THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Georgia's Pretender Is Unseated

THE ebullient Ellis Arnall greeted the news of the Georgia Supreme Court's decision in favor of Governor M. E. Thompson with a statement a little highflown even for one who customarily operates in a rarified oratorical atmosphere. "This decision will stand as a monument to justice, righteousness and decency in public affairs," the ex-Governor said. "The new Constitution has been upheld . . . Democracy has triumphed. The people's rights have been preserved. Right and justice have won a decisive victory. My fight has been fully justified. Stealing is still unlawful in Georgia."

This is perhaps extravagant, but certainly the Court's five to two decision does stand as a triumph for orderly government. And certainly Ellis Arnall deserves a great deal of the credit for it. His own courageous and skillful public relations campaign against Herman Talmadge's illegal seizure of power forced the matter into court and made it politically impossible for "The Pretender" to refuse to accept the Supreme Court's verdict.

The damage done by the Talmadge coup d'etat, however, cannot be wiped out by a Supreme Court order. Herman Talmadge leaves behind him a tangled mass of legislation shoved through by his cohorts in the Legislature. Presumably, all this is now null and void. Yet the Legislature will remain under the domination of Herman Talmadge's lieutenants, and it will be a simple matter to re-enact the Talmadge program.

The obscure Mr. Thompson then is thrown into the middle of a difficult political situation the minute he takes the oath of office. The chances are that he will ride with the tide. Already, he is publicly committed to supporting the general policies of the late Eugene Talmadge, including the white primary later sponsored by his son. Although Ellis Arnall supported Governor Thompson's gubernatorial claim, the new Governor is anything but an Arnall protege. Rather, Mr. Thompson is known to have had a working alliance with former Governor Ed Rivers who, many Georgians believe, represents no great improvement over Boss Roy Harris, who stands behind Herman Talmadge.

Georgians may rejoice that the fantastic gubernatorial contest has been settled at last in an orderly and logical manner. But the rejoicing must be tempered by the knowledge that a change of faces in the executive office in this case does not guarantee a change of policy. Talmadgism is bigger than Herman Talmadge. Georgia is not rid of it yet.

The Merchants And Parking

THE Charlotte Merchants Association is now added to the group of civic agencies concerned with Charlotte's parking problem. The Association has formally endorsed the proposed legislation that would authorize municipal construction and operation of off-street parking facilities.

This should lend important support to Coleman Roberts' effort to obtain favorable action on the bill he recently proposed to the Legislature. Mr. Roberts suggested statewide legislation, but in these waning days of the Legislature it seems that nothing more comprehensive than a local bill can be expected.

No group in the city has a more immediate concern with and a better understanding of, the parking problem than the merchants. The inadequacy of present parking facilities is reflected in their sales; in this automotive age customers are prone to shop where they can park—and only a few can park now along the narrow streets of the downtown district.

The problems of parking and traffic are inseparable. One of the great causes of the current congestion is curb parking on narrow streets, and yet such parking cannot be prohibited until other facilities are provided to replace it. Parking lots or central storage garages seem to be the only answer.

The legislation proposed by Mr. Roberts would authorize the City of Charlotte to establish a parking commission. The commission would be empowered to use public funds to finance self-liquidating parking facilities. These might be operated by the commission, or by private firms under contract. Free parking is not contemplated; reasonable fees would be charged, and the income from them would be used to pay operating costs and retire original indebtedness incurred by the commission.

This, it seems to us, is a necessary first step to a workable solution of the parking problem. The time to take it is now. Like the bill to authorize the city to open through streets at its own expense, this measure is a vital prerequisite to intelligent planning. Failure of the Legislature to act will guarantee a delay of two years before Charlotte can launch a co-ordinated attack on her parking and traffic problems, and the delay will serve to compound the existing difficulties.

The De-Hexing Of Stephen Richardson

THE beat of the voo-doo drums has been stilled in Franklin County. The hex has been taken off Stephen Richardson, and Stephen is eating again.

It all began when Adam Alston, Negro witch doctor, put a curse on Stephen. The husky farm hand began to waste away. Milk didn't taste good any more; he could not choke down his food. His parents took him to doctors at Louisburg and finally to Duke Hospital. But the medical men, even though they couldn't find anything wrong with Stephen physically, didn't believe in curses. Paranoid schizophrenia, the Duke doctors diagnosed.

Stephen went back home to Franklin County and continued to quietly waste away and finally took to his bed. Then 70-year-old Adam Alston put his curse on another Negro, Willie Mitchell. Willie didn't take to his bed; he took the shotgun down off the mantel and went out and killed the witch doctor. The strange story reached the papers.

Well, publicity is publicity. Marsh Babbitt, a New York hypnotist, took off by plane to free Stephen of his hex. G. C. Norman, a Durham magician known professionally as Collins the Miracle Man, also arrived on the scene. Babbitt used the eye; Collins called up the spirit of Adam Alston to beg Stephen's forgiveness. Stephen got up out of bed and went into the kitchen and ate a whole bowl of peaches. The curse, said the Miracle Man and the hypnotist, had been lifted. Stephen agreed.

We're not quite sure what this proves, if anything. That the black arts aren't quite dead, perhaps. The value of publicity, certainly. At any rate we are pleased that the dark ghost of old Adam Alston has been laid at last. We only wonder what will become of Willie Mitchell, the forthright man who believed that in the Twentieth Century the best answer to a hex is a blast from a shotgun.

Another Voice

Science, Spare That Monster

THAT hoary hoax, the "sea monster," which reared its head above the even more incredible news of the war years, is now in dire danger of being proved not a hoax at all, but a prosaic and zoological reality... Thus science tends to blast our fondest illusions — that waning list of beliefs flavored with a pinch of salt and a dash of plausibility.

A zoologist writing in *The Saturday Evening Post* cites a long series of testimony given over the last half century by sober and reliable persons, untroubled by imagination, who with their own eyes have seen the sea monster, or a sea monster, and the amazing thing about it all is that their descriptions tally, even though they had never heard of or read a similar description.

Almost invariably the monster had a flat head at the end of a long, snakelike neck, and a bobbin-shaped torso propelled by flippers. It varied in length from 20 to 60 feet, a fact which may indicate monsters of different ages, or poor judgment of distance on the part of the startled observers.

But while the foregoing indicates that sea monsters exist, we hope that none will ever be captured. To do so would transform the varmint from a delightful and somewhat alarming possibility to the ranks of zoological reality. It would be removed not only from its home in the vast ocean depths, but from the sea of our imagination, a habitat in which it is endowed with attributes of unlimited proportions.

It would become merely another "specimen," a dead, dank and repulsive thing, to be skinned and mounted and stared at by bored sophisticates or by those pathetically skeptical persons who refuse to believe what they see with their own eyes.

Far better to leave the monster in its rightful realm, the deep blue sea of possibilities, half doubted, half believed, half hoax and half reality, to be glimpsed at rare intervals and for some fleeting seconds by those ordained by fate to pass on a legendary relic linking us to the dear, dead eons when nothing more lethal than a plesiosaurus roamed the deep. — *Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Unplanned economy is more fun, providing as it does those hilarious occasions when one realizes he has set aside no $85 for insurance or fuel.

Whatever became of whoever it was who resigned office to become editor of—you know—that liberal weekly?

For Britain, lacking coal in February, this has been Dunkirk all over again, with its blood and tears but no sweat.

Big Four Conference

People's Platform

The Teen-Age Club

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

THE following open letter is addressed to City Council:

The Teen-Age Club, composed of high school students of the City of Charlotte, has lost its site. Yes, lost its location to an organization which trains men in the ways of war and which you consider more important than an organization which is training youth in the ways of peace, brotherhood, citizenship, sportsmanship, and "good will toward men".

They lost their clubhouse, but that is water over the dam now; they fought as best they knew how and lost in a sporting manner. They have their gripes, yes. But they are not voicing them. Instead, they are making a plea, or rather a demand—they want a new clubhouse. They want one that is as good, or better, than the one they lost.

You have promised, publicly, to heed this demand; therefore, you must. You must make reparations to the teen-agers for seizing their location and turning it over to this military organization. You must fulfill your obligation to the youth of Charlotte because, contrary to the common belief, they do have memory—and influence.

Are they asking too much when they demand the continuation of a recreational center which, for over two years, has been an asset to the community of Charlotte? They think not.

At this Teen-Age Club a young person receives the guidance and experience which will give him a fine start on the long and hard road of life.

The object of this letter is not to protest the result of the fight. Instead, it is to bring to the public eye the fact that the teen-agers have been promised a clubhouse by the Council. The youngsters do not intend to let you forget that promise, and are prepared to see that it is carried out.

—RONALD GREEN AND CLARENCE BYRUM.

The Veteran's Plight

HICKORY

Editors, THE NEWS:

LAST Saturday (Feb. 22, 1947), at 6:10 P. M., while waiting at a bus stop, for a bus to ride to work, a soldier and his wife and baby daughter stopped and picked me up. He related this story to me. He said that he had been looking a long time for a room in which he could take his furniture out of storage and have a place to live, but the reason he can't find a place is because he has a darling little baby which God has mercifully blessed them with. People that have a room won't rent it to him because of that baby, so please let me press this thought into your minds. Just remember that once you were a tiny baby yourself, and that dear mother and father of yours fought the battles of life while you were just a baby that you might have a place to lay your head. Just remember this when you turn down a soldier for a room because he has a child. You are turning down the great thing in the sight of God, for one of the disciples asked God about the Kingdom of Heaven, and God said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And he said "He that offendeth one of my little ones, he be cast into the sea." So please, for God's and Heaven's sake, if you have a spare room, please let the GI Joe have it, for he will appreciate it.

Just remember that God gave his only begotten son to die, and shed his blood that you might live, and those boys that need a place to lay their head, their mother gave them that you might stay back here in the good United States while they went to the front, and answered the call for you. They gave their lives that you and that home might be protected. Their life was put for a target for your freedom, and to protect you so that the Germans and the Japs could not come over here and take you as prisoners, so if you good people who have an extra room, which I know and you know that plenty of you have, and to aid you might store that extra furniture you have scattered out—please fix that extra room and call your American Legion post and tell them that you have a spare room to rent to a GI, that has a little baby and I will guarantee that if you do this, God will bless you and you will feel better, for you will know that deep down in your soul that you have provided a place for one of God's little ones, and then you praise God.

May God in His Heaven bless you good people, and may you never put another ad in the paper saying "A room for rent to a couple of business girls." If you have a room to rent, before you run such an ad, just remember that GI. Just look at this veteran and wife who want to rent an apartment furnished or unfurnished. Big reward for this and this. Three rooms for rent unfurnished apartment—private bath, but there is a catch to this. Women and children need not apply.

Just remember this if you have a room for rent. You are looking to rent this room to someone who will pay his rent in advance and will take care of your property. A GI will pay you and he will take care of your property. It is getting mighty bad when a GI has to offer a bond to get a place to lay his head. No one offered him a big reward to go and fight.

So may God in Heaven please bless you good people as you read this and that you will stop and say to yourself — is there any room that I might fix for that GI — that has that darling sweet little baby, that it might have a place to lay its sweet head? So may God bless you. I am a true friend to all GIs.

—PARKS C. JOHNSON.

The People's Platform is available to any reader who cares to mount it. Communications should be less than 300 words, typewritten if possible, and on only one side of the paper. Libel and obscenity will be deleted—otherwise anything goes. Each letter must be signed, although, in exceptional cases and upon request, we will withhold the writer's name.—Editors, THE NEWS.

Senator Soaper Says:

THE Red chum has been so nice about letting us hold the Pacific Islands, he'll probably insist on helping us keep the secret of the atomic bomb.

Congress' confusion over finance is doubtless explained by the large number of newcomers in that body, interrupting from time to time to ask, "What comes after a billion?"

A Boston dog is revealed as a co-owner of bonds worth $15,000. It is becoming easier right along to believe those stories that begin, "A St. Bernard walked into a saloon and ordered a Manhattan . . ."

Harold Ickes

Cabinet Joy-Riders

WASHINGTON

BEFORE THE WAR, a member of the Cabinet could not use an airplane, even on official business, without the specific consent of President Roosevelt. This rule, of course, did not apply to heads of departments that possessed and used airplanes of their own—Army, Navy, Treasury and Commerce. But since the war, Government-owned airplanes have become a familiar sight in all parts of the world. The expense to the taxpayers is considerable and the surprising thing is that Sen. Byrd of Virginia who has been bent on economizing to the last cent has not attempted to plug a leak that has developed into a steady stream. Not only is the initial cost of the airplanes high, it costs money to man and maintain them, and to pay for the large quantities of high-octane gasoline that are used.

DISTANT POST OFFICES

The Navy flew a large number of airplanes loaded with guests to the Bikini atom-bomb tests and then Secretary Forrestal, with a select party, proceeded on around the world. Postmaster General Hannegan also circumnavigated the globe "inspecting" post offices. He probably got a lot of useful information in the Alps and from the vast expanses of the Pacific Ocean, the Sahara Desert, and the arid Middle East. Among others with him on this trip were Assistant Postmaster General Gael Sullivan and Sen. Tydings of Maryland.

It is regarded as a clever technique for our peripatetic statesmen to take along members of Congress as "guests" of the Government. It is convenient to have someone to rise on the floor of the House or the Senate to explain how vitally important was the particular junket in which he participated.

But the real junketeer of the Cabinet seems to be Secretary of the Interior Krug. In addition to his Director of Information, he customarily takes with him several high departmental executives to keep him company in the air. Secretary Krug and his party, including his father, last Fall went to Alaska, which was perhaps justified so far as he personally was concerned, because his Department has jurisdiction over that territory. He has also traveled hither, thither, and yon in this country and with varying members of his staff has gone to Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and elsewhere. Last Fall in an Army plane he spent several weeks on an inspection trip in the Far West. Who could blame him if he took occasion while on this "inspection" tour to do a little campaigning for Democratic candidates for Congress.

MIAMI JAUNT

Last Winter when Assistant Secretary of War for Air, Mr. Symington, yearned for a bit of sunshine, he gathered up Secretary Krug and one or two other friends and flew to Miami, where Postmaster General Hannegan happened to be at the time. Subsequently, Mr. Symington took another breather in Bermuda.

Not to be outdone, Secretary Krug conceived the idea of "inspecting" Hawaii, as well as Guam and some of the other Far Pacific Islands, on route to Tokyo to ask Gen. MacArthur what views he had about the administration of the Far Pacific Islands, now owned or coveted by the United States. Of course, Secretary Krug might have conferred with Gen. MacArthur's superior, the Secretary of War, but then he would have had no excuse for joy-riding with his party to far-away Japan. It was a new procedure for a Cabinet officer to ignore his Cabinet opposite, and confer with an official down the line, even if that official is as important a personage as is Gen. MacArthur.

On this trip Secretary Krug followed the usual technique of having among others, as his guests, Congressmen Engle and Paulson, both of California, and Delegate Farrington of Hawaii.

TOUGH PROPOSITION

It is a tough proposition to put up to the Congress, but if it really is interested in discovering a source of real waste, it might inquire into how many occasions the Army or the Navy, vieing with each other for Congressional favor, has detailed airplanes for Congressional convenience. Even during the war, when people were being rationed on gasoline and house-heating oil, certain Congressmen regularly flew to Florida for the week-end in service planes. Public officials of certain rank, at least with the necessary pull, had no difficulty in having assigned to them airplanes that burned up precious 100-octane gasoline.

It is time that Uncle Sam desist from running "Cook's tours" at the expense of the Treasury. Joy-riders should pay for their own fun.

Samuel Grafton

Open The Door, USA!

NEW YORK

AS we Americans speculate (clearly or woozily, according to our gifts) on our country's future place in the world, one of the items we ought to re-examine is our attitude toward immigration. We talk of world responsibility, of a Pax Americana, but it is a little odd to be a Rome that doesn't want any more Romans, or a world welfare club with a locked front door. It is a curious motto we give to the distressed foreigner, that he must learn to think like us, but never dare to hope to become one of us. The cultural highroad connecting us with the world in which we hope to occupy so great a place is a one-way street.

Along with our new will toward greatness there runs a contradictory will toward littleness. Actually, we are short of labor; we find we must allow Bahamans to come in to dig in our fields, but we ticket them firmly and send them back when their work is done; this is the American equivalent of the way other countries borrow money. There are other oddities, such as the huge desire of every one of our cities to grow bigger, in a country which wants to remain the same size, so that they are reduced to stealing people from each other, in a process resembling Balkan territorial forays.

INVISIBLE MORTGAGES

A really big increase in immigration would help to solve many of our problems. It would, for example, be the quickest way to reduce our national debt, for each newcomer would assume, on landing, an invisible mortgage of about $2,000 as his per capita share to be paid off by his labor.

It is a sign of our confusion that we resist this kind of growth, yet eagerly take the opportunity to send out roots to far-off Greece and Turkey: roots which are not roots at all, for they draw nothing; they are more like wounds, through which nutriment leaks away. The perspective which opens before us, of sending out ever more of these strange creepers to feed the earth instead of drawing substance from it, shows how far we are from having really thought through the problem of our place in the world, the mystery of growth and decline.

WHOLESOME POLICY

We need a living relationship with the world, something far more vital than this concept of a static center, from which a current of power shall endlessly flow forth. One way of maintaining vital contact with the world is to act only through the United Nations on broad questions of keeping the peace: another is to go back to that formula for wholesome growth which we followed for so many decades when we kept our doors open.

There are more than 800,000 displaced persons in camps in Europe, at least half of whom we could well afford to admit; they would more than pay their own way, once they were in the United States, rebuilding their lives, and increasing our potential. We tend to forget that we took sovereignty over more people by allowing immigration than most of the empires of the world have ever won by conquest, and we did it the healthy and lasting way.

Our glorious past of growth mocks the dry perspective of impoverishment that lies ahead, the perpetual sending out of soup kitchens and bits of armies, and loads of munitions, from a center that has no real program except rather nervously to remain exactly what it is.

SURE THING

To open our doors again, and wide, would really vitalize our relations with the rest of humanity, setting up those fertilizing cross-currents which make history. It would be a bid for leadership, but a healthy and incontrovertible one; and, most important, it would show that we had a kind of moral security about what we were doing, a fresh, cocky, unafraid, American something, that in the end would make a greater impression on the conscience of mankind than the complicated, wistful hundred-to-one bets we are placing with such long faces today.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

: Fighting Marines Now Officers' Servants

WASHINGTON

THE U. S. Marine Corps, with one of the greatest fighting records in the world, has now been reduced to the degradation of acting as servants.

The Marines don't like to admit it, but two official orders signed by Col. Donald J. Kendall cannot be disputed. Despite the great record of the Marines at Iwo Jima, Tarawa, and a dozen other places, and despite Marine regulation 553 which states that "under no circumstances shall any enlisted man be employed as a servant," they have recently been drafted as servants just the same.

The orders were issued at Marine barracks in the District of Columbia, oldest Marine Corps post in the USA, to serve at two cocktail parties given by the Marine Corps Commandant, Gen. Alexander A. Vandegrift.

The first order drafted twelve sergeants and seven corporals to act as bartenders, assist in checking coats and hats, act as doormen and park cars at a Christmas party. Most degrading part of the order was that the sergeants and corporals were told to enter General Vandegrift's compound through the servants' entrance.

This order meant that some of the men who were to act as bartenders and coat-checkers had to cancel Christmas furloughs, and as a result there was considerable resentment. However, the underground furore gradually subsided until this month, when once again General Vandegrift decided to give a party, and once again an official order was written out drafting sergeants and corporals as bartenders and carparkers.

This time the servant detail was not so great, but this time also the men were ordered to report through the servants' entrance, and again the whole Marine barracks seethed with indignation.

The day before the cocktail party—officially called a "tea"—part of the order was suddenly canceled. The two bartenders, Sgt. Elmer N. Snyder and Sgt. Lionel F. St. Peter, were told that because of possible political repercussions their services would not be required.

The political repercussions which the Marine brass hats feared apparently revolved around Democratic Attorney General Tom Clark. Who having attended the Christmas party had recognized one of the bartenders. And ignoring distinguished guests, the Attorney General had reached across the bar to shake hands.

"Sergeant, sarge," he said, surprised. "What are you doing behind there?"

End Of The Marines?

INTERESTING light on the future of the Marine Corps was given by Brig. Gen. Frank Armstrong in an off-the-record talk before a group of Naval officers at a dinner tendered by Norfolk, Va., businessmen. General Armstrong, who is part Indian and who had a fine record in training B-29 crews, really let his hair down regarding the future role of the Army Air Forces and the Marines, as follows:

"You gentlemen had better understand that the Army Air Force is tired of being a subordinate outfit and is no longer going to be a subordinate outfit. It was my predominant force during the war and it is going to be a predominant force during the peace and you might as well make up your minds whether you like it or not, and we do not care whether you like it or not, the Army Air Force is going to run the show.

"You (the Navy) are not going to have anything but a couple of carriers which are ineffective anyway, and they will probably be sunk in the first battle.

"Now as for the Marines, you know what the Marines are. They are a small fouled-up army talking Navy lingo. We're going to put those Marines in the Regular Army, and make efficient soldiers out of them. The Navy is going to end up by only supplying the requirements of Army Air and Ground Forces too.

"The Army is going to take over Norfolk. We're here now and we're going to stay. We know this is a Navy town and a Navy hangout, but Army Air is still going to stay and we are going to take over, too."

Army Gets Movie Oscar

IT went unnoticed in all the whoopla about the motion picture Oscars handed out in Hollywood, but Secretary of War Patterson and his subordinates also got a highly important award from the Motion Picture Academy.

They were given the Oscar for producing the best documentary film of the year, "Seeds Of Destiny", a truly great film.

The picture deals with the children of Europe and shows how the adults of the future are being programmed right now in those children. They can become future Mussolinis and Tojos, just as Hitler predicted would grow up in the post-war turmoil of Europe. Or with care and food they can become future Einsteins and Madam Curies.

It is a dramatic story. However, it is significant that the American Theater Association has refused to show this picture even though the War Department offers it free. Reason: It is too long. It takes up twenty minutes. And the Theater Association doesn't seem inclined to devote twenty minuter to a better world.

Note—Credit for producing "Seeds Of Destiny" goes to the Army's "Information and Educational Division," headed by Gen. Joe Collins, the hero of Cherbourg, and run by Gen. Buck Lanham.

Capital Chaff

MARK up a bad strategic error to the Republicans for cutting out the Labor Department's Conciliation Service. This is one Federal agency which has done more than any other to stop strikes. But GOPers, despite their fanfare about strikes, now threaten to stymie conciliation service appropriations.