THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Renewed Lease For Squalor

Up to now, the movement for a higher minimum standard of housing in Charlotte has roused no vocal opposition. Everybody has seemed to be for it, a circumstance which would have been remarkable in Mecklenburg in any case but was positively astonishing since the business under discussion involved property and expense and, in a manner of speaking, race relationship.

Even so, up to now nobody has spoken out against adoption of the submitted ordinance. But the joint resolution of the Real Estate Board and Property Management Association serves notice that there is still a disposition in the community to trade for time. Two particulars aroused their disapproval.

One, the provision of hot water to go with the bathing facilities which are to be required, was not included in the ordinance which the Planning Board submitted. The suggestion of it came from a member of the Council who wondered what use bathtubs would be without hot water. We don't know the answer to his question. It is the other point raised by the real estate men which seems to throw cold water on all the thought and labor and high hopes which have gone into the housing ordinance.

The Planning Board left it up to the Council to set the time at which the ordinance should become effective, indicating that the Council would probably want to make it so many months, depending on the availability of materials, labor and so forth. But the real estate men have asked for five years.

That is too long a delay, by several years. Housing which is unfit for human habitation because of dilapidation, defects increasing the hazard of fire, accidents or other calamities, lack of ventilation, light or sanitary facilities" is unfit for human habitation now, not after five more years of the same.

The Council owes property-owners a reasonable period in which to make alterations, repairs and improvements. If either materials or labor should remain scarce, the Council can always extend the deadline. But to start off by setting the date five years ahead would come pretty close to deferring the whole improvement for that length of time, if not permanently. It would be like coming arduously to the point — and suddenly changing the subject.

The Lonely Middle Ground

Sometimes it seems to us that most Americans, even those directly concerned with labor troubles, have never progressed much beyond the common attitudes of 1892, the year of the famous "Homestead Massacre" at Carnegie Steel. Those who sympathized with Carnegie, and they were the great majority, felt that the owners were perfectly justified in having armed guards turn their guns on any man who didn't care to leave quietly after rejecting the offered wage, and the few who took the strikers' side concluded that the working man would have to do a little shooting of his own if he ever hoped to break the great and evil forces he faced.

Well, 1892 is a dim and distant date, and the labor movement has come a long way since establishing a good many rights under law and picking up a good many others by virtue of its increasing strength. It has been a fight, of course, and it hasn't always remained on the level of polite discussion. But the excesses on both sides have been confined largely to the verbal in recent years, and even the tensions of the moment have produced nothing worse than a little sidewalk-shoving.

It is foolish to regard the labor unions as a collection of sheep herded together by a handful of flaming radicals and ex-hoodlums for the purpose of (1) undermining the American Way, or (2) lining the pockets of its leadership, or (3) maybe both. The manner in which the United Auto Workers answered their call, and the overwhelming majority vote cast by the Steel Workers, indicate that there's a little more to it than that, but still such journalists as Westbrook Pegler manage to earn a handsome living by preaching daily that the AF of L is a refuge for panderers and the CIO is controlled by Moscow.

American citizens, whether they wear overalls or white collars, do not become gullible idiots once they have paid, or have had extracted from them, a union initiation fee. They believe in their unions, we think, for the good reason that the unions have served them well, raising their standard of living over the years and generally protecting their interests. This does not mean that unions cannot go astray — they have done so, are doing so, and probably will continue to do so in many cases. They suffer, of course, from an inversion of the oversimplification that confuses the bosses, and they teach their membership to regard their employers as natural enemies who must be struck regularly, like a gong, to prevent their getting out of line.

The 1892 attitude divided labor and capital into two armed camps and to this day the observer who strays onto the middle ground runs a grave risk of being shot down by both sides. But it is on the middle ground that a solution will have to be worked out, and plainly no one short of the United States Government is big enough to stand up and do it. Mr. Roosevelt's administration accepted the challenge, and while there is some justice in the charge that he found a position a little too close to the labor line, he at least arranged an armistice.

There are no irreconcilable differences between the unions and the bosses, but there are irreconcilable attitudes. This has been demonstrated by the Labor-Management Conference, which might have succeeded with the Government as a third and equal party, but was doomed to failure without it.

Mr. Truman has tried every known device short of coercion to bring labor and management together, at least long enough to get reconversion underway, and he has failed. Now, whether he likes it or not, he's going to have to venture out into that cold and lonely middle ground and use Federal authority to bring them forward to join him.

Taking Care Of Our Own

A half-dozen North Carolina counties are currently giving the lie to those who have concluded that years of Federal and State assistance has sapped the initiative of local government. Although the Legislature voted against embarking upon an ambitious program of State hospital construction in 1945, and the Federal Government has been inactive in this field during the war years, Scotland, Cleveland and Stanly have all gone beyond the talking stage in hospital planning, and other counties are not far behind.

Scotland County already has $311,000 on hand for a new hospital, and a promise of some $35,000 more from the Duke Endowment. Stanly County is so well fixed, in fact, that Senator Edwin Pate has announced that it will not even try for Federal assistance, although it will probably accept any checks Washington cares to mail down to Laurinburg.

The Senator is very proud of the hospital campaign in his county, particularly proud that $20,000 of the total was contributed by Negro residents with sixteen Negroes putting up as much as $500 each.

Another effect of the interest aroused by the county campaigns is to attract additional physicians to the areas the new hospitals will serve. It is not only the fact that adequate facilities will be provided for young doctors emerging from the armed services; physicians are also impressed by the widespread interest in medical care which these community projects demonstrate.

Over in Stanly the physicians and dentists have even taken the lead in a hospital campaign, unanimously signing an indorsement of the proposal 150-bed hospital and agreeing to work, not only for its establishment, but for its maintenance after it is built.

All this is good and heartening news. There is no more valuable asset than strong and active community spirit, and certainly such a spirit is thriving when hospitals begin to spring up over North Carolina without any outside stimulus at all.

From The Raleigh News and Observer:

Cotton Is Still King

There are so many prophets who say that King Cotton has not only been dethroned but is on his way out, that it is heartening to see there are men who know cotton who see a good future for the fleecy staple. Braxton Bragg Comer of a great cotton family in Alabama, president of a cotton mill and of the Alabama Cotton Manufacturers Association, gives some encouraging views. Asked by John Temple Graves to be a columnist one day, Mr. Comer does the unusual thing of writing about the thing he knows most about. Most columnists of a day write about subjects upon which they know little.

Mr. Comer has no good word for the self-appointed advisers of farmers. He says they overlook the fact that there is much land in the South which is more profitable when planted in cotton than when planted in any other crop we know anything about. They produce more food value in cotton seed than they will planted in any grain. Even if the cotton itself were thrown away, the farmers would still do better to plant that particular land in cotton.

Mr. Comer says the farmers of the South have reduced the cotton acreage to 18 million acres as against a peak of 45 million acres. He says the farmers have learned how to raise as much cotton on a small acreage as they formerly raised on a much larger acreage. The improvement that cotton farmers in the Southeast have made in the quality of their product that in Alabama alone it brought them five million dollars last year.

Mr. Comer says that American mills are now consuming nine and a half million bales per year. He thinks farmers cannot continue to grow cotton without comparable economic consideration from our Government.

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

If there were more men in the Army like Gen. Eisenhower, this newsman would not be so swamped with soldier mail.

The other day Sgt. Samuel Cohen of Philadelphia, stationed in Berlin, received a cable telling of a serious emergency at home. Physicians advised his return immediately. Two weeks passed and all Cohen got was the usual Army run-around. He couldn't get a furlough. Finally, a friend suggested that Cohen call General "Ike" directly.

"What can I lose?" Cohen asked, going to a telephone.

When he asked the GI operator for Gen. Eisenhower, the operator asked with no surprise in his voice whether he should ring the General at his home or his office. Since it was then about ten o'clock in the evening, Cohen said to try the General's home.

An aide to Eisenhower answered and listened to Cohen's story, excused himself for a few minutes, came back to the telephone and said, "Sergeant, if you will call the office of Gen. Clay, perhaps something can be arranged for you.

"You had better wait about ten minutes before calling Gen. Clay," he added, "to give Gen. Eisenhower a chance to talk with him first."

Ten minutes later, Cohen called Gen. Clay, where an aide said, "Oh, yes, Sergeant, we've been expecting your call. Now can you come in at eight o'clock tomorrow morning? We'll see about transportation then."

Cohen took off by air the next day before noon.

Truman Turns Reporter

Congressional leaders who met with President Truman last week to discuss serious legislation problems got a chuckle over Truman's story about his surprise flight to see his mother on her 93rd birthday.

Newspapers have already told how Truman called the Kansas City Star to announce his arrival in Grandview, Mo. But in addition, here is what Truman told his Congressional leaders really happened:

It was Sunday afternoon and the usually bustling city room of The Star was in a lull. Only a skeleton editorial force was on the job, and a young reporter answered the phone.

"This is the President," said Truman.

"Who?" said the reporter.

"This is President Truman."

"The hell it is," exclaimed the newsman, convinced that somebody was pulling a practical joke. "Mister, who are you trying to kid?"

Finally the call was transferred to another writer on the paper, who knew Truman personally and could identify his voice. Highly amused, the President told him the news of his visit.

Milton and Adolph Berle

California's Attorney General Bob Kenny and U. S. Ambassador to Brazil Adolf Berle have been feuding for years. It all dates back to Berle's resignation from the National Lawyers' Guild, which Kenny heads. Recently, Kenny had a chance to get even.

On a tour of Brazil, Kenny made the rounds of Rio de Janeiro, found Brazilians perplexed at the way the eccentric U. S. envoy operates.

"Tell me, Mr. Kenny," one Brazilian asked, "How come Mr. Truman lets Berle stay on here as Ambassador?"

Kenny was all primed for the answer.

"You see, my friend," replied Kenny, "when Mr. Truman took over, he had just seen a delightful show on Broadway called 'Springtime in Brazil,' starring Milton Berle who he thought was very good and very funny. Well, sir, when he looked over the list of his Ambassadors and saw that Berle was representing the U. S. in Brazil, he thought it was an excellent choice. You see, no one has told Truman yet that it isn't the same Berle."

NOTE—When Ambassador Berle heard about Kenny's crack, he boiled over. When Kenny dropped in at the Embassy later, the sparks really flew.

General Royall Stalls

It was like pulling teeth for the hard-working Mead Committee to get the Army to admit that it was hoarding 60,000,000 pairs of dark glasses, 116,000,000 pairs of cotton shorts, 43,000,000 pairs of men's woolen drawers and that it still had saddles and bridles stored up in Hawaii from the Spanish-American War.

Every possible dodge was used by the brass hats to avoid revealing their vast accumulated store of surplus goods, which some Senators suspect is being held for another early war.

At first when Senator Jim Mead of New York, chairman of the former Truman Committee, asked for the figures, the War Department replied that this was a "military secret."

"But the war's over," countered Mead. "How can it be a military secret? After all Congress has a right to know what materials the Army has on hand before it appropriates more money."

However, the office of Undersecretary Kenneth Royall kept on stalling. Royall, a former North Carolina lawyer and politician, has shown all the adroitness of a chameleon. In a short time he has taken on the same hue and color of the generals who really run his office. Finally, the generals came back with a request to Mead that he not investigate until the Hodges Board" had investigated.

"What's the Hodges Board?" asked Senator Mead.

The Army explained that Gen. Courtney Hodges has been put in charge of a board to pass on what materials the Army needed to keep.

"When was it appointed?" asked Senator Mead.

"Yesterday," was the reply.

Army Run-Around

Members of the Mead Committee recognized in this hurriedly organized board an obvious dodge to head off a Senate investigation. So they decided to go ahead anyway. But suddenly, just before public hearings were scheduled to begin, the Army asked for a private hearing at which more pressure was exerted to prevent any public airing of the millions of blankets, dark glasses, underwear and shoes the Army is hoarding.

In the end, Senator Mead and colleagues stood pat, insisted on proceeding. The figures are now public property and show that the Army still has 900,000 wrist watches, 53,000,000 blankets, 30,000,000 bed sheets, 57,000,000 herringbone twill fatigue jackets and all sorts of other things too numerous to mention.

Since the War Department proposes a peacetime army of about 1,000,000 men, it now has on hand 53 blankets for every soldier, 57 herringbone twill fatigue jackets for every soldier plus 30 sheets for each man, and 116 pair of shorts per soldier.

Gad, What A Bountiful Bag Of Game!

The Real Nazi Plot

By Marquis Childs

WASHINGTON

In the evidence now being presented at the trial of the Nazi war leaders in Nuernberg, the pattern of Nazi aggression is being shown in all its deliberate, calculated detail. It was a plot entered into by industrial, financial and military men long before the first shot was fired.

It had nothing to do with the phony slogans about "living space" that Hitler and his henchmen parroted over and over again. The sinister design of world conquest was charted in the early thirties, while the Nazi propaganda line was all out on the theme of the innocence of the Germans and how they wanted only to restore Germany.

Now it seems to me, is one of the great gains to come out of the Nuernberg trials. We are seeing—documented by secret records, by motion picture films, by eyewitness accounts—the course of Fascism in its march to enslave the world.

Among those who doubt the wisdom of the trials, some say that the war leaders should have been shot out of hand when captured by Allied troops. That, they insist, would have been a more honest and forthright procedure. These critics—and they include some of prosecutor Robert H. Jackson's brethren on the United States Supreme Court—shake their heads over the dubious legality of the Nuernberg proceedings.

It's on the Sly

But if Goering, Ribbentrop and the others had been shot upon arrest, we would in all probability near have had an orderly documentation of their guilt. It would have been far easier in later years to make martyrs of the bedraggled, cringing men now in the dock.

That, incidentally, is one phase of the trials which is apparently being neglected. If early reports are correct, no effort is being made to tell the German people what is happening; to show them what this means.

Of course, there are risks in the Nuernberg proceedings. There are terrible risks in any pioneer undertaking. But it is only, it seems to me, by taking such risks that the world inches forward.

Law does not come by flat lux; by word from on high. It comes out of the sweat and grime of experience. It comes by trial and error.

Justice Jackson has been sweating it out to use the GI phrase, for more than six months. He has worked against fearful obstacle to bring the Nazis to trial. Repeatedly he was told it was impossible.

First, there was the handicap of somehow combining four different legal systems—French, Russian, British and U. S. Then there was the task of sifting the evidence from out of the mountain of information acquired by our invading forces. The difficulties of differing temperaments and language were in themselves almost enough to balk a less patient and persistent man.

Whatever the outcome may be, we should recognize that Jackson has had the courage and capacity to face up to the reality of a grim situation. He is fighting it out in practice and not in the comfortable seclusion of the critic's tower.

America Retreats

There is a tendency in America today to climb back into that tower; to do what we too often did before the war. That was to survey the world in aloof disdain. From our air-conditioned, supervitaminized tower, we found it a pretty messy place.

This disease of ivory towerism is insidious. It lulls the victim into believing that he can climb up, pull the ladder in after him and enjoy his self-righteous idealism. Of course, you can find almost anywhere in the world today plenty of reason for high moral indignation.

The British are wicked! And undoubtedly they are for what they are doing in Java and what they seem about to do in India.

The Russians are wicked! And undoubtedly they are for what they are doing in Iran.

But we are several thousand miles away. So far as Java and India are concerned, all that we have done is to blow off some moral indignation. We have not tried to cope with the realities of a terribly difficult and complex situation.

That is what Robert Jackson is doing. The odds are against him. But he is down in the arena battling, and what comes out of Nuernberg may be a step toward world order and decency.

"Something like this would have to happen just as I was getting a nice start as an only child!"

The Hurley Charges

By Dorothy Thompson

NEW YORK

In resigning as Ambassador to China, Maj. Gen. Patrick J. Hurley has blurted out at least a fraction of the truth and has opened one small window, in one part of the world, on American foreign policy. He could, of course, have extended his charges, to include the Middle East, as well as China, and Europe as well as Asia.

The United States of America, whose leading and even decisive role in the war was universally regarded by the peoples, and the small nations, as the guarantor of liberty, justice, and fair-play, has sunk to the most ignominious role of yes-man to the policies of other powers.

There is no precedent for it, as far as I can discover, in history. With overwhelming and absolute superiority of military power; enjoying the confidence and faith of the suffering millions of this devastated globe; the center of the world's yearnings and aspirations has abdicated everywhere to nineteenth century imperialism on one side, and to the new Soviet imperialism on the other.

DEPARTMENTAL SCHEMING

And Maj. Gen. Hurley, impulsive, perhaps indiscreet, revealed one of the causes: The scheming ambitions and predilections of certain men in the State Department—and, he might have added, in the other departments as well—who might better be attached to the services of other countries which they could serve with less division of loyalty and more intellectual honesty.

The decay of American leadership has come first, because for reasons of wartime policy, the "necessary unity of the Big Three," America abandoned step by step all the principles with which we entered the war—namely those of the Atlantic Charter.

In Europe we collaborated at the betrayal of two of our Allies: Poland and Yugoslavia. In both cases men who fought with us, under our directives, were cynically overthrown. In one case they were even kidnaped and transplanted to Russian soil, there to be tried as traitors before courts whose procedures we would never (Never? It is a dangerous word) recognize as legitimate for ourselves.

YUGOSLAV DESPOT

In Yugoslavia a despot maintains himself with a private army and a secret police modeled on Hitler's own, against a terrorized, yet overwhelmingly hostile, population, and we accept the outcome of a plebiscite which is exactly as "free" as Hitler's were.

Both states have, as their rulers, men who have been for years Soviet agents—like BiRya, who leads the "uprising" in Persian Azerbaijan, under the protection of the Russian Army.

In China, Maj. Gen. Hurley at last reveals, we play both the game of Colonial Imperialists and the Imperialist Communists, and our own ranks of political and military advisers are split into factions. As Poland was looted, not only by her enemies but by her Allies, who then "compensated" her by turning the Polish marauders loose on German looting grounds, so smash also the Potsdam agreement, so Manchuria is now looted by the same Ally—and the news about the wasteland left there by the Russian Armies carrying off every scrap of industrial equipment and even household goods—is buried in a small dispatch on the inside pages of newspapers.

In the Middle East, the United States, alone equipped to bring some relief and hope to those impoverished, disease-ridden peoples, is a second string on the British bow.

NO LIBERTY, NO JUSTICE

Nowhere do we uphold our own starry banner, or our own great motto, "Liberty and justice for all." Other great powers break the strength of the weak; we, alone, break their hearts by betraying their trust.

But why say "we"? Who are "we"? Is it you? Is it? Or is it, in Whitman's exciting words, "the lice of politics, the planners of sly involutions for their own preferment"?

A terror grips this great nation. Let anyone speak up; let him try, without comment, to state the facts, and he is drowned in organized cries of "warmonger." If he criticizes Colonial Imperialism he is called a Soviet agent; if he calls Soviet expansionism by its true name, he is an "American Imperialist." What is America? A colony? A Soviet satellite?

Must, all mouths be shut from now on, against injustice and even crime, lest the peace of the powers be endangered? Shall our peace be secured by lies, by skeletons in every cupboard, by shameful secrets that must not be revealed, by appeasements—plus an armamenta' race?

Peace is not the mere absence of war. It is a positive condition of justice. It is the sister of charity and mercy. It is the offspring of honesty and truth.

It is the triumph of principle.

The People's Platform

Gladiators For U. N. C.

By E. W. GUDGER

New York

About a year ago, at a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina, the football situation at the University was discussed. The "Old Grads" on the Board were very much disgruntled over the football outcome. They felt that there must have a coach who would train winning teams or the University would be still further disgraced. So they put through a motion to engage a coach to produce and coach such teams.

To get the man they wanted, they paid him—an athletic coach, a trainer of football teams—$12,000 per year. This is a higher salary than is paid the Governor of our progressive state. It is a higher salary than is paid the president of our Consolidated University. Yet this man is the outstanding product of the intercollegiate most progressive state university in the South. Let anyone, who wishes to know how the consolidated university has gone forward, read President Graham's Ten-Year Review—The University of N. C., 1934-1944." This is the most remarkable document of its kind that I have ever read in my life. Every Tar Heel ought to read it and be filled with a vast pride.

There are many of us in North Carolina, citizens and taxpayers for the maintenance of the three divisions of the Greater University who are justly proud of this institution whose growth is such as I have never seen in a long life time. But we are distressed and saddened by this putting of brawn above brains, of sports above scholarship. Thousands of citizens in North Carolina may be inarticulate but we still think that a university is an institution for the education of heads, not feet, for the development of brains, of the power to think, of productive scholarship, rather than the development of muscles to win football games.

And now we "old fogies" read in an editorial in a recent issue of The News & Observer and in Virginius Dabney's Richmond Times-Dispatch, and in his column in the editorial section of the Sunday New York Times, that this $12,000-a-year football coach "says that at least $30,000 a year is necessary to obtain satisfactory material for a good football team." This brings the whole matter out in the open. This $30,000 is "necessary" to be paid, one may presume, as "football scholarship" to promising high school footballers to come to N. C. U. to be trained by the $12,000-a-year coach at Duke and other football universities and colleges. The quotation above from the coach makes football at U. N. C. purely a commercial matter, and makes possible a proposition which the writer has turned over to his mind for some years.

Let's go squarely at this matter—to win. Let the "Old Grad's" give the $12,000 coach the $30,000 he must have, let him "hire and fire" a company of gladiators, professionals, whose sole business shall be to play football for U. N. C. and to win. In case they do not win, let the coach fire them and hire others who will. Let this be the one aim and end of the gladiators. Then let the students study. Let them devote their time, brains, energies to their studies—in laboratory, lecture room, and library. Thus will the prime function of the University be preserved and magnified.

But some properly say "The students must have sports for fun and exercise." So they must, and let them organize for inter-class and intramural games—as is done in at least one great university in the United States. Let the Freshmen challenge the Sophomores, these the Juniors, and let the Seniors take on all comers—games for fun and for sound bodies. Then on the great days the students will be rested and refreshed and all the stronger, to go out and cheer the gladiators on to win, for U. N. C.