THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

W. C. DOWD, Publisher · J. E. DOWD, Editor · HARRY S. ASHMORE, Associate Editor

TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1946

The Checks And Balances Still Work

WE have just been treated to a practical exercise in the workings of the American system of governmental checks and balances. The Atomic Control Bill, after being sabotaged almost captiously by a runaway House of Representatives, has now been restored in conference, approved by both Houses, and has gone to the President for his signature. A few of the several changes made in the House remain, but none are objectionable and the measure again follows the form worked out in the Senate after much soul-searching.

The principal issue between Senate and House was the extent of military control of atomic secrets. The Senate, without perceptibly lessening the security measures now in effect, acted in accordance with American tradition and vested control of atomic energy in a civilian commission. The House, apparently stampeded by the witch-hunters among its membership, accepted amendments prepared by its Military Affairs Committee under the direction of its chairman, Andrew May of Kentucky. These amendments would have placed one, and perhaps two, military men on the atomic control commission and would have strengthened military and/or police control in many other ways. All these were accepted by the House despite the fact that the Secretaries of War and Navy, and the Chief of Staff and the Chief of Naval Operations, had given their approval to the Senate version.

The Louisville Courier-Journal has pointed out that the discrediting of Andrew May by the Mead Committee may explain the readiness of the House to reverse itself so rapidly and completely when the measure was reported back from Senate-House Conference. It was belated recognition that men like May, John Rankin of Mississippi, and Parnell Thomas of New Jersey, who cried loudest for military control as protection against "treason," are not to be listened to seriously when questions of basic democracy are under consideration. These little men have long since demonstrated that they simply do not understand the functioning of representative government, even though they have long been part of it.

The atomic control legislation finally passed demonstrates that we have retained some measure of our sense of proportion even in these parlous times. Acceptance of the limitations proposed by the House would have demonstrated to the world that the United States looks upon the split atom as a military asset and nothing more. Acceptance of the Senate version indicates that we still hope, at least, that atomic energy will eventually benefit man instead of destroying him.

Congress Still Makes Progress

IT'S been almost a hundred years since Edward Everett Hale remarked that the chaplain arises daily in the United States Congress, looks around at the members, and prays for the country. The passage of a century has done little to temper the constant public criticism of that harrassed body of sometime statesmen who transact the country's business in Washington. When they, as good democrats, reflect the will of their constituents, they are condemned as penny-ante politicians; when they don't they are voted out of office.

Yet, by and large, the gentlemen on The Hill have established an amazingly good record over the years. If their affairs seem to be at low ebb at the moment, it should not be forgotten that these are the same men whose legislative wisdom made possible the greatest military victory in history, a victory that also stands as the greatest collective achievement ever undertaken by the American people.

Despite their dismal record in the reconversion period, the Congressmen are still capable of a high order of statesmanship. Their passage of the Congressional reorganization bill last week is an example. It is quite true that the $5,000 pay increase that was part of it is to their personal benefit, but it is also true that in voting it they laid themselves open, on the eve of an election, to violent criticism. It is also true that many of the reorganization provisions—notably the reduction of Senate committees from 33 to 15 and House committees from 48 to 19—reduce the power and prestige of many individual members. And one of the most familiar Congressional pork barrels was eliminated when the two houses voted to permit Federal agencies concerned to deal with pensions, minor claims against the Government, and other purely local matters.

The reorganization bill leaves much to be desired, but it is the product of a serious effort on the part of the Congress to improve itself. Every provision aims at greater legislative efficiency. The increase in Congressional pay, which is more than justified, and the pension provision, should attract better men to politics. The budgetary committees of the two houses should reduce the mad scramble for funds among the various agencies. The registration of lobbyists gives the Congress a powerful weapon to use against the special interest groups that seek to influence legislation. And the provision for automatic adjournment from August 1 to January 1 should cut down the incidence of Potomac Fever, the dread disease that besets politicians when they have been too long removed from the folks back home.

As long as Congress recognizes its own shortcomings, and strives honestly to correct them, there is no reason to lose faith in the most efficient legislative system man has yet produced.

90 Is Just Another Milepost

THERE are two George Bernard Shaws. One is the elderly dramatist-philosopher who for 70 years has been turning out plays and essays of genuine literary merit that are totally unfamiliar to 9.8 citizens out of ten. The other GBS is a professional iconoclast who looks like Mephistopholes with a white beard and whose biting comment on his life and times, transmitted usually through interviews, has been read (and misinterpreted) by virtually every newspaper subscriber in the English-speaking world.

The 90th birthday of these two distinct characters has been the occasion for considerable celebration. The dramatist was honored with a special edition of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria, publication of a special volume of critical estimates of his work, and thoughtful essays in virtually every serious magazine published in America or Great Britain. The iconoclast was honored with the usual newspaper interviews, and the usual editorial comment thereon. And, also as usual, GBS provided the newspaper editors with a collection of epigrams enabling them to spring in any given direction.

Understandably, most attention was concentrated upon the Shavian estimate of the effects of advanced age upon his thinking. He conceded that "my memory fails and plays me the oddest tricks," thereby comforting lesser men who are also troubled by intimations of mortality, but he also remarked that the lifespan of man should be extended to at least 200 years, because it requires almost two centuries for man to attain political maturity. But he does not abandon hope, as H. G. Wells recently did when he turned a mere 83. The evidence, says GBS, is all on Wells' side, "but we must proceed on the assumption that if we try again, and try hard enough, we shall succeed, like Bruce's spider. Otherwise we shall be superseded by a fresh creation; for creation never stops. So there is really nothing to fuss about."

For those of us who see the world in shorter perspective this still leaves quite a bit to fuss about. But even more disturbing is Shaw's acknowledgment that even he, the onetime firebrand socialist and always vocal critic of all existing governments, has not yet attained political maturity. Because he has lived longer than most, and because his perceptions have always been sharper than any, it would be natural to expect that he would have evolved a formula to end man's inhumanity to man. Instead it appears that the sum of the lessons of 90 years is only that, for better or worse, creation goes on.

But this, after all, is an interim report. There are those who doubt that GBS will attain the 200 years he has set for the minimum age of wisdom, but we doubt, somehow, if he is among them. For 70 years G. B. Shaw has been proving the world's accepted beliefs fallacious, and we wouldn't be surprised to see him demonstrate that death too is a state of mind.

Another Voice

In Praise Of Sweat

WITH no help whatever from the chemists who concoct discriminatingly lethal potions (or so their advertising agents say) the weeds have disappeared from our Fearing-and-Water skyline. They died through the application of a very much older liquid contrived by the Master Chemist. Not to be any more wordy about it, the weeds that flourished with marked arrogance atop the three-story structure across and down the street, died of human sweat.

And in all the earth there is nothing so effective as human sweat, whether it be applied to the eradication of weeds or to the eradication of other and deadlier evil growths, such as hitlerism or, to come closer home, may-ism. (The word looks a little dubious, set down thus, but it has to do, somehow, with that fellow from Kentucky and his fellow plunderers.) And it is just as efficacious in constructive uses. Even such poor pieces as this are better for the application of judicious amounts of it.

Anyhow the weeds are gone, and as our Gray's Creek neighbor stood atop the parapet a little while ago, waving a sheaf of dispossessed weeds, the sun emerged from the morning's fog and there was a glistening of sweat on his arms and upon his brow. There is no need here to sweat out a sermon about it, and in such weather as there has been being it is not very neighborly to speak of sweat. But in moderation there is probably no more effective chemical compound known to mankind. It gets things done—and sometimes undone.—*Elizabeth City Advance.*

'It's Okay—Ol' Gene Will Be Back In Soon'

People's Platform

Sympathy For The Boys

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

PLEASE allow me space in your most valuable paper in answer to an article by Mrs. Eva Grant, E. Rocklingham, N. C., criticizing our boys for not wanting to work for $22 per week. Suppose, Mrs. Grant, your boss should tell you when you return to work, Monday, your wages were cut to $22 per week. Your first thought should be your article of July 25 when you said you were almost knocked coo-coo when some GI said he could not live on $22 per week.

I think, just as many others do, you owe every ex-service man that reads THE NEWS an apology. Thus some boys, Mrs. Grant, fought to save that little home for you. Suppose the enemy had of gotton over here and they were advancing on Rockingham—the Germans coming from toward Hoffman, N. C., and the Japs from Cheraw, S. C.—you would have paid those men $100 per week, to save your little home and your loved ones.

I don't blame them, I would not work for $22 either. I don't think Jack would either. I am in sympathy with all the boys, for I once fought a war as they did.

—L. L. CHILDRESS.

Close To Home

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

IF you were checking to see how well are read your editorials, would like to point out that crocodile tears mean: pretended sorrow; hypocritical grief. I am sure you did not mean this in the enclosed editorial.

But you asked what you could do. (About OPA). Well, my dear sirs, you could use your paper to defeat the politicians who defeated OPA or is that asking too much? They are close to home.

—FRED LASKEY.

(NOTE: We've called the turn on the Coalition, but in most cases the Coalitionists had no serious opposition in the Democratic primaries. If we tried to defeat them now we would be advocating the election of a Republican Congressional delegation officially dedicated to ending OPA.—Eds., THE NEWS).

Poison Penman

CLOVER, S. C.

Editors, THE NEWS:

YOU state that you do not accept libel or obscenity. The following has neither, but has facts, and you say anything else goes. This is a little out of the ordinary, so for personal safety of writer leave my name off.

If these agitators like Drew Pearson are out of a job they had better get back over the Mason-Dixon Line and hunt one and stop meddling. It's not up to him to save the Negro race anyway. It's an inferior race of people or they would not have been slaves. They were savages not so long ago, and some were cannibals.

The more segregated this race of people is from the white race the purer they'll be, as about two per cent are pure and the balance are mongrels. The whites will always be supreme. We owned this country when they were brought over here and sold to us by the Northerners, and we also ran the works and we will continue to do so as long as we have a United States of America . . .

—SIGNATURE WITHHELD.

(NOTE: This is obviously a libel on an entire race, and perhaps should have been filed and forgotten. We decided to publish it as a reminder that this vicious racial nonsense is still prevalent in the South, and to point out the exact parallel between this brave reader's thesis and that of Alfred Rosenberg, high priest of the Nazi cult in Germany. There is only one difference—the degenerate German bullyboys who accepted the credo of racial hate did so openly. American fascists peddle their poison secretly, hiding behind the anonymous letter and the white hoods of the KKK.—Eds., THE NEWS).

Wanted: Freedom

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

WHAT did our colored veterans fight for?

A question each of us is asking: did they fight to help save the lives of unAmerican groups? Was it for people like Bilbo, for the Klu Klux Klan, or for more equal rights? They have come back to live as American citizens, determined to have the right to speak and live equally, to work for more, not less. It has been proved that white and colored could fight and lose their blood together. Why can't colored be treated equally?

We must view with contempt the wave of Nazi-like terror doled out to colored people and other minorities, as a violation of their civil rights. I do believe Hitler still lives in the heart of some people right in America.

White and colored soldiers went overseas together. Why can't they live together on a permanent basis? Some think we want interracial marriages. We don't want that, it is not what we are fighting for. We want the things that were promised to the vets before they went overseas. The things that blood has been lost for, the things that many and many boys died for.

There are many mothers, wives, sweethearts, and fathers of both races who have lost boys. Tears have been shed on both sides. Yet we are being hated, and scorned. Why? We all did our part to help win the war. We are not slaves anymore and we never will be. We want what's right. We want real freedom.

—ELIZA STEWART.

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

Marquis Childs

Congress Catching Up

WASHINGTON

IN the closing days of the session, Congress has taken two long steps toward catching up with the present. Both these measures carry so much hope that it is possible to forget, for a time at least, the bickering, the confusion and the dark prejudices that overhang our world.

No. 1 is, of course, the measure creating a civilian commission for domestic control of atomic energy. The importance of this step and its meaning for the future is incalculable.

No. 2 is the reform of Congress itself. Thanks to the skill and diplomacy of Sen. Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin and Rep. Mike Monroney of Oklahoma, the Congress has cut away a lot of the dead wood out of past centuries. The modernization provided under the La Follette-Monroney bill should go a long way toward making Congress more responsive and responsible.

Atomic control was long delayed. Almost a year has passed since the first atomic bomb used in warfare was set off over Hiroshima. Now, at last, control over this immeasurable force is in the hands of the civil government of the United States, where the founders of the country intended such controls to rest. Atomic energy is no longer just a weapon of destruction.

LEADERS FEARFUL

Up until the last moment, there was a danger that heedless, ignorant men would wield their hatchets on the infinitely complex machinery of atomic fission and send us all to kingdom come. While rejection of a conference report is rare, leaders in the House were fearful that die-hards might succeed in sidetracking the bill before it got over this final legislative hurdle.

House conferees had yielded to the Senate on several important points. Most important of all was the agreement that the five members of the control commission should all be civilians. In turn, the Senate conferees conceded the relatively minor point that the director of the military applications division under the commission should be a member of the armed forces.

But the danger point was in the patent provision. Here, too, the House had given way and yielded to the Senate's insistence that the commission have sole power to license patents.

NAM LOBBY

Behind this House bogey that might at the last minute have undone the work of months was an interesting lobby. Judging from telegrams that came to them, Senators believed the lobby was made up of a ring of patent lawyers, aided and abetted by certain forces within the National Association of Manufacturers.

The large industrial corporations that constructed and operated the Tennessee and Washington atomic energy plants had nothing to do with this lobby drive. In fact, all the evidence is that they carefully avoided participating in any way in this effort.

The Du Ponts, who built the Hanford, Wash., plant, specifically stated they would accept no profit for that tremendous operation. They also insisted that it be written into their contract that all patent rights developing out of the Hanford project go to the Government. This, it seems to me, was clearly a recognition of the political dangers inherent in this inestimable new force. Any attempt to get a patent monopoly on atomic energy would backfire with a roar that would certainly be heard around the world.

Yet certain members of the House persisted in talking as though this were something a little more important than a new patented eggbeater but not very much more important. The prize example was Rep. J. Parnell Thomas, who talked in the conference committee about keeping atomic energy as a military weapon and using it against our enemies. Politicians develop a rather marked tolerance, but Thomas' ranting caused acute nausea among his colleagues in the conference room.

GOOD FIGHT

Senators McMahon, Millikin and Vandenberg and Rep. R. Ewing Thomason fought the good fight. Theirs is the credit for this fine achievement.

History is likely to link these two measures together. Congress, at the moment it moves to restore the traditional balance between military and civilian controls, moves to reform itself. That is reason enough to put out the flags.

Samuel Grafton

The New Isolation

LOS ANGELES

OH, everybody agrees that American isolation is dead, deader than a door nail; hurrah, it's dead. But American isolation is a most lively and determined corpse. It loves to leer and thumb its nose at those who are conducting funeral ceremonies over it. A case in point is the new bill for stock-piling strategic and critical materials, which Congress has just passed and sent to the President. Mr. Truman has signed it, but with a pained expression and an averted face, for the bill contains a howling isolationist clause to the effect that, except in certain circumstances, the critical materials which we buy for stockpiling must be made or produced in America.

DEFEATS OWN PURPOSE

The clause defeats the bill. For one reason for stockpiling is that we are running short of certain natural resources, such as oil and several metals, and yet the bill (with that dreadful innocence which is part of the isolationist mood) solemnly directs the Government to purchase in America the materials of which America is short.

American isolationism is also making itself felt in the field of atomic energy. As everybody knows, Mr. Bernard Baruch has been trying to sell the world on a proposal for establishing a global atomic authority, which would have a monopoly over atomic research. Now, this is by no means a "soft" proposal; we shall be very lucky if we put it over; for the Russians feel that we would be in the majority on such an authority, as we are in the Security Council; and the Kremlin has thrown a series of fits ever since Mr. Baruch first expounded his plan.

Even so, however, the Baruch plan, with its trend toward internationalizing the atom, is too much for certain Congressmen and Senator Styles Bridges, Senator Homer Capehart, Representative William Lemke, and others, have begun a furious assault on Mr. Baruch, and on Secretary of War Patterson for supporting him. The brethren weep, objecting naively that Mr. Baruch wants to give our secrets away.

It must give an odd feeling to the Russians, who profess themselves shocked by the Baruch plan, to learn that there are other prominent Americans who regard the Baruch plan itself as altogether too sweet and loving. There must be quite a flow of language around Moscow as the Russians try to understand this development, and their intransigeant feelings about us are perhaps not diminished by these outbursts.

THE FOREIGN LOAN

Finally (as the last in our little series of isolationist incidents) we have the fact that President Truman has wanted to ask Congress to give an additional $1,250,000,000 to the Export-Import Bank, for making foreign loans. After a period of considering, and shuddering, the President has decided not to make the request. He apparently fears that Congress might decide some of the money was going to Russia, and might break into so heated an anti-Russian outburst, as to mess our foreign relations beyond hope of recovery.

Actually, from the bargaining point of view alone, the President should have the power to make this loan, but he is afraid even to ask for it; and as one studies the record compiled here, one wonders if it can truly be said, as our philosophers of the second class say so often, that American isolation is dead. It has changed its form, to fit the postwar period and the atomic age, but a change of form is hardly the same as a death; a living frog is a living frog, and not a dead tadpole.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Byrnes Determined To Win The Peace

PARIS

ONE year ago, Jimmy Byrnes, newly appointed Secretary of State, was one of the cockiest men in Washington. Bustling back and forth between the State Department and the White House he gave the impression of complete confidence in his own ability to unravel the tangled state of the world.

Today, James F. Byrnes is a visibly older and wiser man. His air of cocksureness is gone. He is tired and his health is not too good. His gracious South Carolina charm is just as contagious as ever, but sometimes his buoyant spirit lags and it is easy to see that the past year has taken its toll on Jimmie Byrnes.

The past year has seen Jimmie take five grueling air trips to Europe, attend five crucial conferences on which depended the peace of the world. No wonder Jimmie is tired. The past year has also seen Byrnes experience two slight tiffs with his boss in the White House and some extremely unpleasant rows with his old sparring partner, M. Molotov. Once they came nearer blows than ever leaked out to the papers.

It began all in fun. Byrnes was attending a diplomatic tea at the American Embassy in Paris, was in jovial mood, and started to joke with Molotov by playfully wrestling with him. The Russian, also in good humor, at first pretended to spar back. Then Byrnes, by accident, slapped his hand in Molotov's inside breast pocket. The Soviet foreign minister stiffened with anger, grabbed Byrnes' hand. At first, it was embarassing. Then Molotov, realizing it was all in jest, took out his handkerchief and waved it above his head as if in surrender.

Byrnes Grows In Stature

DESPITE the discouragement of the past year, however, despite our stumbling progress toward peace, despite the ups and downs of Jimmie's diplomacy, the fact remains that Byrnes has become an increasingly effective Secretary of State. He has grown with the months. Despite his critics on Capitol Hill, Byrnes is running a far more efficient State Department than his old friend, Cordell Hull, did. And his successes abroad must be measured not merely in achievements but in relation to the obstacles in his path.

It is true that Jimmie Byrnes has learned to be a good Secretary of State at the expense of the nation. But it is also true that he has so far outstripped his predecessors in intelligent handling of foreign affairs that his lessons in diplomacy are a good investment. It is a pity they could not have started sooner.

Byrnes began at the London Foreign Ministers Conference last September by being vigorously anti-Russian. Repeatedly he and Molotov were at odds. At one point, when Byrnes proposed discussing the Dardanelles, Molotov countered:

"Now we will discuss the Panama Canal."

"That's none of your damn business," exploded the American Secretary of State.

Not Anti-Russian

AFTER, London, however, Byrnes came to the sober conclusion that the United States must lean over backward to get along with Russia. So a few weeks later he went to Moscow, taking with him only advisers sympathetic to Russia. For days he labored with Stalin and Molotov, did his best to get along.

At one conference, lasting until 3 A. M., Byrnes pleaded with Stalin to realize that the American people had no quarrel with Russia, that their greatest ambition was to maintain permanent friendship. In the end, Byrnes found himself doing most of the compromising. The Russians yielded little.

Since then, Byrnes gradually and reluctantly has come round to the opinion that the Russians don't want to play ball with the U.S.A., that they deliberately keep the Russian people stirred up over the phantom threat of war with the outside world. To quiet unrest, to preserve unity at home, the Kremlin figures such a policy is necessary.

Yet Byrnes is not anti-Russian. Despite his vigorous tiffs with Molotov, those who have watched him on the inside know that he is severely anxious to co-operate.

When he was War Mobilizer, Byrnes brought down the axe on 72 heavy warship proposed by Admiral Ernie King for construction after the war. The only nation Byrnes would be alarmed against was Russia, and Byrnes emphatically said they could not be built. Later he aroused the resentment of U. S. Army-Navy chiefs by ceding the Kurile Islands to Russia, though they had been captured by the U.S.A. Byrnes, however, thought it would improve U.S.-U.S.S.R. relations if Russia got them.

But finally Byrnes concluded that the more he appeased Russia, the more it demanded appeasement and that the chief thing Molotov understands is firmness.

Not Thinking of Presidency

NOT everyone in the Truman Cabinet likes Jimmie Byrnes.

Some of the President's friends are jealous. They say he dwarfs his Chief in the White House, that Jimmie can never forget only a heartbeat separates him from being President.

It is quite true that Byrnes is the most experienced executive in the entire Administration—more experienced than his Chief. He has been Representative, Senator, Supreme Court Justice, War Mobilizer and now Secretary of State. It is also true that Jimmie was a bitterly disappointed man when Roosevelt passed him over as Vice-President at Chicago in favor of Truman. Byrnes had set his heart on being FDR's running-mate, thought he had a definite commitment from the President.

But despite that background, Jimmie Byrnes is no longer thinking about the presidency. He has set his heart on just one thing—the peace.

When he first resigned from the Senate to go on the Supreme Court, Jimmie walked down the streets of Spartanburg, S. C., where he lives, leveling in the fact that people no longer wanted him to ask for jobs. He puttered around the grocery store, chatted with neighbors, went home to his own dinner, thinking he was going to retire to a life of leisure.

But after only a brief taste of the Supreme Court cloisters, Jimmie was aching for a job to think of things. When he left the Court, he was a happy functionary remarked:

"We has an die. We has an retire. But this is the first time we has an resign. Dunno what the Court is coming to."

Jimmie Byrnes will always be happier in a job than in a sedentary life on the Court or any place else. His health has suffered under the strain. He may die in the saddle, but somehow or other—despite all the obstacles—Byrnes is determined to write a peace—a peace that will stick.