. Louis. In the first place, we were about twenty Russian officers and their wives, and they were having a terrible time. They couldn't understand anybody, much less the porter. Their tickets were balled up, they didn't know where to change cars, and I am certain they were of the opinion that this country was deliberately conspiring to cause them trouble. . . .

Sermon On The Mount

Maybe, however, there is one small ray of hope on this dreary October horizon. . . . Maybe because the weapons have reached such a state of perfection, maybe because we have reached the all-time low in international discouragement, we will wake up and revolutionize our tactics. . . . Maybe we will wake up the utility of old-fashioned diplomacy, and the hopelessness of big armies, and put our faith in friendship. . . .

Guaranteed To Reduce The Power To Make War



The Weight Of The Past

WASHINGTON—The news of the atom bomb was released to the world, with that first blast at Hiroshima, some of the scientists who had worked on it expressed fear and doubt. Others, however, had declined to take part in the work of the bomb because they were appalled at what this unknowable force might do. . . .

Department of Peace

Why not, for instance, really bring working of the job of getting along with other nations and people? Why not, for instance, establish a Department of Peace. . . . It is not so much a matter of money as it is a matter of will. . . .

Respectable Professors

NEW YORK—The sight of Congressional education hanging hungrily on to the words of a number of college physicists . . . is amusing to those of us who have good memories. . . .

HONORED GUEST

This is like a revival of learning. The President, at the second rate obsequies of the forum, is briskly asking for funds for research, and the Army contingent is demonstrating the audacity of the little men in rubbers. . . .

One Against The Other

He believes that the Soviets are embarked on a campaign of scientific development that will outstrip every other nation. They may reach the point at which by the touch of a button they will be able to wipe every man, woman and child in America. . . .

Beside The Bridge

They have sat for a long time beside the Senatorial toll bridge. Senator McClellan is 76 years old, Senator Byrd is 69 and Senator Byrd is 68. They were born before the gasoline motor was developed, before the telephone, before the technology that has utterly and completely changed the world. . . .

America Seamed A Good Bet In 1830

I once came across some book by the French statesman, De Tocqueville, and he tried to find in the library but no soap; however, the next two years, most rubber produced will be synthetic. . . .



People's Platform Progress And The Press

As a reader of THE NEWS and as a citizen who is interested in the development of a greater North Carolina, I should like to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation to the recent edition of change which will permit Mr. Davis to use his fine talents on general assignment. . . .

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Quote, Unquote

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