THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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We Get Our Money's Worth Here

THE return of Chief Stanhope Lineberry to the Mecklenburg County Police reminds us anew of the value of that highly efficient arm of local government. We can't think of a City or County department giving us more for the dollar. The reputation the County Police built under Chief Lineberry in prewar days, and maintained under Acting Chief Henry Severs despite serious handicaps is a tribute to their professional leadership, and to the independent Civil Service Board in control of Department affairs.

It has been an old Mecklenburg tradition that law enforcement should become entangled in politics, often to the point of splitting departments and setting clique against clique. If anything of the sort has happened under Lineberry or Severs there has not been a hint of it. And if it is fair to judge the worth of a police department by the convictions it gets in its lower court (it probably isn't), then the County Police are remarkably more efficient than their brethren of the City force.

Chief Lineberry is back at his job after long service in the Coast Guard, and he was warmly welcomed home. His coming, however, actually gives the Department two Chiefs. For, in recognition of the first-class job done by Henry Severs, he will continue to draw the salary of a Chief as Assistant, and in effect the County can have at least one competent head man on duty at all times.

Not in many fields do the County departments (usually smaller) outstrip City departments. It was by no means inevitable that Mecklenburg's Police should become an elite corps; many other such departments in the region operate without distinction. This Department began to rise when the professionally trained Lineberry took hold, and began to apply standard principles of procedure. It apparently lost no ground during the war, and seems ready to carry on its invaluable service to the community.

Mr. Reece Shoots The Breeze

IT'S never easy to understand just what people mean by "liberalism" these days, and when a man like Tennessee's Carroll Reece uses the word we enter a shadowy never-never land. Shortly after he became National Republican Chairman he began to belabor the word. His party, he said, was going to be truly liberal. This was the slow-going East Tennessee Republican whom Harold Stassen quickly branded as reactionary, and unrepresentative of the progressive spirit the GOP so badly needed. This was the man whose selection depressed the so-called Independent Republicans who had followed Willkie.

He didn't always make noises like a "liberal." He lambasted the Democratic Party, the Missouri ring and the CIO. And then he fired a round at the Southern Democrats as an extension of "the slave-holding oligarchy" maintaining itself in power by outrageous racial discrimination. Mr. Reece incidentally alienated some powerful Dixie Democrats who have really been Republicans in spirit from the first day of Franklin Roosevelt's reign, and he left the Republican "progressives" cold.

On the record, Mr. Reece doesn't stand for what passes as liberalism even in his own Party; you'd have to place him on the far right side of the center aisle. He sounded almost like an echo of the Republicanism of the 1860's and thus was a little baffling to listeners trying to mark the probable GOP line in the coming campaign.

A little later Mr. Reece took on the robe of soothsayer. He told a Washington audience he saw a chance to break the Solid South, to win several GOP Congressional seats in the border states—like Tennessee and Kentucky—and to grab off two or three seats in the South proper, if things went well.

Mr. Reece, it is plain to see, was unruffled by Mr. Stassen's blast. He has followed his own course, and has decided that the Republican strategy should not make a play for the Willkie-Stassen supporters. And, even more boldly, he has decided that the GOP can make gains in the South without attempting to win the conservative Democratic vote which is rightfully its own. Mr. Reece, in short, is going to make war with the old Republican weapons. He leads us to expect a repetition of the strategy of the ill-starred Landon campaign, and there is more and more reason to believe that the GOP will focus its attack upon the same man they battled in vain from '32 forward.

The Case Of Spain: An Encore

YOU can close your eyes while the United Nations bicker over the case of Franco Spain and drift back through ten terrible years of history. You can, if you have a way with a vision, hear the bombs falling again in Madrid, and hear the ominous roll of the first modern automatic weapons firing in battle, and see the first lumbering tanks of the new war move out for the great experiment. For the case of Franco Spain hasn't changed much, after all.

Except that the United States is speaking her mind officially this time, whereas she once maintained a discreet silence while her more adventurous young men went off to fight with the Lincoln Brigade. While the young Spanish Republic was dying France and Britain solemnly conferred with Russia, her ministers rustling their papers and spouting legal jargon. They must follow the policy of non-intervention, like the documents said.

Surely there were no Germans in Spain. From Paris and London they could not recognize those strange new planes as the infant *Luftwaffe*. When it was charged that brigades of Italian troops were butchering Republicans the lawyers bridled. Patriots, all, those Italians. Volunteers, following their conscience. The internal affairs of Spain were the business of Spain. Those wild-eyed Russians who pounded the conference tables and demanded action against Germany and Italy in Spain were mad. When, after four months of endless bickering, the Russians moved in themselves the Democracies washed their hands of the whole affair.

Today the positions are little changed, but for a new stubbornness on the part of France. Documents have thundered Allied disapproval of the Spanish regime, but there the legalists have halted. And when the intemperate Russians, acutely conscious of all that Franco means, demand more than paper work, we are at stalemate again.

It is curious to note the reaction of Russia's enemies in the United States. In the early phase of the debate, when American, British and French voices spoke out against Spain, they applauded loudly. But when Poland spoke, with the Russians standing at her elbow, the tune changed. Such criticism of Franco and his regime then became a Communist plot to win the whole of Europe. Franco hadn't changed, but the critical spokesmen had.

Another Voice

Prohibition Coming Back?

FOR some reason, wars and prohibition go together in this country. At least that has been the case with World Wars I and II.

In August, 1917, four months after we entered World War I, Congress prohibited use of food products in making distilled liquor, giving the excuse that food had to be conserved for war purposes.

In December, 1917, Congress submitted the Eighteenth Amendment to the States, and it went into effect January 16, 1919, after the war was over. The Volstead Act, for enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, was vetoed by President Wilson, but Congress passed it over his veto.

The fighting in World War II stopped months ago, though the war has not been officially declared over yet, because various bureaucrats want to hold onto their wartime powers. And now, prohibition is sneaking in again, with the help of President Truman.

Truman might do well to look back at what happened to Wilson after Federal prohibition came in under his Democratic Administration. Not only did Wilson's party lose the next Presidential election (1920) by a terrific score, but Wilson himself presently took sick and died.

Last February 6, the President gave prohibition the nod by issuing a grain conservation order. The order decreed that, effective March 1, grain available to U. S. distillers should be cut by 30 per cent.

Congress was not consulted. Following an old wartime habit, the President merely so ordered, and the thing is now being done, on the plea that foodstuffs must be conserved for Europe.

This food conservation plea is dishonest. The food conserved will be negligible, as compared with the amount of bootlegging, bad liquor, crime and corruption that a return of prohibition will bring with it.

Last year, the brewers used less than one per cent of the United States' total crop of corn, barley, wheat and rice, while the distillers in fiscal 1945 used less than two per cent of the total of wheat, corn, rye, barley, oats and malt.

Why, then, the sneak return of prohibition under Truman's auspices? Obviously, the motive is political. Prohibition has for long been well thought of down South.

Not that the bulk of Southerners are teetotalers; far from it. Most of them like their Bourbon and branch water as well as ex-Vice-President John N. Garner likes his, and many a Southern drinker is famous for his ability to put the stuff down in quantity.

But many Southerners like to get their liquor tax-free, and the making of moonshine liquor is an old Southern industry. It seems clear enough that Truman, in making gestures at conserving grain for Europe, is making a political bow to the South which he hopes will help the Democrats in the 1946 and '48 elections.—*Washington Times-Herald.*

'Shall We Synchronize Calendars?'

Marquis Childs

Omar's Biggest Fight

(Editor's Note: This is the second of two columns on Gen. Omar N. Bradley and the Veterans' Administration.)

WASHINGTON

THE patient, quiet-spoken director of the Veterans' Administration, Gen. Omar N. Bradley, has a big, rather old-fashioned office on the top floor of the crowded VA building. There is no fuss and feathers about Gen. Bradley, and little ceremony.

On his simply cut battle jacket, he wears none of the multi-colored ribbons that he is entitled to wear. He recognizes that that phase is definitely over.

This is a new and bigger battle he is engaged in, this struggle to straighten out the bureaucratic tangle involved in the business of some 15,000,000 war veterans, nearly 12,000,000 out of World War II. No decorations go with this job. So far it has been mostly brickbats and headaches.

With scarcely a pause in between, Gen. Bradley laid down the command of his Army last July and took on this new assignment. He has been going hard ever since. By train and by plane, he has covered thousands of miles, working with the VA's regional directors, inspecting veterans' facilities.

Bradley is 53 years old; he looks older than that and it is small wonder, considering what he has been through in the past five years. But today he can take quiet satisfaction in the beginning of progress in the VA.

MEDICAL ACHIEVEMENT

One concrete achievement is the introduction of new methods of medical care. The objective has been to bring first-rate medical men into veterans' hospitals on a part-time basis. In the past, a deadly institutionalism kept the medical service in these hospitals at an inferior level.

Now, young doctors with the latest training are coming in to be resident physicians for a fixed period of service; a training center is being opened to coach attendants who will have charge of the thousands of mental cases; leading medical men throughout the country are responding to Gen. Bradley's appeal.

One word—service—characterizes Bradley's career. He is unspectacular, plain, without any of the fireworks of a Patton. But it's entirely possible that, in the final verdict of history, he will stand higher than many a spectacular general.

Just published is a book that tells more than anyone else has told of Bradley's wartime struggles with the British, beginning in the early Fall of 1944 and going through the Battle of the Bulge. The book is "Top Secret," written by Ralph Ingersoll, who was a member of Bradley's plans staff through most of the period after D-Day.

BRADLEY'S THEORY

Bradley believed that the Germans should be given no respite. In September of '44, he was in favor of driving on through, convinced that victory was in sight if only the Germans were not given an opportunity to strengthen their shattered forces and form new lines.

His adversary was Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery. In almost every respect, Monty was the exact opposite of Bradley. He was showy, vain to the point of egocentricity, adroit at using the press conference and the dramatic pronouncement to gain his way.

The British, through Montgomery, wanted to gain command over all American forces, according to Ingersoll. They wanted to send the main drive into Germany by the northwest route through Bremen and Hamburg.

Obscured by censorship at the time, this struggle was in a sense part of an earlier controversy. The British had fought unceasingly, in inter-Allied conferences, to channel the main drive through Italy and the Balkans. They had steadfastly resisted the cross-Channel invasion to France.

For many years memoranda, memoirs, documents will shed light on this behind-scenes controversy. But the picture that Ingersoll gives of Bradley — doggedly, patiently driving on in spite of the quarrels of the politicians and the political generals—is likely to stand up.

WINS OVER STELLE

In just the same way, Bradley is going about his present job. He has already had one encounter with John Stelle of the American Legion, who made charges that seemed to have a political motivation. Bradley marshalled his facts and, when the smoke cleared away, he was in possession of the field.

No one knows better than Bradley the obstacles still ahead. The progress thus far is small, measured against the enormity of the task. There are still rooms chock full of unsorted mail. But the man who did so much to carve out victory in war is showing the way to another kind of victory in peace.

People's Platform

How The Jap Is Taking It

(This is a letter from a serviceman who stayed in Japan when his time was out to take a job that gave him an excellent chance to see the problems of occupation first-hand. It came to his brother in Charlotte, and is what we consider a first-rate report on the Japan of today.—Eds., The News.)

You wrote me advising that I take a job over here immediately. I have done just that! The salary is fantastic, and I like the work. My contract runs for a year, so that if there is still a job to do in radio here in Japan, and I know damned well there will be, I can sign on again. I'm going to save my leave time till the end of the year, and try to take 45 days off in the States if I can. Then I can come back here for another year of gravy.

I completed my forms today, they'll go through the personnel office next week, and I'll go to the Fourth Repple Deppo for my discharge after that. Then I'll return to Radio Tokyo here, and continue doing the same job as a civilian. I'll be living in the same quarters, eating the same food, and no change is expected except taking off my bars and putting on a set of US's. By the way, if you run into any US's, please send me a half dozen or so.

Since I last wrote you, I have been assigned a new job. I was "hired" as a script writer, if you remember, but after three weeks on the democracy script, I was assigned to production. That lasted for two weeks, and then I was made Program Director for all the Farm and Labor programs . . . brother!

So now I nurse my Nips through the following shows, plus supervising the program content, production format, and general radio technique: Farm Facts, Man on The Street, Farm Hour, Labor Drama, Labor News, and the following shows that have just been assigned me: Political Hour, The Woman in Politics, Roundtable.

I am just a general handyman, for no sooner do I schedule a show than it's changed on me. Then I have to round up my friend Mr. Uda on the Broadcast Corp. of Japan staff and give him the latest dope, hoping he doesn't loose it up. The work is really stimulating, for the Nips are ten years behind the States in radio. . . . Where the programs used to run as long as they wanted, no station breaks, no nothing, for the government control precluded all competition and sale of time, now they are beginning to get the idea.

It used to be run like a high school PA system, with nothing definite. When I was first here it was not at all unusual for a fifteen-minute show to run six or 23 minutes. Then too, the whole network was stinking with intrigue. The Program Director was head of the Musicians' Union . . . . picture Petrillo in the same capacity at CBS.

In the whole of BCJ there was not one man who could produce a simple fifteen-minute show on time, with the correct pacing, and no fluffs, but they are coming. The same thing for announcers. Even now the musicians and the announcers walk out of the studio when they get through their part of the show, as do the members of the cast.

In fact last week an announcer had walked out and we had two or three minutes of dead air. Slowly they are getting the idea, but it will be a slow, hard job. Since it was impolite to point, we had to break down their Oriental reserve so a producer could give the announcer the cue by pointing. In short, the job is fascinating, and I don't care if I stay here five years.

I sent you a couple of pages from the Nippon Times, a daily printed here for the consumption of the English speaking persons, of whom there are a great number. Indeed, they are quite some linguists, and I have had lots of opportunities to use my French. In my daily conferences with the Nips I found one guy who speaks a little French, so if no interpreter is present we hobble along in French. These Nips are the luckiest people in the world for having lost the war, and everyone with whom I work thinks of the US as heaven.

They plague me daily with questions about the States, and if it's really true that officers don't strike enlisted men, that women have the same rights as men, and if children can disobey their parents after the age of 21 . . . and on and on for hours. I know that most State-siders would consider me a Nip lover, and that I've forgotten the boys who still lie on Iwo Jima and the like . . . . but I haven't.

The whole country is still united under the Emperor, and his orders are followed to the letter. I consider him the supreme war criminal, but he is the only thing left to them, and I believe that if he were tried the fighting would start all over again. The policy seems to be to whittle him down to size, and that is what we are trying to do. Last week he interviewed some workers at a factory, and I sent my crew out to record his voice. They were so scared that they snafued the deal, but when he visited another place a few days later, I gave my team a pep talk about their responsibility to the Japanese people, and they did a fair job.

We then put on light classical music before the broadcast, and then spun the disc. Today I read some mail: "I cried when I hear His Majesty's voice." "Why did you use the music before his voice. It was a sacrilege!" . . . . So the whittling down process continues.

MacArthur, despite his black marks and his financial intrigue in the Philippines, is doing a superb job of liberating these sheep, and slowly they are coming to voice their opinions in the first person instead of in the third. But the militarists still try to hold out, and the politics is stinking. A firm hand and a long occupation should straighten a lot of these people out. I can see a new Japan rising out of the chaos that will be a real contribution to the family of nations . . . Strange as it sounds. We have a tight hold on all media of information and it will not be relinquished soon.

To date we have not had a single instance of any Nips in BCJ trying to pull a fast one, and we have Civilian Censorship on them 24 hours a day to catch them. I can't say too much about the devotion of the Nisei, the American-born Japs . . . Without them, this occupation could not have been!

The Nip customs are strange. They bow whenever they enter the office, but they don't bow quite as deeply as before. They try to wear American clothes, whatever they saved from the fires. The lucky ones have one shirt to their name. As for fodo, it's pitiful. One guy, who graduated from the University of Southern Cal. and who is now with BCJ, having been caught over here in 1940, actually cried when we took him to dinner. We got him seconds, and he was speechless. Try rice and fish some time . . . we smell it night and day. Cigarettes are out of this world for them. In fact they associate anything that is good with America: B-ceds, cigarettes, K rations, clothing, lighters, tooth paste, butter; it is all mystifying to them, and they idolize America.

The women idolize the GIs, for their unusual consideration. Hell, in the past they got their teeth knocked down their throats for talking back. So it goes. I try to be objective, and detached from it all, but I find myself becoming acclimated to it, and nothing surprises me any more. Their sincerity is hard to believe, and all of BCJ is incredulous at the thought of the Farm Hour in the hands of a Jap producer, with full responsibility for choice of speaker, etc. But it is working out! Slowly they are assuming responsibility, and their initiative that they would be merely lackeys to a propaganda machine is vanishing. The same thing holds true in other fields, I feel sure.

SIGNATURE WITHHELD

Bertram Benedict

Rationing Or Chaos

NEW YORK

MR. TRUMAN is now reduced to telling us piteously that we Americans eat too much. Well, you dropped rationing, Mr. President; and if that was not an official invitation from the head of our domestic establishment for all of us to eat hearty, one does not know what it was. To end rationing in November, and now in April to preach heavily to us that we ought voluntarily to go on a famine diet two days each week is to leave us uncertain as to whether to believe the Truman who seeks to reassure us or the Truman who seeks to frighten us.

The Administration seems to want it both ways; it wants credit for letting the country eat its head off, if it wants to, and it also wants it not to want to. It cannot have it both ways; there must be a return to controls. A society which does not even try to handle the problem of smoking in the subways without law and controls cannot resolve a world famine by muttering to us that we are too wide in the seat.

ORIGINAL MISTAKE

Mr. Truman's original mistake was to drop rationing; and his subsequent mistakes all flow from that one. Once the dropped rationing, it was inevitable that he should team up with Mr. Herbert Hoover as his famine expert; for Mr. Hoover is also opposed to rationing. Mr. Hoover is an elder statesman with a kind of horror of the state; in fact he might be called our elder anti-statesman; and so he at once issued the characteristic thesis that the world's food crisis was a short-term crisis, which would end with the next harvest, in four months, and that since it would take four months to set rationing up, it wasn't worth the trouble. Having made this pronouncement, which was promptly and gratefully picked up by the President, Mr. Hoover set forth upon his travels to see if he was right.

Meanwhile the situation has worsened rapidly; we have been unable, without controls, to ship our full quotas; and suddenly Mr. Chester A. Davis, chairman of the President's Famine Emergency Committee (who can hardly be accused of opposing Mr. Hoover for doctrinaire statist reasons) announces that the next crop will not save the world, but that the crisis will continue for a year.

LONG CRISIS

The short crisis has become a long one, in spite of Mr. Hoover's ingenious bit of dialectics; and Mr. Truman is left facing a dilemma. To get us to have food, he had tell us truly terrible things about the world's hunger, he must shake us, he must scare us. But the more dreadful the tales he tells us, the more preposterous it becomes that he doesn't ration; until finally every argument for the voluntary program becomes an argument against it, and the President is left in the position of a man quarreling with himself at the top of his voice.

And now the great disorder begins to have domestic manifestations. The effort to remove enough wheat from the market to prevent a world disaster will, if successful, produce a bread shortage here. This disappearance of cereals will also start a heavy march of meat animals to market. If they can't be fed, they must be slaughtered, and so, along with our bread shortage, we will have a meat glut. This will be only temporary, for overslaughter now will produce a meat shortage in the Fall.

BEWILDERED GIANT

And that is the kind of gala future a nation sets up for itself when it refuses to do a bit of planning; and in the end (as Mr. Davis hinted), we may have to return to rationing just to keep our own people from suffering want because of the imbalances produced by the abandonment of rationing. We could have used rationing to feed the hungry world; we rejected that, and now we may have to turn to it anyway, just to sweep up the mess. We end where we started, but with the work undone, and with giant America presenting a bewildered picture to the world. As of one who can't quite remember where he left his other shoe, and who can't search because he has misplaced his eyeglasses, too.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Lewis Douglas Up As Head Of World Bank

(Note—Drew Pearson today awards the Brass Ring, good for a free but somewhat bumpy ride on The Washington Merry-Go-Round, to Lewis Douglas.)

WASHINGTON

FOR some time a hot behind-the-scenes row has been raging over the person of charming, vivacious Lew Douglas, who has held more jobs in Government than anyone else in Washington, and who is now up for appointment as head of the new World Bank.

This bank, to be created under Bretton Woods, will be about the most powerful economic force in the world. It will have the power to develop or retard countries. It can make or prevent revolutions. It will become, for smaller countries, what the small-town banker is to the corner grocer.

The man so far slated for this important job enjoys the unique distinction of being the only man who could outcharm Franklin Roosevelt. Douglas rowed with Roosevelt, resigned as his Director of the Budget, organized the "Independent Democrats," did his best to defeat Roosevelt in 1940. Yet he was always able to win his way back into FDR's good graces.

Canadian Background

A LOT of people have had their doubts as to whether Lew is a Republican or a Democrat, and some friends chide him as to whether his family is American or Canadian. He operated successfully in both parties and both countries.

Lew's grandfather was a Scottish professor of geology who migrated to Arizona via Canada and established the beginnings of the Phelps-Dodge copper millions. Douglas, Arizona, is named for the family.

Lew's grandfather kept his Canadian citizenship, even sending his wife back to Canada whenever a child was expected, so that it, too, would be Canadian. Of his two sons, Walter Douglas kept his Canadian citizenship to the end, but Lew's father, Jimmy Douglas, didn't.

He became an American citizen after he fell in love with Josephine Williams, daughter of a crusty Arizona miner, "Don Loosey" Williams, who would not let his child be married to a "foreigner." Later, however, Lew's father became such a rabid Roosevelt-hater that he left Arizona and went back to Canada to spend the rest of his life as far from the New Deal as possible.

Some years before this, however, Lew Douglas had come to Congress in 1927 as a Democrat at the sprightly age of 33, when Congress was packed with dignified Republicans of the conservative Coolidge era. He remained six years, got to know Franklin Roosevelt as Governor of New York, campaigned for him, and resigned from Congress to become FDR's Director of the Budget.

Rows With Roosevelt

LESS than a year later, the two were in vigorous disagreement, chiefly over the public works and spending programs. FDR believed the Government had to spend to win back employment. Douglas was for a balanced budget. Finally he resigned.

Lew then went up to Canada for a while as vice-chancellor of McGill University, later became head of the giant Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York, did his best to elect Wendell Willkie, was privately though briefly mentioned by J. P. Morgan Partners as Republican candidate for President, and then with the war on, he and Roosevelt suddenly kissed and made up.

Douglas became head of the War Shipping Administration, where he cut red tape, rowed with the Army, and did a reasonably good job.

At one time, Roosevelt nearly appointed Douglas to be Undersecretary of State. This was when FDR made the worst foreign relations mistake of his many long years by ousting his best State Department executive, Sumner Welles. However, Douglas was considered too close to Wall Street, and Ed Stettinius got the job instead.

Turns Up In Germany

LATER, Lew turned up mysteriously in Germany, where he served as a War Department adviser and where he persuaded his brother-in-law, Assistant Secretary of War McCloy, to hold up Truman's "tough peace" Directive 1067 for Germany.

Douglas was one of those who believed that Germany should be built up as a buffer state against Russia; and that was where he incurred the opposition of Henry Morgenthau. Henry has now written to Truman warning that Douglas, as head of the World Bank, would be a tragic mistake.

However, Secretary of the Treasury Vinson is for him, so are the British, and, what with strong Wall Street support, he will probably get the job.