THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

80th Anniversary Year

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Not Important Anyway

LAST WEEK in Raleigh Judge W. C. Harris signed an order directing the State Board of Elections to place Dixiecrat Presidential candidates on the North Carolina general election ballot. The judge apparently had his mind pretty well made up before hearing the arguments. At any rate, he handed down his ruling moments after opposing counsel got through.

He held that the regulation of the State Board of Elections requiring that Dixiecrat petitions contain the names of over 10,000 qualified voters who did not participate in the primaries this Spring was "unreasonable". Attorney-General McMullan promptly announced that the decision would be appealed to the State Supreme Court.

There is a chance that the Supreme Court will overrule Judge Harris. If it should, no great harm would be done to the institution of free elections in North Carolina, for it is abundantly clear that the States Rights Democrats aren't going anywhere.

This is strictly a "stay-home" political movement. It will have, in all probability, less effect on the outcome of the Presidential race in North Carolina than a rainy election day would have. It isn't the right to establish a new political party and to put up plausible candidates that the Dixiecrats contend for, but the right to devise a way by which votes may be cast without counting for anything.

The Dixiecrats don't like Truman and his civil rights program. The Dixiecrats don't like Dewey and his known insistence upon much the same civil rights program, as evidenced by his record as Governor of New York and the little Fair Employment Practices system he set up in that state. Hence, having no place to go, the Dixiecrats have brought forward a slate for which the Southern voter may vote without breaking himself of the habit of voting Democratic, leaving the decision as between Truman and Dewey to the rest of the electorate, and to chance.

This is not a new party, it is a new expedient, and it declines even to make a choice of evils. Whether it gets on the ballot or not is merely a current event, not an incident in history.

Of Hospitals And Rules

NOWADAYS it is no simple thing to call on the sick at our Charlotte hospitals, delivering a posy, box of chocolates, comic book or merely a word of cheer. There are hard and fast new rules which complicate the business.

For one thing, visiting hours are strictly adhered to, and the hospital authorities don't mean maybe. Patients are permitted to have only two visitors at a time, so it's something of a rat race to get there on the dot and bag the permits.

The procedure is something like this. When you enter the hospital, you face a solid front of personable but businesslike young ladies who will take no foolishness. They want to know whom you wish to see. You tell them, and if your ailing friend already has his quota of guests, you are positively out of luck.

If you do happen to get the green light, you are issued a visitor's card. This must be turned in when you leave. If two such persons neglect to do this, the patient henceforth will be rid of all visitors, for school is out from that point on. In many cases, this would be a break for the patients. Some have already been caught trying to chew up the guest cards.

The medical profession is certain that too many visitors are bad for a sick person whether he (or she) is suffering from pneumonia, hypertension, the smallpox or just plain mulligrubs. Temperatures always run highest on Sundays when practically every hospital room has its full quota of visitors. The charts show that. Also, it long has been known that many times a sick person suffers more from listening to a boring and tactless visitor than from the malady that has put him out of circulation.

Hospitals are wonderful institutions and we are blessed in Charlotte with unusually fine ones. Incidentally, it is inspiring to see the fine work of the voluntary nurses aides in Charlotte hospitals. On the other hand, the hospital working personnel sometimes can be very cold and heartless in dealing with the public, in the business offices and in the halls. People who go to hospitals are troubled and attendants should take cognizance of that, be patient and gentle. Most times they are, but we have discovered recently that sometimes they are not.

These Things Happen In August

AUGUST has been a nice month for those of us who like a flavor of fantasy in our news. A gentle, mist-like deer has been roving over the country.

First, it turned up in, of all places, The Bronx, populous and busy New York borough. One May Bankesser was sipping her morning orange juice when she saw it—"playing peeping Tom through the dinette window."

Being of gentle nature herself, Mrs. Bankesser went off to the pantry in search of an ear of corn for the lost animal, but when she returned it had removed its nose from the window pane and was gone, bounding across her backyard, its tail up and its tawny spots glowing brightly in the sun.

Next the woods creature was seen loping along the asphalt of one of the Bronx's busy streets. Police, the villains, were in hot pursuit. But, playfully, the deer outstripped the patrol car and disappeared for a time.

A final report on its progress came from another Bronx native who saw the deer galloping out toward the wilds of Westchester County.

And then last Saturday a lady in Winston-Salem phoned police, excitedly reporting that she had spotted a deer.

It would be a little presumptuous of us to suggest that this was the same deer seen in the Bronx, that it had loped down Highway Number One and cut over to Winston-Salem. But the two reported appearances had well over two weeks between them and a deer—this deer in particular—is a notoriously fleet character.

Whether the same deer or another it makes a pleasant tale for those of us who have been too long in city pent.

Grimly, however, it emphasizes the fact that we have lost touch with the world outside the concrete walls of our cities. With Autumn and its good-smelling woods and always startling color changes due in a month or so, it might be well to renew our acquaintances with wood that is still growing, with rocks that haven't been hewn to man's specifications and with vegetation that needs no artificial stimulant to give it life.

From The Atlanta Journal

Sea Turtle Season

ONTO our Southern beaches at this season nightly crawl the great seaturtles, barnacled behemoths often three feet long and weighing upward of 200 pounds. There is no news in the current visitation, because the female turtles come ashore to lay their round, rubbery eggs in the warm sands every year between June and August. Nevertheless, this is a natural phenomenon not to be overlooked if you are at the shore in Summer. Jekyll Island, now open to the public, is a noted nesting ground for sea turtles.

To witness the phenomenon, walk along any Southern beach after dark, whether the night is moonlit or not. You may come upon a huge black bulk emerging slowly from the sea, using her flippers to pass laboriously through the creaming surf and over the firm sand until she comes to loose sand above the highwater mark of the Spring tides. More likely you will come upon a "crawl"—tracks that look like those of a narrow-gauge tractor with odd-shaped flanges on the wheels—and if there are not two sets of them, indicating return to the sea, you will find the turtle at the land terminus. She may be prospecting for a likely spot, she may be digging a nest with rear flippers (and it's a precise job she does, too) or she may be laying. If she is laying, no sight or sound will frighten her; otherwise, the merest touch on her shell likely will send her wearily back to the sea.

Probably she will be loggerhead, the commonest variety in the Georgia vicinity. If she is settled down to labor, her eyes will be watering in a manner to make you think of tears of pain, and now and again she'll sigh hissingly. When she is through laying, she will cover the nest carefully and return to the sea. About 54 days later the young will tunnel out of their sandy birthplace and head for the nearest water, there to spend their lives if they are males or there to remain until maturity if females.

Georgia and some other states protect sea turtles and their eggs, and they are safe on the beaches of Federal refuges. But there are still people who turn them over on their backs for "sport" and leave them helpless to perish in the next day's sun. Some are killed by angered shrimpers whose nets they have torn and a few perish ashore, lacking the instinct for water that was theirs at egg-pipping time.

All-wise nature sees to it that there are not too many turtles, even though nesting crawls are made more than once each season. Raccoons and sand cranes eat the eggs, sand crabs and fish eat the newly-hatched turtles, and gulls get in on the pickings on the rare occasions when baby turtles head for the sea by day. So if ever you find a turtle on the beach, confine your liberties with her to looking or riding on her back. When ashore she needs friends.

— A Connecticut college study of morons finds they are much like other people. In fact they are other people. — *Fort Myers News-Press.*

'Help, Police, Kidnaper!!'

50,000,000 Words

Congressmen Have Their Say

(From Congressional Quarterly)

LEGISLATORS rushed into print with alternate statements of their own positions and attacks on their opponents to wind up the 33,197 Congressional Record pages filled by the 80th Congress. The total includes 10,892 pages in the Appendix, traditionally the repository for insertions and statements made outside the halls of Congress as well as some remarks from the floor.

The Government Printing Office estimates the over-all cost of the Record at $71 a page. The 50 million or more words put in the Record cost about $2.4 million.

Representatives, all of whose seats will be up for election in November, occupied the major portion of the last Record. Reps. William C. Cole (R-Mo.), Abraham J. Multer (D-N.Y.) and Harold D. Donohue (D-Mass.) were among those who inserted their personal Congressional records. Rep. Bertrand W. Gearhart (R-Calif.) put in a resume of the work and debates of Sen. George W. Malone (R-Nev.). Malone's term does not expire until 1953.

Sen. C. Wayland Brooks (R-Ill.), who faces a re-election campaign, placed in tributes to himself from Sens. Homer Ferguson (R-Mich.), Edward J. Thye (R-Minn.), and George D. Aiken (R-Vt.).

Members of both major parties made statements in the last Record on the accomplishments of the 80th Congress.

Democrats lining up behind President Truman's assertion that the 80th Congress was a "do nothing" body included Sen. Alben W. Barkley (Ky.), Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate, and Reps. John A. Blatnik (Minn.), Aime J. Forand (R.I.) and Adolph J. Sabath (Ill.).

Republicans defending Congress' work included House Majority Leader Charles A. Halleck (Ind.), Charles A. Wolverton (N.J.), James E. Van Zandt (Pa.) and Wat Arnold (Mo.).

Taxes, the budget and high prices accounted for most wordage. But housing, farmers, veterans, Palestine and Taft-Hartley came in for much attention. Sen. Eugene D. Millikin (R-Colo.) and Rep. Hubert S. Ellis (R-W.Va.) entered statements on social security; Sen. Francis J. Myers (D-Pa.) on minimum wages. Rep. Ivor D. Fenton (R-Pa.), Congressional adviser to the first World Health Assembly in Switzerland, made a statement in support of the World Health Organization.

People's Platform

Free Licenses For Veterans

HAMLET

Editors, THE NEWS:

THE fish and game laws of North Carolina can and should be more pleasing and beneficial to the veterans and sportsmen of North Carolina. I am referring to the license system the Wildlife Resources Commission is pursuing. To begin with there should only be one type of license, and that is the state-wide hunting and fishing license. And they should be reduced to at least $2.

Furthermore all veterans should be eligible to obtain, free,a lifetimes permit to hunt and fish upon presentation of discharge at any place where licenses are sold. The reason I say it can be done in North Carolina is because some other states do it. For one thing it would indicate that North Carolina appreciates the services of her veterans.

The authorities tell you that the cost of the license is based on the abundance of game. That may be so, but I have my doubts, because if the several thousands of dollars paid in by the sportsmen of North Carolina had been intelligently used by the Wildlife Commission to propagate fish and game, there would have been a noticeable increase in fish and game. I am inclined to believe that the money paid in is not being spent entirely for protection and propagation of the State's wildlife resources. I further advocate that the season should be closed on all game fish at the proper time of the season as it used to be. And also, the laws should be enforced by deputizing every decent law-abiding citizen. The farmers would be of great assistance to the game wardens in this respect. Because no game warden without the co-operation and assistance of the general public can effectively enforce the laws.

It has been proven beyond a doubt, that when the public doesn't work with the warden, they are generally against him. These are the results of my close observation of the fish and game situation here in North Carolina over a long period of time. True sportsmen need more representation in Raleigh.

—ROBERT LILES.

Quote, Unquote

High prices are not inflation, they are a symptom of inflation. To attempt to cure inflation by cutting prices is like attempting to cure rheumatism by cutting off a swollen finger. The disease itself goes on unchecked.—**Charleston (S. C.) News & Courier.**

A worried-looking man rushed into the florist shop and demanded three potted geraniums. "I'm so sorry," said the clerk. "We're out of geraniums right now but have some lovely petunias." "Nope, they won't do," replied the man. "It was the geraniums I promised my wife to water while she was away."—**Jackson (Miss.) Daily News.**

Motorcycle races have been advertised for Sunday, "for the benefit of crippled children," certainly a very worthy cause. Let us hope that thereafter it will not be necessary for some other group to organize a money-raising event for the benefit of crippled motor-cyclists.—**Lexington (Ky.) Leader.**

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Airlift Can Care For Winter's Needs

(Ed. Note—While Drew Pearson is on a brief vacation, the Washington Merry-Go-Round is being written by his old partner, Robert S. Allen.)

WASHINGTON

THE U. S. has a trumping ace up its sleeve in the fateful battle of Berlin.

While nothing has been said about it publicly, it is certain now that the allied sentries of the city can be amply supplied by airlift throughout the Winter.

That includes both fuel and food.

Already, the spectacular airlift is laying down 4,000 tons daily of these supplies. A minimum of 4,500 tons is required. This figure will be definitely attained by October 1, under present U. S. and British plans. By that date, the necessary transport planes, personnel, and ground facilities will be in operation to ensure a delivery of at least 4,500 tons of supplies every day regardless of weather conditions.

The program calls for the U. S. to transport 3,300 tons and the British 1,200 tons.

Nepotism

REPUBLICAN SEN. EDWARD V. ROBERTSON is one of the richest men in Congress. But that hasn't kept the British-born Wyoming cattle millionaire from putting his wife and his personal chauffeur on the public payroll.

The records of the Senate Secretary reveal the following:

Mrs. Mabel Laird Robertson has been on the Senate payroll as a "clerk" since her husband took office. Up to September 15, 1948, her pay was $2,400 a year. After that, she was raised to $3,600.

John W. Bonomo also is on the Senate payroll as a "clerk" in Robertson's office at $1,800 a year. Actually, Bonomo is Robertson's personal chauffeur. Bonomo now drives a flashy new Cadillac recently acquired by Robertson.

Mrs. Robertson's clerical activities are negligible—if any. She is very active in Washington society, and her name appears frequently in the local society pages as hostess or guest at swank parties.

Muzzled

ONCE a "red-hot" New Dealer, Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter now is carefully silent about that past. A friend asked Frankfurter about the whereabouts of the many New Deal proteges he had once encouraged in government jobs.

"Alas, I cannot tell you," smiled the little jurist. "You see, I am afflicted with judicial lockjaw."

Hot Air

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S penchant for talking "right" and then doing nothing about it is being graphically illustrated in a little drama involving a local Washington issue.

During his pre-convention political junket, the President did a lot of loud inveighing against the utilities. He blasted them from stem to stern. But he has yet to lift a finger in a bald utility rate grab right under his own nose.

The Washington Streetcar Company, already with a 10-cent cash fare, is asking a boost to 15 cents. The utility claims it needs this rate to get back to a 7 1-2 per cent profit level. This unusually high return was fixed by an old guard local Public Utility Commission.

Between 1942 and 1945, the car company averaged more than $1,000,000 a year above its high authorized profits. But the PUC stalled a fare-reduction case two years before acting. On the utilities' latest demand for a boost, the Commission has been racing like an express train. It has cuffed around civic groups opposing the boost, and acted more like the representative of the utility than the public.

Truman has the power to crack down on the Commission. He has been petitioned to do so. He has still to give any sign that he is aware of this rate grab—a subject that was frequently and noisily on his tongue out on the hustings.

Joseph & Stewart Alsop

The Phony Tomato

WASHINGTON

AT the Moscow scientific Congress a few weeks ago, a number of foreign scientists requested permission to visit the laboratories of the celebrated Soviet agricultural biologist, academician T. D. Lysenko. The permission was graciously granted, and the party, headed by Dr. Julian Huxley, presented themselves at Lysenko's institute at the appointed hour.

Lysenko's assistants met them with profuse apologies. The laboratories of the great academician, it appeared, were so secret that they were never, never, never visited by anyone at all. But the academician would give a lecture. In the lecture hall, therefore, the foreigners listened in bewilderment for an hour or more, while academician Lysenko thundered against the errors of "foreign bourgeois genetics," and grew lyrical over the miracles of "Marxist-Stalinist genetics."

It had never occurred to the foreign scientists that scientific theory was tinctured with politics. They were still more astonished because the system of plant breeding described by academician Lysenko flew flat in the face of every established principle of biology. But at the grand climax, the academician brandished before their eyes the living proof of his words. It was a bowl of tomatoes, each one bigger than a cantaloupe, all produced without deviation from the Marxist-Stalinist line.

There was a loud round of applause, led by the academician's assistants, and the meeting dissolved into a sociable reception. Rather inefficiently, perhaps, the bowl of Marxist-Stalinist tomatoes was left, in plain sight, on a table. A foreign scientist slipped one of the monstrous vegetables into his overcoat pocket. The Marxist-Stalinist tomato proved to be made of purest wax.

TRAGEDY HIDDEN

This little episode, which is completely authentic, hides a gigantic tragedy beneath its trivially comic surface. During the past fortnight, while the rest of the world has anxiously followed the Berlin crisis, "Pravda's" Moscow readers have been chiefly pre-occupied with a noisy struggle between biologists. A number of the genuinely brilliant and scientific Russian biologists, such as A. R. Zhebrak, I. Schmalhauzen and B. M. Zavadovsky, were under bitter attack for "foreign bourgeois deviations." The attacker was the great academician Lysenko of the waxen tomato.

The dispute was settled in Lysenko's favor a few days ago, by the august central committee of the Soviet Communist Party. Lysenko's colleagues were then unanimously converted to "Marxist - Stalinist genetics," and ate huge meals of dirt to save their hides. And the virtual dictator of all Soviet biological studies is now this pompous scientific fraud, Lysenko, a man no better than the famous injection-giving Dr. Theodor Morell, whom Hitler planned to make the ruler of the once great empire of German medicine after the expected Nazi victory.

The tragedy, of course, lies in the plight of able and devoted men like Zhebrak (known to Americans as the scientific member of the Russian UN delegation at San Francisco). They are now punished for their services to science and their country by being confided to the tender mercies of an angry quack, who hates them for having dared to challenge his theories of wax tomato breeding. It is the shocking story of Soviet music and the other arts all over again.

The story has two kinds of very real significance, moreover. In the vital field of experimentation in nuclear physics, there are now excellent reasons to believe that the Russian atomic scientists are regarded with such suspicion, and are so cabined and confined, that they have derived no benefit whatever from their captive German colleagues. This is only a piece with the contempt shown for the better Russian biologists and other scientific workers who do not play the political game.

CREATIVITY CRUSHED

And behind all this, finally, there is a process which has long been watched by foreign scientific experts and intelligence officers. The heavy hand of the police state, forbidding all freedom of inquiry, reaching into every research institution, encouraging not the good workman but the facile flatterer and office politician, is gradually crushing down all serious intellectual activity. Creative scientific thought is the source of modern technics. Modern technics are the basis of the modern industrial state. Thus, if creative thought is to be crushed out, the state will eventually see its own technical and industrial and military strength, all its achievement and its purpose, gradually weakening and crumbling away.

This is to be time's revenge upon the policemen. Meanwhile, it is amusing to remember, that the accurst policemen who are stationed in every laboratory and other Soviet institute, must have known very well that Lysenko's Marxist-Stalinist tomatoes were phony.

DeWitt MacKenzie

U. S. Of Europe

THE idea of forming a United States of Western Europe — a modification of the generations-old dream of a United States of all Europe — has been given a further boost by France.

Early in August, this column called attention to the sensational statement by Italy's free-thinking Foreign Minister, Count Carlo Sforza, that in order to effect a European union his country was ready to take the lead in accepting "curtailment of its political sovereignty, even in the most unexpected aspects." Simultaneously French Minister Paul Reynaud expressed the hope that Britain would come out in full support of a United States of Europe next Autumn after the dominions conference.

New French Secretary of State Francois Mitterand announces that the cabinet has decided to support a plan for convocation of an international assembly to draft a charter for uniting Western Europe under a Federal constitution. This project is sponsored by the International Committee for Coordination of Movements for a European Union.

SANDYS AT HEAD

It is worthy of note that the committee is headed by Duncan Sandys, son-in-law of Winston Churchill who long has been an advocate of such a union. Sandys's committee was appointed last May by the Congress of Europe held at The Hague under presidency of Churchill.

Mitterand says France will begin negotiations soon with the interested governments. Presumably he has in mind the nations which have subscribed to the Marshall Plan for European rehabilitation.

It strikes me as highly significant that Finance Minister Reynaud should interest himself in this project at a moment when he is struggling with the gravest economic crisis France has experienced. He is working with virtually dictatorial powers to meet this great emergency. Yet he has obviously wouldn't pause to consider such a European union if he didn't regard it as being of utmost importance.

If Reynaud is able to hang onto his giant-killing job, he seems likely to play an important role in the development of a federated union. His admirers credit him with a large degree of genius, and he certainly is a striking personality.

CRISIS BATTLER

A good deal of Reynaud's political life has been spent in meeting crises aspects." Simultaneously French Minister Paul Reynaud expressed the hope that Britain would come out in full support of a United States of Europe next Autumn after the dominions conference.

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Wry Jest

WHEN IT enacted the European Recovery Program, Congress wrote into law an unwitting wry jest on W. Averell Harriman. The sangling former Secretary of Commerce is Ambassador-at-Large in Europe charged with administration of the act. His official title as specifically designated by Congress is "United States Special Representative."

The initials of that title are USSR, which also stand for the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Farm Income

DESPITE the tapering off of grain prices, total farmer income this year will approximate 1947's record $30,500,000,000.

Following the commodity-market break last Spring, Government experts were fearful of a marked slump in farmer income this year. Preliminary statistics show that grower income will be a little less, if any, than last year's record-smashing peak.

That's good news in the national economic picture. It means no falling off in the vital segment of farmer buying. And when the farmer buys freely, industrial activity stays high.

Scooped

THERE was a personal reason for President Truman's furv at Governor Dewey's declaration for returning to Italy its pre-war African colonies.

The Republican standard-bearer "scooped" the White House on this vote-catching pronouncement.

This is how it happened: John Foster Dulles, Dewey's foreign affairs expert, participated in a State Dept. powwow that decided the U. S. would oppose its previous opposition to returning the colonies to Italy. Dulles advocated it in the secret meeting.

The Administration planned to break the news next month after the Presidential campaign got under way. But Dewey, obviously informed by Dulles, beat Truman to it. That's why he was so tartly miffed.