THE·CHARLOTTE·NEWS

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

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1945

Veterans Will Bloom Again

The long, gray shadow of Winter lies across the land, but the politicians can't forget that Summer will come again, bringing, among its other blessings, the first American elections of the new and uncertain peace. This is a frantic time, for the old party lines have worn thin, the familiar panaceas have failed to work, the shock of the war and the transition to peace has left the voter's nerves raw and quivering, made him impatient with the high-flown oratory that usually serves as a substitute for positive action. And there will be a new and imponderable factor—the veteran.

With some 90 per cent of the 12,000,000 young men who were virtually disfranchised during their years of service home again, the veterans' vote, whether it is delivered *en bloc* or not, is going to figure heavily in any political calculation. And, of course, the man with the strongest appeal to veterans will be a candidate who saw service himself.

The veterans' vote is an open invitation to a whole new crop of young and vigorous politicians, assuring them support they could normally earn only through years of patient fence-building. The pattern was established after the last war, when many a returning serviceman rode into office on the sympathy vote, displaying a chest embossed with medals and attuning his oratory to the screaming of the eagle.

There is every reason to believe that the sentiment that carried veterans to victory in 1918 and 1920 is even stronger now. Down in South Carolina, where some 22 potential candidates have already shown open interest in the 1946 gubernatorial campaign, the wiseacres believe the veterans' vote will finally shake the election down into a three-cornered contest involving Colonel Strom Thurmond of Edgefield, who parachuted into Normandy on D-Day and has now returned to his circuit court bench, Colonel Thomas H. Pope, Jr., who took an anti-aircraft battalion overseas early in the war and now serves as a member of the Newberry legislative delegation, and Colonel Wyndham Manning of Sumter, who couples service in this war with an outstanding record in World War I, and who has already made three strong bids for bed and board in the Governor's Mansion.

In Texas the pre-election sparring has turned up a candidate likely to be the nemesis of the traditional bosses. Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby, who headed the WAC and is now eyeing the governorship, will have a strong claim on the support of Texas veterans, a powerful appeal to women voters, and another invaluable attribute noted by a hard-bitten old regular officer who remarked at the end of one of her lectures at Fort Leavenworth: "That was a mighty interesting speech. Nice legs, too."

Small wonder the old-line politicians are nervously thrusting wet fingers into the wind and frantically oiling their political machinery. The war involved a break in political continuity, and the pay-off will come next Summer. It may even resemble a minor revolution.

Although the unrestrained flag-waving that will accompany the veterans' campaigns will be an unpleasant, perhaps even an unhealthy, thing, we have an idea the net result will be good. This is a new age, and we can do with some new faces in high places.

Enthroning A New Czar

A drastic situation calls for drastic action, and nobody can with good conscience find any milder adjective for the present housing shortage. That brief period immediately after the war, when the Congress seemed to be listening to the building industry's insistence that it could, if given freedom from Government control, provide shelter for one and all, has ended now, and the Congress is turning its attention to the enactment of legislation establishing an Office of Housing Stabilization.

This is an extension of burocracy, an expansion of the Federal alphabet, an assault upon free enterprise, and more. The OHS (you might as well get used to looking at it now) is the inspiration of Congressman Wright Patman of Texas, who is calling for the appointment of a housing czar with powers to cut red tape, control prices, and allocate scarce building materials. The new czar would also be constrained to use his broad authority to see that low-cost housing for veterans gets first priority.

It is clear now that our economy cannot endure half-controlled and half-free, as it has been since V-J Day. As long as Governmental temporizing leaves room for a hope that the lid will be coming off soon, no builder is going to accept the small profit of the moment when he can wait for tomorrow's big dollar.

We don't know whether a housing czar is the answer to the current crisis or not; there may be other, milder schemes that will achieve the same end. But somehow building must be stimulated, and the inevitable inflationary effect of doing so through the bait of high profits will, we think, be too costly. Whatever the Government does, it must do in positive fashion: if price ceilings are to be imposed across the board in the building industry they must remain in effect until the great pressure created by the housing shortage passes. Once builders and property owners are convinced that no tremendous profit lies awaiting if they just hold out a little longer, residential building will flourish.

Any system that can be devised, we are convinced, will result in some inequities, and will, perhaps, penalize some builders and landlords. But, without such a system, we will continue to penalize the home-seekers, veterans included, who have not, so far, had any consideration at all.

Out From Under The Hat

Chalk up another reason for looking forward to the First of The Year, that monumental date when the tax burden will be lifted and all shortages will miraculously end. Comes 1946, and a high, completely uninhibited voice will sound on the air waves, cutting like an atomic flash across the dulcet tones of the commentators who now edge up to the network microphones to chart the course of our destiny.

Fiorello LaGuardia, variously known as The Hat, Butch, and The Little Flower, has signed a contract with the American Broadcasting Company. His fee has not been announced, although rumor puts it in the $100,000 class, and the Mayor himself says: "My pay is strictly a matter that concerns the American Broadcasting Company, myself, and Fred Vinson (Secretary of the Treasury), but Mr. Vinson has quite an interest in it."

Mr. LaGuardia's past performances on New York's city-owned WNYC indicate that his contract, however high the fee, is a good investment for the network. Millions of New Yorkers rushed to their loudspeakers of a Sunday to hear their Mayor hold forth on any matter that took his fancy, and his fancy is a far-ranging one. One memorable day he undertook a discussion of the opera, and presented this succinct synopsis of Puccini's *Tosca:* "A no-good chief of police—he was a pretty tough guy, that chief—took a fancy to a girl and promised to get her lover out, but she didn't like him. So she just had dinner with him and then picked up a knife and stabbed him with it. But the music is beautiful."

A gloomy reporter, fearing that the acquisition of a national audience and a commercial sponsor might lead the Little Flower into the restrained ways of his cosmic colleagues, asked him if his new contract meant he would be under any restrictions. "Have I ever been?" he asked. "Maybe it would be a good thing if I were, but I would have to change, and you know I told my wife that if I should ever change she should take my old Army .45 and shoot me."

We look upon the advent of an unchanged LaGuardia upon the local air as one of the outstanding events of the New Year. Irritable, noisy, irrepressible, he gave New York the finest and cleanest administration in its history, and still kept his Tammany-conditioned constituents amused. But his talents were too varied to find their best outlet in an administrative post; he will, we think, be far more useful in his new role of gadfly buzzing around the national conscience.

From The Pascagoula (Miss.) Chronicle-Star:

A Lesson For Mississippi

Ellis Arnall's administration in Georgia has done more for Southern business prosperity in his own state and in the entire South than any administration in modern Southern history.

Arnall did this without any of the malicious, maudlin and contemptible ranting of the Talmadge, Bilbo and Huey Long type. But let us get this one thing straight: this young Georgia governor is a Southern patriot, and a good American whose size towers above the demagogues. To be a friend of the people takes the ability and the guts to create a progressive program and make it stick for farmer, for laborer, for business man. To be a genuine 24-karat friend of the people takes more than the ability to wreck the democratic procedures of the great Senate of the United States with a filibuster whose single purpose is to get re-elected and stay fat on the public payroll.

Has Theo. Bilbo ever conceived and completed one great public issue that was not based on hatred, deception, race agitation, and general chicanery? He has done less good for Mississippi and more harm for Mississippi, and the South in general, than any man still in public life. He is cut off the same bolt of cloth with Eugene Talmadge. He is the exact opposite of the young politicians like Ellis Arnall, who, although politicians, play the game with intelligence and basic honesty; who are leading their own section of the South to a new day of progress and straight-thinking, following the long dry season of demagogues.

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

DOWN in Natal, Brazil, a large number of high-point U. S. troops have been sweating it out, hoping to get back to the USA. They are intruders on foreign soil, and the Brazilians resent their continued presence now that the war is over. Also they are largely doing a commercial transport job which ought to be taken over soon by Pan American Airways and other commercial companies. Nevertheless their return home has been all too slow.

The other day, Col. Thomas D. Ferguson, then commander of Natal, issued an order that "enlisted men with more than 60 points and more than two years' service" would not be transferred back to the USA for several days due to the "northbound backlog" of air traffic. He explained that Miami had been able to send only one additional C-54 to carry personnel, and that for safety reasons men could not return home on combat planes.

The men who had been waiting hopefully to go home took this announcement philosophically and settled down to wait for the transportation jam to get unjammed.

But three days later, Colonel Ferguson sent a C-47, No. 9698 from Natal to Bahia on a most "essential" mission. He could not spare a plane to carry enlisted men back to their homes in the USA. But he could spare a deluxe passenger plane to fly a group of women to Bahia to attend an officer's dance. They flew down and back in the "plush job" and a good time was had by all—except by the men who were waiting in Natal, because there weren't enough planes to take them home.

Censor Clarence Cannon

When most people pick up the Congressional Record, they think that they are reading what Congressmen actually say during official debates. But they're not, actually they read what the Congressmen want folks to think they've said.

In other words, the text of the Congressional Record is altered before it gets into print. There was a time when Congressmen would insert "loud applause" after their remarks, even if there had been loud guffaws or boos after their speeches. This practice was stopped by honest Speaker Sam Rayburn but other censorship continues probably without Rayburn's knowledge.

Last week, for instance, the censoring of Congressional speeches reached a new low, when dictatorial Congressman Clarence Cannon of Missouri struck out two statements by other Congressmen because he didn't like what they said about his appropriation bill. Furthermore, Cannon did this editing without even having the courtesy to consult his two colleagues. When they picked up the Record next morning they merely found that their remarks weren't published.

Martinet Cannon was completely impartial. He drew no party lines. He censored Democratic Representative Eddie Hebert of New Orleans just as ruthlessly as he did Republican Representative George Bender of Cleveland, Ohio.

Hebert, a conscientious Congressman who works hard on the District of Columbia committee, objected to Cannon's elimination from the deficiency bill of a mere pittance to help solve Washington parking problems. Cannon's reply during the debate showed that he didn't understand the subject at all. Whereupon, the Louisiana Congressman told him:

"If what the gentleman has said indicates his knowledge of the items in this appropriation bill, then it's no wonder he is having so much trouble getting it passed, because he evidently knows nothing about anything in it."

After the debate Cannon secretly blue-penciled Hebert's remarks.

Bender, another able Congressman, had objected to Cannon's refusing to vote $24,500,000 for veterans' housing, as requested by President Truman.

"We have servicemen returning from overseas by the thousands," Bender told Cannon during the debate, "with no shelter for themselves and their families. They are standing in long lines and living in tents in some places.

"Gentlemen, many of you remember the bonus march after the last war. Well, that will be as nothing compared to the march on Washington of ex-servicemen looking for shelter. We're going to have it and it won't be long. Sure, I'm for economy, but this is a poor place to begin economizing."

Again without consulting Bender, Cannon blue-penciled the entire text of the Ohioan's statement from the official reporter's transcript before it was sent to the Government Printing Office for publication in the Record.

Apparently free and fair debate is finished in the House of Representatives.

Ford Policies Reversed

Some big changes are taking place in the Ford Motor Empire, in addition to its new attitude toward labor. Henry Ford II, who succeeded to the presidency early this year, makes no bones about his desire to get along with the United Auto Workers though his grandfather fought them tooth and nail.

However, there's still another policy under way that is being discussed only in whispers by the Ford family intimates and the few State Department insiders who know about it.

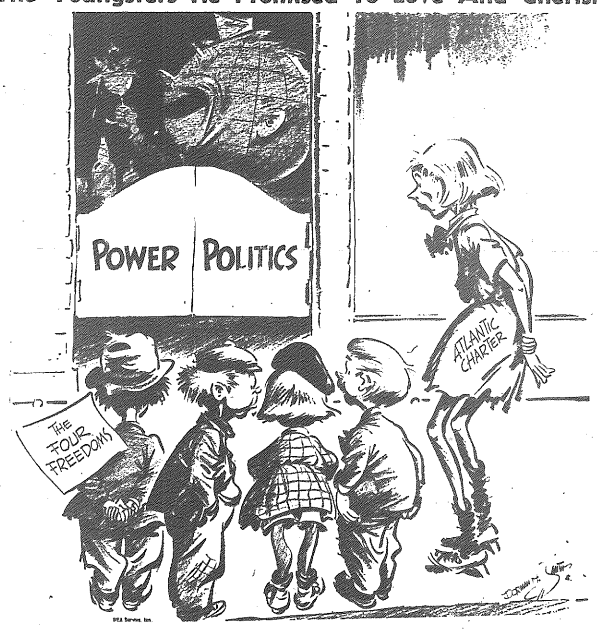
It involves an effort by the octogenarian patriarch of the auto company, Henry Ford himself, to banish that anti-semitic skeleton in his closet. And Ford has made a private appeal to the State Department for assistance.

Inside fact is that Ford's anti-semitic philippics, in Dearborn Independent editorials a couple of decades back, have been dug up and widely disseminated by certain Fascist elements in South America which are trying to stir up unrest.

One of Henry Ford's top lawyers recently called at the State Department, hopes of enlisting the aid of Embassy and Consular officials in South America in combating the propaganda.

The State Department promised to help.

The Youngsters He Promised To Love And Cherish



Americans Campaigned In Asia In 1919

By Marquis Childs

WASHINGTON

HISTORY is repeating itself with a vengeance. At times you have the impression of watching an old newsreel that shows the same pattern of mistakes and disasters.

Few Americans today remember that after World War I we had an expeditionary force of American soldiers in Siberia. One of America's strangest military ventures, it might well have drawn us into a futile war against the "Bolsheviks" that would have proved costly in lives and dollars.

While the parallel with the situation in China today is not by any means exact, it is close enough to be an object lesson for those who would learn from history. In 1919, as in 1945, we were divided over the policy to be followed.

In that earlier time, it was the State Department that wanted to intervene actively in Russia's civil war. If it had not been for the steadfast integrity of an American commander in Siberia, one of the numerous plots hatched to involve Uncle Same more deeply in Russia's internal quarrel might have succeeded.

That commander was Major General William S. Graves. Years later, when more of the background information was available, General Graves wrote a book called "America's Siberian Adventure" in which he told the whole story.

Written with the almost transparent honesty of a soldier determined not to exceed orders clearly stating that he was not to intervene in Russia's internal quarrel, it is a fascinating narrative of intrigue.

War Against Bolshevism

The Japanese, the British and the French all wanted to get the United States committed to a wholesale war that would have as its objective putting down Bolshevism. By every possible means, their representatives tried to get Graves and his command into the scrap.

Without any prior background in diplomacy, the American outsmarted them. This was largely because General Graves, in spite of the propaganda howls about the Bolsheviks, was not deceived as to the facts of what was happening in Siberia.

The Japanese, of course, had the biggest stake. They had an army of more than 70,000 men in Siberia, in spite of an agreement with the U. S. which said the limit would be 12,000. The Japs hoped to stir up so much trouble that eventually they would end up in full possession of a slice of eastern Siberia including, perhaps, the vital port of Vladivostok.

The Japs were supplying munitions and money to certain notorious Cossack chieftains who were guilty, as Graves was able to prove over and over again, of the most horrible atrocities against the peasantry. The British were backing Czarist Admiral Kolchak, who was not quite so bad. But Kolchak went about it in exactly the way to alienate any popular support he might have obtained from the Russian people.

The Kolchak Regime

At the very time Kolchak's armies were collapsing, with wholesale desertions to the Bolsheviks, U. S. diplomatic representatives in Washington and in the Far East were trying to get our Government to recognize the Kolchak regime as the Government of Russia.

Woodrow Wilson had sent Graves and his troops to Siberia for the stated purpose of helping a wandering army of Czechoslovaks get to Vladivostok and from there across the Pacific and home. The instructions handed Graves by Secretary of War Newton D. Baker specifically said he was not to intervene in any way in Russia's internal quarrel. Graves stuck to his instructions and used his troops only to guard the Trans-Siberian railroad, over which the Czechs would have to travel. Even so, American lives were lost, most of them, according to Graves, at the hands of the Cossack bandits backed by Japan.

"I was not surprised, but none the less gratified," General Graves wrote in conclusion, "that the American officers and enlisted men were, almost to a man, firm believers in the traditional policy of the United States, as old as the Government itself, that all countries should settle their own differences, without interference of the United States soldier. Misrepresentations of the American troops, as well as the cry of 'Bolshevism' did not swerve the American officer or soldier from his conception of what was right and just."

Back home, of course, there were newspapers and public officials who were denouncing Graves for his failure to join in the crusade against Bolshevism. That it would have been a futile crusade, because of the historical background that led up to Russia's civil war, Graves knew very well. He refused to budge and he had the backing all along of his Chief of Staff, General Peyton C. March, who was equally steadfast in spite of an intrigue between military intelligence in the War Department and the State Department.

It's too bad that Graves' book is out of print. A great many Americans today could read that record of an honest soldier with profit.

Grin And Bear It

By Lichty

"I'm certainly not in favor of universal military training for the boys—It'll mean just a year of our lives wasted!"

Into The UNO Arena

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

A CRISIS is maturing in American foreign policy, of which the resignation of General Hurley as Ambassador to China is only one of the portents. The plain truth is that since the end of the war we have had no foreign policy, recognizable as such. While the war continued, we were forced to apply the objective test: "Will this work?" to our policy lines, and so long as we thought in these pragmatic and objective terms, we were fairly safe. Since the end of the war, we have dropped this objective test, and we have substituted subjective tests. Our policy used to reflect the practical accords and accommodations necessary for making this a stable world; but it has turned inward since the war ended, and it now reflects our fears, whimsies, caprices, our domestic quarrels and our minority pressure groups.

Our policy, which used to be something like a blueprint, has become something like a daydream, resting vaguely on the dreamy notion that if we play our cards right we can somehow have our own way almost everywhere.

To see just how far we have turned inward, it is only necessary to listen to some of our own current talk. Major General Leslie R. Groves, head of the atomic bomb project, tells a Senate committee that he cannot favor a world inspection system over atomic energy projects until other nations become as "honest" as the United States. Could there be a more innocently subjective approach to a question of world policy?

A STRANGE APPROACH

And Senator Johnson of Colorado, after announcing that he has come to believe in world organization as the planet's only hope, declares: "With vision and guts and plenty of atomic bombs, ultra-modern planes and strategically-located air bases, the United States can outlaw wars of aggression." Again, could there be a more naively anti-collaborationist approach to world collaboration?

And though Senator Taft is decidedly an opponent of the Administration, it is significant of what he thinks the public thinks when he introduces a bit of legislation declaring that the American delegate to the World Security Council shall not consent to any use of American force, even if international peace and security shall be saved thereby, unless he is personally convinced that justice is also served by the action in question. Again we have a declaration that our morality is superior to all other moralities in this world, and must be the arbiter of events.

NO MORE MEETINGS

One turns, now, to President Truman's sensational declaration that, there will, in all probability, be no more Big Three meetings, and one senses here something of the same subjective approach to our foreign affairs. This news, at the very least, should have come as a Big Three announcement; and it would have been heartening if the Big Three had jointly declared that they were turning all outstanding questions over to the United Nations Organization. It has not been like that at all; the principle of unanimity has been abandoned by our unilateral choice.

One can imagine what a shock would have swept this country if Russia had bluntly announced that she was not interested in meeting with the United States and Britain again; and it is a sign of how deeply we have turned inward, of how we have discarded the objective approach, that we can make a similar announcement in a spirit of blithe confidence.

ONLY AN ARENA

It is an evasion to say that the United Nations Organization will be able to handle the situation thus created, the UNO is only an arena, into which we must come with policy; we need policy just as badly with it as without it. A crisis is maturing in our foreign affairs precisely because we are giving up policy. We are slipping off into an adventure, and we are giving up trying to make the world work; we come into the arena not with an objective blueprint for world accommodation and accord, but, like an angry Congressman, full of local projects, willing to leave to chance, or circumstance, or whatever, the question of how it all will add up, whether it all will work.

The People's Platform

Medals For Lindbergh

By B. H. LIDSON

Charlotte

In your recent editorial you mentioned something about "his countrymen forgiving Charles Lindbergh." Now Congressman Mason of Illinois, a Republican, demands that we give Lindbergh a medal for his "services to his country" as well as for "risking his life."

By all means let us give him a medal, in fact I believe that we should give Lindbergh at least three medals. The first medal should be the "Legion of Merit" for his Madison Square Garden Speech in September, 1941, in which he said, "England is lost... even if we are dragged in... neither of us, nor both... could now defeat the armies of the Third Reich." Medal No. 2, the Distinguished Service Cross should be for his Des Moines, Iowa, speech in October, 1941, in which he threw the gauntlet down to free Americans and expressed his willingness to lead a Nazi movement in our country. Medal No. 3 presents no little problem. If we gave Lindbergh the Congressional Medal of Honor, we would have to give Fritz Kuhn no less than the DSC because the German Bund leader shared the same platform with our lone eagle in Brooklyn and other places, helping to take the stiff-armed salute from brown-shirted-swastika-clad-hooligans.

Of course Lindbergh did "risk his life" and should get some recognition for that; but if we gave him a medal, what prize, in correct proportion, can we give to the 287,000 Americans who did more than risk their lives, and who did not dream of "the Wave of the Future" with its precision instruments working like a charm and with megaphones barking orders to the common herd all over the place. These young Americans are buried on many battlefields and cannot be called as witnesses to the trials of the Fascist murderers. And that is why Herr Goering expressed the desire to have our Charles Lindbergh as one of his character witnesses.

By all means let us have Pearl Harbor investigations and try to blacken the names of Roosevelt, Hull, Churchill and Marshall and then let us give Lindbergh a medal with an inscription from Shakespeare: "Mischief thou art afoot, take what course thou wilt."

P.S.—I missed out on one medal in the above. Lindberg should get Medal No. 4, for not returning the Nazi medal he received in 1938.

The House of God Will Not Stand Divided

By MRS. J. O. BIGGERS

Charlotte.

Rev. Herbert Spaugh's article of Nov. 26 asked: "How much better is the Christian American than the pagan Japanese? Will he do as much for his God as the Japanese will do for his?"

Mr. Spaugh speaks as if we were all traitors. We understand that in this war our Christianity and humanity were at stake as well as our country and flag.

Mr. Spaugh doesn't seem to know that over a million gave their lives to save God's cause and liberate humanity as well as to save our country and flag from vile, evil demons and all the torture and horrors that our soldiers lived and accepted. They lived and went through hell to save God's cause for the world and the millions who toiled and worked in every condition to send them something to do the fighting with. It is everybody's duty and obligation to protect their country and flag. That is what our constitution demands of each American, and it is the duty and obligation of each Christian to protect God's cause.

This has been done, Mr. Spaugh, by a lot of Americans who are sincere and care. A divided house or nation will not stand, I agree.