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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1951

A YAST FUTURE UNFOLDS BEFORE US

MANY are the prophets of doom who declare the world is headed for Hell on a buttered truck. They document their case well—an atomic armament race, bloody fighting in the Far East, inflation, corruption and tax burden at home, oppressed and hungry millions throughout the world seething with fanatic, nationalistic revolt.

But one outstanding fact emerges. In history it will probably overthrow the Communist revolution. The little-recognized fact is the emergence of a new political concept—the community of free men and the breakdown of national sovereignty which has long ruled the destinies of mankind.

Quibbling and argument among allies can mark growing unity as well as discord. And peace coalitions are being formed. The breakdown of the Korean War, records milestones of progress.

EUROPE today bears little resemblance to the war-broken, spiritless shell it was some 15 years ago. Communist strength there has progressively and markedly decreased; in this country it has been chased into insignificance.

In its stead has grown a spirit of transatlantic cooperation which would have seemed impossible a few years ago. Century-old nationalism was shattered in Europe, during the past four years. This has been accomplished through a series of moves. There was the great and magnanimous Marshall Plan for U. S. self-interest and humanitarianism, followed by its European subsidiary, the Organization for European Economic Co-operation; the European Payments Union, which broke through currency barriers; the Schuman Plan for pooling European coal, iron and steel industries; the European Army, under which national contingents which have usually fought each other now are being integrated.

But—and this is most significant—it is not only in Europe that old concepts are falling. Canada and the U. S.—slowly but surely—have broken through the isolationist shell which we pecked at in the teens and pecked from in the 30's. But our internationalism differs greatly from that variety which Wilson strove to inculcate. Ours is not a one-world internationalism. Ours is a free-world internationalism. We support, surely, the U. N. with deeds, dollars and fire phrases. But our practical international politics is based on this new Atlantic community of freedom-loving men. The culmination of this new concept may well be—decades or centuries hence—one world, and properly so. But we at long last realize that order and law is not something which can be imposed from

the top down on antithetical governments and peoples in various stages of civilization. Therefore we are building from this transatlantic nucleus, with its ethnic, cultural, economic and military ties, a group of like-minded peoples who, fortunately, in these troublous times, contain or confound a majority of the world's material resources. Thus the foundations of eventual world order are being laid on a solid foundation which can be expanded, just as the colonial union on the Atlantic seaboard expanded from its modest beginnings in 1789.

To this end we have associated ourselves firmly with Western Europe—first militarily. But it was soon realized that General Eisenhower's task was much more than a military assignment. The soldier-statesman admitted that some of his army associates might think him crazy, but said, and continues to say, that the key to the progress of the Atlantic community is political union. Last week at Strasbourg U. S. Congressmen and their European counterparts argued the relative merits of European and Atlantic Union. Like the Virginians in the 1780s, speaking about New England, some of the American legislators expressed reservations about forming political union with their poorer European cousins. But the important, and amazing, fact is not that the men differed. It is that legislators who are serious about missing union now, be it European or Atlantic.

FRED MURROW, CBS's thoughtful reporter, summed it up well recently after a talk with Jean Monnet, a modern French revolutionist of the finest tradition of his country. Said Murrow:

"Nations-states can no more live alone than could the caveman. The narrow, national compartment is as out-of-date as the clan. . . . Something more is needed to create larger communities where we all share the responsibilities as the caveman was obliged to do and leave the jungle of international life for the high ground of federation."

Communism, in the long run, might be the thing which puts this old world on the right track. To illustrate, what we mean is to recall a homely story British historian Arnold J. Toynbee used to point up the thesis. Toynbee told of a trawler captain who always brought back beautiful fish. They were different from the catches of other skippers—fresh and lively. One day he told a friend his secret:

"You see, for every thousand live herrings I put into my tank on my trawler, I put one live catfish into one or two of the herrings while the way home, and he keeps the rest moving. He keeps them lively and they come back in a terrific condition."

The Communist catfish are stirring the Western herring, who had been sluggish too long. The end result can be as surprising to the herring as it will be disappointing to the catfish. Man's future can be vast.

FADING FURS

SEVERAL birds were wined—not all of them killed—when the President banned import of certain furs from Russia and some of the satellite countries last week.

For many years the Reds have undoubtedly laughed up their sleeves as they sold ermine, fox, kolinsky, marten, sable, Persian lamb, etc., to bourgeois Americans, getting good money in return for the overpriced, useless hides most of our workmen long for.

Now a complete ban on import from Russia and Poland of seven types of furs has been imposed. As a result, the Russians will find dollars a little harder to come by. Every woman will sigh with relief—she can tell the good wife she really would like to see her draped in the finest mink from Murman, but they just aren't available. And perhaps our wives will not return from bridge parties with deflated egos because their trappings

aren't as ritzy as those of Mrs. Jones down the street.

But, as usual, there are loopholes. Sable and Persian lamb import is not banned, although trade concessions affecting them are being abolished. New York furriers estimate they have enough Russian furs to meet the demands of American women for another year or two. Then if they run short, they say, they'll probably be able to get the furs by some roundabout trade—at a consequently higher price.

We have long held that rabbits, muskrats and sheep yield as warm and beautiful a pelt as any have ever been transferred from its owner. If this global economic war incidentally causes our snootier fellow-citizens to settle for a good old Montana muskrat or Alabama possum we will about with glee.

Of course there will be hardships. Domestic output might not be able to keep up with Washington demand for mink coats.

From The New York Times

BIRTH OF A NEWSPAPER

A NEW newspaper made its appearance recently. It said it would express the true feelings of the national spirit and ran a picture of the President and his wife on the front page. It called itself "The Service of the People" and announced the end of the regime. It carried ample advertising, and promised a circulation of several hundred thousand. Quite a start for a new newspaper.

over from Democracy, the Peronists organ that has as much to do with democracy as "Justice" has to do with justice.

The building, the press, the type and the ink have now been transferred from La Prensa to "La Prensa". Management will supposedly be in the hands of the Peronists Labor Confederation. But in receiving this "gift" from Peron labor has received worse than nothing. It has received the corpse of a newspaper. Every page of every issue will serve as a reminder, every day, of the deadly hand of dictatorship, of what it has done to a free press, as to free labor, in the Peron's Argentina.

"And now, gentlemen," continued the Congressman. "I wish to tax your memory. 'God Heavens,' muttered a colleague, 'why haven't we thought of that before?'"—Eliashbeton (Kipp News).

The News takes credit for just one thing: Every time a sandwich and a cup of coffee is served to a group it isn't called a banquet—Eliashbeton (Kipp News).

ATLANTA SCENE.—One downfalls politician to another. "Well, I've got to go to court to try a little vagrancy case." Second policeman: "Kinkofski"—Atlanta Journal.

For Seventy Billion Dollars We Want To See The Whole Thing



People's Platform

Letters should be brief, written on one side of the paper. The writer's name must be signed, but may be withheld from publication in the discretion of the Editor. The News reserves the right to condense.

A Vote For Handel

Editors, The News: WHAT is this fuss over 'Hillbilly music anyway?' In the open forum of the past few days I have noticed a little row going about Handel. Today's paper brought the climax as far as I am concerned.

I am a student, so to speak, as I like to study music and listen to it. This is one of those things that I do all the time. In my studies I have noticed two things. First of all that not all people like all types of music. This is so common about us, that I think it is worth pointing out. It is thus while I like Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven and true folk music, others may like Kirby, Carle and Crosby.

Second, that true folk music forms the basis of a good many symphonies and operas. Thus it is not surprising that many folk tunes reach the hit parade. Such is the case now with 'Good Old Mountain Dew.' 'On Top Of Old Smoky.' I have heard references to this song ever since I was kneehigh to a dock. Others, in their own similar way, have been heard and will be heard from now till some songwriter will write something like 'On Top Of Old Lums.' So let's all shake hands and listen to Handel's Messiah, the greatest piece of music in the world.

—R. V. SULLIVAN.

Oh, That 'Good Old Mountain Dew'

Editors, The News: 'NOR' what he spoke, though it lacked form a little. It was not a bad thing. There's something in his soul O'er which his melancholy sits on brood."

Have been following in this column the "Hillbilly Tune vs. Other Music" debate. The initial action in provoking this argument was both timely and unfortunate. It served only to raise the ire of those good people who are very fond of hillbilly and folk music, will always be fond of it (perhaps to the exclusion of all other types), and who unquestionably have a perfect right to be fond of it.

Despite an admirably worded argument, the words signified nothing, and the writer failed (as "we" inevitably) in proving hillbilly music bad or inferior for the reason that it is one of those intangibles whose types either appeal or are repugnant on an individual basis. Paralleling this point is our individual fondness for certain books, foods, or recreational activities, and our dislike for others.

The first letter writer did succeed admirably well in getting across the point he was strictly agin' the music that made Acuff famous. He is certainly entitled to think so. Many, many, human ears, of course, care not a whit whether the notes that concordantly penetrate are composed of "naive lyrics" or are "rhythmically balanced, by

Spaugh Column Helpful

Editors, The News: I HAVE read Dr. Spaugh's column for years and I have never written to let you know how very helpful it has been to me and many others. My mind goes back to them for so in Korea. It is sent by you to their children in college, and during the years I have done volunteer work at our hospital, I have seen so many of these clippings on the patients' bedside table.

I do hope you will continue to always publish this source of strength for our trying times.

—MRS. R. V. REID

We Elected Them

Editors, The News: I HAD to believe in the people who are in through our negligence and indifference and as long as we put them there let us live with them or use our "privilege" of ousting them. Has anyone in this city written to his Senator lately? I'll wager if they wanted to they wouldn't know his name.

By the way — who would we put in their places? It seems moral laxity has entered in every phase of today's living in all stations.

—G. R. WYATT

A Modicum Of Mystery Girls Don't Overplay A Bosom Bare

By ROBERT C. RUARK

A SURVEY of the arts and crafts of the few years has finally convinced me that the eagle is no longer the symbol of America. Our national emblem is a sweater, well stuffed with woman. The female chest has become the standard by which everything else is judged. In the Air Force are judged.

I feel no hesitancy in attacking the subject since all mystery has been stripped from the bosom by television, stage, Hollywood, the press, advertising and economic conditions. One man even has a successful syndication column devoted mostly to chest measurement. He was talking not long ago with Julie Harris, an English actress, who professed some amazement at American preoccupations with the mammary glands. "In England," she said, "acting is still done with the face. Over here I am of the opinion that the more the profile has been freshly discovered, and is the sole property of the Americans. I strongly suspect that the majority of Liberty has not been replaced with a statue of Dagmar."

Now I am not a person who is too much emphasis on anything spoils its general long-term effectiveness. Some years back I estimated that a very functional and pleasant sort of the ladies had degenerated into little more than a decorative device, and the institution stands.

The fresh point here is that while the bust is interesting it is a news, yet we treat it as such today. I have a clipping here from the New York Press which reads: "It's her gasps that draw gapes to Dagmar's rival—the girl who is that the dame can knock out the eye out of the eye out of exhalation. This did not strike

me as particularly interesting. The commercialization of the bosom has reached a peak, in the opinion of one unconnected with the field. It is broadly hinted that if you buy this kind of car, ride this plane this kind of dress, play this game or drink that kind of beverage, you will not only become healthy, wealthy and wise, but will automatically increase your chest measurement. This, I believe, is carrying it a little far.

Some reasonable divine, in most cases, and I would admire to kick it out of the domain of general publicity. Grant a modicum of mystery, maidens, and remember that faith, not a D-cup, moves mountains. You might also reduce the chest measurement sometimes based on underplaying a valued possession, rather than hitting the eye out of the eye over the head with an already obvious fact.

Winston May Become Assistant President For '52 Build-up

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WASHINGTON: THE Chief Justice, what the Chief Justice said to the President at the Thanksgiving dinner was not only a bad precedent, but a precedent of State who could possibly be a candidate in 1952. In short, whereas he was formerly willing to inherit Candidate's place, he is now reluctant to succeed Acheson; and that is a strong Presidential persuasion.

As further complication the Chief Justice has also indicated that he is most emphatically opposed to any member of the Court going straight from the bench to party politics. For this there is, of course, the precedent set by the late Chief Justice Hughes. But the Chief Justice himself thinks it a bad precedent, and believes firmly that some sort of disrobing room must be provided before a justice to become a vote-catcher spell at the State Department would be, of course, ideal for this purpose.

But if the State Department is justified in resigning from the court, it is a resignation from the court. If the State Department is not, it is a resignation from the court. It is a resignation from the court. It is a resignation from the court.

SECRETARYSHIP UNLIKELY: If any politics at all were discussed at the Thanksgiving dinner, it was in the form of a resignation from the court. It is a resignation from the court. It is a resignation from the court.

GRACEFUL EXIT: For all these reasons, some of these people are guessing — and it is pure guesswork — that the President will name Winston a sort of assistant President. The offer of a post with large and general authority, and the opportunity to be useful to the government, would reduce the impression of the President Truman himself, would permit Chief Justice Vinson to step into the breach, and the benefit it would not involve foreign policy-making in pre-electoral politics. It is a resignation from the court. It is a resignation from the court.

King-Maker King: FOR months, King has had no secret, in talking to friends, that he was sore at the Justice Department for its handling of the Long Beach Federal Savings & Loan Association. Nor has he concealed the fact that he has made inquiries at the Justice Department to find out how the tax cases, involving Congressman King's friends, were handled.

However, the Congressman was not queried about these matters. But on the thing that did leak out was that Lamar Caudle, the recently fired Justice Department tax chief, had been concerned over failure to prosecute the Long Beach tax case, and on March 3, 1951, had demanded an investigation of the Long Beach Federal Savings & Loan Association. King had been given to the Harvey Machine Co.

Congress Investigates Itself: CONGRESSIONAL hearings regarding alleged backbiting wire-pullings on income taxes by Congressman Cecil King of California illustrate the difficulty of having Congress investigate itself.

King discreetly stayed away from the committee when it considered his reported attempts to stall tax prosecution of some of his friends in the Long Beach Federal Savings & Loan Association. However, his fellow Democrat, Congressman J. M. Combs of Texas, who presided, set the stage with this unusual statement:

"It is of course a perfectly serious thing for Mr. King that he has come up, Combs declared solemnly. "We are simply out to clear this matter up to the committee and its chairman. That is all."

"Incidentally, we did not get interested in finding here, it is not our province to find, whether his tax is due or not due, or whether there are violations or not violations in

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round Cliches Helps Stagnate Montana Power Grab

Montana by putting it in the aluminum business. Chapman, however, harassed and tried to leave for Hawaii, ignored Licks' phone call. And since Licks is sensitive about the idea of trying to run the Interior Department, he sat down and wrote a letter to President Truman, whose views on monopoly he felt sure he knew.

Within a few hours, word of this letter got back to Chapman. Immediately he telephoned his old boss, listened to his plans on monopoly and Anaco, wrote a letter to Defense Plans Administrator Manly Fleischman, stating that he would like to see Anaco, and that he had given to the Harvey Machine Co.

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Popular Secretary of the Interior

POPULAR Secretary of the Interior OWEN CHAPMAN has been re-elected for twelve years under Secretary of the Interior Harold Licks, but today they aren't getting along so well.

In fact, it's got so that the present Secretary of the Interior doesn't always return the phone calls of the ex-Secretary of the Interior.

The other day ex-Secretary Licks phoned his young protégé to urge him to oppose the granting of Government power to Henry Horse Dam, Montana, to the Giant Anaco Copper Co. for the purpose of putting that company into the aluminum business.

Licks wanted to tell Chapman about an experience he had during World War II when he was encouraging the Reynolds Metals Co. to go into the aluminum business in order to break up the monopoly hold of the Aluminum Corporation of America. Hearing of his plan, Undersecretary of War Bob Patterson, Averell Harriman and a delegation of top military brass called on Licks to oppose Reynolds' plan. Licks waved his arms, charged gun, strode up and down the room.

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