EDITORIAL PAGE

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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No Hurry

We keep a file of news stories and such like about the "City Police Department." It's a fairly fat folder, even though not long ago we thinned it out and threw away all the stuff more than ten years old.

It would be, we believe, an enlightening experience for a City Council confronted with the responsibility of naming a police chief to take a look at some of the stories in this folder. What they add up to, unmistakably, is this: that when you have a police chief selected by the method of shutting your eyes and counting eeny-meeny-miny-moe, choosing the man the count comes out on, you have at least an inefficient department, at worst an undisciplined and disorganized department.

For example, here's a headline from 1941 when Joyner was chief: "FLACK AND COUNCILMEN ON CARPET—JUDGE PLESS CALLS THEM INTO COURT." What happened was that a police officer, supposed to testify in a case in Superior Court, couldn't be found for 24 hours. Judge Pless called in Mr. Flack and the Council's Police Committee and asked 'em what kind of Police Department this city had, anyhow?

Go back a little further, when Pittman was chief. Here is an excerpt from an editorial in *The News* of August 16, 1935: "It is clear that under the direction of Chief Pittman . . . the Police Department has never been organized to its full effectiveness and has never exhibited the discipline which recent events (a disgraceful bullying expedition into the Negro districts) have showed it to need."

The file contains a good deal more of the same, the record of dissension and lack of direction in the department during the years that so-so men were in charge. Yet at the time Anderson was made chief, the record changes its tune. Why, look here: a school for police officers was begun! There was no more funny business. Almost at once, the Police Department gained both in public respect and in respect for itself, all because a City Council had looked near and far for a capable man, and had found him.

—The News has no desire to name the next police chief, but it makes bold to predict that unless the Council sets out to get the best possible man, it can find, it will have the Police Department in its lap again.

Hot, Ain't It?

J. M. Howe, meteorologist, has a professional reputation without blemish. Oh, we've caught him suggesting thunder showers on day after sultry day, when the earth remained as dry as a WCTU social, Zeke Henderson presiding. But those little things can happen to anyone. You can't hog-tie weather, and a bum guess is no blot on the battered escutcheon of any meteorologist.

Thus we hesistate to challenge Mr. Howe's veracity—and we won't, except obliquely. What we'd like to know, as qualified operatives of the Ivory Tower Observatory, is just how Mr. Howe managed to tamper with yesterday's thermometer. He reported a temperature of just 102 (the even number suggests he doctored the report), and said casually that the reading was taken at the airport. We want him to brace up and confess to chicanery. It was a sight hotter'n that where we were— and everywhere we went.

In the Tower we've had a double staff on duty since early on the morning of June 21 (and paying overtime, too). When the Summer solstice hit us, the whole caboodle was at battle stations, fiddling with the instruments. And at the moment when the sun ceased to recede from the equator, in the first degree of Cancer, our records started skyrocketing. Oh, we do it scientific-like, and on no such catch-as-catch-can basis as Uncle Sam favors. While Mr. Howe was peering into his refrigerated compartment to read off 102 degrees we were measuring the sun again:

Mean distance (miles)	92,900,000
Eq hor. parallax	8.80
Density (water 1)	1.41
Mass (earth 1)	332,500
Diameter (miles)	866,400
Gravity (earth 1)	27.65

By yesterday, we had the temperature pegged. Actually, it was 117.6 by six o'clock in the morning. And by five P. M. when Mr. Howe took his high reading, it was 292.1—a record for any five o'clock of the week. And our methods, which are not dependent at all upon unreliable mercury, are based upon the specific gravity of hard cider, and its evaporation from the body under a shade tree, the observer maintaining complete quiet. And we're calling for an investigation of Mr. Howe.

Out Of Turn

Senator Homer Capehart, the Indiana Republican who makes fine phonographs and sports a reputation as an isolationist, is not an ally. He is so far off the track that he picked the very moment when his colleagues were urging immediate ratification of the United Nations Charter to propose peace with Japan.

The Senator wasn't too specific, but he disclosed that Japanese peace offers made in the past several weeks were "acceptable to me personally." He was not at liberty to divulge the proposed terms from Nippon, he said, but he hinted strongly when he said:

"If the Japanese promised to give up all territory they have conquered, including Manchuria, wouldn't that be all right?"

It may be all right with Senator Capehart, and to some rag-tag groups like America First, but it won't be all right with most Americans. There was never excuse for such isolationist chatter during the war with Germany, but even that sounded more reasonable than Senator Capehart's suggestion. We've no idea how he happened to forget Pearl Harbor, or to overlook the ravages of the Philippines, Wake, Guam, the Indies and Malaya.

He wants to settle, for the price of American lives yet to be sacrificed in the war on Japan, it does not enter his mind that we must crush Japan's political and military power completely, if we are to know peace in the Pacific, or anywhere else. Senator Capehart can't see beyond his nose; he has not seen and felt the character of the enemy we still fight. His proposal deserves attention only because it reveals a state of mind that is dangerous.

Down To Business

Now we're beginning to get somewhere in Germany. Our army of occupation has at least one "execution team"—two U. S. soldiers who specialize in hangings. Appointed by SHAEF, it is their business to tour our portion of Germany with their gallows ropes, executing German civilians who have been sentenced to death for crimes against American forces. Yesterday there was word that this team had executed three Germans for the murder of a U. S. flyer who had parachuted from a burning bomber. The airman was killed with clubs and pitchforks by civilians, and these have met a just fate.

This brought to 70 the number of hangings performed by these two soldiers, and though it is a grisly business, we suspect they must enjoy such tasks as they had yesterday. It is likely that thousands of GI's envy them their job of dealing out justice to criminals they have known. It is reassuring to see the Army going about this bloody job so effectively, and without fanfare. Yesterday's little job, in fact, was the first mention we've seen of the program of execution.

The policy won't care for the bulk of Germany's war criminals, to be sure. Most of them, even though they are patently guilty, must stand before the Allied War Crimes Commission, which is scarcely getting underway. At last report, little more than a month ago, the commission had only 3,000 German prisoners on its black list—not one of them arraigned by American members. So the prominent criminals of war are not yet in danger of the hangman's rope. It is only the small fry, the Germans who have been so foolish and vindictive to commit crimes since American invasion.

We'd be happy to see the War Crimes Commission give the word to Supreme Headquarters to turn its new execution team loose on its list of prospects, and have the job done with. We're still persuaded that many of the criminals are going to get away, both large and small, but so long as the Army is taking its task, partial justice is being done.

The sinking of the Jap proceeds at a pace heretofore unknown to history. Down out of the trees and into the ocean in three years, is nice going.

Statesmen At Work

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

SEN. BILBO (Miss.) on wartime regulations, the FEPC and kindred matters:

Mr. President, the other day I was talking to a leading businessman who is one of the largest wholesalers in my state. He said to me that the board of directors had ordered him to reduce my salary because I am not doing anything. The Government is now undertaking to tell me whom I shall hire when I shall hire him, and when I shall fire him. Moreover, the OPA tells me what I shall pay him, how long he shall be worked, and also how much I am to buy from whom I shall buy it, where I shall buy it, to whom I shall sell and to whom it shall make charge. There is nothing for me to do except to get money for the government. A few days ago I called the attention of the Senate to a situation that occurred in my home town in connection with the FEPC and kindred matters. I had to discuss from the plant between 50 and 100 women. He had Jewish women, Gentile women and white Christian women in his employ. So when the time came to discharge the Christian white women and retain in his employ the Negro women and the Jewish women. When inquiry was made of him concerning this procedure he said he could not do anything else. Suppose I had dismissed just one Negro woman, she would have filed a complaint that I was discharging her because of her color. If I discharged a Jewish lady she would have said she had been discharged because of her religion. I did not propose to take any chances, and I fired all the white Christian women go, and kept the Negroes and the Jewish women on the job." So it appears that there is no one to look out for the white Christian women. I merely

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

ONE untold story of the late United Nations Conference took place at the very end, in room 233 of the San Francisco Veterans' Building. (This became known as the "Madison Square Garden of International Diplomacy" because so many fights were staged there.)

The last incident started when Cuban Ambassador Guillermo Belt Ramirez, in a secret session of the steering committee, proposed a vote of thanks to Secretary Stettinius. He was seconded by Peruvian Foreign Minister Manuel Gallagher. Gallagher had also been one of Australia's warmest supporters in the battle against the "Big Five veto power." But, much to the surprise of the small nations, Gallagher offered a "rising vote of confidence" in the Big Five's handling of the conference.

Small nation delegates arched their eyebrows, but had to stand up, even though irked, in support of the Peruvian gesture.

A second later, sullenness turned to broad grins as Gallagher proposed that the steering committee also rise and pay tribute to Australia's fighting Herbert Evatt as the "great champion of the smaller nations." The Irish-descended Foreign Minister of Peru went on to say that he credited Evatt with having made substantial and progressive changes in the Dumbarton Oaks plan, and he asked that everyone rise in tribute.

The entire steering committee stood. Even Lord Halifax bowed gravely to the fighting Australian who had given the mother country such a run for its money.

Though overcome with emotion, Evatt managed to come up with a pungent crack.

"I would like to say a great deal at this moment," he observed, "but I'm afraid someone might exercise his power of veto over me."

Everybody, even including dour-faced Soviet Ambassador Gromyko, who proposed the big power veto over unlimited discussion in the general assembly, joined in the laughter. Thus ended the last secret session at San Francisco.

Baseball Fan

Now that the United Nations Conference is over, delegates point out that it was Molotov who garnered the early publicity, Stettinius who got most of the play in the news reels, but Evatt of Australia who did the day-in-day-out crusading for real democracy in preventing war. It was France which was called in advance as the expected champion of small nations. But it was Australia which did the job when France fell lamentably by the wayside.

Evatt likes Americans, has married an American wife, collects American books, loves American baseball, seldom goes to bed without seeing how the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Yankees are batting.

Perhaps the only thing he doesn't like about the U. S. A. is the State Department, and he took delight during the San Francisco Conference in pushing U. S. diplomats around. When Evatt became Foreign Minister of Australia, he found the Australian diplomatic service in somewhat the same state of dilettantism as the State Department. He started an immediate house-cleaning, banished stuffy caricrmen, substituted a high competitive system whereby Australians with actual combat service in the present war are trained for diplomacy.

Evatt began his present stormy international career as a lawyer. By the time he was 36, he was appointed to the Australian Supreme Court. He got elected a Labor member of Parliament in 1940, became Foreign Secretary in 1941; also holds the job of Attorney General, in which post he has been a staunch defender of civil liberties. He also accomplished what we have not yet done in this country; namely, weeded out pro-Nazi and anti-Nazi German prisoners in Australian prison camps.

Evatt Vs. Big Five

Probably the biggest influence in Evatt's crusading policies at San Francisco was the loss of his older brother, killed in the last war. Ever since, Evatt had made it his life work to try to root out the seeds of war. To this end, the three campaigns he waged at San Francisco were: (1) to limit the veto power of big nations so they could not wage war without a United Nations brake; (2) to permit investigation of disputes without veto by the Big Five; (3) to permit free and unlimited discussion in the United Nations assembly.

On the first and most important point, that of preventing one of the Big Five from running amuck, Evatt lost. Any one of the Big Five can ignore the United Nations if it chooses. But on the other two, he put through compromises amounting to important victories.

Evatt contended that "Big Five might does not make right." And it was during a closed-door debate on this question that Evatt had a sensational brush with Senator Tom Connally. The Texas statesman was going through a rip-snorting oratorical routine in which he heaped scorn on the idea that the Big Five wanted to dominate the world. The Texan's bow tie gyrated with his gestures. His handsome girls ruffled as he shouted, "It was one of Long Tom's best forensic efforts.

Showman Connally

The Australian Foreign Minister sat quietly until Connally finished. Then he rose.

"I fear," said Evatt, "that the talent of the great United States Senator is being wasted in this humble body. I fear that even the magnificent United States Senate does not afford the gentleman sufficient play for his tremendous ability as a showman. His miraculous talk here tonight in which he denies that the major sponsoring powers have not thought of dominating the world is not worthy of the Senate or of this conference. Mr. Connally belongs in Madison Square Garden. There everyone can laugh at the show he puts on."

Despite all his hard-fisted slugging, Evatt managed to stay on good terms with most of the San Francisco delegates—Connally perhaps being one exception. Evatt was one of the few who battled it out with inscrutable Soviet Ambassador Gromyko and still made Gromyko like it.

Working shoulder to shoulder with Evatt was New Zealand's Prime Minister Peter Fraser. To the stuff-shirt Tories of the British Foreign Office, these two are considered the terrors of the Empire. Not only in the Commonwealth of British Nations, but in the world commonwealth of nations, they say what they mean and mean what they say.

As a result of Evatt's uncompromising battle for a liberal post-war United Nations policy, he has succeeded in lifting Australia from a silent membership in the family of nations to a place alongside the Big Five of the world. Thanks to the hard-hitting lawyer from a little town in New South Wales, Australia has become the spokesman for small nations everywhere—despite the fact that its vast continent has fewer people than the city of New York.

"Let Uncle Hold Him A While!"

The Army In Europe

By Marquis Childs

WASHINGTON

APPARENTLY because no other agency was ready to step into the breach, the Army has gone right on sending supplies to civilians in liberated Europe. This job has been done quietly and efficiently, without any fanfare whatsoever.

Under present plans, and from Army stockpiles already accumulated, shipments to liberated areas will go on into September. By that time—theoretically, at least—the European governments will be able to take over with some help from the United States.

It is a sizable job the Army has done, entirely without publicity. From Britain, Canada and the United States, more than 10,000,000 tons of food and fuel have been shipped to Italy, France, Belgium, Holland and, in scattered amounts, to other countries. Shipments today are at the rate of nearly a million tons a month.

This is the answer, of course, to Herbert Hoover's demand that the Army do the job. The Army is doing it.

Behind the sizeable statistics of wheat, coal, meat and fats that have gone to Europe is the story of a conflict that was resolved by the late President Roosevelt. Several civilian agencies claimed the right to help Europe after liberation.

But their capacity did not match their claims. In November of 1943, Roosevelt in a letter to Secretary Stimson ordered the War Department to provide civilian populations with the necessaries of life until provisional governments could be established.

The military justification for this was to preserve order "in the wake of battle." Clearly, American armies could not fight across Europe if their supply lines were jeopardized by internal trouble and possible revolution.

That has been the criterion the Army has stuck to from the beginning. They have my attempted to reduce the Army's food and fuel have meant the difference between starvation and breakdown and minimum subsistence and quiet.

When the French in Paris complained last Winter that they were eating less than they had eaten under the Germans, they were right. Until near the end of Nazi occupation, when our fighter bombers had pretty well shattered the French transportation system, the Nazis exacted food shipments from the surplus producing areas, such as Normandy, to the industrial cities. The Army was not interested in competing with the Nazis, but solely in keeping order in a country where a million or more Americans were fighting.

In some instances this objective led into curious and seemingly irrelevant bypaths. Naples was one of the toughest problems our occupying forces confronted. Shortly after the American Army took over, a serious epidemic of typhus raged through the city.

At one time there were 25,000 cases of this dread disease in poverty-ridden Naples. The Army attacked with DDT. For months, most of Naples came to Army centers to be sprayed with the white powder that kills the typhus-bearing louse. A year later, not a single case of typhus was recorded.

In Italy, Americans came, which moved into towns even before the battle had ended. They brought in medicines and dried and canned milk for children. They organized lines of supply.

All this took manpower. It required vital shipping. Sometimes the supplies were urgently needed elsewhere.

Now the "wake of battle" concept has been stretched to the breaking point. With the war in Europe ended, the Army will have to end shipments in early September.

Whether liberated governments can take up from there is a question. They are moving only very slowly—and this is particularly true of France—to cope with the problem of getting a peacetime industry and economic life started again. Unless somehow the tempo is speeded up, there will be widespread unemployment and disorder next Winter.

For the present, foodstock piles are so generous that the Army is actually able to curtail shipments. This is

"But why can't I use rouge, lipstick and powder, Mom? How old do I have to be before I can go around like a genuine human being?"

Hard Victory

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

THE way of the conqueror is hard. British and American troops are demobilizing German prisoners of war, putting them back into civvies, at the rate of many thousands a day, so that they can work their farms. But the British and American conquering heroes stay in uniform; they don't get out of the Army; and it is reported that some of the Allied soldiers in charge of this operation find the whole thing confusing and irritating. They are inclined to ask each other who won the war.

Conquest is a complicated way of life. We are giving extra food rations to German coal miners in the Ruhr, so that they can keep their output up. That curious fate which compels us, however unwillingly, to be kinder to the defeated enemy than to our Allies dogs us here; French coal miners had to go on strike recently for extra rations. No one thinks for them; they have to think for themselves; but we think for the coal miners of the Ruhr.

We seem to be agog, too, about the general question of food supplies for Germany. Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery tells us that Germany as a whole faces a shortage of 4,000,000 tons of food this year; and we are warned of riots unless the food is found. A SHAEF spokesman tells the press that the wisest course might be to help Germany through the Winter, to avoid trouble.

This means that, in some obscure way, a bit of political initiative has passed to the German people. We have to feed them, because they hate us; their hate is a barterable commodity, it has value in the market-place. But we don't have to feed the French, because they don't hate us.

Conquest is often more complicated for the conquerors than for the conquered. Sir Bernard's hair-raising story of how the German girls are quite deliberately wearing fewer and fewer clothes, in order to tempt our troops and sabotage non-fraternization, is not without a political moral. Anything, even an "organized striptease," which will upset our plans will serve the Germans for a program and a way of life; whereas we, alas, cannot solve our problems by displaying our legs.

It is significant how abruptly, this last week, after little more than a month of occupation of Germany, a number of high Allied leaders have begun to demand vigorous action against the former masters of the German state. Montgomery asks that the German General Staff be broken up, and that the members be confined, in small groups, in isolated prison camps, outside Germany. He asked that SS men be held in prison for twenty years, if necessary. General Eisenhower has added the practical suggestion that the archives of the German General Staff be taken away, for good. Senator Kilgore has come back from Germany in a hopping rage against German industrial leaders who, he says, began to plan the next war before this one was over.

Suddenly, it comes clearly that a policy of mere occupation, bare, barren occupation, is meaningless; that the plan to let the Germans stew in their own juice cannot be effective unless we remove the ingredients which poison the stew.

Legion Of Decency

By RUSSELL WHELAN
In The June American Mercury

WHEN you and I visit a movie theater we rarely see a single foot of film which the National Legion of Decency of the Roman Catholic Church has not already previewed for its possible effect on human morals. You and I and the rest of us number some 60,000,000 movie-goers a week, of whom not more than 30 per cent are Catholic.

The Legion is the great moral watchdog of the movies, and today it casts its vast shadow over the screens of America for the twelfth year, in influence unabated, in powers unchallenged. Yet the Legion's purposes and its mode of operation are barely known to most people outside the movie business.

Its experienced reviewing corps composed of Catholic Alumnae sends in reports on new movies to the Legion Headquarters at 23 East 51st Street, near St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. There the reviews and recommendations are sifted by Monsignor John J. McClafferty, executive secretary, by the executive committee of the Legion and by Mrs. James F. Lonergan, chairman of the motion picture bureau of the Alumnae Federation. If an outright "condemnation" is agreed on, final decision is withheld until the "Board of Consultors," composed of sixteen New York priests and ten laymen, has witnessed a special screening. Classifications are then made, and sent out each week to the Catholic press, to churches, schools and institutions throughout this country and abroad, and to the chaplains in the Army and Navy. Each Catholic diocese has its own Legion organization charged with the duty of disseminating the film classifications. These are:

Class A Section 1 "Unobjectionable for general patronage."

Class A Section 2 "Unobjectionable for adults."

Class B "Objectionable in part."

Class C "Condemned."

Usually no comment accompanies the listings in Class A Section 1. But the Legion gives its reasons for all Class B and C listings and occasionally explains on Class A Section 2. For instance, it put Mission to Moscow in this group, reporting under separate notation: "This film represents the personal observations and opinions of Ex-Ambassador Joseph E. Davies. The film is an compassionate portrayal of the governing regime in Russia makes no reference to the anti-religious philosophy and policy of said regime."

The Oxbow Incident, one of the "Ten Best Movies" of 1943, was "separately classified" because it "contains a sequence wherein one of the characters confesses to a layman. Sacramental confession through a layman for presentation and practice."

In the Class B column were such well-known films as And the Angels Sing, The Desert Song, The Eve of St. Mark, Lady in the Dark, Up in Mabel's Room, and the reissue of Cecil B. DeMille's Sign of the Cross—all on the grounds of suggestiveness either in dialogue or costume, or both.

A few years ago Walter Wanger bought a script called Blockade, which treated sympathetically the Loyalist cause in the Spanish Civil War. Wanger was advised not to make such a film, in view of the Catholicism of Franco. But Wanger went ahead. The Legion "separately classified" Blackade as propaganda for the Spanish Loyalists, leaving the Knights of Columbus, the great organization of Catholic men, to become the spearhead of the Catholic assault. The Supreme Board of the K. of C. addressed the MPPDA, protesting against Blockade's showing "without a clear statement from you informing the public that it is a propaganda picture." The demand continued.

Blockade . . . is historically false and intellectually dishonest in its portrayal . . . and in its complete suppression of the facts of the Communist-inspired reign of terror that . . . precipitated armed resistance by the Spanish Nationalists.

Wanger and the Legion crossed swords in 1944 in the squabble over the plan of the U. S. Public Health Service to exhibit educational films on venereal diseases in all movie houses. The plan had the approval of a number of Government agencies and of a special advisory committee of prominent educators, physicians, clergymen and psychiatrists. Wanger's V.D. film, To the People of the United States, was attacked by the Legion in these words:

This film is definitely unsuitable and improper for exhibition on the entertainment screen . . . disregards completely moral considerations in the problem of venereal diseases. The film is in violation of the provision of the Production Code of the Motion Picture Industry which reads "Sex hygiene and venereal diseases are not subjects for motion pictures."

Wanger retorted that he had taken "issue with the theory that unchastity is a greater scourge to humanity than venereal disease."

Does the Legion make for a higher moral tone in the movies, or among the citizenry at large? You can say? The facts today are that the Legion gets what it insists on from the movies, that the movies are raking in the public's coin in quantities never known before, that most of the public is unaware that a Roman Catholic "screening" process determines its film fare, and that only a few voices are raised — sporadically and to no effect—against one of