THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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How To Choose An Ambassador

MR. TRUMAN has complained recently, with a touch of bitterness, that it has become almost impossible to attract first-rate men to the Government service. This is the reason, he says, he has delayed so long in naming a permanent Atomic Energy Commission. It is also the reason, we suppose, that he felt it necessary to bring one of the nation's ablest diplomats, Averell Harriman, home from the Court of St. James and install him in the cabinet post vacated by Henry Wallace.

This was, by any definition, a satisfactory solution to a difficult problem. for Mr Harriman will doubtless make an excellent Secretary of Commerce. But it still leaves Mr. Truman with the equally difficult task of filling the vacant ambassadorship, a post in many ways even more important than the Secretaryship. There is the usual speculation as to his choice, ranging from some of the old hands in the State Department to such unlikely prospects as Eleanor Roosevelt and Governor Arnall of Georgia.

Noting the rather impressive size of the late President's estate, as announced this week, it seems likely that his widow might have sufficient income to meet one of the requirements of the job—the ability to maintain the expensive embassy in London for which the Government does not make sufficient allowance. It has been estimated that it costs the Ambassador to the Court of St. James at least twice the stipend given him by the State Department to hold down the job. And this, we would say, rules out Governor Arnall, whose private income would hardly allow him to maintain Barbara Hutton's town house in the style the Ambassadorship requires.

That points up a fundamental weakness in our diplomatic system. Under the present absurd arrangement our representatives in major capitals must be men of wealth who are willing to pay heavily for the privilege of taking on a difficult and exacting job. The system has produced excellent men, of course. Averill Harriman is one; with his vast railroad fortune to back him, he has been able to make himself highly useful to the Government in both London and Moscow.

But the system has also produced some costly failures. In 1917, at the beginning of the Russian Revolution, the United States was represented in Moscow by Ambassador David R. Francis, a wealthy old Democratic wheelhorse who had once been Governor of Missouri and who was paid off for services rendered with an ambassadorial plum. Historians now agree that a good many of our present difficulties with Russia can be traced to that uncertain period when Lenin first seized power. It was not so much that Ambassador Francis had a violent prejudice against the Communists, but that he allowed his prejudice to lead him blindly into a false evaluation of the revolution. In report after report he informed President Wilson that the Communist uprising was a flash in the pan, that Lenin and company would soon destroy themselves. Few men in history have ever picked as many wrong horses—disregarding the advice of less prejudiced members of his own staff, Ambassador Francis put his faith in a half dozen of the weak and futile White leaders who tried to salvage the corrupt czardom. It is no wonder that Mr. Wilson never appreciated the true significance of the revolution that was so profoundly to affect the course of world affairs; the man who should have been his eyes and ears in Moscow never could see that it was anything more than a local uprising instigated by a gang of brigands.

There are a few heartening signs of a new trend away from amateur diplomacy. General Smith, the present Ambassador to Moscow, for instance, seems to be able to maintain his standing in that unsocial capital without any private resources. And the late Joe Ervin, Congressman from this district, was working at the time of his death on legislation that would have made it possible for young men of modest means to take up diplomacy as a career. His brother has also supported the idea, with encouragement from Secretary of State Byrnes.

All of this may be of inestimable value for the future, but it does little to relieve the problem of the moment. Once again a President of the United States is going to have to select a man for one of the most important jobs in the world and take the long gamble that, by some fortuitous accident, he manages to combine considerable wealth with a natural genius for diplomacy and sharp, unbiased observation.

The Poison Of Provincialism

WE KEEP thinking of that interview with Colonel McCormick of *The Chicago Tribune* reprinted on this page the other day. It is not the Colonel's estimate of the various Republican hopefuls, fascinating as that was, that haunts us. Rather it is the general philosophy he revealed, a philosophy based on a truly remarkable provincialism.

It is the Colonel's unshakable conviction that the last repository of virtue in all the world is that considerable area of the mid-West included in his newspaper's circulation territory. There dwells a race of men dedicated to Americanism, to high ideals long since abandoned in the decadent states of the Eastern seaboard. These men hold the last hope of turning back the "twin evils of Russian Communism and British Imperialism," to one of which, or both, all Easterners are dedicated. They will stand firm, he predicts, when the dark forces of Eastern Republicanism make another attempt to palm off a "renegade Westerner" of the ilk of Wendell Willkie or Thomas Dewey.

Provincialism, in its local variation, is certainly not unknown in the South. There are still those hereabouts who firmly believe that any man who has had the misfortune to be born north of the Potomac is a damned evil. Professional Southerners regard the South's attitudes, good or bad, as holy simply because they are Southern and sometimes their overweening pride leads them into such strange ancestor-worshiping cults as the Ku Klux Klan. But more often these attitudes are confined to a small group of harmless eccentrics. In either case they are no longer taken seriously in the South.

We doubt if such a newspaper as the Colonel publishes could ever thrive in the present-day South. It would, we think, be laughed into oblivion. But these absurdities, which extend to the news columns as well as the editorial page, have not stunted *The Tribune's* fantastic growth. It is now the largest standard-size newspaper in the United States, the sole purveyor of "news" to millions of mid-Westerners.

The Chicago Daily News has tried to discredit the Colonel with its "Colonel McCosmic" cartoons depicting him in paper Napoleon hat and brandishing a wooden sword. But to the readers of *The Tribune*, and the Republicans who have made him their state leader, he is clearly not a comic figure. Provincialism, even with vicious overtones, is apparently a salable commodity in the great mid-West.

Southern provincialism has been largely vanquished by years of patient education, but here is the same evil arising in another region, as virulent as ever it was when it paraded under the name of "Isolationism." The One World the Colonel so passionately hates seems terribly remote; he provides ample evidence that we have not yet attained One Nation.

A Memorial To Smoky Joe Maguire

LOOK about you, citizens! Breathe deeply of this clear, pure air! Stare off to the far horizon, gaze upward into the limitless heavens! Enjoy it while you may—for Fall is icumen in and the furnaces will soon be fired, and the pall will settle, and you'll be lucky to see your dirty hand in front of your dirty nose.

Ah, but the old Southern Railway is coming to the rescue. Two coal-burning switch-engines are heading for that valley where old switch-engines go to die. They will be replaced with diesels, diesels with clear, pure breaths.

But two stacks out of ten thousand—will it matter? Hardly, we would say, hardly at all. Charlotte is a soft-coal town. Soft coal makes black, greasy smoke. And soot. And on the damp days of Fall and Winter it spreads and settles. In Pittsburgh they call the result smog. It has been given a less polite name in Charlotte.

Can anything be done about it? Theoretically yes, practically no. Good men have tried and failed. The late Smoky Joe Maguire served a-while as Charlotte's smoke abatement engineer. Smoky Joe was full of ideas. He said there were flues and screens and baffles and things that could be put in big furnaces that would cut down on the smoke output. And there are ways you can fire a furnace to keep down smoke. But these things cost money and they take time, and people are awfully busy these days.

Smoky Joe went to his reward this Summer, to a better land we know, one where we are confident, there is no smoke problem. But until the end he kept writing plaintive little three-line notes to THE NEWS. They had a theme, all these notes. There was one smokestack in Charlotte, out of all the thousands that belch black smoke, that haunted Smoky. He said if he could just get that one stack straightened out maybe all the rest could be taken care of in short order. It's a stack down on South Brevard Street. It rises above a lumber yard. The lumber yard is owned, and operated when he can spare the time for it, by an amiable gentleman name of Herbert H. Baxter. Herbert H. Baxter is the mayor of the town.

Ah, well, Smoky Joe, as we say, has departed this earth, and the stack still stands on South Brevard Street, and the column of smoke still rises above it. In a way it's a memorial to Smoky Joe, a man who tried to do something about Charlotte's smoke problem and failed, a man who, we fear, was only the first of a long line.

Dangerously low flying is complained of in the cities with skyscrapers, while in Iowa the annual agitation is on for installing beacons on the taller corn.

"The averages show that Paris delegates have attended 1-3/4 parties a night." You know those 3/4 parties—that begin to sag at 10:45, and a voice asks, "Did someone call a cab?"

So uniformly fine are the cantaloupes currently offered, it is well-nigh impossible to pick a loser. It leaves nothing to bet on till the World Series.

Always the hardest thing is to do anything constructive for China and still leave the country a permanent possession of China.

Voices Outside

People's Platform

The Left Wing Arumbling

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

I AM pretty mad. I had just about saved up enough money to buy me a gas mask, and looks like I might not need it. Or, as Samuel Grafton himself might put it, even now we begin to hear rumblings, as though some slumbering, globe-encircling giant, having slept already too long, turns restlessly in his sleep.

It's us left-wing Democrats that's arumbling. We couldn't do much rumbling till we got us a spokesman. Henry Wallace that is, but now we've got to turn that rumble into a roar or get ready to dodge atoms come 1950.

It seems to me that there should be enough people in the United States that would be content just with imagining what an atom war would be like to elect Wallace President. I hope that there are enough of them here to allow us to say what we think about it as per.

—A. E. BASSETT.

Freedom Of Criticism

Editors, THE NEWS:

WHEN any person exercises the right of free speech, freedom of the press, etc., for himself, he should at least be generous enough to allow that privilege to others. Even though they hold an opposite viewpoint, they should be given a courteous hearing.

In a recent letter, V. G. Beckham of Taylorsville seemed quite sure of himself when he attempted to cast doubt upon the truthfulness of another writer, Mrs. E. C. Hendricks of Dallas, by making use of the least effective of all weapons, that of ridicule. He mentioned that writer's name seven times, when once would have been enough, excitedly defended USSR—when Stalin is abundantly able to do that himself—and tried to mislead his readers, or confuse them, by accusing his opponent of trying to palm off a "fairy tale" for the truth.

Perhaps the lady be so rudely attacked believed that any adult who was alive and informed about world events 25 or 30 years ago, knew as history, the facts (not falsehoods) she mentioned.

Let the writer from Taylorsville make no mistake about this: If he were a citizen of USSR and dared write a letter titled, "Are We Being Fair to the U. S. of America?" he would be suspected immediately—or worse, hustled away to prison. One does not have such freedom in Russia.

And while on the subject of prisons, has the writer from Taylorsville ever lived in Russia? Some months ago, American newspapers told the (true) story of a Communist who fled to USSR to avoid serving a term in the N. C. penitentiary. He stayed two years, then came back to the United States and gave himself up to the authorities with the remark: "I would rather be in prison in the U. S. A. than a free man in Russia."

Let those who will admire and uphold a foreign nation—one that at every opportunity seems determined to block all efforts at world peace. But those who believe in the United States of America and freedom as we enjoy it, have a right also to express our views, as freely, and without danger of being accused of falsehood.

In conclusion may I suggest that News readers avail themselves of the information contained in two articles in the October Readers Digest: "The Scared Men in the Kremlin" and "Yugoslavia's Tragic Lesson to the World".

The Unfied States Government also has available (via your Congressman) a booklet "The Truth About Communism" which is based on books by numerous authors whose names are mentioned in footnotes. There is no need for anyone to remain uninformed and he does not have to revert either to Shakespeare or H. G. Wells to obtain that information.

If American men could die by hundreds of thousands on the battlefields, we who survive should keep alert to prevent its recurrence-ever again.

—SIGNATURE WITHHELD

Valuable Campaign

DAVIDSON

Editors, THE NEWS:

THE Parent-Teachers' Association of Mecklenburg County assembled last week in its annual school of instruction, has requested me to write you a note of thanks and appreciation for the fine editorials which have recently appeared in your columns in behalf of the schools of this region.

We believe that you are performing a courageous and much-needed public service in informing your readers concerning the teacher shortage, the reasons for it, and the other difficult problems which confront our schools at this time, and in urging the necessary action and expenditures to raise the desirability of teaching as a profession, and to improve our school standards. We hope you will continue this valuable campaign.

—ELIZABETH CUMMING,
Legislative Chairman
Mecklenburg PTA.

CHARLOTTE

The People's Platform is available to any reader who cares to mount it. Communications should be less than 300 words, typewritten if possible, and on only one side of the paper. Libel and obscenity will be deleted—otherwise anything goes. Each letter must be signed although, in exceptional cases and upon request, we will withhold the writer's name.—Editors.

Quote, Unquote

WHAT we ask for as a full and equal place for air, especially as the major new weapons coming up are primarily weapons of the air.—W. Stuart Symington, Assistant Secretary of War for Air.

In peace as in war you dare not sit down on your hard-won beachhead and give way to petty bickering or internal dissension. Either you extend the beachhead or you lose your hold.—Dr. Everett Case, president Colgate University.

There are grave obstacles between the United States and Russia in the consummation of the final peace treaties, but tackling the problem with a defeatist attitude—with the conviction, for instance, that a war between the United States and Russia is inevitable—is the worst thing we can do.—General Eisenhower.

Lest the American contribution become appeasement rather than an instrument for lasting peace, the United States should assure itself of the lifting of the impenetrable iron curtain existing abroad.—John Steele, national commander American Legion.

The truth is that the Communists in the Ruhr, as compared with their pre-Nazi strength, will be shown in the September elections here to have been weakened by the combined effects of Nazi propaganda and postwar international tensions.—Heinz Renner, Communist Oberbuergermeister of Essen.

Marquis Childs

Peaceful Atom Plans

STOCKHOLM

NOW and then the pattern of a brave new world comes through despite the confusions of the moment. That happened when news of the successful splitting of the atom was first made known. Here in Scandinavia, it opened a sudden vista of possibilities for a fuller, richer life. The newspapers carried columns on what it could mean for northern Europe, so long dependent on forests and on imports of oil and coal.

Sweden has deposits of uranium. No one of the Scandinavian countries alone could construct an atomic-energy plant for peaceful purposes, but the three together could pool their resources of technology and science in order to build a plant which would be jointly owned and operated. This was the concept which in this part of the world, first came out of the man-made sun that blazed over Hiroshima.

Since that time, fear and suspicion have corrupted hope. But the project has not been entirely abandoned. While the Swedish Government is saying nothing about it, a quiet inquiry is going forward. Sweden's chief physicist, Prof. Manne Siegbahn, is now in the United States to discuss atomic-energy studies.

TEST MERITED

This possibility, it seems to me, merits the serious consideration of the policy-makers who are struggling with the problem of atomic control. Why would it not be possible to have a supervised experiment, with the three Scandinavian countries uniting to show how atomic energy could be used for peace?

To be true, even with the approval of the great powers, this would not be easy. While the Scandinavian countries have a common origin and history and similar languages, they find it difficult to cooperate. They have recently formed an international air line flying to North America which will soon extend its routes to South America. This was accomplished only after many obstacles were overcome. But if a jointly owned atomic-energy plant could work anywhere, it could work here, where democracy is close to economic realities. It would be an experiment not merely in administration and technology, but also in politics—using that word in its broadest sense.

Surely, it has now become obvious that mere political union is not enough. Some more practical cement is necessary. That was the great weakness of Winston Churchill's recent speech at Zurich in which he raised the outworn concept of a United States of Europe. But perhaps such a union could form around a concrete project. International operation of the coal and iron industry of the Ruhr might provide the essential cement. Or, at any rate, it might provide impetus at the beginning.

But economic collaboration based on the vast new power at the disposal of mankind would serve far better than anything else to dramatize the importance of uniting on a practical objective.

SCIENTISTS CAPABLE

How nearly the three Scandinavian countries could come to carrying out such a project on their own is a question. Certainly, their science is at a very high level. One of the chief contributors to the success of atomic fission in the United States was Niels Bohr, Danish physicist who was smuggled out of Denmark under the eyes of the Gestapo and was taken to America by way of Sweden. On the technological side, the question is greater. Certainly, guidance and probably machines would have to come from the United States, or rather from the United Nations commission that, presumably, is eventually to be given control over atomic energy.

Today there is a deadlock of fear and suspicion. Man is afraid of the knowledge he has obtained. It might help to break that deadlock if these sane northern people were given a chance to show what they could do for peace. It might just possibly help to lead the world out of the valley of despair.

You can feel the same fears here that ride hard everywhere today. When news of the atomic bomb first broke, there was much speculation here about the size of the Swedish uranium deposits. They may be the second or third largest in Europe, even though they exist in a form that would require extensive mining. But now, no one likes to have the subject brought up. Such a prize would be a very dangerous possession in a world torn by big-power conflict. It might mean the difference between freedom and conquest.

CHOICE CLEAR

The choice is so painfully clear. At the same time, it's so easy to find obstacles in any and all paths which lead away from fear and negation toward hope. There are risks in every experiment. But nothing risked, nothing gained is an adage that has been proved time and again.

Here is a chance to make a laboratory test of whether three small nations can use the new force to promote a better life for all mankind.

Samuel Grafton

Confused Price Scene

NEW YORK

WE now stand in the typically confused, late stage of a price inflation, the wonderful phase in which things go up and down at the same time. Candy bars are going up to six cents, but big merchants, such as Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward, are putting aside funds of above twenty millions of dollars, to cushion anticipated shock to their inventory values when prices go down. Building material prices, at least on the black market, are way up, but the prices of existing houses have already begun to soften. Livestock feeders are holding on to their animals, hoping to sell them after price control goes; but most farm economists see a period of lower farm prices ahead, and the owners of these meat animals may find that they have with the perspicacity usually shown in these situations) carefully held them for the downswing.

LOWER NET INCOME

Inflation is beginning to scatter its sad little jokes. The chief enemies of price control at the last session of Congress were the farm Senators and Representatives. But Dr. E. L. Butz, chief agricultural economist of Purdue University, now predicts that farm livestock next year is likely to be lower than this year, because the farmer is going to have to pay so much more for the things he buys. This, if it has caught a number of farm statesmen with the funniest looks on their faces.

It is well to recognize that we are in a kind of late phase, for the time has come to put aside a number of slogans which have done good duty earlier this year in Congress and on the radio forums.

One of these is the slogan that we need more production; that more production is better than price control, etc. If you have been peddling this one, the time has come to check it somewhere, and forget it; it has been useful; it has perhaps saved you through a number of Pullman car sessions, but its day is over. For production is up, almost startingly; the railroads carried 54 billions of ton-miles of freight in August, 88 per cent more than in the pre-war August of 1939 and this (as the Wall Street Journal points out) does not involve a price rise; it is a measurement by weight and miles. The Treasury has warned banks to take it easy on certain loans, because manufacturers are holding more goods than ever before in our history; their inventories have reached eighteen billion dollars.

OUTDATED PROBLEM

So don't go shouting heedlessly for more production; that was last year's problem, and you will merely date yourself, as if you were to dance the bunny-hug.

It is well for all of us to preserve a lively sense of how fast things are happening, and to keep in step with the times and not get stuck with the attitudes of a few months ago. What we need now is an assurance that prices will not be allowed to go higher; such an assurance would promote the orderly movement of goods and foods to market, and would prevent a horrifying accumulation of withheld commodities, which seems almost destined to reach its peak just at the moment when prices start down.

Even Mr. Clinton P. Anderson, Secretary of Agriculture, begins to feel this; he has warned livestock people that prices will not be allowed to climb. Mr. Anderson has been a high-farm-prices man, one of the stuffed shirts who, even he has become alarmed, and now he tries, in a clumsy way, to give the farmer a set of perspectives based on order, rather than on the chance of making a killing.

TOUGH WINTER AHEAD

We need more of this to smooth out the bumps of hoarding and dumping that lie ahead; we could level out the roller-coaster if, by some miracle, a special session of Congress could be induced to reinstate a workable system of price control. But it looks as if we are determined, in headstrong, self-willed style, to live out every one of inflation's little jokes, including the final one, when prices, going up, collide with dumped supplies going down. In any case, a forecast: It will be a Winter of loud noises and bad tempers.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Cattlemen Stage Political Squeeze Play

WASHINGTON

THE Administration has decided to wait out what it considers the most effective and subtle political squeeze play the Republicans have pulled so far—the squeeze play on meat.

That was behind Secretary of Agriculture Anderson's radio broadcast from New Mexico announcing that meat prices would not be decontrolled. Anderson, a cattle raiser himself, knows the inside of the cattle game, and he also knows its politics.

He knows, among other things, that every big cattle rancher in the far West is either a Republican or a conservative Democrat. He also knows that the feed-lot farmers of Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, and the Middle West are now predominantly Republican. As a result, Anderson and other Administration leaders are convinced the squeeze is on to keep cattle off the markets until after the November elections or until Washington yells "uncle" and removes OPA ceilings on meat.

Ordinarily this is the time of year when cattle moves off the ranges to Eastern markets. Grass begins to get scarce now and ranchers can't profitably keep their cattle much longer. In Montana, Winter temperatures fall to below freezing and the feeding of big herds all Winter is financially hazardous.

Cattle Sit Down

HOWEVER, word which Agriculture Department experts get from the cattle country is the big ranchers will keep just as much stock on hand as possible—until after elections. They will have to ship some, but part will go to Midwest feed-lot farmers who fatten cattle on grain, and who, in view of the bumper corn crop, should be able to hold cattle away from the packing plants at least until after election day. However, they will have to sell some time, and the Administration has decided that it can play the same waiting game as Republican cattlemen and farmers.

When it comes to pork, rather than beef, the situation is somewhat different. Hog raisers have found they can't fatten hogs much longer than six months without losing money. A hog increases in weight rapidly up to six months, after which he hits a point of diminishing returns. So hog farmers won't hold back as long as the cattlemen.

However, since there is a serious shortage of pork, it will take some time to make up the deficit and the housewife will still have a hard time buying bacon.

All in all, the beef and pork prospect doesn't look too bright—at least until Winter. Secretary Anderson figures that if cattlemen finally are convinced the Government will not decontrol meat, they will begin shipping shortly after elections. But if they can just hold off until after elections, cattlemen hope they won't have to worry about the Truman Administration's price-control policies much longer.

Wallace's Next Move

HOTTEST political question around Washington is: "What will Henry Wallace do now?" The answer is to be found in a series of backstage moves occurring immediately after he abruptly turned in his resignation—on request.

Though unpublicized, it was President Truman himself who sent out word last week-end that Wallace was to make no speeches under the auspices of the Democratic National Committee. That was why Bob Hannegan, Mayor Ed Kelly of Chicago, House majority leader John McCormick, and Democratic Congressional campaign chairman John Sparkman read Wallace out of the party. Immediately the fireworks started.

Democratic bigwigs from at least ten states bombarded Wallace's office with pleas that he prop up their shaky political chances with personal appearances and speeches. In each case, Wallace and his adroit political adviser, Harold Young, referred calls to the Democratic National Committee.

This in turn touched off a bonfire at the feet of party leaders. As state committeemen yelled for Wallace, Hannegan and Sparkman finally appealed to the White House. A quick calculation showed that the states which were yelling loudest for Wallace had the most-to-be-answered-for. Total of over 474 delegates to the next Democratic Convention—almost enough to nominate a candidate for President.

That was why Truman yielded. That was also why Hannegan and Sparkman both did neat flip-flops, issuing new statements welcoming Wallace back as a speaker. Result: Wallace will make ten speeches between Oct. 15 and Nov. 5 in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Illinois.

Wallace will not discuss the peace issue in these speeches. But once the election's over, he's going to work on the foreign-policy question with a vengeance, will write a new book on foreign policy, plans to speak in every one of the 48 states. In the course of this tour, he will break down and analyze Truman policy and charge that it conflicts with Roosevelt policy.

Naturally, Wallace will encounter hundreds of important Democrats, many of them delegates to the next Democratic Convention. Should his ideas catch on, there is no question but that he will be a candidate in 1948.

Note—Wallace will not try his hand as a radio commentator, nor as a columnist. Though sometimes branded a starry-eyed dreamer, Wallace has plenty of money, is making $60,000 yearly from hybrid corn which he developed many years ago.