EDITORIAL PAGE

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

W. C. DODD, JR.
PUBLISHER
J. E. DODD, EDITOR
BURKE DAVIS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1945

Pfft—And Farewell

A good headline for the story would have been:

But many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first.

The scene, as described by the AP's Wes Gallagher, was both prophetic and tinctured with retribution. Not the retribution of fury, you understand, but of complete unconcern, which sometimes may be worse to bear. It was laid near Arneburg on the Elbe in Germany.

On the west bank were the troops of the U. S. Ninth. On the east, as far as the eye could see, were long lines of men and women, an assorted throng which moved toward a point on the river bank. There a single motor launch offered the only means of crossing. It went back and forth with its loads, but still the throng grew.

Among that pressing mass of humanity were many whose haste to cross was anxious. They were the Germans. Soldiers without rifles, officers in civilian clothes, prosperous tradespeople, burghers, farmers—members of the one-time Master Race looking nervously over their shoulders, pleading to be taken across and imprisoned. Behind them were the Russians, oncoming. Across the Elbe were the Americans and sanctuary.

Indifferently, the MPs shunted them aside. For in that growing throng were others who had priority upon the small ferry. These were, in what we would guess to have been the order of their passage, U. S. and British soldiers liberated from Nazi prison camps, and French, Russian, Polish, Czech and other slave laborers, freed from a merciless servitude.

And as these last were taken aboard, surely they must have relished this new experience of ascendency. If, in recollection of the treatment accorded them by their captors of all ranks and sex and description, they *spit* upon these Germans as they left them, who's to say it wasn't the perfectly expressive farewell?

How's Your Blood?

North Carolina and other states requiring pre-marital bloods tests should give close consideration to a recent discovery of a group of Army medical officers which exposes the fallacy of such tests.

Specifically, Army medicos tested 100 men who had never had syphilis, but had had malaria, and found that 25 of them had either positive or doubtful Wasserman reactions. In short, there is evidence to indicate that blood tests can show men or women who have suffered from malaria to be syphilitic.

This discovery is reported by the Journal of the American Medical Association, and has prompted *The Christian Science Monitor* to call upon states to repeal or amend their blood test laws. North Carolina, it seems to us, might investigate this startling development promptly and fully. And other Southeastern states, where the malaria rate is much higher, might save thousands of people from being falsely accused by unreliable tests, and from being frightened into taking treatment they do not need.

Bleak Contrast

Washington — President Truman announced the puncture of Russian and American troops in Germany today.

San Francisco—Foreign Commissar Molotov announced that Russia and the United States were still miles apart, and that the Soviet would have no part of Secretary Edward Stettinius.

• • •

United in war, divided in peace, and Lord knows what tomorrow.

Picture that joyous scene on the historic Elbe, in the moment when the Eastern Front and the Western Front ceased to be, when Hitler's empire of evil was cut in half, and the fate of the common enemy was finally sealed. Joe and Ivan must have been smiling. Perhaps they shook hands, or even embraced — for this was a moment the world has waited for, really, since 1933, when the beasts began to prowl in Europe. Dirty, battle-begrimed and weary, and surely happy, American and Russian fighting men joined like good soldiers and allies.

It was not for Ivan and Joe to exchange insults about Dirty Capitalists and Damned Bolsheviks. It was the culmination of the years of death and terror in Germany's torture chambers, in Ethiopia's bloody, barren wastes, in the Spanish hills, in Africa, Sicily, Normandy, the Ruhr and the Rhineland, the Ukraine, the Crimea, and the snows about Moscow.

And it left them cold in San Francisco. The statesmen were not moved by this moment as were the simple fighting men. There were no differences on the Elbe. At the Golden Gate, overlooking the harbor where the hospital ships from Okinawa, Iwo Jima and Saipan silently unloaded their burdens, tempers flared, and men of allied nations spoke coldly among themselves.

It is not so much the step-by-step development of quarrels in San Francisco, for those are certain to arise when great powers meet to settle world affairs. It seems to be a matter of atmosphere, a climate of suspicion and mistrust. When Mr. Molotov staggered the conference by balking at the traditional seating of the host chairman, Mr. Stettinius, he was not being picayunish. He was obviously carrying out orders from Moscow. And when American delegates boiled with anger they were not acting. For the moment, they'd had enough of Russia and Russians.

This first breach was a serious one. It opened not only the old question of Poland, which hangs over Frisco like a dark cloud. It reopened the American squabble of a few months ago, when Mr. Roosevelt revealed his new State Department slate. For the Russians have intimate knowledge of what Mr. Stettinius thinks and plans. They are aware of his sympathy for the scheme to rebuild a strong industrial Germany. They remember well the public outburst from Wall Street, when Henry Morgenthau announced his ill-fated "tought" plan of peace for Germany. Mr. Molotov did not go off half-cocked. He resisted according to Russian plan, and Russia has a plan of resistance at San Francisco because she does not trust Americans and Britons.

And it has been plain for many months that London and Washington do not trust the Russians. And this is the vital thing. It would be well enough if it were a matter of misunderstanding, for that could be remedied. But where there is not faith, men cannot build well for peace. It is because things are not the same in Frisco as they were on the Elbe that we do not expect much of the world's diplomats, assembled in California.

Watching San Francisco from afar, we winced at the irony accruing to these words in the announcement from Mr. Truman on the juncture at the Elbe: "This means that the last faint, desperate hope of Hitler and his gangster government has been extinguished." The Germans, hearing this, and hearing from Frisco as well, might well have smiled a sly, secret smile.

Post-War Navy

The Pacific offensive against Japan for the year starting July 1 is going to cost us $24,880,000,000 in Navy appropriations alone. We're almost through building our fleets, which are already far more powerful than the combined navies of the world. And we're cutting naval expenses by $4,000,000,000 this year.

The Navy wants a post-war force of 1,191 combat ships, plus 4,639 auxiliaries and minor craft. That total (5,830) is nearly three times our pre-war strength —but most of them will not float and patrol, much less fight. All but 482 of those combat ships would be kept on an inactive status, but ready for use on short notice.

The Navy wants to scrap or use as targets over 6,000 other ships (most of them obsolescent or small stuff, such as landing craft). The admirals add as an afterthought that there are 66,000 other small craft to be disposed of as demobilization proceeds.

And so the miracle Navy which U. S. industry created after earl Harbor faces an unheroic future. We obviously cannot afford to support it in the manner to which it has become accustomed, and we can afford even less to junk it again. If the Navy has its way we'll take the middle of the road, neither junking our ships nor keeping them in top fighting trim. We suppose it's the best we can do—not knowing just what kind of a Navy we'll need in the next war, anyway.

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

YESTERDAY's column by Drew Pearson, referring to alleged deals between J. P. Morgan Co. and the Germans, quoting the enjoined files of a "alien property custodian" has elicited the following statement from the Morgan company:

The column of Drew Pearson released for April 27th contains reference to Morgan & Cie, Paris, to a French partner of that firm, and to J. P. Morgan & Co. that are cruel, wholly false, and libelous. Certain of them purport to have been made by the Nazi administrator in occupied France—a strange source for the emanation of reliable information. The fact is that Morgan & Cie refused to do business with the Germans during the war. The French partner is a loyal Frenchman now serving in the French Army. The position of J. P. Morgan & Co. during this war and the last is too well known to need defense from these charges.

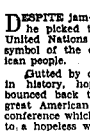
The Chase National Bank has also protested yesterday's column, calling statements referring to it untrue and damaging.

Drew Pearson, in reply to Morgan & Co. and Chase, said:

"Collaboration data is verbatim text U. S. Treasury reports whose officials say they will support if necessary."—Editors, The News.

SAN FRANCISCO

DESPITE jam-packed hotels, Roosevelt was wise when he picked this city as the meeting place for the United Nations Conference, for San Francisco is the symbol of the courage of the American people.



Gutted by one of the worst fires in history, hopeless San Francisco bounced back to become one of the great American cities and host to a conference which seeks to restore hope to a hopeless world—the world today, gutted and warlorn, is no worse off than San Francisco after the earthquake of 1906. Yet it came back—Europe and Asia, if they take a lesson from the City of the Golden Gate, can do the same—there is a zippy atmosphere here which inspires diplomatic energy. None of the stodgy defeatism of Geneva, Versailles or Paris. Even Washington is getting too blase, too old worldish for a successful international conference.

Delegates take on the spirit of the city which surrounds them. The pressure of newspapers, the radio, the local welcoming committees, even the taxi drivers and hotel people can help to spur success. When delegates know that an eager anxious city plus an eager anxious nation is watching them, depending on them, they think twice before going home empty-handed.

Latin-Americans have a word for it—"simpatico"—the atmosphere that is why the Russian Delegation is making things tough.

Language is one barrier between the Russians and contagious atmosphere of San Francisco. Another barrier is the way the Russians remain isolated. They won't expose themselves to contagion. They are shuttling up in hotel suites unexposed to the hustling, contagious, "never say no simpiente" of this town which relaxed itself from sahes.

British Open Well

The British got off to the best conference start—with the help of the Dominions. Elder Statesman Jan Smuts of South Africa, who has seen more conferences come and go than any man since Aristide Briande, has written a preamble to the United Nations Constitution which may go down in history alongside Thomas Jefferson's Declaration of Independence—the British dominions, incidentally, have breathed a lot of semi-independence at San Francisco. Some make no effort to conceal that their future is bound up just as much with the U. S. A. as with Britain. Records show that in other conferences they have visited about as much with this country as with London.

Typical of State Department ball-muffing was its failure to get Australian External Minister Herbert Evatt in to see President Truman before he left Washington. They told Evatt, one of the best friends this country has in the South Pacific, that Truman was too busy to bother about Australia. (Among other things he had conferences scheduled with Congressman Jed Johnson of Oklahoma). Finally Senator Hatch of New Mexico heard what had happened, telephoned the White House direct and President Truman was delighted to see Australian External Minister.

New Pacific Partners?

"When the Fascists come out of their foxholes," says Aussie Statesman Evatt, "Japan may get strong again. That is why we must have regional agreements in the Pacific as protection against aggression." Australia, adds Evatt, is dead against the right of a big nation to veto the attempts by regional groups to prevent war in their region. Most people don't realize it, but under Dumbarton Oaks, England's one vote veto power could stop the Pan-American Union from taking steps to head off Argentina aggression, or, Russia veto could stop Australia, New Zealand and the U. S. A. from heading off Jap aggression in the Pacific. A lot of powers would like to change this at San Francisco. This is what many U. S. delegates don't like.

It Would Make Some Sense—

Food, The Key To Peace

By Marquis Childs

WASHINGTON

IF I HAVE harped on food and the importance of an orderly food supply for the world, since returning from Europe, it is because I believe it is the keystone in the arch of peace.

That conviction has been strengthened by documents made available to me which give a preview of the plans of the leaders of Nazism for underground operation when the fighting in Europe ends. The basic aim at the outset is to convince the people of all Europe that national socialism is the only practical system for a united continent.

To make that case, the leaders of the underground will exploit every mistake—big and little—made by the Allies and, particularly, by the Americans. The blame for every failure will be placed on America as the outstanding example of democracy and, more important, as the world's chief "have" nation.

The leaders who will carry Nazism underground throughout Europe believe that, within twelve to fifteen years, they will have convinced an overwhelming majority of Europeans that democracy is hopelessly outmoded and incapable of decisive action in the political-economic field.

Months ago the propaganda line on the German radio began to swing in that direction. Night after night, the emphasis has been on the destruction wrought by Allied and, especially, American bombers. The Nazi radio played up not only the tragic mistake made by the RAF in attacking the Hague and killing hundreds of Dutch civilians, but other similar tragedies that are still kept back by Allied censorship.

Beamed to the French were repeated broadcasts telling them that they were faring worse after liberation by the Allies than they had under occupation by the Germans. And, unhappily, if you take food supply and heat as a measure, this happens to be true.

On secret underground transmitters, this same propaganda line will be continued after the war is officially declared ended. Now, in the moment of German collapse and paralysis, the Nazi underground may seem very feeble. The Germans themselves may turn against the Nazi leaders they once followed so slavishly.

But if Europe goes through another Winter of hunger and cold, then the way will have been prepared for this new Fascist line. The Nazi underground will grow. Recruits will be found willing to carry out the next steps—assassination of those who are trying to maintain law and order and rapid extension of of the underground organization, which will take many forms.

All this is so different from the kind of German rebirth that we are preparing to prevent. Much of the discussion and most of the planning is aimed at keeping Germany from restoring the kind of industry that will make rearmament possible.

Statesmen At Work

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

REP MORRISON (La.). Mr. Speaker, in Wednesday's Washington Daily News appeared this headline: "Last Butcher House Closes Down Here." The only difference between that headline and those in the rest of the United States is that the markets and butcher shops have already been closed in other parts of the United States while in Washington they hung on a little longer.

Yet with all this uncalled-for misery and trouble laid squarely to the stupid blundering of Chester Bowles and the O. P. A., they have not put forth one remedy. As a matter of fact it seems to have increased their arrogance and ego.

Tossing out three or more Congressmen from an important O. P. A. meeting when these Congressmen were endeavoring to aid their oppressed constituents is just a little simple gesture on the part of this O. P. A. czar—the country—that the O. P. A. is not only arbitrary and arrogant but that it is all powerful and can teach Himmler a few tricks, too.

Many Senators have come out publicly and said, "There is something crooked about the O. P. A." In the large cities, in Washington and elsewhere, you hear these ugly rumors, "To get along with the O. P. A. all you have to do is to pay off the right fellow, boys, it is just like the old bootleg days."

And yet Chester Bowles—who refuses not only to see Congressmen but Senators as well about official business—goes serenely on with all the overbearing tactics of a certain chief, apparently answerable to no one for putting thousands of businesses out of business without logic, rhyme, or necessity.

Just remember what a "little bird" said he heard via the grapevine, "Chester Bowles"—he is reported to have already feathered his nest—and the others in O. P. A. do not have to answer for their crimes and sins, but who will? The answer is simple: The Congressmen and Senators, and that is why some new faces will show up in 1946, unfortunately, in Congress.

Why Nazi Brutality?

WASHINGTON—(Science Service) —Men and women of the United States, aghast at the reports of inhuman massacre of prisoners in German concentration camps, wonder how the people of a "civilized" nation could treat other humans in such a depraved manner.

The explanation of how it could happen was given by psychologists and psychiatrists in prophetic speeches and writings during the years before the start of the present world war. Under the power of depraved leadership, whole peoples as well as individuals may go mad, it was pointed out.

Within every man there are tremendous forces in the form of primitive tendencies of aggression. Dr. William Brown, British psychologist of Oxford, wrote in 1936 in the English medical journal, Lancet. Generally, these are held in check by equally powerful forces of social pressure, consideration for others and regard for what is decent.

But when social pressures work in the opposite direction, when public opinion does not censor, but actually supports acts of violence and cruelty, then the primitive forces get the chance to break loose.

"They are like a charge of electricity suddenly short-circuiting a delicate installation, overcoming all resistances, and lighting the landscape with a lurid flame," said Dr. Brown.

War is a mental disease, a psychosis, in which whole peoples go mad, it was pointed out in a historic document signed by 330 psychiatrists of 20 nations and sent by the Netherlands Medical Association as a warning to statesmen in 1935, four years before the war.

"The suggestive force of speeches made by leading statesmen is enormous and may be dangerous," these experts warned.

"People, as well as individuals, under the influence of suggestions like these may become neurotic. They may be carried away by hallucinations and delusions, thus involving themselves in adventures perilous to their own and other nations' safety."

No one can measure the psychological consequences of unbridling the forces of hate in man, it was emphasized by Dr. William Alanson White, pioneer in psychiatry in a statement written just before his death in 1937.

"An orgy of killing lets the aggressive instinct loose, and it is a good many years before it is ever chained up again. We are having that experience, I am afraid, now."

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith

"My contract comes up for renewal next week—and do I wish I hadn't won all that money from the boss, taking his bets on when the war would end!"

City Hall Today

By Dick Young

AT long last, the retirement system for all municipal employees is on the verge of attainment. The present City Council, which three years ago began serious consideration of the proposal to establish some old age security for city workers finally on Wednesday opened the way for that protection against old age charity. Of course, the next Council will have to lay the money on the line by formal appropriation of $100,000 and the employees themselves will have to say whether they wish to enter the system and agree to 4 per cent deduction of their salary. There's much yet to be done before it can be said the plan is actually in force but the order is in and in due time delivery may be made.

Mr. Young

For the progress that has been made, all credit should go to City Attorney C. W. Tillett, who has given more back-breaking study to this problem than any other person connected with the City Government. Mr. Tillett was believed by some of the employee representatives to be working against their interest, but actually (especially when he was running counter to the contentions that retirement benefits should be greater) he was working for the employees. He felt that a more reasonable plan, with lessened benefits, would be greeted with public approval whereas something more desirable to the employees would incur public opposition that might block establishment of any plan. And he was right in that thinking even though some of the employees didn't at once agree with him.

• • •

Mayor Baxter, a Bostonian who took up residence in the South, acquired a Dixie drawl and got elected mayor of this Southern city, received a letter the other day that tickled him. It was from his 81-year-old uncle, Lincoln Baxter, of Boston, who wrote, saying that he had heard him speaking on the radio and that "Southern accent gave us a new lease on life." And the Mayor chuckled. "We Southerners are making progress, ain't we?" . . . Mrs. Ashby Herron Rousseau, as assistant Civilian Defense co-ordinator, has done all sorts of jobs, but until recently she had not been called upon to stop a knock down and drag out fight between two Negro chambermaids. While attending a bond preparation meeting in the Tryon Room at the Hotel Charlotte, she heard a terrific clatter in a nearby service room and when she went to close the door she found the two Negro women going at each other with bottles, a chair, chunks of ice and anything else in sight. One had been hit in the face with a bottle and her face was bleeding but Mrs. Rousseau waded in and tried to stop them. She tugged and pulled and pleaded but the cursing and yelling and pommeling went on until finally two hotel men came in and stopped the brawl . . . Detective Harry Joyner was saying the other day that he had bought a farm and his wife at last was assured of doing what she had wanted to do all her life. "I'm going to get her a mule and everything else she wants to farm with," he proudly proclaimed. "And what are you going to do?" he was asked. "Keep books," he replied without cracking a smile . . . Pvt. John W. Severs Jr., son of Detective Severs, who was wounded in the Battle of the Bulge in early January, is home on a convalescent leave from an Army hospital at Richmond . . . Fire Capt. Elliott Brown of the Myers Park Station, suffering with a heart ailment is under treatment at Memorial Hospital and still is unable to receive visitors.

The Men Of Peace

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

NOW that the San Francisco conference has actually opened, we must expect an initial small flutter of disappointment. The delegates are but men, and many of them are bald, and almost all of them are tired. Some are potty and some have the heaves, and for writers looking out over this sea of blue serge it appears difficult to believe that here is the hope of the brave new world.

Quite a few of the first press pieces dwell disconsolately on the ordinary appearance of this meeting; I suppose we have built ourselves up to expect that these men would actually look like the future, that each would be seven feet tall and wrapped in a toga. What the only representative of Justice at the conference (by his own admission) turns out to be a round-faced middle-aged man named Vandenberg, there is a bit of a let-down. Hollywood would have cast the whole thing differently.

Men who failed at Geneva are here, such as Paul-Boncour for the French, and Halifax for the British; an array of depressingly familiar faces, and the feeling is that men who couldn't do it once are going to try to do it again.

Where the faces are new, they belong to such men as Stettinius, with no particular background for this kind of business; and it is hard to believe that Stet has it in his power to end the world's long cycles of agony; that mankind has been waiting through the centuries for this gay and casual representative of a certain section of American culture to lift his hand, and wipe out the torment.

This is no reflection on the Secretary; nobody seems quite big enough for this purpose, we find it easier to believe of all of them, as they peer about, that they are looking for their hats rather than that they are looking for peace abounding.

Yet there is something good in the very ordinariness of this meeting, in the sight of ordinary men, with bunions and bifocals, pursuing world peace up and down the corridors of commonplace hotels. World peace is not possible until it has become the order of the day for quite undistinguished men. Our story is not that a number of ordinary men have come together to establish world peace, but that the events of the world have forced a number of ordinary men into this meeting.

From this point of view, even the circus aspects of the San Francisco conference are reassuring; the milling about, the hurrah and confusion, the presence of innumerable citizens who have no earthly business at the conference, for each of them shows, in his own absurd or humble way, that world peace has at last become as real as apples; and each of them is but the hand on the dial, telling what time it is in humanity's affairs.

One newspaper asks tartly whether the group of delegates now present in San Francisco could have stopped the current war. It is a fake and superficial question. This conference has been produced by the current war. It is as much a part of that war as is the Battle of Berlin; and to ask why these men didn't stop that war is to ask why this year's flood didn't stop last year's drought. It is an extraordinary war which has made it possible for ordinary men to hope to compose a peace. It will not, in fact, let them off without doing it.

And suddenly their ordinariness does not matter. It does not matter at all. It tells us that what was visible before only to the greatest among us, is now plain before the startled eyes of any man in a blue serge suit; and that almost none can avoid today what so few could grasp last time.

Quote, Unquote

It should be obvious to the German people that their only choice is between unconditional surrender now or unconditional surrender a little later after much of the Reich has been destroyed, city by city.
—Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson.

We have been short on people with practical skills and long on people deficient in emotional stability under the strain of routine, danger or threat of danger.
—Capt. Mildred H. McAfee, Wave Commander.