

Somebody Seems To Be Missing

As are pleased as we are surprised to find the Messrs. Smith and Ferguson, solicitors at Mecklenburg's thriving lottery racket, recipients of the book, "Two years on the roads and a \$3,000 fine," in the sentence sticks past appeal, should go long way toward discouraging other ambitious business men who would take advantage of the citizenry's firm belief that they can outguess the Chicago butler & eggs.

We had some disparaging words for the original roundup of 65 butter & egg operators, basing them on past police failures to do more than slightly inconvenience the numbers boys. We swallowed them cheerfully, and hasten to pay our respects to Judge Currie, Solicitor Blankenship and the bloodhounds of the SBI. These gentlemen turned in a masterly job—as far as it went.

But we are left, after perusing the evidence in the case (the sort of testimony, incidentally, that brightens a headline the day) with the feeling that somebody was missing when the boys lined up before the bench to receive the bad news, and we don't mean Carl Vann, whose sentence was suspended in return for the evidence that convicted the others; that, we would say, was a justified, if unpleasant surprise.

We refer to Amos Butler, attorney at law, who was as prominent a figure in the

State's case as either Smith or Ferguson. According to both the star witnesses, Attorney Butler was actively associated with Smith, Ferguson, Vann and the late Carl Lippard in the butter & egg racket. Vann testified that Butler served as attorney for the warring factions, kept books for them, and presided over a meeting at his own office at which the lottery field was divided up between Vann and Lippard on one side and Smith and Ferguson on the other.

But Attorney Butler was not in court to hear all this. His name did not appear on the list of 65 butter & egg operators rounded up by local police and the SBI. No warrant was ever issued for him. No indictment was ever prepared. We can't believe that the lack of evidence that prompted this omission. Butler was linked to the conspiracy as tightly as were Ferguson and Smith, and by the same witnesses. In addition Vann proffered a stack of records he said were statements of costs, fines, etc., prepared by Butler. Nobody seemed to be interested. Perhaps the SBI and Solicitor Blankenship are preparing special action in the case of Butler. Maybe Solicitor Whitener is planning to bring a case of his own in Superior Court. Possibly the North Carolina Bar Association plans to prefer charges against this member in good standing. We hope so. We'd hate to think that a license to practice in the North Carolina courts carries with it immunity to the law's due process.

Has Your Ox Been Gored Lately?

When Westbrook Pegler gets around to discussing the AFL seaman's strike, and the boycott by sympathetic unions that has accompanied it, he will undoubtedly call it selfish, unpatriotic, an intolerable strike against the Government, and an American. And we will agree with him on the charges except the last. We fear this strike is peculiarly and painfully American.

The seamen are demanding from the Wage Stabilization Board approval of a wage increase already agreed to by the ship owners. Oddly enough, the owners are bringing as much pressure to bear upon the WBS as the union. They want the charges against the seamen have convinced them they won't go aboard until they get what they want.

The strike has tied up every American port, with obvious effects upon the domestic economy, now struggling back toward the production of the war. It is worse than the fact that the strike has halted shipments of food for the world's starving millions. This alone entitles the strikers to all the moral condemnation they are receiving.

But it seems to us remarkably few American citizens are in a position to cast the first stone. Is there any essential difference between the refusal of a sailor to sell his services at the ceiling price set by the WBS and the refusal of a rancher to take his cattle to market until the OPA gives him what he wants? Does a manufacturer have any greater moral right to hold a warehouse full of goods in hopes of a higher price? Is it any sounder ethics in this season of shortages for a cotton farmer to keep his cotton in the front yard until the market hits 60 cents?

Can any man who believes that OPA ceilings are an abnormal and unnecessary restriction on a competitive economy fail to sympathize with these sailors who have refused to bow to a similar Federal regulation? Isn't this, after all, a strike against Government interference with the normal processes of free enterprise under which these sailors and their employers have worked out their differences?

Certainly the sailors are out to get theirs, and to hell with the common good. But it seems pertinent to inquire: Who isn't?

Howard Hughes Flies Again

ONE other day one of our caption-writers suggested a picture of Howard Hughes smoking for New York: HUGHES FLIES AGAIN. There was aptness in this, and perhaps a touch of adulation and the sound of bugles, as in "Hopalong Cassidy Flies Again."

For some years now Howard Hughes has been leading public figures in America, he garners publicity naturally, without particularly seeking it, whether he is winning an air race, designing a plane, producing a movie, or having dinner with a Hollywood actress. Yet we can recall no single item that shows him, in the irreverent words of the late Mr. Wilson, as "the most famous man in the world." He is touring the New York saloons dressed in dinner clothes and wearing tights shoes he is not held up as a rum-soaked eccentric. It appears instead that Mr. Hughes is an admirable individual whose feet he and who, sensibly enough, decided to do something about it.

Howard Hughes is a hero who has overcome the greatest of all handicaps—the inheritance of several million dollars. The public usually looks with suspicion, or at best a patronizing tolerance, upon its poor

little rich boys. It is never surprised when one turns out like the disreputable Tommy Manville. Indeed, a young man with an inexhaustible bank account is rather expected to spend his time playing polo, swimming in public fountains, and marrying chorus girls.

It is Mr. Hughes' deviation from the norm that distinguishes him. He is scandalously rich, and he is something of a playboy, but he is also one of the country's leading businessmen. Nor is his career simply a matter of keeping track of his investments. He runs a variety of diverse enterprises with remarkable skill and acumen, and at 40, he has reportedly tripled his inheritance. And there's a sort of gallantry about everything he does, from tilting with the censors over his bosomy film, "The Outlaw," to dragging himself from a wrecked experimental plane to dictate, at the point of death, pertinent observations that might explain the crash.

Mr. Hughes has proved that a young man with too much money can also be a useful and decent citizen. We too are delighted with the news that Hughes Flies Again.

Another Voice

A Luxury Or A Necessity?

A case of considerable interest to the state has arisen in Union County where a public library tax was declared unconstitutional when a majority of the qualified voters voting voted for it in an election held under a 1945 statute implying that a public library is a public necessity.

The lion in the path of the legality of the tax is that provision of our constitution which provides that no tax shall be levied upon a county, city or town except for the necessary expenses thereof, unless by vote of the majority of the qualified voters therein. This majority, it has been decided by the courts, must be more than a majority of those who are registered. This failure to vote is counted as a vote against the proposition.

This does not apply, however, if the vote for something which is considered a "necessary expense" in that case a majority of the voters voting would carry the proposition.

That a public necessity or a "necessary expense" is depends of course on how the court looks on the proposition under consideration. Quite a few things have shifted the category of luxuries to that of necessities with the development of the nation in these parts.

We agree with The Charlotte News when it says that the library is a necessary expense.

Those who have tried the new two-way telephone for private motorists say that her commands come through as clearly as if she were in the back seat.

The U.S. Mint discloses that it has resumed a working nickel in the nickel. What is more, the wrapper of the five-cent candy bar again contains a candy bar.

About all that keeps us going is having to tune in at the same time tomorrow for the next exciting episode in the great adventure serial, Civilization.



DRIVE THE VIOLENCE FROM THE

Words And Pork Chops

Unrest Among The Colonials

(NOTE: This Chapel Hill is one of the few villages in these United States that combines the peace of rural life with a supercharged intellectual atmosphere. As a result it has attracted an increasing number of successful writers who, though they have no connection with the University, have taken up permanent residence and spend the long, golden days writing despatch prose, swapping lies with their professional neighbors, and clipping coupons. Lately the University News Bureau has exploited the presence of these celebrities in its releases, and one of them, James Street, has burst forth with a warning. Here is the Mr. Street's piece, written for The Chapel Hill Weekly—Eds., The News.)

TO protect myself from a charge of monopoly and the anti-bore act, I want readers of this journal to know the Editor Graves asked me for another piece to (1) help fill space while he is away and thereby lessen the chores of Joe Jones, and (2) to make the hands-over from recent sports, even better, swapping lies with their professional neighbors, and clipping coupons. Lately the University News Bureau has exploited the presence of these celebrities in its releases, and one of them, James Street, has burst forth with a warning. Here is the Mr. Street's piece, written for The Chapel Hill Weekly—Eds., The News.)

Beware, comrades! Man the lookouts and grab the muskets! Save the women and children! The writers are coming. Better that this lovely place suffer the locusts of Egypt, the frogs and fish pots. Better a Republican mayor and a Communist Board of Aldermen. An epidemic of leukemia, even better, would be better for the honest mild citizenry of this community which, I must insist, is much too big and bustling to be a village any more.

As a Johnny-come-lately, perhaps a presumptuous one, who writes for hire to support a farm, I assume I am one of the colonials. I protest, Eds. I came to Chapel Hill to escape writers' colonies, and I am now a writer's colony.

My experience and observation have been that writers' colonies usually have everything except writers. A writer who is paying his tabs by his trade must have a place to put his typewriter and ponder the two prerequisites to this career, room to think and something to think about. That's why Chapel Hill has a better chance with Congress out of session than from books and magazines.

But don't call us colonials. A writers' colony usually is a cross between the 6 o'clock chicken and cocktail hour at Louis's Bohemian Tavern, Solomon and Chopchop (run by a guy from Kansas) and Coney Island on Labor Day. In writers' colonies, they have a better chance with Congress out of session than from books and magazines.

drink Martinis with pearl onions and stand around and yell about Stalinists and Trotskyites.

Then they solve the world's problems in 200 words, like the New York Daily News. Or PM, the dead-end tabloid that is now closing the front door to the Pharisees ever caused Galilee. In writers' colonies, you have the hyphen boys. The hyphen boys spring it you from dark corners, scream "Fascism!" if you think your right eye and "Communism!" if you think your left. And they write such despatch prose as "Whitman!" and other time-wise nonsense, always hyperphening their words. But they never sell their stuff. I have no idea why, unless they think that would be cause, crude and otherwise meretricious. They usually imitate the artists of the world and scorn us guys who put words together to buy liver and pork chops.

A Colony Is A Colony

Yep, a writers' colony is a colony is a colony, but to me a Stein is a Stein is a thing to drink beer out of and write college songs about. So don't make Chapel Hill a writers' colony.

As a voter in a New England colony, I once was invited to a sale at the house of a guy named Hiram, or something. It seemed that this Hiram was the leader of our colony. He once had brushed against the old man, without catching anything, and had made him a writer.

I was muddled. Then I discovered that my crime was that I had written and sold a story. Eventually, in justice to Hiram, I wrote a story to my mind and I was presented to the rabble as the man who knew more about "Union Now" than any other fellow. And one from Mississippi. Only then did I learn that they thought I was Clarence Street.

So I gave the Rebel yell, lectured on the evils of swamp dew, with demonstrations, and was chucked out of the pole.

Not a writers' colony in this lovely place. Please don't do it.

O, Pioneers!

I won't speak for my fellow Journeymen, but as for me, I ain't no pioneer. I can't even rub sticks together. I don't know how to make a fire. I couldn't belong to the local Conservation, Card and Dungeabush Club where anything less than eight axes and a sassy queen can't open.

I have lived in a writers' colony. So has Billy Prince. He lived in a writers' and artists' colony. He's both barrels.

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Quote, Unquote

DICTATOR TITO has the audacity to shoot down planes of mine, while UNRRA with its grain from the Middle West says Yugoslavia from Harva, action—John Steele, American Legion national commander.

In this country Communism is busy night and day trying to undermine our system of government and trying to wreck our economy. That the doors will be open for the Moscow form of government, which would put in effect national socialism. This would mean a change in the ownership of homes, of farms, and of all kind of property. Incidentally, it is a real danger—Frank E. Gannett of Rochester, N. Y., newspaper publisher.

The dismemberment of the German state and the attempt to reduce the German people to a level of perpetual poverty will soon day break into another world explosion—Herbert Hoover.

We should consider English as the international language of the world—Jose Luis Figueroa of Mexico, world teachers conference delegate.

Barnet Nover
Germans' Reactions

FRANKFURT

A CROSS the street from my hotel and dominating the view from my window are the ruins of a building that once housed one of Frankfurt's better restaurants, the Schweizerhof. It has been a long time since the Schweizerhof served as a restaurant. It will be a long time before it does so again, if it ever does.

Except for removing the rubble that once choked the streets in front of it and stacking the salvagable material in neat piles, there was once the doorway, nothing has been done to the building. It looks just the way it has looked to many deputations of visiting newspaper men in the months since Frankfurt became the headquarters of the American Forces in the European theater. But even if somebody managed somehow to put the Schweizerhof back into shape (there are far more important things that need doing first) it could not operate for there is no available kitchen equipment and no food it could serve.

RAZING CEMETERY FIRST

The other day as I was driving into Frankfurt from one of its suburbs, my car was stopped by a German policeman. We would have to detour, he said, because right ahead of us a building had collapsed. Three men who had made the wrecked building their headquarters in an attempt to "do something" about it. That kind of thing happens not infrequently. Indeed, much of Frankfurt will have to be razed before rebuilding can be undertaken in earnest and it will take generations to rebuild.

There have to be in Frankfurt and elsewhere other kinds of tearing down before any real rebuilding can be undertaken. There is, for instance, the need for denazification. American occupation authorities feel that the denazification program is making real headway now that the job has been turned over to the German authorities themselves. At the end of July about 100,000 had been established in the three areas of Wuerstemberg, Baden, Greater Hesse and Bavaria into which the American zone is divided. Some 521 prosecutors had been appointed and charges had been filed against 38,000 persons.

But to remove former Nazis from positions of authority and responsibility, difficult as that task has proved to be, is relatively simple compared to the task of removing from the German mind the accumulated debris of Nazi ideas as well as those superstitious beliefs upon which Hitler built his structure of power. And after that psychological demolition job has been done there will still remain the extremely difficult task of building on the new foundations a real German democracy.

SEE OLIVE BRANCH

In talking to Germans about Secretary Byrnes' speech, I was struck particularly by the way consciously or unconsciously they single out certain passages in the speech and, concentrating their attention on those passages, ignored the others. As a result, many of them have got the impression, which obviously the speech had no intention of giving, that the State Department is being run by the American Secretary of State was primarily an olive branch in Germany's direction.

As one German said to me: "What is most important to me: Byrnes' speech is that it means that America is willing to let bygones be bygones and wants to be friends with Germany." The passage that had to do with Germany's aggressions they passed over as of no individual concern to them.

The lack of any sense of individual guilt on the part of the German people for what the Third Reich had done, which many observers have noted in the past, is still true so far as I could tell. As a result, there is no sense of guilt, a fairly complete indifference regarding the readiness of the United States to enter into the setting up of a democratic government for all of Germany.

TIME NEEDED

When I asked one German about the time needed to rebuild the interest in politics, Germany is limited to the politicians and most of them are old-timers. For years the German people have been democratic beliefs and feeling knocked out of them and now are too much concerned with the problem of daily living to give it much thought. It will take a long time to get them really democratic sentiment here.

Samuel Grafton
Guide For Secret Nazi

NEW YORK

I'm about to go Communist," I would have said to me. I can feel it, so plainly. Please, gentlemen, a few more lines of steel, to build up my constitution."

BETTER THIS WAY

Yes, caves are cold, and this way is better. I know that liberals, in the Western countries, would object to whatever their Governments might do to strengthen Germany. I know they would write a few more pathetic little books, essays on how to pull the German cables. But as I sit in my house (practically not letting the door open) I smile at all these essays: for this will not be the first time that Western liberal opinion will have been outraged by the friendliness of its own Western Governments toward arising Germany. It may make me laugh a little, to see how strangely the tainted story has been told. I know that the Western world is now more, and I will put on my art critic suit, and go around and see some Americans, and have a talk over with some of the Western Culture; so much more gemutlich, although, nicht wahr, than drinking cold water in a cave.

Most of all I would wish, I think, a certain faint new air of respectability about the German people. General rehabilitation, something very like moral rehabilitation comes to me. I think it is the German people who need it, or considers that it does. It will like this elevation of my status, like Russia, and find it that I have market value, and a man who has market value need not live in a cave.

STRANGE PRICE

That is the strange price the West always pays for falling out with Russia; whenever it finds it cannot live like Russia, it finds it must like Germans. I will think of this sometimes in my house, and smile, and make ready to put on my cultural expression, and go out to chat with my friends.

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Drew Pearson's: CIO Decides To Eliminate Major Strikes

WASHINGTON

IT IS no accident that the AFL not the CIO, is in the strike headlines today.

In the first place, CIO chief Phil Murray held a secret meeting with the labor unions in which he had been told to postpone all major strikes for the time being. In the second place, certain AFL leaders (though not the majority) are not so sure that the labor unions are right in order to defeat the Democrats at the polls in November.

John L. Lewis is the leader of this group, with George Meany and Mate Well lagging behind. They are playing close to the Republicans.

Embarrassment of the Truman Administration was behind Lewis' telegram to striking maritime leaders last Monday offering them \$100,000. The offer was made to AFL sailors. With Congress in recess, many AFL leaders also feel there is no danger of reviving the Case Bill or passing other labor legislation. Incidentally, it is not to be the other way round; namely that labor wanted Congress in session to keep a weather eye on big business. Now strikes and a busy Congress would be a bad business.

CIO leaders have just the opposite view about strikes at this time. In various conferences, Phil Murray has pointed out to his labor friends that the public has been sold on the National Association of Manufacturers' propaganda that labor is responsible for current price increases. While this propaganda, Murray said, is untrue, the best policy for intelligent labor leaders is to cut out major strikes for the time being and attempt to educate the public on the real facts.

Murray Gets Tough

HOW deadly in earnest Murray is about no-strikes-at-this-time was indicated by a verbal battle he had with Harry Bridges of the West Coast seamen's union during last Monday's threatened CIO maritime strike. Bridges was determined to call his men out. Joe Curran of the National Maritime Union thought an agreement could be worked out without a strike. Murray sat as arbitrator.

"I will not have a maritime strike at this time charged in to the CIO," Murray told Bridges. "If you succeed in staging a strike, I'll disown you publicly, Harry Bridges. And I'll do my best to throw you out of the CIO."

Ball Fan Eisenhower

ONE night during the Yugoslav crisis, General Eisenhower was at the ball park in Washington, watching his favorite team, the Yankees, play the Red Sox. He was sitting in the bleachers, and he was looking at the game with a great deal of interest. He was looking at the game with a great deal of interest. He was looking at the game with a great deal of interest.

No paper now," said the Chief of Staff, engaged in the ball game and scarcely glancing at the headline.

"Take it with my compliments, General," said the newsboy. "It looks as if you're going to be my boss again."

Flour Goes To Waste

SMALL flour mills and flour distributors all over the country are facing serious trouble because of the Agricultural Department's sudden reversal of its policy on flour.

Last Spring when food famine talk was at its height, the Department ordered darker flour. Many mills turned out as much as a year's supply of the dark flour. Then, without warning, the Department permitted a return to real white bread.

Now dark flour is beginning to rot in mills and warehouses.

Stock Market Slump

WASHINGTON economists have been closely scrutinizing the stock market situation. While no one expects Truman's two-billion dollar budget to knock the market out of the market, some of the old Roosevelt economists who worked with the Securities & Exchange Commission for years still have their ear to the ground. Here is their private summary of the Wall Street situation:

The market slump was caused largely by a mass of party money being thrown into the market. Many of them even came into the market to snap up bargain prices. On the same day, the big stock market index, the Dow Jones Industrial Average, dropped 80 points, but despite that, its stock dropped to \$38. Glenside is making about \$25, but its stock dropped to \$20. These are extraordinary figures. In general, the rate of return is now better than during the boom year of 1929.

Economists conclude that while the present prosperity can't last indefinitely it has some time yet to go, and the present momentum will carry us at least into early Spring. The danger is in case the inflationary trend gets out of control.

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