EDITORIAL PAGE

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Let 'Em Earn It

We are not at all opposed to the struggle in behalf of the millennium. We, too, tremble in joy as we anticipate the eventual establishment of the brotherhood of man. We, too, dream of a day when human animosities shall pass away, and man shall become less the ornery creature of earth and more the noble soul of the upper sphere. We, too, yearn for the erasure of national boundaries which set us apart for conflict. We, in short, will not stand in the way of the second Eden.

And we're not disposed to look upon our erstwhile enemies, the Italians, as unalmously and irrevocably evil. We entertain no scheme for ostracizing them forever. Eventually, we'd like to see them brace up (even if we have to help) and become again a race of men. But we regard the House Foreign Affairs Committee as hasty and a little reckless.

The gentlemen of this committee, under gentle pressure from Joseph C. Grew (who advocates kindness toward dear old Hirohito), are moving to welcome Italy into the United Nations. We suspect that this won't sit well with combat veterans who had to face Italian lead and steel in Tunisia and Sicily. And though it will echo a democratic principle of equality and forgiveness, we suspect it won't sit well with ordinary Americans, either.

The Italian population, if you will, was captive under Mussolini, but it is inaccurate to suggest that the majority despised *Il Duce*, and sought to deny his leadership. The House of Savoy, if you please, was not in command in the dark years of Fascism, but only the most affable would maintain that the men of Savoy were aught else than craven weaklings, truckling to the new power.

And Italy, at this moment, seems to us unfit for United Nations membership. Torn asunder economically, socially and politically, and with a generation of international lawlessness behind her, she seems a poor risk to us. And, once she is in the fold, who will guarantee that some wide-eyed man of peace will not be pleading that Germany, the poor misled Reich, be also admitted? And there's another prospect in the East. What about Japan? She'd make a great little ally, hey?

All Or Nothing

Now the Senate is about to go to the mat with the United Nations charter, and the Constitution, looms before us again. The debate, though it may be fierce, will almost certainly be short-lived. On both sides of the aisle leadership is committed to fight for approval of the charter as it stands. And that involves authority for Delegate Edward Stettinius to commit U. S. troops to war against aggressors at the bidding of the Security Council.

One Republican (Millikin of Colorado) wonders if the spirit of the charter would be violated if we inserted a provision that only Congress or the President could send our troops into action. It is the opinion of Senators Connally and Vandenberg, speaking for an apparent majority, that any such tinkering would cripple the charter and incur the suspicion of other nations. But, Senator Millikin, we must report, is not alone.

Senator Hatch, a Democrat with a world view, wants to limit the power of our United Nations delegate to that now held by the President—where the armed forces are concerned. And he wants the issue made clear by separate legislation, quite apart from the charter itself. Ohio's Taft has taken a strong stand, and says he will fight for amending the charter so that the delegate's power may be limited.

The Senate has always jealously guarded the President's power over the armed forces. One of the reservations voted by the Senate to the League Covenant in 1919 reserved power over Army and Navy to Congress. But as Commander-in-Chief many Presidents have used military force in an emergency without a declaration of war: at Vera Cruz in 1914, the Villa expedition in 1916, intervention in Russia in 1918, war on Nazi subs in our waters in 1940.

It is agreed, we suppose, that the United Nations cannot hope to keep the peace unless they are free to use armed force at any momnt, against aggressors real or potential. And however cautious we may eye the vast war powers proposed for our delegate, we must remember that this is the crux of the matter, this use of armed forces on short notice. If the Senate should renege on this, we will have taken a long chance.

An Overnight Job

A subject not much to our taste is the FEPC. We'd rather, by far, leave the durned thing alone and go on about our business of spreading sweetness and light. And as far as this region is concerned, there isn't much use in taking it up.

So little impact has the FEPC had on the South that most of its people don't even know that the initials stand for Fair Employment Practices Committee. Much less are they concerned at the battle now raging in Congress to give the FEPC a permanent standing, or at least an extended life. Southerners may remember, vaguely, that President Truman came out for making it permanent, but they probably figured that, in deference to the memory of the late President Roosevelt, he almost had to, and likely didn't intend to be taken too seriously. But suppose he should be?

The issue of FEPC is not going to be decided by the traditional Southern racial views, either in Congress or out. But if by the votes of Congressmen from other regions the agency should be given a firm lease on official life, the South would be the ultimate retort in which the element of idealism was subjected to the heat of realism.

With that in mind, Representative Joe Ervin has set out to kill the measure by stirring up antagonism toward it — not by Southern members of Congress, who are antagonistic toward it for their own reasons—but by others who may be unfavorably disposed toward bureaucracy in any form (and FEPC would be naked bureaucracy) or who had pet antagonisms of their own or who might be converted against FEPC for any reason. And among the arguments Mr. Ervin has made with considerable heat is this, that the FEPC would have the authority to require not only that private employment be given without discrimination because of race or creed or color, but in the case of certain contractual relationships with the Federal Government, public employment as well. And one public employment which Mr. Ervin asserts would fall within that category is schools.

Well, we dislike to have to say it, but it decidedly would not do to require that North Carolina, for example, employ school teachers for its white children without discrimination because of race or creed or color. It wouldn't do. North Carolina has the best of feelings for and intentions toward its Negro citizens, as shown by the fact that Negro school teachers are paid the same as white teachers, shown in other ways as well. But it has manifested no disposition to relax the segregation of Negro and white children in its schools. It could hardly be expected to place Negro teachers over white children, as Mr. Ervin says could be done under the FEPC bill, nor would Negro teachers themselves like the idea.

The subject, as we say, is a distasteful one, and we would prefer to leave it alone and continue to argue for feasible, acceptable methods of bringing the Negro forward, and for better understanding between the races. But what else is there to do except take it up when elements in Congress propose to abolish age-old customs overnight, all by passing a little law?

These scarcities in the stores may go beyond our darkest dreams. A handbill thrown yesterday on a Detroit porch consisted of four blank pages.

Millions of GIs and their Allied buddies won the war, Gen. Ike insists. Something tells us the Eisenhower personal memoirs will not be titled, "Alone in Europe."

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

ONE of the worst wastes of food in months occurred recently in Norfolk, Va. It involved potatoes for Belgium.

Several weeks ago the Army promised three shiploads of potatoes to Belgium, to replace potatoes which our troops had used in that country. Spuds are precious in Belgium, so the Belgians wanted them back. The War Food Administration agreed to provide the potatoes, and the War Shipping Administration was to provide the shipping. Everything was set.

War Food, however, was able to get a sufficient quantity of spuds only by accepting potatoes of good quality but of high moisture content. These spoil more easily than those with lower moisture. The War Shipping Administration was warned of this difficulty, and told that good refrigeration was essential. Liberty ships with modern refrigeration units were to be provided.

Instead of the Liberty ships, however, War Shipping sent three old British boats to Norfolk with completely inadequate refrigeration units.

The spuds were supposed to be loaded quickly and put under refrigeration at once, but the ship's master refused to permit the loading of more than 34 to 40 carloads per day. In this he was correct. For too speedy loading would have overtaxed the capacity of his inadequate refrigeration unit.

More than 350 carloads had been loaded on the first of the three boats when suddenly it was discovered that the ship was listing so badly that the refrigeration unit simply was not functioning. Finally it was decided to pull the potatoes off this boat, but not until so many had gone bad that, as one shipping man put it, "They had to be pumped off."

In the end, the entire consignment of spuds was turned over for sale to civilians. But by this time so many had gone bad that only about half were eventually brought to the civilian market. The Belgians are still waiting for their potatoes.

Coal Going Up?

It isn't being advertised, but data to justify a raise in the price of coal are now being prepared by Solid Fuels Administrator Ickes in an effort to stimulate production of a commodity which is so short that Administration leaders are worried sick. Representatives John Flannagan of Virginia and Andy May of Kentucky called on President Truman last Friday to urge immediate action to increase the coal output.

They proposed: (1) Immediate increase in ceiling prices on coal; (2) Immediate steps to release from the Army approximately 10,000 coal miners who have piled up sufficient points to win their discharge; (3) A ban on further drafting of young miners; and (4) All possible speed in turning out badly-needed mining equipment. President Truman was highly sympathetic on all these points.

There are about 137,000 coal miners now in the armed forces. As a result, the work force in the mines has been curtailed, and whereas a few years ago rarely took men over 25 for work in the pits are now employing men as old as 47 for these jobs. The older men have done miracles, all things considered, and last year turned out more coal than ever before produced in a single year in this country. But even more is needed.

Note—Senator Kilgore of West Virginia has complained to the War Department that as we have screened German miners from the German army in order to work in German coal mines, the War Department has not been able to get any accurate list of coal miners in the U. S. Army.

Capital Chaff

Representative Albert Thomas of Texas strolled into the House restaurant last week, studied the menu closely, then remarked to his companion: "Will you look at this! Here Clinton Anderson is Secretary of Agriculture for 24 hours already, and still there's no meat on this menu." . . . Poultry dealers are chuckling about the personal-study vacation plan of Dewey Termohlen of the War Food Administration, who has claimed there is no serious poultry problem on the eastern shore of Maryland. Termohlen has now driven to Bethany Beach, Del., on the eastern shore, for his vacation—and also for an additional two weeks at Government expense investigating the poultry situation along the eastern shore. He has been issued special gasoline for the trip. . . . Milton Eisenhower, brother of General Ike, has agreed to stay at the Department of Agriculture as adviser to Secretary Anderson for only nine weeks. He then returns to his post as president of Kansas State Agricultural College. . . . The War Food staff has been holding meetings nearly every morning since Anderson took office. They decided to meet in Eisenhower's office last Thursday, but were quickly shunted out when they found Eisenhower in shirtsleeves surrounded by large charts showing how War Food set-up is to be reorganized. Too many officials would have seen whether their heads were going to fall, so they weren't permitted to stay. . . . During the House debate on FEPC, two major Douglases sat in the gallery following the proceedings with particular interest. They were Marine Major Paul Douglas, famed Chicago educator, and Army Major Melvyn Douglas, top-flight movie star. They watched the proceedings with especial interest because their wives both are members of Congress. Major Paul Douglas, husband of Illinois' Representative Emily Taft Douglas, was carrying his arm in a heavy bandage, having nearly lost his hand during the fighting at Iwo Jima. Major Melvyn Douglas, husband of Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas, of California, looked in good health, despite nearly three years of duty in India. Both enlisted as privates. . . . Members of the Senate Military Affairs Committee are still chuckling over the appearance of Virginia's red-faced Senator Harry Byrd during the testimony of Barney Baruch before their committee recently. Byrd strolled in ostentatiously just before the hearing started, went to the Senators' table and shook hands with the chairman, waited for several photographers to snap him and walked out. Newspaper pictures published next day gave the public the impression that Byrd dominated the entire hearing.

The Omnipresent Suitor

A Fair Break For Veterans

By Marquis Childs

WASHINGTON

THANK heaven, our GIs can speak out in the face of injustice and make themselves heard. The 500 combat veterans who had to make a five-day cross-country trip in commuter-type day coaches got action.

They reported they saw German prisoners of war being transported in Pullmans. The War Department has cleared up this point. The only prisoners hauled in Pullmans are those who are sick and on their way to hospitals or asylums.

As they passed the country in those stiff-backed commuter seats, with not enough water for drinking or washing, those veterans on the way to another war must have seen plenty of civilians traveling in Pullmans. Some of them—in spite of all the warnings—were vacationing civilians.

That was contrast enough. Imagine how a man out of Bastogne or Cassino, on his way to new Okinawa, would feel about that. It just simply will not go down.

The Office of Defense Transportation should have acted before this blowoff. But anyhow, there is action now. Pullmans will come off of civilian trains as a result of the ODT order banning all Pullman journeys under 450 miles, and those Pullmans will go to carry men being redeployed between the two wars. There are enough contrasts between our secure world, here at home, and the hell of Europe and the double-distilled hell of the Pacific without making it any more obvious than it has to be.

ODT says the new order will result in the transfer of 800 Pullmans. Even with the increase of returning troops—far above the schedules given to the railroads only six weeks ago—this should help a great deal.

It will, of course, work a hardship on some who must still travel. There are reasons of life and death that compel people to get onto overcrowded trains.

Second Division patch, which means Tarawa, Saipan, Tinian—action, and plenty of it. He was going home on emergency leave because of a telegram saying his mother was very sick.

"My brother and I were out in the Pacific about three and a half years," he said. "I got another brother who's still over in Europe. She worried about us all the time. I guess that's what's the matter with her."

It was the week-end. He would have to take his chances getting on a train. That is the trouble with our system, or lack of system. Those who have to get somewhere are often the ones who lack the pull or the cash to go into the transportation black market to obtain reservations.

ODT says that rationing of travel is impossible. It would be too complicated an operation. Even in England, where wartime restrictions were far more rigid than anything we have known, they never tried that.

Repeated appeals made by ODT have had some effect in keeping vacationists off the trains. But appeals alone were not enough. The ODT order limiting reservations to five days in advance of departure was a step in the right direction.

It was plain, however, when hundreds of thousands of troops began pouring into our ports, that even this would not stem the flow of Summer travel. A month ago, Canada suspended practically all overnight Pullman journeys, leaving only a few Pullmans for the transcontinental trip.

The railroads have been repeatedly praised for the job they have done in the war. By and large, that praise is deserved.

The military task they face during the next few months is bigger than anything they've been called on to do thus far. It means 20,000,000 man moves. Because schedules have been pushed so far ahead, July may well be the peak month. The job is so big that railroad men themselves can hardly comprehend what it means.

If the railroads fail now, we are likely to forget the good record they have already hung up. We

Statesmen At Work

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

REP. REES (Kas.) Mr. Speaker, I want to call the attention of the House and of the country to an article of 1946 per cent misinformation that has been sent out by the OWI to a Russian magazine entitled "America Illustrated." It is under the head of "Prairie States," and is supposed to enlighten the Russians with respect to America. (This magazine, I am informed, is printed in the Russian language and is sent "by the OWI to 20,000 key Russian readers. This OWI magazine, for which Congress has appropriated millions of dollars, tells the Russians—and I quote:

To the west of the Mississippi stretches an immense land of prairies, the so-called Great Plains.

This prairie land includes the following states: Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, and Utah. This region, covering almost one-quarter of the whole territory of the United States, supports only one-twentieth part of the population of the country. The people in it are almost exclusively farmers. Livestock raising is carried on only in the mountainous parts of Montana and Wyoming. Industry is almost nonexistent. Raw materials and fabricated goods must be imported from

The article is absolutely wrong and unfounded and misleading. It says people of this area are almost exclusively farmers. Kansas is proud of its farmers and its farm operations. It should be observed, though, that whereas 654,000 Kansas people live on farms, 1,196,000 reside in cities and towns.

The statement goes on to say that livestock is raised only in mountainous regions of Montana and Wyoming. Kansas has between four and five million head of cattle. It is the second State in the Union in the total number of pure bred beef cattle. It is third in the number of cattle on farms in the United States. Not only that, but Kansas produces 3,000,000 eggs every day in the year. This statement says that industry is also nonexistent.

How in the world the writer arrived at that conclusion is beyond me. He ignores the fact that in Wichita, Kans., alone we have three big airplane plants where thousands of people are employed. . . .

This so-called authority says natural resources are undeveloped yet we probably burn Kansas or Oklahoma oil in his car and gets his salt from the third largest salt mines in the world, from Hutchinson, Kansas. He has not even heard of a core of his oil refineries or of Dwight

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith

"Your dad spent his vacation listening to the radio—now I have to call him every day and tell him how Cowboy Zeke, Dr. Zump and Nellie the Nurse are getting along!"

Joe In Germany

By Dorothy Thompson

NEW YORK

TEN days ago, I received in my letterbox in the press camp of a German town the following note from a G. I. Joe: "Won't you, please, tell the American people about this non-fraternization business. I was told I was fighting this war for the Four Freedoms, including Freedom of Speech. Now, for the first time in my life I can be docked many months' pay and put in the clink for indulging in it. How can we ever have re-education, if we can't speak to people? How can we ever have peace, unless we create understanding? Don't our folks see, we ain't punishing the Krauts this way, we're punishing the doughboys."

What is re-education? There are two conceptions of it, both with doughboy supporters. One sergeant told me: "Before we got our quarters fixed, I moved into the German town X and we were billeted a few days with local people. Me and another sergeant with a private, the jeep driver, were sent to a nice home where we requisitioned three rooms. The woman there told me she didn't have three rooms, but gave us two and offered a day-bed in the hall to the driver. I says, 'Where do you sleep yourself, lady?' And she shows me she's got a bedroom. So I say, 'You sleep in the hall, see, and our driver has your bed.' Was I burnin' up at that old dame! She didn't seem to know we were conquerors."

I don't think an American boy, ever before in his life, made a 60-year-old woman give him her bed, and I should like to investigate his feelings. Perhaps the conquering sergeant was right, but here's another story.

At six, one night, a G. I. patrol on a country road was approached by a woman obviously on the point of exhaustion, wheeling a baby carriage loaded with a few household goods, and containing a whimpering 18-month-old child with a dusty tear-streaked face. The GI Patrol asked for her pass and she showed him one which has been no good for the past 12 kilometers.

The GI asked where she came from and where she was going and she said she'd walked from a city 40 miles distant, had stopped overnight with friends on her way and was headed six miles further on. Her home had been bombed, her husband was missing, she had no money and she was trying to reach an aunt who lived on a farm, where she thought she could find a haven. She'd walked 15 miles that day pushing the baby. But her pass was no good and the GI said she'd have to return to the previous patrols. She just sat down on the roadside and cried quietly.

The GI, after a few minutes of silent embarrassment, said, "Wait a minute, lady," and went to the nearest house. He returned in a few minutes and said, "Come with me. You aren't going to walk a step further in any direction tonight." He took her to the house where she was greeted at the door by a strange German woman, who took her in and gave her a bed and part of her own rations helped out from the GI's pockets.

The GI off duty hailed a jeep, went back, fixed her pass and picked her up the next morning, after hailing a passing German car and ordering the driver to transport the woman and child.

When she thanked him, he said: "Lady, I'm an American." I didn't hear that story from the G. I., but three times from three separate Germans in the same district. It went the rounds like a Sunday-school text. Joe, it seemed, spoke to her in funny German. It was—it was Yiddish.

Which Joe was doing the best job of re-education? Policy says, the first; humanity says, the second. But anyhow, I know which one was behaving naturally.

I think, after getting to know hundreds of them, that G. I. Joe, when allowed to behave like a natural human being, is the best propaganda American democracy ever put out. When compelled to behave like a conquering hero, he's most unconvincing. He doesn't return a friendly greeting with a cold superman stare, but by a shy aversion of his eyes and is obviously more embarrassed than the other.

However, I have seen other sides of Joe's nature. In Rosenheim I saw four arrogant young Germans walk abreast straight into two GI's. I expected, and may add hoped for, a fight right there. But the two GIs armed and husky, stepped off the sidewalk, into the road, with a look of such amused contempt, that the four German youths stepped dead in their tracks and stared. Their attempt at provocation was a dud. Their expressions were completely baffled.

The GIs are attracted to girls as all young men are, but if I think of the snapshots I've been asked to view of the Sallies and Susies back home; of wives, sweethearts, kids, and mothers, with Joe devouring their pictured faces with adoration in his eyes, and if I recall their rush to the mails and looks of rapture over their letters, I'm not seriously worried about long-range female competition.

But Joe's never been informed just why this non-fraternization order, anyhow. He doesn't like it, he doesn't observe it, his pals aren't informers, and so it doesn't work. A more constructive policy might. Meanwhile, Joe, when the MP's eyes aren't on him, is making his own policy.

The Poor Prophets

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

A NUMBER of American social philosophers of the second grade are licking their chops in unison and groaning in a kind of massed-moron chorus, as they think of what the returning veteran is going to do to them.

Proposals for deliberately setting the veterans against the rest, in case he doesn't happen to think of it himself, are floating about Washington. One is the suggestion that returning veterans be allowed to work in any factory, regardless of union contracts, rules, seniority or initiation fees. These proposals are hard to refute (which is why they are so useful to opponents of labor). They seem superficially fair. They are concerned with giving jobs to our fighting men, and they are charged with the national emotion of gratitude. Yet they cry out for examination.

The sponsors of some of these ideas make no secret of the fact that they look for a sensational brawl between veterans and labor. They expect a decline in the strength of organized labor to follow the return of the soldier. They do not regret this, as an incidental effect of their job proposals, which mean Tarawa, Saipan, Tinian—action, and plenty of it. He was going home on emergency leave because of a telegram saying his mother was very sick.

"My brother and I were out in the Pacific about three and a half years," he said. "I got another brother who's still over in Europe. She worried about us all the time. I guess that's what's the matter with her."

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her shops, the beauty part of the idea.

Thus the first point to be made in regard to some of these proposals is that they are declarations of class war. We are used to thinking of class war as something which always originates on the labor side; but class war can originate on either side, and the gunpowder smell of it is all over some of these suggestions.

A second point comes instantly to mind, and that is that the real question is not whether the veterans get back jobs; of course they must have jobs; the real question is who is going to pay for it. A fatal flaw in the schemes sketched out above is that they call on labor to pay for the entire job program; they call on one class in the population to carry the social and human cost of demobilization.

The idea that we are going to make jobs for veterans by putting some workers out of work altogether is taxation with a vengeance; it would require some Americans to give up all of their income, every bit of it, in order to put the soldiers to work. A fairer distribution of the aftercost of war must be attempted than this crude, vaguely cannibalistic project.

The veterans would be well-advised to go slowly in accepting the leadership of these prophets of a grade-B Gotterdammerung, who after safely enduring unity during the war years, have come up with the ingenious proposal that we shall, in effect, turn the arm-