THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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Prescription

Grand Jury Suggests Some Local Reforms

Mecklenburg's retiring Grand Jury proved its awareness of a number of unsatisfactory local conditions in its final report before adjournment. The gentlemen stabbed directly at more than one pressing Charlotte problem neglected or glossed over in the past. Action on their recommendations is uncertain, but should be forthcoming at once.

There is the proposal that the City employ 20 additional policemen, including some Negroes, to provide proper law enforcement — especially in the crowded Negro sections. And the need for that move was made apparent by the Jury's experience in reviewing cases. It also found that affairs in Superior Court were in a state of confusion, and proposed to rectify that situation by hiring one or more investigating officers to work under Solicitor John Carpenter—and by recommending that all officers be required to make written records in all cases, including previous court records.

In those cases, the Grand Jury hopes to provide adequate policing, which it believes does not now exist, and to put Superior Court's routine operation on a business-like basis, so that the overcrowded dockets may be properly administered.

The Jury also deplored the widespread practice of adultery among local Negroes—a plaint heard before from sincere Negro leaders. It called for more vigorous efforts to halt this practice, to punish offenders, and to hold fathers of illegitimate children responsible for their support.

These were recommendations worthy of immediate attention, though we hold little hope that the reforms proposed will be instituted, or conditions noticeably improved.

Correction

Dewey's Youth Will Set No Records For Us

Thomas Edmund Dewey, should he accomplish the conquest of Franklin Roosevelt in November, would not be, as reported, the youngest American President. In the respect of youthfulness he is destined to set no records. On January 20, 1945, Dewey will be two months and four days short of 43; Theodore Roosevelt, when he became President on the death of McKinley, was just nine days younger than Dewey will be next Inauguration Day.

And in the matter of youthful nominees, Dewey also runs second. Born on March 24, 1902, he is the youngest man ever to be nominated by the Republicans—but William Jennings Bryan, nominated at the age of 36 in 1896, was the youngest nominee of any major party.

This passes as no more than incidental intelligence, in our books, but fact's fact. It remains for Thomas Edmund to set his records in other fields. He is not to assume that he holds a monopoly in this field of youth. He's likely too busy to notice, but he's had some young predecessors who were some shucks in their day, too.

Fair Play

Don't Sweetheart Nobody During This Campaign

If this ain't the millennium, we won't wait for it. The four major networks have banned, during the Presidential campaign, that snappy song hit "Don't Change Horses." Because of its insidious nature, and the possible effect of its implication upon the course of our political history, it will not be used until after November.

Here, we rise to confound the doubters who have sneered at our land of freedom. We play it straight and pat. No favoritism. Turn off the propaganda. Don't sing to the voters, give the Republicans a fair, square break.

It is heartbreaking that this act of nobility on the part of broadcasters came just one song too late—for the authors of this tune were also guilty of that "Mairzy Doats."

Any day now, in this sudden-ly stifling and controlled atmosphere of ours, we expect to see that "Don't Sweetheart Me" has also been banned—so that mustachioed Tom Dewey will gain no special preference. And what will they do, these watchdogs of ours, about "I'll Get By", "I'll Be Around", "I'll Be Seeing You", "Time Waits For No One", and "Long Ago and Far Away?" Can we long escape the wrath of censorship, if we publicly hum the stirring strains of "Is Your Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby?"

We know not what course others may take, but as for us, we'll yodel what we please, in any company. And we're working on a campaign hit at this moment: "How Come You Do Me Like You Dewey?"

GOP Plans

They Sound Like '32— On The New Deal Side

The unrolling of the Republican platform, except for the numerous blasts at New Deal bureaucracy, bungling and dictatorship, made curious and fascinating reading. To a man who had been absent from the American scene these past 12 years, it would have sounded a good deal like the refreshingly liberal utterances of the men and party of Franklin Roosevelt, the rising prophet. For the GOP, as expected, put its stamp of approval on virtually every New Deal principle, right down the line. And in every case, as in '36 and '40, it made promises to do the New Deal job in a more efficient, more American, way.

Check the list:

The Good Neighbor Policy.
Social Security program.
Federal medical and hospital aid.
Federal Housing Administration.
Pledge to hold Labor's gains (chiefly New Deal-made).
National Labor Relations and Wage & Hour Acts.
Farm aid through support prices and commodity loans.
Rural Electrification.
Crop insurance.
Water, forest, soil and wildlife conservation.
Public works program.
United Nations Relief & Rehabilitation.

Those are the chief items, though the list does not include protests against New Deal methods. But here is the heart of the GOP platform—excluding the unsatisfying foreign policy plank—and it is almost word for word out of the New Deal book. The Grand Old Party has made, for the third time, the error Wendell Willkie warned against.

A Warning

Commanders Urge U. S. Not To Relax Efforts

Generals Marshall and Arnold and Admiral King have said very strongly that they do not like the public frame of mind they find at home after their return from Normandy. They—or someone else—wanted to stress an important point in that connection, and so they upbraided the people. There is no basis for the widespread popular hope that the war is already won, they said, in their message to the President.

Though we have made good our landings in Normandy, and have begun the task of grinding up the German armies on the Continent, there is a hard and costly road ahead. Our top-ranking commanders, seeing the danger of a relaxation of effort at home, felt constrained to make that fact clear.

We have made a beginning of the end, they said in effect, but the end itself is not to be gained by resting on the oars. As a matter of fact, increased demands of victorious armies on big offensives in Europe will call for greater efforts at production of war materials, and there must be no spreading of the fancy that nothing remains but going through the motions. Our war is not far from its greatest climax, but that calls for the greatest effort, and not a turning away from the bloody task.

As he has picked up some Russian, and various phrases in Chinese, Henry Wallace can now clarify himself in three languages.

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

CHICAGO

SOMETHING has suddenly dawned on anti-Roosevelt Southern Democrats. It was beginning to dawn on them before the Republicans left Capitol Hill for Chicago. And judging from anti-Roosevelt Democrats here, it has now hit them with the conclusive smack of a wet blanket.

What they have suddenly realized is that their Electoral College idea is likely to do to the South what all the Senate filibusters over the poll tax never could do—namely, take away thirteen per cent of the South's political power, unless the vote is given to the Negro. What most people don't realize—and anti-Roosevelt leaders are awakening to it—is that, in the Electoral College, the South is able to vote its Negro population even though the Negroes themselves don't vote.

In other words, the twelve Southern States now have 25.2 per cent of the nation's vote in the Electoral College. But, since Negroes don't vote, those same states have only twelve per cent of the popular vote of the nation. Thus, in the last election, the twelve Southern States cast 135 votes in the Electoral College, which was 25.2 per cent of the total. But in the popular vote, they cast only 5,642,000 out of 49,768,000, which was only twelve per cent of the total.

So by changing the age-old practice of the Electoral College following the popular vote, Southern anti-Roosevelt leaders are certain to start a move to abolish the Electoral College with the privileged voting position it gives the South.

South's Gain

Prior to the Civil War, the Constitution recognized the fact that Negroes did not vote in the South by giving the Southern States a smaller proportional vote in the Electoral College. Since the Civil War, however, the South has got 100 per cent credit for its negro population in the Electoral College, even though they don't vote.

This added political strength which the South has enjoyed ever since the Civil War would evaporate if the Electoral College were abolished. And politicos of both parties agree that its abolition is just as sure as tomorrow if electors refuse to obey the mandate of the people.

NOTE—How the South benefits from the Electoral College is illustrated by the following: In South Carolina, only 100,000 people vote, or one person out of eighteen. But it has eight votes in the Electoral College. Texas, with a popular vote of 1,041,000 in 1940, had 23 votes in the College. Meanwhile, California, voting three times as many people—or 3,269,000—had less electoral votes than Texas, or 22. And New York, with six times the popular vote of Texas, or 6,302,000, had only twice as many electoral votes, or 47.

Dewey Stratagem

Dewey's friends aren't shouting it from the housetops, but he had a neat stratagem up his sleeve when he ran for Governor of New York, and he may use it again during his coming campaign for President.

It all hinged around smart, shrewd publicity expert Edward L. Bernays, who has handled public relations for some of the biggest firms in New York. The Bernays agency made a thorough study and canvass of New York State, preparing a card-index file of every Republican leader who controlled more than a teaspoonful of votes. What Bernays did was to take all Republican lists and check them over, bringing them up to date, analyzing the importance of each leader.

Each card contained not only first names, but nicknames, pet hobbies, political and financial histories, and every other fact which a candidate needed to know. Thus, Dewey was able to tell, from a glance at a card, precisely whom he was talking to when he stumped the State. He was able to talk political leaders about their families, their business etc., in typical Jim Farley manner.

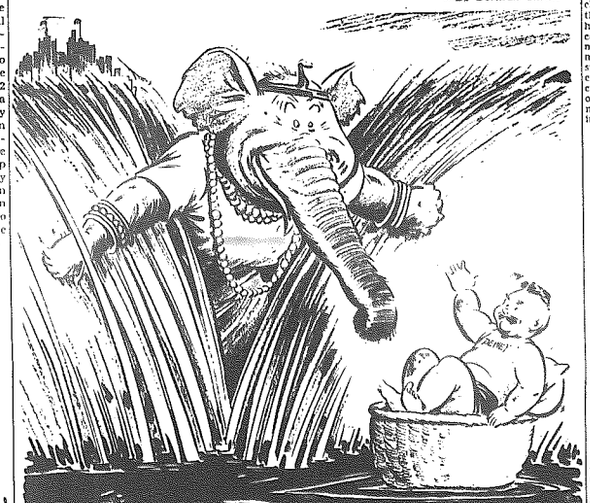
Bernays also did an intensive research job on the political writings of about 500 key non-political civic leaders around the State, and dug up, from what they had said, passages parallel to Dewey's talks. Then letters were sent these leaders showing how Dewey's and their minds were running in the same direction.

The Bernays survey is reputed to have cost Dewey's friends $50,000, but it was worth it.

NOTE—Word of the Bernays survey for Dewey leaked when Bernays approached the Democrats recently to suggest that he do a similar job for them . . . Best U. S. memories for names, dates, and places are rated as follows: Jim Farley, Mrs. Henry Wallace, Erwin Holt, retired cotton manufacturer of Burlington, N. C., and Nat Howard, editor of the Cleveland News, formerly U. S. press censor.

The New Moves

—By Dorman Smith



That Nice Mr. Dewey

By Samuel Grafton

CHICAGO

AS the week wore on, the pretty girl models disappeared from the Dewey headquarters in the Stevens.

(There is a certain amount of controversy as to whether they really were models or not. I consider the subject worthy of an investigation by a Congressional Committee, because if it is true that squads of the most sensational beauties in Chicago were suddenly seized by a wild desire to wear Dewey sashes, and rushed down to his headquarters like mad things, that is a political fact of some importance. That looks like a trend, and it could influence people. If, on the other hand, it was just a job for the girls, we ought to know about it, because it bears on the vital question of what this candidate has that other candidates don't have.)

At any rate they are gone. They have been replaced by a quartette of heavy-set gents, who play instruments and sing, but don't talk, and there drift in occasionally various military-seeming ladies, adorned with long brown hearing some legend about a clean sweep with Dewey. The gradual rise at headquarters of what might be called a motif of studied dowdiness coincided in a fascinating way with the gradual rise in the dignity of the Dewey movement as it approached the moment of success. It put away youthful things, and overnight became middle-aged, sober and thoughtful

This faintly dowdy, completely unsensational atmosphere is, it seems to me, being built up as the mood of the Dewey campaign. The note is one of solidity. It will be a campaign tailored to the aspirations of middle-aged, middle-class, middle-sized-elly Americ-ica, with a heavy emphasis on enduring worth, made manifest by the absence of brilliance. A certain wholesome colorlessness is obviously being tried for.

It must be admitted, regretfully, that Representative Clare Boothe Luce did not fit too snugly into the general picture. Her speech introduced a certain note of razzle-dazzle, a touch of what might be called the snazzy. This mood dogs the good lady; she cannot avoid it; she never seems able to resist little tidbits of oratorical cuteness, such as her appalling wordgame about G. I. Joe the soldier, and G. I. Jim, his dead comrade, with the imputation that if G. I. Joe is alive, that is due to the operations of the Republican Party while if G. I. Jim is dead, we all know whom to blame for that, don't we?

G. I. Jim takes his place as a Clare Boothe Luce character along with Sister Sal or Sister Sue or whoever it was a year ago, who you will remember, scanned the skies in another Clare Boothe Luce speech, saddened because she could not see a single American airplane; Miss Boothe having somewhere picked up the odd idea that America is in danger of losing out of the aviation business.

There is a bit of intellectual raffishness about these formulations; something showy and fragile, which puzzles and even dismays a number of the Republican delegates, good, solid and wholesome folk, who are unhappy when anybody makes with the words too much. They wish only, bless their hearts, to elect as President the kind of nice young man whom they would like to see come calling on daughter.

Hoover's Swan Song

By Marquis Childs

CHICAGO

AT the end of his speech on Tuesday night, Herbert Hoover publicly surrendered any claim to leadership of the Republican Party. Standing for the third time under the blazing convention lights as an ex-President, he did what he has never done before— stepped aside for a younger generation.

What he said in his swan song would be unimportant, since it was hail and farewell, if it weren't for two things. First, his speech seemed to me to reflect the confused thinking, not merely of Mr. Hoover, but of a great many of us on the vital issue of world collaboration. We want to have our cake—a great big cake with the best raisins in it—and yet we want to eat it, too.

Some evidence of that same confusion was in the GOP foreign policy plank with its last-minute bow in the direction of Illinois Senator "Curley" Brooks. The insistence that "any treaty or agreement" have the approval of two-thirds of the Senate was what middle western Senators were determined to tack onto the Connally resolution. But Hoover exhibited in an extreme form the dualism that colors so much American thinking. "The hot fires of nationalism" rising out of the "emotions of this war," have put an end to any hopes for "a world super-government, no matter how idealistic," said Hoover.

All we can hope for is "co-operation between independent sovereign nations." Yet a little later on he lambasts the Roosevelt Administration for playing power politics at Teheran. If President Roosevelt were to defend Teheran, I'm sure he would say he was working toward "co-operation between independent sovereign nations."

Then with some indignation, Hoover refers to the independence of Poland. The United States, he says, will emerge from this war, the strongest military power in the world and our capacity to "bring freedom to the world must not be frittered away." But how are we to "bring freedom to the world?" Are we going to war with Russia to keep Poland independent?

I happen to know on the best authority that Roosevelt told Stalin at Teheran that we would not fight him over Poland. He was simply stating a reality — that the American people would not go into another war to assure the independence of Poland within certain borders. Would Hoover disagree? Would any Republican?

Two different Americans were talking turns in speaking all through Hoover's speech. One was the American conscious of our new world power and proposing, as did Winston Churchill, who certainly knows his power politics, that the world be divided into three spheres of influence for maintenance of the peace. The other American was the idealist talking of freedom, of liberation for all peoples.

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"At home John pans those teams terribly and calls them a bunch of kids and cripples—I hope the war hasn't upset his mind!"

Everyday Counselor

By Herbert Spaugh, D. D.

FOR every one who wants this war to end there are two who down in their hearts are afraid it will, and they don't want to give up the money they are making out of it," bitterly declares a correspondent. "Oh, yes, they are buying war bonds, but how many turn right around and cash them in. People are making more money than they have ever made in their lives and they are spending it too. Resorts are crowded. Look at the streets crowded with automobiles running on black market gas; you would never know that there was rationing!"

Unfortunately there is much truth in this accusation of my correspondent. Servicemen returning from the battlefronts admit that the topic of conversation most heard is how much money is being made, how it is going to be made. Many families have not been touched directly by the war; they have no sons or daughters in the armed service; they have not let the war interfere much with their manner of living. Let these remember that profiteering at the expense of the Government is taking "blood money," and the law of cause and effect has not been revoked, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Let there be no illusions about this national selfishness. It prevailed during the last war and found its worst expression following the war, when veterans, seeking adjusted compensation from the Government were called robbers and raiders of the United States Treasury. If this selfishness continues, grows, and is met by returning veterans of this war there will be grave trouble. Veterans of the last war, still recalling the ingratitude of the civilian population, will not be backward in uniting forces with returning veterans of this war.

Sensing difficult days ahead, the American Legion, composed of veterans of World War I has opened its membership to returning veterans of World War II. Here will be one of the largest and strongest organizations in the country, a force to be considered and reckoned.

In the earlier days of the war we were filled with patriotism. Civilians were not satisfied unless they felt that they had some part in the war effort, not for personal gain, but from a desire to share with the men and women in uniform. Men going into service were promised their jobs and positions when they returned.

We permit the patriotism of those days to lag at our peril. Selfishness will prolong the war. Blood money is poison. Let's not forget!

That Plank!

By Dorothy Thompson

CHICAGO

IF Colonel McCormick of the Chicago Tribune, most rabid nationalist-isolationist publicist in America, and Wendell L. Willkie, most intransigent internationalist, both sitting somewhat on the fringes of the Republican Convention, see eye to eye regarding the plank on foreign policy it is improbable that they should both be wrong.

Mr. Willkie denounces the plank as "double talk" and compares it quite astutely to the plank on foreign policy incorporated in the platform of the convention that nominated Harding. In 1920, on its face it looks like a commitment to effective world organization. But there is nothing in it that could not be interpreted in a variety of ways. For one thing it specifically reaffirms the constitutional process of treaty ratification which makes it possible for 33 Senators to railroad any form of real international organization into oblivion.

If the Republican Party wholeheartedly meant business about creating a "post war co-operative world organization" it would try to open the way for a constitutional change of the constitutional process which the power they presently exert in the states ought not be difficult to bring about.

In his keynote speech Monday night Governor Warren plainly set forth the limits to which the Republican Party is willing to go, and made it clearer than the platform plank does. He called for effective co-operation with all peace loving nations" and for "the establishment of an international tribunal for the settlement of disputes." He also urged "effective friendly co-operation of the war's principal Allied combatants." And, beyond this, stood ready to "welcome every nation prepared in honesty to join with us." It is to be noted that the only sort of "organization" specifically referred to was a "tribunal." The definite renunciation, also of a "world state" might mean renunciation of any sort of effective co-operative organization to enforce peace.

Colonel McCormick, who had obviously seen the plank, expressed himself satisfied with it, as a whole. In the leading editorial in this morning's Chicago Tribune, it preserves, he says, complete independence of action in all matters involving force: It requires treaties to be ratified by two-thirds vote of the Senate: And, to cap the climax, it makes only the necessary concessions, for vote - getting purposes, to the international wing of the party.

"Everybody of course is for peace, and everybody is for co-operation—within limits." This Colonel McCormick applauds on the same grounds that Mr. Willkie blames.

Actually there is a dilemma confronting not only the Republicans but Mr. Roosevelt. The country is divided between nationalists and internationalists and neither group understands how to make the real synthesis. Not only the Republican Party but Mr. Roosevelt is trying to conciliate both. Mr. Roosevelt is offering, not a genuine world organization for the maintenance and enforcement of peace—such as much against a "world state" whatever that means, as the Republicans. Instead he is offering a four-power alliance between the great powers, dressed up as a "realistic" League of Nations, plus the War Department's seven-year navy, the world's biggest air force, and probably universal military training, to police bases theoretically international but actually our own responsibility. The Republicans are playing with similar ideas without positive treaties or executive orders to realize them.

The dilemma of both parties is in their incapacity to go through any clear intellectual processes on the questions vital to our future. The nationalists cannot in good face return to old-fashioned isolationism. The internationalists, and amongst them the President, are either afraid or unwilling to risk offending our major Allies by insisting on a genuine system of international security backed by force, with freedom and proportionate responsibility for all, and a positive renuncia-

German Soldier Writes

By ROGER D. GREENE
(Substituting for Hal Boyle)
WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN FRANCE, June 31—(Delayed) —(Or any other old, beloved day, as the case may be, sweet," the letter begins, typewritten in German.

I am filled with deep uneasiness which has continued for several days. I know you, too, have the same uneasiness. I will thank God when all this is over at last."

In the gloomy mood the letter goes on to tell me of her own dark forebodings and how desperately he longs for the war to end.

He thanks her for a parcel of tobacco with "you've no idea how devilishly I yearned for a cigarette."

"The little comforter on which I was knitted so nicely of lime wool," the letter continued.

COMPLAINS OF LIFE

He complains of life at the front. He envisages the day when he will return to "Mein Uber Alles Gelieble." And then, ruthlessly in the last paragraph all softness and sadness is brushed aside.

"Darling," he says, "I have been able to conquer all uneasiness and all my mental sickness, and I hope you have done the same—for thus must we Germans overwhelm our nerves with our heroism."

The letter was dated June 8, the day before the Allied invasion. It was found in an ancient castle in Normandy which had been used as a Nazi headquarters. Nazis had fled without firing a shot.

The Germans left behind masses of ammunition, staff cars and other equipment in their scampering retreat from the coastal village of Normandy, but they took away almost all the good wines, the cognac and the fiery calvados—the local fine-distilled applejack. Bottles of champagne they left are stamped in red ink: "Reserve a la wehrmacht. Achat et revente interdit"—reserved for the German Army. Resale forbidden.

AMERICAN TASTE

Curiously enough, the labels also bear the legend: "Soc. gout Americain"—dry. American taste.

Some of the more wily French, uncowed by their German masters, had a few bottles for greeting the Allies. This afternoon, in a shell-wrecked little village beside the sea, I sat in the shop of Monsieur L. and sipped tiny thimblefuls of calvados 1893. And he said:

"When the Germans come to buy wine, before the Allies arrive, I tell them it is sad but I have no more wine. All the time I am chuckling inside while my face is sad. But I weel not sell to them the wine . . .

"The Germans were very correct, but you will understand I do not love them. My son is taken away for three years to work in Germany. At last they send him back. His health is broken. He is no longer good for work. Once again I have a family around me—my son and his fiancee.

"Then one day, just before the Allies arrive, my son and his sweetheart go out for a picnic in the fields. The mines explode. My son has his leg blown off, his eye blinded. His sweetheart has her legs blown off also.

"The Germans will not help them. The Boche is too nervous, afraid of the invasion. After a time I get my son and his fiancee to a hospital in Caen. I have not heard from them. . . "

tion of the game of grab on the principles of the Atlantic Charter. The result is that the President is heading us toward the position of peace ahead of all time while the Republicans, are treading water above a sea of double talk.

Nationalism and internationalism are incompatible ideas. Each is necessary to the realization of either. Internationalism, however, implies positive commitments not generalized co-operation and mere "tribunals" and nationalism demands that the country does not become a willing agent of expansionist aims of others. If things go on as they are going the dilemma will not produce a world organized for peace under law, but American imperialism that will ultimately conflict with British, Russian, and even perhaps Chinese imperialism. For only imperialism can be at one and the same time phony nationalism and phony internationalism.

"Ah . . . I think we'll by-pass this next village, sergeant . . . it seems I made some mighty tall promises to a gal there, back in 1918!"