EDITORIAL PAGE
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Eleven Come Seven

Lest the average citizen surmise that some dark scheme is afoot in the plan to streamline Charlotte's City Council—because of the abruptness with which it was proposed in Raleigh—we hasten to point out that this very plan has been in the minds of virtually every leading figure in City government for many years. It has been there, in fact, since Senator Bell put across the present ward system, and has been so widespread that any substantial opposition to the move would surprise us.

This is not a new plan. Something very like it existed before Mr. Bell's reform, and it seems most desirable to us because it makes for a more compact and harmonious deliberative body, and because it imposes no residence requirements upon Council candidates. In theory, at least, it places a proper premium upon ability, and eliminates the possibility that able men would be disqualified by the mere accident of residence. It also eliminates the possibility that less than able men must be seated regardless, because of that same accident.

There is the theory that this is a scheme by powerful political groups to concentrate control of City government in one section—Myers Park, for example. Just to see how that would work out, we've checked back on the primary of April 26, 1943, and found these seven leaders:

Hovis, Ward 1	5,315
Ward, Ward 3	5,202
Albea, Ward 6	5,066
Hood, Ward 11	4,538
Daughtry, Ward 6	4,447
Bullard, Ward 7	4,290
Price, Ward 8	4,279

Had that been the election, and under the proposed new system, those men would have made up the City Council. And the only ward with double representation would have been Ward 6 — the Midwood-Chantilly-Belmont section. Otherwise, representation would have been spread evenly over the city, with 1 and 3 (the downtown wards), 11 (Greenville, Biddleville, Lookewood), 7 (Myers Park) and 8 (Dilworth) all included.

The same primary showed several present Councilmen trailing close behind: Slye, Ward 10, Atkins, Ward 2, and Painter, Ward 9, in the next positions. One place below was Baker, Ward 8—and in eighteenth place was Cope, Ward 11.

In the whole list, Myers Park was represented with four candidates (Bullard, Harkey, Ross and Rose), Dilworth with four (Price, Baker, Lawrence and Morgan). No other ward had more than two candidates. And of the eight from Myers Park-Dilworth, only three were elected. Under either system, it seems to us, the city would reasonably certain that no particular section could dominate the Council. As a matter of fact, other sections have repeatedly shown their ability to outvote Myers Park—a section whose political aims Councilman Daughtry seems to fear.

The proposal is no more than it seems to be: an attempt to make Charlotte's municipal government more efficient, to promote harmony on the Council and eliminate factionalism insofar as possible. That it will make the best possible candidates available for service, we believe, is beyond debate.

Send It Home

We're strong for local government. We can't go all the way with the States' Rights folks on every issue that rears its head, but in general, when local affairs can be handled by local government, we see no need of bundling them off to Washington, on the theory that a gigantic and impartial Federal Government will do the better job. And in no field do we more staunchly defend the local right than in that of vice. We're all for localized enjoyment, promulgation, detection, correction and punishment of vice.

We're reconciled to the existence of Federal law enforcement, and feel that arbitrary boundaries between sovereign states should not be permitted to shelter sinners against the public good. But when Congress writes a law to control inter-state vice with one high purpose in mind, and discovers that it serves quite another, then it's time for correction.

It is so with the Mann Act, as Supreme Court Justice Murphy is now saying. The Act was passed in 1910 to halt the nefarious white slave traffic in this country, and doubtless did much to halt that traffic. But in these times it is scarcely concerned with white slavery at all. It has come to the point that most of its victims—almost all of them—are simply citizens engaging in what Justice Murphy describes as "voluntary vice", and this should not be so. The courts, once the Federal Government has entered the case, are obliged to rule upon hundreds of cases of simple fornication in which the crossing of state lines happens to figure.

This situation isn't the fault of the FBI, nor of state and local governments which have surrendered authority. The blame lies with Congress. For it must long since have seen that the act it failed to make clear and specific is not operating as it was intended. Those caught in its net are no longer white slavers, but local—and "voluntary"—sinners. It is high time that someone in Congress thought to revise the Mann Act, to make it mean what it ought to mean, and say so specifically.

Headlock

It may be that he meant his words to be taken in earnest, but somehow John L. Lewis succeeded in sounding mainly sarcastic when he said:

> "To the end and for the purpose of procuring a new basic wage agreement for the industry, we will work diligently and forthrightly for the ensuing 30 days to prevent, if possible, any interruption of coal production so vital to the war in which our country is now engaged, and to which we pledge our full devotion."

A cynical translation of this effusion, justified from previous experience with the United Mine Workers, would be about like this:

> Coal is vital to the war; we know that you dopes know it. Nobody can mine coal but coal miners. We'll give you your precious coal provided only that you give in to the demands we shall make of you. Sure, we know there's a war on, and we intend to take full advantage of it to get what we want.

There have been two developments which suggested that the only alternatives in the bargaining between Lewis and the coal operators were capitulation (and hang the Little Steel formula and the WLB) or a strike. The first was Lewis's refusal to commence negotiations in advance of the stipulated period. The second was his serving, along with the commencement of negotiations, notice of intent to strike.

The tragic absurdity of the whole proceedings is that there isn't, under present law, anything at all that the Government of the United States can do to prevent a strike except to give in. It can't make a miner work. It can't even make unionized miners live up to an agreement made in their behalf, if they shouldn't like it. It can't draft miners who refuse to work, except by the general rules of Selective Service, which apply to everybody alike. And who wants that kind of soldier?

Should the mine-owners, now, become stubborn and refuse to carry out the directives of WLB or the President, the Government could take over the mines, sure, and coal would be produced. But should it take over the mines in an effort to bring compulsion to bear on the miners, it still could not force them to work. There's no way, and the Government knows it. So does Lewis.

Of the Fuehrer's loot, he retains only Czechoslovakia, Norway, Denmark and a piece of Luxembourg. All the rest has fallen away, like the silverware out of the sleeve of honest Harpo Marx in the old Keith Act.

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

THOSE who sat at Roosevelt's elbow during the Yalta conference give a new slant to the reasons why sensitive Gen. de Gaulle was not in invited to join the Big Three. They say that neither the President nor Prime Minister Churchill had any objection to de Gaulle's presence, but felt rather neutral about it. Stalin, however, was the man who flatly opposed it.

Stalin, according to those returning from Yalta, pointed out that this was to be primarily a military conference and France was only playing a minor role in the war. Since the Big Three were bearing the main brunt of the war, Stalin said he saw no point in having de Gaulle sit in on a conference concerned largely with military strategy.

The Russian war chief was quite definite and repeated the point that if the Yalta conference were concerned primarily with political and economic post-war problems, it would be different. But when military matters were being discussed, he just didn't want de Gaulle around.

Then to clinch his views, Stalin recalled that France surrendered to Germany early in the war, and refused to turn over the French fleet to the British as per treaty arrangement.

"And," concluded Stalin, "when you landed in North Africa, they fired on you."

That ended the matter. Roosevelt and Churchill, who didn't care much one way or the other, made no further suggestions about de Gaulle.

Ladies of Congress

The menfolk of Congress might take a lesson from the Ladies Congressional Club when it comes to holding their tempers and keeping their fists in their pockets.

On the day that "titular Republican leader" John Rankin of Mississippi jumped on the back of Congressman Hook of Michigan, an interesting aftermath occurred at the meeting of the Congressional wives who form the Ladies Congressional Club.

But the ladies engaged in no hair-pulling—except possibly with their eyes.

Congresswoman Helen Gahagan Douglas of California, wife of movie actor Melvyn Douglas and an actress in her own right, had been asked to give a talk. She had some interesting things to say about women in politics and she said them with charm and frankness.

Irate Mrs. Rankin

Mrs. Douglas made a plea for sticking to facts and not hiding behind prejudice.

"There is no place in our society for hate," she said. "We don't get anywhere by hating each other. For instance, if I may be very frank and speak entirely off the record, I think that the kind of thing that happened on the floor of the House today was most regrettable and is not going to contribute to the good of Congress."

Immediately an ominous buzz-buzz rose from the Ladies of Congress. Mrs. Rankin, whose husband had leaped on Frank Hook, had several friends present and they gathered around her. Mr. Hook, the man who was leaped upon, also had feminine friends present and they gathered into another group.

Finally Mrs. Rankin, smiling sweetly but with a touch of steel in her voice, came over to Mrs. Douglas and said:

"Helen, you're a much better actress than you are a diplomat. When you've been in Washington 28 years, perhaps you mhay know how to be more politic."

Mrs. Douglas smiled with equal sweetness. Most of those present agreed that although she had struck fire, what she said had had a wholesome effect and might even have healthy repercussions on the floor of the House.

Political Pot Boils

Although one national election is just over, both Republicans and Democrats are already scrambling frantically for victory in the 1946 Congressional race.

Ordinarily, party headquarters would be as quiet as an empty church at this time of the political year. However, the Republicans teed-off by voting a $750,000 annual war chest to drive the New Deal out of Washington. Although it's all being done quietly, GOP Chairman Herbert Brownell is efficiently sweeping dead wood from party headquarters and preparing to triple the present staff despite the manpower shortage.

Meanwhile, the Democrats are also swinging into action, paced by Chairman Bob Hannegan, who has developed a streamlined program to see if he can increase the number of Roosevelt supporters in the House and Senate next year. The Democrats came out of the campaign with a $400,000 surplus this time, and plan to raise more.

This Is Close Enough For The Nonce

France Is Two Nations

By Marquis Childs

PARIS

WHAT has hit me most, as a passerby through the war and the devastation left in its wake, are the terrific contrasts you come upon around every corner—the way in which life goes on in spite of everything.

That is particularly true in Belgium and Holland, where for centuries war has ravaged the country and periodically peoples have endured the torment of battle and invasion. Belgium is in very much the same plight as France, with the Government fighting to get a minimum of food for the people and trying meanwhile to check the ravages of inflation.

The greater part of liberated Holland is in the province of Limburg, which is between the Belgian and German borders. The population of Limburg, similar to that of Belgium, is devoutly Catholic.

War blankets everything, yet the ancient pattern of existence persists in strangely moving fashion. It sometimes seems so theatrical as to be unreal.

Here is a Dutch town with a 17th century cathedral and Cathedral Square. All around the square are trucks, tanks, jeeps, command cars—a myriad of vehicles for waging motorized war. In the center of the square is an anti-aircraft gun with its gunner standing by.

Out of the cathedral, on Lenten Holy Day, comes a priest in his vestments, preceded by an acolyte with censer. They walk slowly around the square. Townspeople they meet drop to their knees in the muddy street—a woman with two spaniels, three schoolboys, a Dutch soldier, all kneel before the symbols of the ancient faith.

It is like a sudden glow of light across a darkened sky, beautiful and wonderful. If only men in their hearts could live by the faith which is at the base of our society. If only the symbols and forms could have renewed meaning. What other hope is there for the tormented peoples of tragic Europe?

Those were the thoughts that impressed themselves on me as I watched that little procession around the square.

By chance I came across another contrast almost as striking. At a dinner party in Paris I found an island of luxury that had miraculously escaped the war—the occupation, the liberation, everything. It was as though a spell had been put on it to preserve it intact.

In the drawing room of our French host were two Rembrandts hanging on either side of the fireplace in the same place they have occupied for years. Flowers were everywhere—great bouquets of white lilacs and sprays of cherry blossom. A French guest whispered that the flowers could have cost not less than $200.

The five-course dinner with superb wines could not have been excelled anywhere in the world. Three footmen waited on the small party. The host murmured that of course such a dinner would be impossible if it were not for his two farms.

I speak of this only because, in miserable Paris, it was such an extraordinary phenomenon. It was fantastic to come suddenly on this small island that had apparently been untouched by the swirling flood of war.

Three million Frenchmen are still in Germany, either prisoners of war or part of slave labor battalions. Perhaps when they return they will resolve the issues now in doubt. Or perhaps the end of the war itself will make a new beginning possible.

For the time being, however, you have the sense of a world suspended between yesterday, with its known evils, and tomorrow, with its uncertainties.

Our Negative Conservatives

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

AMERICAN conservatism has spent a good part of this fourth Winter of the war trying to block the confirmation of Wallace. That is hard work. It takes time and effort to try to block a confirmation. One must write letters, and button-hole friends, and make angry speeches. I do not know how many man-hours have gone into the fight against Wallace, but it must be enough to build a B-29, easy.

What does American conservatism have to show for this mighty effort? Very little. It has worked hard, but it has put no roof over anyone's head; it has filled no woodshed; it has kept no one warm; it has hurt none of our enemies in the war; it has helped no friend. So much work, and so very little to show.

To block Wallace has been the main endeavor of American conservative opinion for five solid weeks; it has been its chief project, conducted with all the verve and dash and publicity and organization of a war loan drive; and yet so bare is the page on which one writes the record of accomplishments that it seems mandatory for at least some conservatives to ask each other: What have we been doing? What have we been up to? What has it got us?

But American conservatism never seems to ask itself these questions. It plunges into its fights gleefully, gaily and with high abandon. As a result of five weeks of the hardest possible kind of work, American conservatism has succeeded only in informing large sections of the American public that Henry Wallace stands for a program of 60,000,000 jobs, and that the Republican Party is against it. The natural political result will be that any butcher's boy who is out of work for so long as ten minutes after the war, will blame the GOP, while Henry Wallace will be his hero. If Wallace is out of work, too, the identification will be complete.

Another effect has been to make the public newly conscious of the existence of the bipartisan bloc of Republicans and Southern conservative Democrats. A number of voters are sincerely shocked that members of the President's own party could desert him on a matter of high party discipline, such as the confirmation of a cabinet appointment; the people are focusing on the bipartisan bloc, in a new and fresh manner. Some of my correspondents are even suggesting special names for it.

The Wallace fight has even scared some Democrats out of the bloc. On a key vote on the Wallace matter in the House, only 22 Democrats joined with the Republicans, who have usually been able to count on the assistance of 65 to 70. The bloc strained so hard it cracked itself a little.

When we total up these products of the big Wallace fight, again we wonder: Why did they do it? The conservatives haven't hurt Wallace particularly, and they haven't helped themselves. The results of their fight are negative. But negative results are the natural fruit of a negative policy. One can imagine conservatives in some other country, say Britain, opposing an unemployment plan. But they would do so by offering a plan of their own. Or they would suggest that a commission be appointed to study the issue. Or they would criticize details, while agreeing with objectives. In all the world, it is only our own conservatives who seem to feel that the word "No!" is an adequate, full, and rounded answer to any question; that to utter a scream is to make a valuable and lasting contribution to public debate.

Statesmen At Work

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

THESE were maiden speeches in the House by new Representatives:

Mr. FULTON (Pa.) I am making my maiden speech today on the floor of the House and I feel a minute is probably too long. I probably would feel more at home in a Navy uniform, with the Navy boys here, or, I will say, just as a plain galleryite. In considering this bill making large appropriations of public funds, may I point out to the Congress and to the various Government departments that the members of the armed forces feel that it is not too much to ask a Government employee to do a full day's work for a full day's pay. In concluding, may I as a galleryite and probably an unreformed one, always looking around as they do when they come here, say, "Where is everybody?"

Mr. GALLAGHER (Minn.) It is with a feeling of humility that a new Congressman makes his first address to the House.

I was elected as a Democrat. As all Members of this House know, the Democratic Party was formed under the leadership of Samuel Adams and Thomas Jefferson. Their idea was that the people should have faith in themselves, in their neighbors, in their country and its destiny. That party has lived from that day to this and is a strong factor in the political affairs of every State in this Union.

There have been many things, not only from Members on your side of the House but from Members on our side, that I personally do not like. I refer to the practice of coming up here and using the forum of Congress as a wailing wall, not unlike that of the ancient city of Jerusalem. I have heard men get up here in their hymns of hate, wailing and gnashing their teeth, and the only thing they have to offer is: "I hate the President. I hate the last Vice President. I hate this or that member of the President's Cabinet. I hate the administration. I hate the C. I. O. I hate labor." Nothing of permanence, or a definite principle, philosophy, or program do they offer.

There followed a heated session in which Republicans heckled Rep. Gallagher—and got the worst of it. Then:

Mr. McCORMACK (Mass.) May I congratulate the gentleman on his first speech. I think we all agree that it was a very fine contribution and a very tolerant expression of his views. I want to congratulate the gentleman not only as a Member, but as a Member on the Democratic side, because in his first speech to the House the gentleman has aroused the interest and the attraction of the brains of the Republican Party, as evidenced by the numerous requests for the gentleman to yield. The gentleman yielded to everyone, I think, and in fact his convincing reply to our distinguished colleague from Wisconsin (Mr. Keefe) flattened him in his chair.

"A ten-cent tip? Hm! His wife must be along with him this trip, and he's trying to crowd her in on his expense account!"

People's Platform

Editors, The News:

I have only recently returned here for a stay in drydock after a tour of duty out in the Marianas as a member of the scuttling crew now engaged in sinking the Rising Sun. The precise nature of my malady is still somewhat of a mystery, at least to me. Personally I have diagnosed the trouble as Army pip, the Micronesian botts, or maybe only another attack of the seven-year itch. What it really is I wot not but no doubt time will tell. But enough of clinical notes. What bothers me is not the fact that I am temporarily hors de combat but a much weightier matter. I have been (and still am) very much disturbed by a news item which appeared in the columns of your esteemed morning contemporary—issue of 15 December, 1944. Here 'tis:

> Mecklenburg officials yesterday took a truck load of confiscated whisky to Wilson to sell it to the ABC folks there. The deal already had been arranged for and the 140 cases of liquor will bring the county $381.31 or $1.30 a pint.

Coming from the unimpeachable source it does its validity is beyond question. It is as though it had been handed down from Sinai. I must confess that, had I seen the item almost anywhere else, I should have concluded that I had had one too many or that maybe some of Tokyo Rose's stuff had found its way into print. But not so. Facts are stubborn things.

One may only surmise that the Mecklenburg County government has been consorting with winebibbers, Republicans and sinners. Has it actually come to pass that Mecklenburg is giving aid and comfort to the Enemy? And the money received from the sale of all that licker? Are all those bawdy florins going into the till alongside those simon-pure shekels wrung from the hides of stout Mecklenburghers by taxation? This is monstrous. Have the gentlemen of the County Government forgotten the homely example of the one rotten apple in the barrel of sound pippins? Where is the jewel-like consistency of other days?

Do you not remember when the stalwarts of the county gendarmerie used to take their periodic hauls of Beelzebub's broth out and dump the contents of the bottles in Sugaw Creek? What if they did set aside a tithe of it as insurance against snakebite and sudden illnesses? Who cares, anyway? And it did Sugaw Creek no harm. If anything, it made that noisome rill smell a little better. Of course, many honest citizens deplored this wanton destruction. Me, I had a seat 'way up front in the ranks of the dissidents. Do you not recall that even from those broken bottles such a snare of perfume rose upon the air, that not a True Believer passing by but found his steps arrested unaware? Ah, welladay.

This is not to take the position of attempting to advise the gentlemen of the County Government. But since I suspect a good many citizens disapprove of both the wanton destruction and the sale of confiscated wet goods I should like to offer what I think is a constructive suggestion. Why not begin now to accumulate a stockpile of the stuff and pass some of it out as a sort of bonus to the thousands of Mecklenburg County men now serving on the remote battlefronts of the world?

I can not, of course, speak for the numerous other theaters of the war but I will wager a sawbuck against a Japanese Occupation peso that the boys out in the Pacific would welcome such an innovation. After subsisting on pineapple swipe, gasoline bitters and sugar cane juice, and anemic 3.2 beer and other similar dismal gargles they would welcome a soothing slug or two of the right stuff. The County might hire a hall down on the river somewhere and pitch a party for the boys. Whither, resorting from the vernal heat, might auld acquaintance auld acquaintance meet.

I need hardly mention that I have missed your valued paper. And after this row is over and I can again sit under my own vine and fig tree I intend to be another constant reader.

Nostalgically yours,
—SGT. ROBERT E. TAYLOR
The Sandwich Group
Ham-on-Rye Island

The Peace Table

By Dorothy Thompson

NEW YORK

ANXIETY about the peace, which cannot be denied to exist, is due, I believe, to the extraordinary nature of our times. Before this war actually began, the world had been, for a full decade, in a state of ferment and convulsion. Various strictly national attempts were made to mitigate the problems or suppress them by naked force. Then the all-embracing war, far from solving the problems, has accelerated them everywhere, added new problems, and suggested new directions. However and whenever hostilities may cease, we shall not have peace until the ferment has subsided into those forms of life which will endure with reasonable stability for the coming epoch.

To foresee these forms is beyond the mind of any human being. The shape of things to come cannot, therefore, emerge from a blueprint, but from innumerable attempts to establish patterns in innumerable fields. Therefore speculations about a peace table fall short of either the needs or realities of our times. Actually we have seen, and will continue to see, a whole series of peace conferences. Our hope is that within the next ten or twenty years the new pattern of life will take form out of all these conferences and the play of public opinion upon them. The pre-requisite for this is that the actual power in the world, as represented by the Big Three, will continue unitedly to guard these processes without freezing them by the exercise of naked force, realizing that our age is of transition and change.

Of the many conferences—Bretton Woods was one: The UNRA Conference, the Business Conference at Rye, the Air Conference in Chicago, the ILO Conference in Philadelphia, and the International Trade Union Conference now going on in Britain are others—all are attempts to find the pattern of peace.

The fact that few, if any of them, were wholly successful does not detract from their business significance.

We realize today that peace is not merely agreements reached between political powers, but is collaboration and harmony between international functions. It is possible—and it is even probable—that when the final pattern of a peaceful international society emerges, Teheran, Dumbarton Oaks, Mexico City, Yalta, and even San Francisco will appear of lesser rather than greater importance. For the real problems of human society are: How can the people of this world be fed? How can currencies be stabilized? How can workers mutually raise their standards of living? How can economic depressions be prevented?

The satisfactory solution of these problems is the antidote to war. The organization of states and of force is to hold up a structure inside which these problems can be handled in reason, and can assume the prime importance which is theirs.

Obviously it is impossible to create a rational integration of the chief human functions, which integration would mean peace, unless we can at least postpone, for 50 years, the spectre of war. For it is the spectre of war, and preparation for war, which prevents any rational integration of human functions. Autarchial economics, political pressures to prevent effective international labor organization, trade wars, imperial preference programs, monopolistic tendencies in world markets, these and many other things which disrupt the common interests of mankind on this globe are practiced in anticipation of possible future military clashes.

A world political organization is therefore only useful as a framework within which, with setbacks, difficulties, failures, and fresh starts, an international society can slowly create itself. Until it is created, the framework is essential. Once it is created the framework could all but disappear, and nobody would miss it.

So no peace table, no single gathering of potentates, as we saw at Versailles, will settle the affairs of this dynamic age. We shall find no surcease of the effort and the struggle again to create out of chaos a world which has stability, harmony, and form. It is given this generation of men to live in a world of unprecedented danger and unparalleled opportunity and there is no way out except to face it, and face it for at least a generation, and probably much more.