EDITORIAL PAGE
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## Strike Flood

If the Bureau of Labor Statistics intends to keep tab of the man days lost in strikes from here on in, it must lay to immediately. We are upon the golden era of the strike as an industrial weapon. It is only dawning, to be sure, and when the war with Japan is done we will see things yet undreamed of. There are optimists about who welcome this wave of strikes in these times. They calculate that the present crop may be carefully analyzed for light on the kind of labor policy we should pursue in the post-war reconversion period—when strikes must be minimized.

From the way things are going we hold little hope that we'll be able to scotch the trend. No sooner is one strike ended than another breaks out. Considering everything, there are few men involved. We work up to a high of about 50,000 men out on strike, then drop down to 25,000—then soar upwards again. And students of the labor movement profess to see a new kind of force at work in the strike epidemic.

They say that what the workers are after now—even if subconsciously—is security. Even though they strike ostensibly for better wages and hours, they are supposed to be after long-term security. That is shown by demands for an annual wage, for welfare funds. And some of labor's closest friends say even that the demand for the closed shop is really a demand for security; they say, too, that labor wants shorter hours because they mean more jobs.

About that we can't say. It seems to us that labor might be looking for "security" gains in this period because the War Labor Board has blocked the way to higher wages. Perhaps the boys are taking only what they can get, and haven't changed their strategy but only their tactics. In any event, there are hopeful signs. This time few employers are behaving as if they would like to crush unions, as many of them did after the last war. And labor itself sounds a little more enlightened. One CIO leader, Cheyfitz of the Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers, has warned his men that labor cannot "increase its share of goods by producing less." Perhaps it will wash out after all, in time.

## 'Shiners Beware

The boys in the Malamute saloon had best be careful how they whoop it up now that the district attorney in Judge Yates Webb's Federal court is to be that stalwart Prohibitionist, Lawyer D. E. Henderson. When this court convenes, the United Drys will be in session.

Is it merely a coincidence that Senator Hoey, who controls the district attorney appointment, should select someone of the same school of demonology as his kinsman? Federal court has, of course, no jurisdiction over the boys in the back room. In the case of liquor, what it has to enforce is the revenue laws, not the moral laws. Judge Webb manages nontheless to put into the proceedings a good deal of righteous indignation which gives his court a piquant character of its own and makes defendants on moonshining charges exceedingly wary of it.

Now with D.A. D.E. Henderson to contribute from the floor some measure of the zest which Judge Webb dispenses from the bench, liquor-making and liquor-running in the Western District of North Carolina face an unhappy day in court. Maybe that was in the mind of Senator Hoey, himself a charter Prohibitionist. Maybe they're going to try to prove that Prohibition will work.

## Full-Speed Max

You could've closed your eyes while Max Gardner was speaking in Spindale the other night and imagined that you were hearing Henry Wallace, or maybe even one of the brethren from PAC. The Governor was speaking powerfully of full employment, and if that doesn't mean much, he was saying that American business in the years ahead would dwarf anything we had ever known, even in '29. He was saying that '29 was really a hundred years ago, economically speaking, and that this country must forget its old ways. He was promising that our national income of the future would make a kind of laughing stock of those who are now fretting over the size of our national debt.

North Carolina, we suppose, need'nt have been surprised. O. Max has always been a full employment man, in a way. He practiced mass production in business, and pushed it in business and agriculture as Governor. He's always been closely identified with the conservative Democratic order in North Carolina, but he hasn't been counted among the forces of reaction. And since he's been in Washington his expressions have become almost liberal.

In this instance, however, it is not his ideology which is at stake. As chairman of the advisory board of War Mobilization & Reconversion, he was speaking the sentiment of a hopefully optimistic business man. He was looking beyond the period of converting to civilian production, and daring the surmise that our vast production potential which has been mobilized for war can be used in peace. He suggested that there was no reason for a relapse, for an economy of scarcity. He envisions a time when the goods will pour forth from American plants in peace at the same incredible rate we have seen in war.

And he proposes that the country must accept this challenge or meet with disaster. Already under the heavy shadow of a 300 billion dollar debt, the nation cannot expect to carry on with a pre-war economy. Income, he expects, will stick at about 125 billions—and we'll need it to carry the load and move on into a better, faster, more prosperous world.

## You Say Equal?

The ladies, who now spend only 85 per cent of the nation's budgets, are striking for equality. They want the other 15 per cent. By now, they've reached the Congress, and inside the House Judiciary Committee a furious squabble is brewing. Momentous issues are at stake.

There's a report, you might as well know, suggesting legislation for an equal rights amendment to the Constitution. We don't know quite how they'd word it; likely something vague and indefinite directing that all joint bank accounts become Madam's, and specifying that all pay checks be made payable to her alone. At any rate, the thing's gone that far.

There are a couple of thought schools here. One holds that this newfangled civil right for the women folks is necessary to halt discrimination in lower wages, and their exclusion from some jobs (they want to go a step beyond welding and steamfitting). The other holds that this thing is loaded. It is suggested that such an amendment might, while promoting equality, remove woman's traditional protection. Not only would they be forced to stand in crowded busses without recourse to the seat of the equalized male; they might never again be bowed first into revolving doors, or expect to see hats doffed in elevators. Less important, vital health laws protecting women might be removed; women might become equally liable for family support—or be forced to pay alimony. Heaven, if you'll pardon us, forbid.

One Congressman, Hobbs of Alabama (a good Democrat) was outraged. He foresaw the ruination of American womanhood, the invasion of the home and the institution of marriage, the loss of property rights. He thought Congress should view this proposal with horror.

Congress will, beyond a doubt, the beleaguered gentlemen will be assailed on one side by a passel of wimmen screaming for the rest of the national wealth, and on the other by a clamor for an even more sheltered life for the deadly sex. We don't see it. If they aim to be realistic about this in Washington they might beat the drums for equal rights for men. That would come nearer to rectifying the situation.

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For the isolationist it is a sad day when our Senate gives landslide approval to an international organization for peace. Such things rock a fellow's whole lack of faith.

## Statesmen At Work

*(Serious facetious and comic excerpts from the Congressional Record).*

REP. SAVAGE (Wash.) Mr. Speaker, I have notified the gentleman from Mississippi Mr. Rankin that I was going to say something about the bill that was not particularly complimentary. I suppose he is present.

Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Mississippi, Mr. John E. Rankin, has been an outstanding liberal Democratic member and has been of great service to the nation. But this great service would be far outweighed to South Carolina, creating strife and turmoil should Congress pass the bill H. R. 3384, that the gentleman has introduced for the purpose of giving the veterans to bust labor unions.

I agree with the Washington post editorial of July 10, 1945, when it said:

**Our own guess is that they—**

**The veterans—**

**will readily see through it as a plain piece of demagogy.**

The Post also said:

**Mr. Rankin, as a matter of fact, let the rat out of the bag and disclosed his real purpose when he said that his bill would allow veterans to take jobs vacated by strikers.**

Mr. SABATH (Ill.) The gentleman yielded to the gentleman from Mississippi a while ago who was trying to insert his viewpoint and interpretation and laying everything to the Communists. The Communists were in no way responsible for this war. It was the Fascists and the Nazis that were responsible for this cruel war, is that not a fact?

Mr. CARNAHAN I think the gentleman has his contribution and will see that it was the Nazi ideology is responsible for the war.

Mr. RANKIN Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. CARNAHAN I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi.

Mr. RANKIN But the Communists sided with Hitler until he attacked Russia. We could not get anyone interested who is not in sympathy with our Congressional form of government and who favors changing it, to go into these foreign radical and teach our people that contrary to our constitutional form of government and our beach-head Constitution of the United States, and what it means.

# The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

THE Congressional hullabaloo over attempts to corner the American rye market has only scratched the surface.

If Congress should ever dig deep enough, it will unearth one of the juiciest stories of riding the grain market the country has heard for a long time, including some of President Truman's close supporters, chiefly Ed Pauley, former treasurer of the Democratic National Committee.

Other Democrats active in rye were Senator "Pappy" O'Daniel of Texas, Senator "Happy" Chandler of Kentucky, Attorney General Kenny of California, and Senator Scott Lucas of Illinois.

Senator Lucas was chiefly engaged in trying to lift transportation restrictions so the Chicago boys could unload their tremendous quantities of rye. Chandler and Kenny were let in on the deal through their friend, Ed Pauley. Their profits were relatively small, Chandler making less than $100.

They were stowaways compared with the really big operators, General Foods, owned in part by Mrs. Joe Davies, wife of Roosevelt's former Ambassador to Belgium and to Russia. General Foods, after buying 89 per cent of all the deliverable supply of rye and being stuck with it, then performed a beautiful salesmanship job in persuading the Belgian Government to take a million bushels off its hands—paid for by U. S. taxpayers through Lend-Lease.

### No Rye Ceiling

The story begins in the Winter of 1942, when ceiling prices were put on all grains except rye. Official explanation for this exception is that rye was way below parity—around 52 cents a bushel—and the ceiling price was left off for the benefit of the farmer who deserved to get parity, which is over a dollar a bushel.

However, this left rye sticking up like a sore thumb as the one grain in which speculators could trade, and General Foods immediately went into the market, working through a well-known Chicago grain operator—Dan Rice. Charles Metcalf, vice-president of General Foods, was called on the carpet by the Chicago Board of Trade and warned that he had so many relatives and friends buying rye for him through disguised brokerage accounts that he was barred from buying any more December rye futures.

Finally, in May, 1944, the General Foods rye corner reached the stupendous total of 13,262,000 bushels or 89 per cent of the entire rye crop.

It was for trading through this period—1942-44—that the Agriculture Department cracked down on General Foods with an order to show cause why they should not be barred from the Chicago grain market.

However, it is since May, 1944, that some of the interesting things happened.

During the Summer of 1944 there was so much rye heaped up in Chicago elevators that the War Food Administration instructed the WPB to order grain distilleries to use 10 per cent rye in making alcohol. Naturally this was a boon to General Foods. It helped get rid of its accumulated rye.

Speculation continued. By the Winter of 1944-45 other people besides General Foods were in the market, too. In fact, a lot of money held by wealthy European refugees in this country went into rye. This refugee money played rye against General Foods. They sold short.

The refugees were gambling that the war would be over last Winter and they could import Argentine rye at around 65 cents a bushel to replace their short sales in Chicago.

As a result of this trading, the gigantic total of one billion rye futures was out against a 30-million-bushel crop in the Winter of 1944-45.

### Lobbyists Busy

Meanwhile, the General Foods boys were racking their brains as to how to get rid of their rye. They didn't know what to do with it. The rye market is limited. Only a small amount goes into rye bread, and General Foods' tremendous holdings became embarrassing. Also, Chicago Board of Trade men were demanding that the rye be moved out of Chicago. So the General Foods lobbyists got busy in Washington, and, after some wining and dining of Belgian Commercial Counselor Joseph Jennen, they managed a deal whereby Belgium would take rye off their hands.

Belgium wanted rye as cattle feed, in order to build up its herds, seriously hit during the German occupation. The Foreign Economic Administration ordered the Commodity Credit Corporation to purchase 1,044,000 bushels of rye for Belgium. Simultaneously, FEA ordered 3,005,736 bushels for UNRRA, to be used in feeding Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia, which are legitimate rye consuming countries.

The rye was purchased very quietly on March 19, 1945, and officials made a careful effort not to let speculators know what was happening.

### Rye Soars

As news of the Belgian deal leaked out, rye soared so high that the Commodity Credit Corporation sold 50,000 bushels it had left over from the Belgian transaction at a lush profit of $20,000.

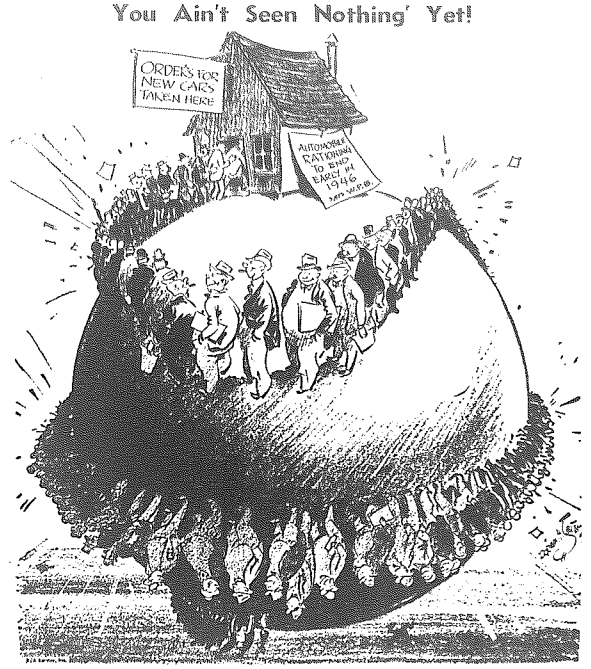
By this time, valuable freight-car space needed for wheat was being used to carry rye to the Atlantic Seaboard.

So finally the Department of Agriculture stepped in and embargoed rye shipments to the Atlantic Seaboard. It was at this point that Senator Scott Lucas of Illinois used his influence to try to keep rye moving. He was acting at the request of his friends on the Chicago Board of Trade, who wanted to clear rye out of Chicago. There is no evidence that Lucas was financially interested.

Simultaneously, Senator "Pass-the-Biscuits-Pappy" O'Daniel of Texas also began buttonholing officials in order to permit the movement of rye. Pappy was working at the behest of Ralph Moore, who, in turn, was working with Dan Rice, the rye manipulator for General Foods.

All the more recent Senate lobbying, however, failed to budge new Secretary of Agriculture Clinton Anderson. He has remained adamant that freight-car space eastward must be used for wheat, dairy feed, and other more essential grains, rather than helping General Foods unload the millions of bushels of rye which they hoarded in one of the greatest grain speculations of the century.

## You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet!

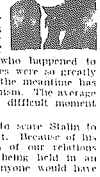



# An Average Man At Potsdam

By Marquis Childs

WASHINGTON

IT happened a week before President Roosevelt's death. We were sitting talking in the reception room just off the Senate floor.



The subject was talking about how badly FDR had looked when he had last seen him, just before the departure for Warm Springs. The Senator was talking, too, about Russia and the grave problem of Soviet-U. S. relations.

"Can you imagine Harry Truman sitting down across from Stalin and seeing how he deals?" the Senator said and he laughed at his own wry joke.

Now that Harry Truman is there to sit down across from Stalin, it seems strange to think back to that curiously troubled time when the capacities of the unobtrusive, average American who happened to be Vice-President of the United States were so greatly underrated. What has happened in the meantime has been an instructive lesson in Americanism. The average man has risen to the demands of a difficult moment in world history.

President Truman is not trying to scare Stalin to death. He has better sense than that. Because of his reasonable approach to the question of our relations with Russia, the Berlin meeting is being held in an atmosphere far more hopeful than anyone would have imagined possible three months ago.

Truman had the good sense to send Harry L. Hopkins to Moscow even though many voices were clamoring for the heads of all New Dealers. He united Hopkins' knowledge and skill, his great capacities as a negotiator.

As Hopkins knows better than anyone else, what he achieved at Moscow was a compromise. It is a compromise that has caused no little bitterness. But it cleared the way for an understanding without which nothing is possible. Stalin, Churchill and Truman meet with three more obstacles—obstacles that loomed so large three months ago—cleared away.

But even so, Harry Truman faces perhaps the greatest test since he became President. He is going to need all the support that we here at home can give him.

The background for the Presidents' visit is auspicious. The House is certain to ratify the Charter with only four or five dissenting votes. The Bretton Woods monetary proposal will be adopted, although by a somewhat smaller majority.

How different from Woodrow Wilson's post-World War I visit to Europe! This time the framework of co-operation has been built with American aid and overwhelming American approval.

To understand the real nature of the President's ordeal, you must remember that for millions in Western Europe American seems like a last hope. Destruction and disintegration have gone so far that only with our substantial help and support can democratic Europe be rebuilt. Even then the chances are not good.

Not alone to Governments but to millions of individuals President Truman will symbolize the dream of America—the dream of hope, of rebirth. Wherever he goes he will meet with the pleadings and the importunities of a desperate people. Until one has seen the ruin of Europe, one can have no idea of the intensity of this despair.

One who has worked closely with Truman during his first three months in office was talking recently of his decisiveness. He is almost too quick to make decisions, this official said, and to illustrate what he meant he spoke of the President's sudden resolve, before he left on his visit to the Pacific Northwest and San Francisco, to come out for the Speaker of the House as his successor should something happen to him. That was a throw-back judgment.

In troubled Europe such quick decisions can lead to endless difficulty. As the President with his shrewd commonsense knows, very well, the European solution will not be quick or easy.

Contrary to first reports, Truman is not making an extensive tour that would take him to a half dozen European countries. Such a tour might cost far more in time and strain than any gain coming from first-hand knowledge.

The ordeal lies ahead. The outcome will mean much, not merely to Truman the man, but to all of us as Americans.

"Why is everybody screaming at that man in the blue coat who tells the players what to do? Is he from the ration board?"

# A New Disorder

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

EUROPEANS must be coming to the conclusion that we Americans are wonderful organizer's of goods, and poor organizers of peoples. Wherever we go, the trolley cars run, and the minds of men stop still.

A correspondent in Austria reports that one of our American Military Government officials was seriously annoyed because some local patriots drew up a list of Nazi writers, intending to send it around to bookshops, with a warning against sale of works by the men named. Our AMG official is certainly opposed to the Nazis. But he does not want Austrians to go actively to work against the Nazis. That would be irregular. We are forever telling the conquered and liberated peoples not to think until we can complete plans for their education.

The result is a vast frozen disorder, which we call order. Another correspondent, writing from Kitzbuhl, makes the valid point that if we really wanted to understand the Austrian situation, we would allow the people to produce their own newspapers, and to hold political meetings. We would then quickly find out who was who, and what was what; but it is as if we feared to set this vast clockwork in motion; we prefer that all the tiny figures shall stand still, until we, working from the outside, are ready to arrange them.

The last-mentioned correspondent, Philip Jordan of the Nation tells about one American captain, in the town of Strobl, near Salzburg, who fired the Nazi Mayor and Deputy Mayor, and actually held a municipal election, to decide on their successors. It worked like a dream, apparently much to the astonishment of higher-ups in the American Military Government. But what is really astonishing is that Americans should find it astonishing that the free election system works.

As to what we are afraid of, one cannot say, for we could always hail journalistic and political manifestations harmful to us.

Indeed, such manifestations would be useful; they would reveal our enemies. It is much easier to make judgments among men in motion than among men at rest. The political catalepsy we have imposed on our zones of Germany and Austria is of aid to the Nazis, if it is of aid to anyone. The defeated Nazis work best in just this atmosphere of deathly silence. Where Nazis have managed to creep into, or remain in, municipal governments, it is certainly of help to them that no local paper can denounce them, and that no demonstration against them can be staged outside the windows of the city hall.

The average European must be coming to the conclusion that while we Americans are wonderfully capable at moving mountains of material, we often seem terrified by a mere mouse of an idea. Europeans know we are brave; but it must also seem to them that we become strangely uncomfortable the moment the fighting stops; we want everybody to keep quiet for so long as we have to stay around, and we can't wait to get out. We don't seem to know what we want, and we seem to be against wanting, in principle, we have extraordinarily little taste for political process.

### A Slight Confusion

THERE are any number of stories about the difficulties our foreign guests get into when called upon to say a few words at banquets these days. The English language, as she is spoken, is often an insurmountable hurdle, even to those brought up under the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge?

Anyhow a famous French general, representing DeGaulle, became very nervous at a banquet when he was told he would be called upon to say a few words in English. He was comforted by his neighbor who said all he would be expected to do was drink a toast to the ladies and then sit down.

But the first speaker did that by raising his glass to the women of France. The general paled. He was told to relax, that he could drink a toast to the ladies of America. The second speaker, however, did that.

To help him out, his neighbor whispered that when he arose he should drink a toast to the ladies of "both hemispheres."

The general, called upon, became flustered but straightening up, he raised his glass and proposed:

"Let us all drink to both hemispheres of the ladies." — Uncle Mat's Letter.

# A New Potsdam

THERE is a kind of poetic justice in Potsdam as the site of the present conference to mete out justice to a defeated Germany, to prevent Germany from waging war again, to organize a world in which Germany will play a subordinate role. For in Potsdam was the Kaiser's Summer palace, and it was from Potsdam that he hoped to dominate all Europe after Germany would have won the First World War. And in Potsdam on the eve of World War I were held conferences which made that war inevitable.

After the Franco-German War of 1870, William I was proclaimed Emperor of the new German Empire in the palace of Versailles, symbol of France's former greatness. The victor, to the Kaiser's, Adolf Hitler, found poetic justice in making defeated France sign surrender terms in 1940 in the railroad coach where defeated Germany had signed surrender terms in 1918. Thus Bismarck in 1871 and Hitler in 1940 had rubbed in as much the French mind the fact of Germany's victory. In 1945 Truman, Churchill and Stalin, by meeting at Potsdam are making the fact of Germany's defeat clearer than ever to the German mind.

Potsdam, sixteen miles from Berlin, is an old beauty around which rivers, lakes and canals merge. At the outbreak of World War II Potsdam had a population of about 63,000. It has been an insignificant fishing village until Frederick William the Great Elector of Brandenburg made it his official residence in 1640. It was Frederick the Great who really made Potsdam building there after the Seven Years War. His "New Palace" in 1945 the King of Prussia (the title assumed by the Electors of Brandenburg in 1701). Tsar Alexander I of Russia and Francis II of Austria, who was also Holy Roman Emperor, signed at Potsdam on Nov. 3, 1805, their treaty of alliance against Napoleon.

The Kings of Prussia intended Potsdam to rival if not to surpass Versailles, but Potsdam's architecture lacks unity. The Town Palace is in classical style. The Brandenburg Gate follows the lines of a Roman triumphal arch. The huge New Palace is said by Baedeker to follow Dutch and English models." In the outskirts is the Marble Palace, in a form of classical style.

The one-story Palace of Sanssouci with extensive terraces was the almost constant residence of Frederick the Great. His apartments there were furnished in rococo style. The Garrison Church contains the remains of Frederick the Great and of his father, Frederick William, the real creator of the Prussian Army. Some of the streets reflect Dutch architecture, others, Italian architecture. The large Sanssouci Park is replete with statues, as is most of Potsdam. In Potsdam is the replica, presented by the United States Government, of the statue in the direction of Lyons, von Steuben, who trained the American troops in the Revolutionary War.

During World War I the world was led to believe that conclusions had been decided upon at a conference held by the Kaiser at Potsdam, where he was supposed to have asked his military, naval and financial leaders if they were ready for war. That story of the Potsdam Conference is now believed to be apocryphal. But at Potsdam on July 5 the Kaiser told the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to Berlin that Germany would support Austria-Hungary in its stern demands on Serbia following the murder of Austrian Archduke Francis Ferdinand. On the next day the Kaiser held at Potsdam a conference with his Chancellor, as a result of which the Kaiser's assurances to Austro-Hungary were made official and Austria-Hungary on July 23 of that year, was held the Council of War on England's course if Germany declared war on France. — Editorial Research Reports.