# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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*Editorial Correspondence*

## On The Home Stretch

RALEIGH

ACCORDING to the editorial writer's best friend, The Veteran Observer, this Legislative session is now past the half-way mark. Chronologically this estimate is sound; Legislative leaders have set April 4 as a target date for *sine die* adjournment and are confident the gavel will fall by April 15. Actually, the session is further along than this indicates. All last week you could hear the sound, like the clicking of tumblers in a combination safe, indicating that the pieces of the pattern North Carolina will follow during the next biennium are falling smoothly into place.

The sound was most audible in the vicinity of the committees. Sometimes, when the public was invited to speak its discordant piece, it was loud and raucous. But when the decisions were being made, the differences adjusted, the compromises effected, the decisive votes cast, it was no more than a whisper—the smooth, humming sound of orderly Government conducted by men who, with only rare exceptions, are of like mind.

The Legislature still maintains its show window. In the small, crowded chambers of the House and Senate the gentlemen offer their daily attraction — the stirring address, the impassioned debate, the extravagant gesture. In the circular rotunda, and in the hotel lobbies, they are available to their constituents—ready with the warm handclasp, the proffered cigar, the humorous antecdote, the sympathetic ear. This is an important part of the democratic process—the most exacting and the most pleasant part of it. There are still busy days ahead in the show window. The decisions reached by the committees must be publicly ratified; the objections must be noted for the record, and the objectors must make it clear that they are going down fighting. But only the incurable optimist believes that the pattern now emerging can be altered by his eloquence or his logic.

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MONEY is the root of the Legislator's problems. Usually there isn't enough of it, but in this strange season there is too much — or at least more than anybody thought there would be. By usual standards, the State is prosperous, with a surplus of cash on hand. But prosperity has brought inflation and rising costs. And the cash surplus has brought a new gleam to the eye of every department head, a gleam that reflects a desire to expand and improve his services now, while appropriations can be increased without a corresponding increase in taxes. The perserverting citizen may read the result in the 796 pages of fine print that separate the bright green covers of *The Budget, State of North Carolina, For The Biennium, 1947-1949.* Somewhere between University of North Carolina, Requested, $17,527,950, and Murphy Fish Hatchery, Postage, Telephone and Telegrams, Recommended, $150, he should begin to understand the size and the complexity of the multi-million dollar business conducted in Raleigh. He should also understand why the pleasant, affable gentlemen who are paid $300 a year to translate *The Budget* into law are beginning to show signs of weariness and strain.

*The Budget* does not leave the Legislature a great deal of leeway. The limits are fixed. There is the estimate of income for the biennium ($327,595,647). And there is the list of recommended expenditures ($327,595,647). If the Legislature decides the Pembroke Indians deserve a new boiler for their school even though the Budget Commission turned them down, it has the power to provide for it. But when it does the money for the Indians must be taken away from some other petitioner.

The gentlemen did manage to break out of the budgetary limits last week by some $8,000,000. Income had exceeded the Budget Commission's original expectations by that sum, and the committeemen applied it to the point of greatest pressure—the demand for higher teachers' pay. Quietly, and with the blessing of the Administration, they placed the teachers in a special category, gave them an average pay increase of 30 per cent as against 20 per cent for all employees recommended by the Governor. If this compromise stands, and it is almost certain to, the Legislature has, for better or for worse, disposed of the hottest issue before it. It is the first olive out of the bottle; the others will come easy.

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THE appropriation of public funds is the Legislature's prime function, and it paces its progress toward adjournment. Unfortunately, it is an inordinately dull business, with little appeal for the average voter. Unless he has a special interest in it (as the school teachers have, for instance) he is likely to fix his attention on the more flamboyant and emotional issues that arise, like skyrockets, in the course of the session.

Two of these were disposed of last week, and the galleries were crowded and the press attentive. That hardy perennial, prohibition, brought out a covey of orators who called upon the Hebrew prophets and the founding fathers to bear witness as they castigated Demon Rum.

This was interesting, but it was also familiar. The speeches were eloquent, but they had a hollow sound, like an echo. Listening, a man would think of the worn stone steps leading up from the first floor of the Capitol, and the legend that members of a Reconstruction Legislature chipped them with their playful habit of rolling whisky barrels down from the rotunda. The argument is at least as old as the steps. Would it ever be settled? Not this year certainly, for the attentive, courteous committeemen obviously were prepared to bury any statewide prohibition bill that came before them.

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IN North Carolina, the Red Menace still has a certain novelty value. The threat of Demon Rum has been around long enough to breed contempt, but Communism is an issue to chill the spine and curl the hair. It has become inextricably allied with the closed shop, somehow, and the House of Representatives has shouted its defiance of Moscow by agreeing that no worker can demand of his employer that his co-workers belong to a labor union. It is now the Senate's turn, and a committee solemnly invited the people to appear before it last week and discuss the matter.

A plump young man pulled a small American flag from his pocket and waved it. "I have fought for my country," he said. "If you vote against this bill you will take away my liberty." He was insisting, as did those who followed him, upon passage of the bill to protect his right to work anywhere, anytime, no matter what any labor boss said. To deny him that right, he said, would be Communistic, at least.

The union people used charts instead of flags in their rebuttal. The AFL representatives came first—neat, small men in blue serge suits adorned with gold watch chains. As they pleaded politely for their rights they sounded like men fighting for a lost cause. The CIO men were aggressive; they thundered and threw around scare words like "scab" and "stooge". But they, too, condemned the Communists. "I wish you gentlemen would load all the Communists on a cattleboat and send 'em back to Russia," roared the boss of the Textile Workers. But they too sounded like men fighting for a lost cause.

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IT was almost enough to cause a nervous committeeman to peer beneath his seat and see if a fizzing bomb lay beside the brass cuspidor. The Red threat towered over the chamber, leering, threatening imminent destruction of life and liberty. And finally the committee called a real, live Communist—the only member of the species thus far officially identified in North Carolina. "I recognize Sam Hall, speaking as a citizen," said the chairman.

There arose a sharp memory: Carl Sandburg plucking at his guitar and singing softly an old ballad: *My name it is Sam Hall. And I hate you one and all . .*

And Sam Hall, Communist, stood before the Committee — five feet, five inches tall, slightly bald, neatly dressed. He held his notes in a shaking hand, and in a soft voice that didn't carry very well, said a few words on behalf of the down-trodden. But the Red threat still towered and leered after Sam Hall had gone, and not all the eloquence and fighting spirit of old Josephus Daniels could lay it to rest. Sam Hall, mild and ineffectual, had spoken against the anti-closed shop bill, and Sam Hall had done as much to insure its passage as any man present.

The voices that rose and fell in the high-ceilinged hall were aimed beyond the polite, attentive committee members. The orators addressed themselves to the plain man in Manteo and Murphy and points between who has never seen a Communist, or even a union contract, and probably will never see one. But the plain man was listening to something else and the impassioned arguments, as the Committee members knew, would fade and die in the stale air of the Senate chamber. The hearing was on the closed shop, but the issue was the closed mind.—*H. S. A.*

*Another Voice*

## OPA---Requiescat In Pace

IT is not likely that many tears will be shed over the edict that the Office of Price Administration must die come June 30.

But, a thousand years from now, some American citizen of 1947 on a ghostly visit to former earthly haunts may read in the history books of that advanced period that OPA was the "most typical of all American institutions."

OPA saved the American nation, in a blundering, blustery, inefficient, hotly disputed, extravagant way it saved the American nation.

At one extreme it was an illogical, confused carnival of bureaucracy at cross purposes with itself, high-handed, autocratic, senseless. At another extreme it was a noble "cause" attracting unto itself the unselfish support and labors of hundreds of thousands of citizens who voluntarily served on boards, and committees, and panels, and juries.

It got in people's hair, it forced sensitive businesses to close their doors, and it drove merchants crazy.

But it kept sugar from going to a dollar a pound, and bread from going to a dollar a loaf, and it gave a new prestige to the sellers of advertised brands from manufacturers who preferred to have nothing to sell rather than to cheapen their products.

Not many will mourn its passing, not many will be inclined to give the OPA devil his due—not yet awhile, anyway.—*Salisbury Post.*

'Ruffian!'

*People's Platform*

## The Legislative GIs

LAURINBURG

Editors, THE NEWS:

I NOTICED in Lynn Nisbet's column in THE NEWS, March 4, 1947, where he was talking about a bill sent up by James M. Hayes of Forsyth adding $500 to statutory income tax exemption for veterans of the latest World War. He said that out of the 29 veterans who might benefit by the bill, only seven signed it. Then Mr. Nisbet said most of the younger former service men, commonly designated as GIs even though most of the Legislators were commissioned officers, are openly opposing the bill. I suppose the seven who voted for the bill were GIs, and the ones against it were commissioned officers. It seems Mr. Nisbet wanted to apologize to the officers for referring to them as GIs.

What I would really like to know is what North Carolina is doing or going to do for the veterans. Only a few months ago nothing was too good for them. That is exactly what they have received so far—NOTHING.

While I was in the service I had a few arguments with my buddies from Northern states about who lived in the best state. I always put up a stiff argument for North Carolina, but now when I see what the Northern states are doing for their veterans, I can see why they put up such a great argument. Surely the Northern states don't think more of their veterans than the Southern states, or do they?

—LAVERNE McINNIS, a former GI.

### Bishops' Campaign

NEW YORK

Editors, THE NEWS:

YOU are of course aware of the dire distress that besets our neighbors across the seas in countries laid waste by war, of the suffering people in displaced persons' camps, in uninhabitable homes and makeshift shelters.

The Catholic Church in the United States has two agencies which have been active in relief abroad, —namely, the Bishops' Emergency Relief Committee and War Relief Services-National Catholic Welfare Conference. These agencies are making a joint appeal for funds March 16 under the name of the Bishops' Relief Campaign for Victims of War. The national goal is $5,000,000 and the funds collected will be used to aid all victims of war, especially the children, aged and sick without regard to race, creed or color.

—(RT. REV. MSGR.) PATRICK O. O'BOYLE, Executive Director.

### Hornet's Nest

GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

Editors, THE NEWS:

MILLIONS of American dollars are to be spent for construction in New York City, of the greatest hornets' nest the world has ever seen; to be called the Headquarters of the United Nations.

We have seen how the Congress of the United States, since the advent of the New Deal, has let loose a swarm of hornets, over the whole country, to pester us in all our activities of life, through the vicious bureaucratic system; but these are as nothing to the bigger and better hornets that will infest our country from the UN nest.

The New York Times in an editorial, Jan. 21, 1947, speaking of the United Nations Economic and Social Council, said in part; "Its real work will doubtless be done through its commissions, of which ten will meet here within the next few weeks. Housing, foreign investments, full employment, social welfare, crime, health, education, trade, living standards and human rights all come under the Economic & Social Council's wing, either directly or by co-operation with other agencies. Literally, there is nothing human the Council would find alien."

It is sheer nonsense to claim that all this regulation is necessary to secure world peace. Shall we say farewell to our cherished Home Rule and Independence, or shall we do something about it?

—JAMES EMERY BROOKS.

### One World

LAGOS, NIGERIA, WCA

Editors, THE NEWS:

YOUR publication was seen a newspapers, and I take the opportunity to write you, and I hope you will do the obligation with all your possible best. Sir, please publish the names and addresses below for securing American pen friends.

(1) Karampson Alabious
3. Carr Lane
Lagos, Nigeria
W. C. A.
(2) John Olnson Johnson
(3) M. R. Yesufa
3. Carr Lane
Lagos, Nigeria
W. C. A.
(4) Peter Akinson
13. Offin Road
Lagos, Nigeria
W. C. A.
(5) Kareem Yesufa
3. Carr Lane
Lagos, Nigeria
W. C. A.
(6) M. Sulaimon
3. Carr Lane
Lagos, Nig.
B. W. A.

He wanta pen-friends in all over the world, both young and old, in which to exthange new stamps, coins, and American goods, with African goods.

Thanking you in anticipation, that a prompt attention will be paid to this letter.

—KARAMPSON ALABIOUS.

### The Navy Show

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editors, THE NEWS:

THE successful exhibition of the U. S. Naval Reserve Mobile Unit before the people of Charlotte during its visit there in February was very encouraging. The generous co-operation of your paper in giving this worthwhile project ample publicity was a principal factor in its success.

—E. M. ELLER,
Commodore, USN.
Director of Public Information.

*The Feoplle'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.* THE NEWS.

*Marquis Childs*

## An Imaginary Talk

WASHINGTON

THE following conversation, it is scarcely necessary to point out, never took place. But I believe that, if President Truman had sat down with a member of the British Cabinet after his Baylor University speech, the talk would have gone very much like this. It represents what British Cabinet ministers are saying privately and off the record these days.

Mr. Truman is seated in his sunny oval office in the White House. He is pleased with the reception to his speech calling for an international trade organization to promote trade in the old unrestricted way. The British Cabinet Minister has just come from weary, snowbound England, and his subdued manner is in contrast to Mr. Truman's brisk optimism.

The President: I hope you've had a chance to read the speech I made down in Texas. I tried to put into that speech a program that almost all Americans would agree to. You know, I think we've come to realize, as a people, that if we want to sell goods to the rest of the world, we're going to have to take more imports than we've ever taken before.

**ADMIRABLE IDEAL**

British Minister: Yes, Mr. President, I read your speech and I thought it an excellent expression of an admirable ideal. But at the moment I am hesitating.

The President: You have some reservations? After all, it hasn't been easy to arrive at a compromise that the Republicans could accept. You have to remember that we're trying to work out a bipartisan foreign policy in this country, something we've never had before.

British Minister: I appreciate what a great undertaking that is, sir. But I was going to say that Britain's present position is so very difficult I am afraid we are shortly going to have to start directing our exports and restricting certain types of imports.

The President: But that would mean a very bad reaction here. It might jeopardize the whole trade organization, and it certainly would not help our negotiations at the conference in Geneva in April, where we hope to get some real tariff concessions both ways.

British Minister: We realize that all too well, Mr. President. But the fact remains of the extreme urgency of our position with respect to balance of payments.

The President: Why, I saw a report the other day from our people that seemed to show you were in fairly good shape.

British Minister: On the surface that seems to be true. But actually it is not true. As a realist in our Treasury put it, we are at the moment borrowing our imports and sending out our exports for nothing. What he meant was that we are buying our essential imports with money obtained on loans from the United States and Canada. And we are sending our exports to countries in Western Europe which desperately need them but have nothing we can take in return — and their currencies are not convertible into dollars, which we so badly need.

**ANOTHER LOAN?**

The President: Well, are you suggesting, then, that Great Britain will need another loan?

British Minister: Not at all, sir. We believe that another loan, even if it were possible, would merely postpone the day of reckoning. There is the unhappy parallel of the 1920's when both your Government and ours made large loans to Germany which served no real purpose except to make the collapse greater when it came. What we would hope, sir, is that your Government could make loans to our customers in Western Europe, so that they could buy your products and thereby rehabilitate their industry, and then in turn sell to us and ultimately repay you. This seems to us essential, along with a rehabilitation of the Ruhr.

The President: Let's get this straight. If you have to start directing your exports and restricting your imports, where will it hit us first?

British Minister: Of course, it would be a considerable time taking effect after we announced the orders, and we would hope that something could be done in the interval. I imagine we should have to cut down on tobacco and American films first of all.

**TAR HEEL REACTION**

The President: We'd hear from North Carolina right away if that happened, and from California, too.

British Minister: We should deeply regret it, sir. The French are constantly after us to take more champagne, but we tell them we can't possibly afford champagne.

As the British visitor departs, the President looks out reflectively on the snowy White House lawn. It is not nearly as cheerful a world as it seemed hall an hour before.

*Samuel Grafton*

## British Tory Tears

WRITTEN AT SEA

THE British crisis is real enough, but some of the Tory tears are not. You have to watch out for a certain build-up that is going on. I have heard a Tory say in a London restaurant: "See, I'm taking my bit of sugar home. We've become a nation of petty snitchers. I grab matches whenever I see them." And I have heard a waiter, unable to contain himself, cut in on with this: "Oh, I say, it's not quite that bad. I've just had two wonderful holiday weeks in the country, lots of good food and good beer." And I have heard a friend mutter grimly: "He's probably Labor. He's defending them."

The Tories of Britain stand in some danger of fouling their own nest. One said darkly: "We don't really have press freedom here. Oh, it looks as if we do, but we don't." He winked heavily. "The papers get instructions," he said, hints as to what to play down. I don't believe it, and I record it only as a sample of where anti-Labor Party sentiment is leading some Britishers, not this stronc opposition, but into a kind of feeble malice. The Tories are full of these whispers, the dry sighings of a dark grove of despair.

**THEATRICAL TOUCH**

They enjoy talking about how hungry they are. One sees them in the cafes of the Continent, putting on tremendous gloats when good food appears. They theatricalize themselves, just a touch in a way very unlike their behavior during the war; they do comedy swoons over the sight of a beefsteak, and so on. Well, all right, British food is rather bad, and skimpy. But it is low-priced, and restaurant meals are unrationed. There is nothing to keep a really hungry man from having two dinners in an evening, and snack bars are open all day. Besides all of Mayfair is on the loose, traveling to America, Bermuda, the Bahamas, the Continent, etc., and there is a tidal wave of food parcels and goodies running through the West End. The lines are hard put to it to handle the quantities of such stuff discorged on British decks, along with first class luggage.

The odd point is that the British poor, who don't have these resources, aren't complaining. They are, under strict rationing and price control, eating rather better than before the war, and they know it, and one comes out of Britain with the feeling that if they are to help, say by easing the terms of the loan, we should do it because of the magnificent steadiness of the British workman, and not because of the falsetto pleas for rescue which go up from the petulant people of Mayfair.

**NEED CRISIS**

As I have written earlier during this journey, the right needs a crisis; nothing represents a greater danger to it than a long, calm tour of Labor Party government. As a result it is driven, emotionally, to magnify present difficulties. But at the same time it can suggest only superficial remedies; it pictures England as being about ready for the last rites, and then declares that the coming disaster can be averted by substituting a few Tories for a few Laborite ministers. Its diagnosis is cancer; its suggested treatment is a band-aid. So you have to watch stories of the British crisis for perspectival slanting. The crisis is real, but the reactions to it are sometimes disoriented and off-center. At the height of the coal shortage I saw a Tory lady turn dead white in a restaurant when a waiter dropped, hastily by, and I heard her mutter: "See! They're rude, too." Not only no coal, but no manners. It is like the end of her world, poor duck, but her world is perhaps not the only one there is.

**COMPENSATORY SLANT**

A compensatory slanting shows up in Labor's ranks, too, of course; and sometimes Labor seems to understate its troubles, and to wear something like a singer in denying present difficulties. It plays the Mayfair game in reverse. It is risky to read the news from Britain without some such small chart to which to refer, for the purpose of making corrections for emotional error. There was never a time in Britain when it was so important to know the degree of aberration inherent in each human instrument.

*Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round*

## Marshall Faces Tough Peace Objectives

WASHINGTON

AS a military man, General Marshall planned two great offensives. One was in 1918 when he charted for General Pershing the transfer of one million men from St. Mihiel to the Meuse-Argonne front, plus 40,000 tons ammunition, 34 hospitals, 93,000 horses, 164 miles of railway and 87 depots—all in a week's time with no enemy aviator discovering it.

The other was in the last war when as Chief of Staff he planned the historic landing on Normandy.

These two offensives, great as they were, in some respects will not be as difficult as the two great peacetime objectives which George Marshall as Secretary of State will attempt to win at the conference beginning in Moscow today. Those two objectives are:

1. A permanent peace treaty with the nation which has caused every major European war in the past century—Germany.

2. The end of our present suspicious, chip-on-the-shoulder relations with Russia and the establishment of a permanent friendship with the nation which can be our most disastrous enemy.

Both, obviously, are interdependent. And if Marshall can win real friendship with Russia, the treaty with Germany will be much easier.

### Split Inside Kremlin

ONE of the big problems he will face is the definite evidence of a split inside the Politburo regarding the United States, plus the interrelated question of who is the real boss of Russia.

Fourteen men make up the Politburo, an organization which rules the destinies of the far-flung Soviet Union as no other group in the world. And the impression given to the outside world, is that these fourteen men work as a cohesive, compact unit, that they do not have differences of opinion such as those inside the British and American Cabinets. And while it is difficult to find out what actually goes on inside the Kremlin, there is increasing evidence that this harmony is a myth, and that two opposite schools of thought exist regarding friendship with the United States.

This was somewhat evident as far back as the Teheran Conference, when Stalin himself, though considered a dictator, sometimes told Roosevelt before giving an answer on a certain point that he would have to call up his marshals in Moscow to get their O.K.

It was also apparent to Jimmie Byrnes both at Potsdam and during the long series of discussions which he had with Molotov and Stalin that the latter was more friendly and easier to deal with than Molotov.

This diagnosis is borne out by some of the top diplomats of satellite countries—nations which border Russia, are under Soviet influence, and whose leaders visit Moscow frequently to straighten out their affairs of state. From one such diplomat, whose information has been reliable in the past, comes the following summation of what transpires today inside the Kremlin.

### Molotov Hates USA

THE group most hostile to the United States and Great Britain, according to this source, is headed by heavy-handed Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov. His chief messenger boy is Andrei Gromyko, now envoy to the United Nations, and the man who upset world hope of agreement on atomic energy by flatly rejecting all previously discussed plans for control of the atom.

The opposite faction inside the Kremlin which believes peace is possible between Capitalist America, Socialist Britain and Communist Russia is headed by Stalin himself. However, Stalin isn't as potent as he used to be, is frequently absent from Moscow for rests in the Crimea.

Recently a foreign diplomat closely attuied to the Soviet sphere of influence protested to Stalin against the boorish tactics of Gromyko. Stalin agreed, but remarked: "He's Molotov's boy, not mine."

During the Foreign Ministers Conference in New York, Molotov, having heard complaints about Gromyko, sounded out several satellite diplomats.

"Have you been having trouble with my friend Gromyko?" he asked Polish, Yugoslav and Czech envoys.

When they admitted they had, Molotov merely replied that Gromyko spoke for him at all times. Then, just to emphasize the point, Molotov named Gromyko Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The Stalin school of thought inside the Foreign Office is represented by shrewd, genial Vice-Commissar Andrei Vyshinsky, who has had years of close friendship with Boris Stein, long cordial to the United States, to the United Nations, with instructions to soften up Gromyko. Stein, however, had no effect. Apparently following Molotov's instructions, Gromyko remained as rude and uncompromising as ever.

### Lifting The Iron Curtain?

THIS split covers much more than Gromyko's work at the United Nations. It ranges over a whole variety of things, including the Soviet treatment of foreign newspaper men. The Stalin-Vyshinsky faction believes in letting foreign newsmen into Russia, the removal of censorship and the elimination of all but security travel restrictions.

The Molotov team, however, does not want to go this far. While it would like to have a U. S. loan, it will not take any preliminary cultural steps toward getting it. Its members seem to believe that war between the two schools of thought is inevitable.

These are some of the divisions of opinion reported to exist inside the Soviet, divisions which, if true, will make the work of Secretary Marshall all the more difficult. In a later column this writer will give some further deductions on what is going on inside the Soviet regarding peace with the USA.