THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

THOMAS L. ROBINSON ..... Publisher
J. E. DOWD ..... General Manager
B. S. GRIFFITH ..... Executive Editor
C. A. McKNIGHT ..... Editor

TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1949

THE PEOPLE HAVE SPOKEN

ONCE more the unpredictable Queen City has done the unexpected, and the experts who claim to know about political things will be scratching their puzzled heads for a long time.

There were many predictions of the probable outcome of the Shaw-Baxter race. But no one, so far as we know, ventured the opinion that Mr. Shaw would lead Mr. Baxter by more than two-to-one. Most of the "experts" had foreseen a fairly close race.

The fact that the winning candidate swept 41 out of 42 precincts, many of them by whopping majorities, is striking enough. But the fact that he did so against a man of proven ability and experience is an even more impressive demonstration of the esteem in which he is held by the people of this City.

Thus the three-term administration of Herbert Baxter draws near an end. It has been a progressive, forward-looking administration, and Mr. Baxter has served the people well. He must be somewhat bewildered at the decisiveness of his opponent's victory, but like the good sport he is, he will accept the verdict and help his successor in every way possible.

Our new mayor represents the very best of Mecklenburg and Charlotte traditions. A life-long resident, a successful businessman, and enterprising civic leader, a man of pleasing personality and demeanor, Victor Shaw will, we are confident, continue to lead the City adroitly through the maze of municipal problems toward its destiny. The affairs of the City are in good hands.

Though it is too early to know the makeup of the new City Council, it is significant that the five members of the Shaw slate, and five of the six members of the Greater Charlotte ticket survived the first primary. But it is equally significant that some of the independent candidates entitled to a berth in the run-off gathered in more votes than some members of the two slates.

In any event, there are many men of outstanding ability in the run-off for the seven Council posts. And we are confident that the people will show the same good judgment on next Tuesday that they displayed yesterday, and that they will again turn out in large numbers to exercise their ballot rights.

ONE OUT OF TEN.....

THINK of ten persons you know . . . relatives . . . friends . . . business acquaintances: One of them will soother or later need the help of a psychiatrist. That is the forecast by Thomas Parran, M. D., Surgeon General, U. S. Public Health Service.

Think of twenty persons you know . . .

One of them will spend some part of his life as a patient in a mental hospital. That is the forecast of the National Mental Health Foundation, headed by former Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts.

Think of yourself . . . you are included among those ten who will need psychiatric attention.

Think of yourself . . . you are included among those twenty who will spend some time in a mental hospital.

Of course, this one person out of ten and this one person out of twenty may not see the psychiatrist, may not spend time in a mental hospital.

This is true because there are not enough psychiatrists, not enough hospitals.

In the entire country there are only 4,500 psychiatrists. It has been established that at least 15,000 are needed.

Mentally ill persons are often kept in jails, in county homes, in private homes because there is not enough room for them in North Carolina's mental hospitals.

In the nation there are 8,000,000 persons suffering from "some sort of mental disease," according to Dr. Parran. It would be impossible to "cure" all of these persons, but it is possible to cut down the number of persons entering mental hospitals each year—by preventive treatment.

The first step toward prevention of mental illness is public understanding of what it is. It is not something immoral, not something criminal — it is sickness . . . sickness like tuberculosis or infantile paralysis, a sickness which may be openly discussed, openly fought.

Dr. Parran suggests that parents, teachers and employers can take major roles in the program for prevention of mental illness—the parents through intelligent understanding child care; the teachers through remaining alert for early signs of emotional disturbances in their pupils; employers through use of mental hygienists in personnel departments who will be able to uncover and correct incipient mental disorders.

Other citizens, he adds, can check on care given patients in local mental hospitals and can join together in mental hygiene clinics to help mobilize public opinion so that enough funds are appropriated by the Federal Government and by state legislatures to pay for skilled personnel and adequate facilities for the mentally ill — and for the prevention of mental illness.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce of the State is sponsoring, this week, National Mental Health Week. It will be difficult for that organization to estimate on Saturday what they have accomplished during the past seven days—for there will be no revolutionary changes in our state hospitals, no sudden establishment of mental hygiene clinics all over the State.

But their work will not have been in vain, we are certain. For each person who becomes educated to the menace of mental illness is another recruit in a growing army which is, every day, fighting the plague of mental disease.

CULT OF THE CASUAL

PEOPLE get pretty frenzied sometimes. When they think they are doing something important or when they are in a hurry they are liable to shout and rant and act like the ceiling is going to fall on them if they don't run around in little circles.

Now this is tiring for most of us and really not very necessary.

It is so much easier on your nerves and on other people to take it easy.

People who can achieve a long-fried under trying circumstances always have elicited our admiration; the cult of the casual is one organization in which we would be willing to carry a membership card.

For this reason we are proud to report the following incident, in which the essence of the blase, we think, is reached:

The man walked into the dry cleaning shop in Chicago.

He wanted to get a special rate for a lot of cleaning, he told the lady behind the counter. The conversation went this way:

"I'll ask the manager."

"Never mind. This is a stickup." He walked over to the cash register and took out $25.

As he did so, the woman commented quietly, "I'm getting tired of getting held up . . . this is the fourth time it has happened to me this year."

"You think you're getting tired!" the gunman complained. "I'm getting tired of pulling stickups." With this he left.

Quiet, it was. Sort of peaceful like, as the Westerners used to say.

From The Memphis Commercial-Appeal

SEMANTIC OBSTACLE

YANKEE gentleman, name of Frank Aston, who is editor of the Scripps-Howard *News*, wrote from New York that he would arrive in Memphis by plane on the evening of March 27.

I met the 5:30 P. M. plane, which was the nearest thing to an evening arrival listed on the board. Yankee Gentleman Aston had appeared, with Mrs. Aston, on a plane scheduled for 2:30.

"How come," I explained, "you say evening when you mean afternoon?"

"I was writing to a Southerner," he countered, "and to a Southerner everything is evening after high noon."

"Naturally," I agreed, "and if the message had come from a Southerner, I would have debated between the 2:30 and the 5:30 hour, leaning to the former no doubt. But since it came from a Nawthup man, I assumed he would use evening in the Nawthun sense, not in the Southun."

"I would have, had I been writing to a Narthernerrr," Aston replied.

"Let's trade," I proposed. "You quit trying to talk Southun, and I'll quit trying to talk Nawthun. When you say evening, let it be heneefo'th and fo'ever in the Nawthun sense, and when I say evening, it will mean any time between high noon and midnight, preferably before supper."

"You mean dinner?" Mr. Aston asked.

"No," I insisted. "Dinner comes in the middle of the day. That's when you don't take the harness off the mules. You just unhitch them from the stalk cutter, and hang trace rings on the hames, one to each side. Then you take off the bridles, and lead the mules to water, and throw them a few nubbins with a block of timothy hay, and you go in to dinner. At night, when you take out, you take the harness off the mules, and they roll in the dust of the barnyard, and chase a calf into a fence corner, and you rescue the calf, and then you go in to supper. After you have done the night work."

"You mean chores, like milking and getting wood and all?" asked Aston.

"Don't know anything about chores. That's Yankee talk. Mos' generally we call it feedin', which covers about everything, including filling up the reservoir in Mama's range. You see, we have dinner in the evening, as the sun passes his zenith, and we have supper at night. Simple, isn't it?"

"Nope," quoth Yankee gentleman. "You have lunch at noon, and dinner in the evening. After 6 o'clock. Can't be evening until then."

So we're still not together. Separated by semantics, as it were.

'Some Of This Stuff Doesn't Need To Be Edited At All'

People's Platform

UWF No Front For Commies

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

A RECENT article released by the Associated Press called attention to the significant fact that there are quite a number of organizations crusading for world government. Leader among these organizations is the United World Federalists, headed by Maxine Veteran Cord Meyer Jr. UWF has almost 40,000 members in over 40 states. The local Charlotte chapter is carrying on an active educational program and membership campaign.

However, UWF occasionally receives the criticism that it is a Communist-front organization. Another criticism, oddly enough, is that UWF is dominated by members of one religious body. These antithetical accusations may be answered by noting the membership of the local chapters (including the Charlotte chapter), and by looking at the membership of the Advisory Board of the national UWF organization. The new Advisory Board, just announced last month, includes the following well-known ministers, representing several different faiths: the Rt. Reverend Henry K. Sherrill, Presiding Bishop, the Protestant Episcopal Church; the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sheil, Auxiliary Bishop (Catholic), of the Archdiocese of Chicago; Dr. Ralph Sockman, minister, Christ Church (Methodist), New York City; Rabbi Milton Steinberg, Park Ave. Synagogue, New York City; and others representing other religious viewpoints.

It would seem, therefore, that the membership of the Advisory Board would in itself answer the criticism that UWF is Communistic, and also the indictment that it is dominated by members of any one single religious group.

—THE REV. JOE CALDWELL.

Three Interesting Items

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

YOUR issue of Thursday, April 21, contains three very interesting items. The most interesting, on the editorial page, "New Approach to Alcoholism—A Public Problem," by Bob Bain.

Mr. Bain vividly describes a deplorable condition. I hungrily consumed the article, hoping, in vain, that he would put his finger on the root. Not so. He says "It is a public health problem".

Would it be unfair to make a comparison? Already Charlotte citizens are demanding dusting with DDT in the hope of warding off another polio epidemic. Is the purpose of this dusting a treatment of victims of polio? No, it is an effort to destroy the cause of polio. It is a public health problem.

If Sugaw Creek were filled with typhoid and other disease germs, would we just let it wash its disease from end to end, causing death and illness all along its path and combat it by just building more hospitals and training more doctors and just try to cure the victims? Or would the public demand that Sugaw Creek be cleaned up and the cause of the disease be eradicated? It is a public health problem.

What is the use of going further with this? Intelligent people will see the point. Are we, or are we not, selling disease to Charlotte citizens? Many million dollars worth a year? Mr. and Mrs. Charlotte Citizen, answer this fairly and honestly.

The second item. On page 7-A under "After The Bookends" a review of "Dry Messiah". What a disgusting title. A book by Virginius Dabney on the life of Bishop Cannon, Conspiracy, Corruption and Hypocrisy. The real purpose of it is to ridicule Prohibition. Is Mr. Dabney's book a material contribution to a better America, spiritually and morally? I have no time to read such trash.

The third item. A small news item on page 5-A. The activities of a small group of noble women who are really trying to do something about alcoholism—the WCTU. Many people do not even know what that means. It is the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

—R. C. BOLEN.

Plea For The Spastics

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

I WAS glad to be one of the workers for the Spastic Hospital and was very much disappointed many times when I was given a 25-cent donation by someone who could have given a thousand dollars and not missed it.

Some gave all that they could, but I, am sure that if the people of this city could see some of the spastic children I have seen, they might open up their hearts and give more.

When I think of the many who need this hospital, it breaks my heart because I don't have plenty of money to give. All that we have belongs to God and when we use it properly, we will always prosper. If the people of this city who are able would give more, there would not be so many out begging for donations. Some of the people say when you go to them that there is a drive on for something all of the time, but all of them are for good causes. The largest donations always come in from the hard-working people who will be blessed.

I hope that before too many days, the quota will be reached and we will get the hospital which is needed so badly.

—MRS. MAYME BARGER.

Quote, Unquote

A Dallas school teacher was sued for $1,000 by the parents of a boy whom she spanked. It hasn't been so many years ago that when a kid got spanked at school he was spanked again when he got home.—**Pittsburg (Texas) Gazette.**

The word "Damn" in an Ickes quotation is changed for radio to "darn"—a misquote so brazen as to have some of the earmarks of a smear.—**Asheville (N. C.) Citizen.**

—**Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.**

Looky, here, Harry...is it socialized medicine or medicated socialism?—**Dallas (Texas) Morning News.**

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Post-War China Story One Of Graft

WASHINGTON

IF AND when the State Dept. opens its secret files on China, they will reveal one of the great human tragedies of post-war reconstruction. The files will also tell a story that will make this nation think twice about pouring more U. S. dollars down the yawning maw of China.

The diplomatic files show that, with most of China's 400,000,000 people in desperate need, the Chinese Nationalist hierarchy insisted on controlling supplies, and even discouraged U. S. purchases by other Chinese.

Powerful in this hierarchy were T. V. Soong and H. H. Kung, both brothers-in-law of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek. Both are also among the wealthiest men in China or the world, and there is little evidence that they have dipped into their own pockets to help their fellow citizens.

The State Dept.'s files, so far unpublished, show that at exactly the same time the Chinese Government was pleading for more ships to import relief supplies, the Chinese Government's Board of Supply, of which T. V. Soong was chairman, was actually stopping the delivery and sale of U. S. merchant ships.

Reason: These ships had been purchased from the USA by private firms, thus cutting out any profit for Soong's Board of Supply.

This caused the U. S. Foreign Liquidation Commission, operating under the State Dept., to make the following official protest:

"We have had complaints from several prospective purchasers of maritime property that they are unable to obtain permission from the Board of Supply to purchase vessels from our Manila office.

"In conference with us on 19 September of 1946, it was agreed that private shipping concerns in China would be permitted to purchase vessels in Manila. . . . Several interested parties, whom we have notified of this arrangement, have informed us after contacting the Board of Supply that your organization will not issue certificates but require that all vessels be purchased from the Board of Supply."

Soong Says He's A Gambler

THIS letter of protest was sent direct to Soong's representative, Gen. P. Kiang. However he did nothing about it. At a round-table conference between Chinese and American officials, therefore, the State Dept. raised the matter again.

The minutes of that meeting are still secret. However, they state:

"The question of the Chinese restriction on ship purchases was next brought up by Mr. Stetson (U. S. Director of Stetson Hats, then FLC field commissioner). He explained that part of our project was to help the economy of China and that individual buyers who wanted to bring in ships should be allowed to do so.

"Gen. Kiang (Soong's agent) explained . . . if there is to be any ship brokerage business done, the Chinese Government wants to do it . . . 'I am your exclusive agent for China,' he said."

Meanwhile, Soong's Board of Supply offered to purchase ships for private companies at the black-market rate and ask for an additional 5 per cent "handling fee." In other words, the Chinese Government was offering to deal on the same black market it had declared illegal.

The situation became steadily worse until Monnet Davis, U. S. Consul-General in Shanghai, advised the Secretary of State in a secret cable:

"Executive Yuan of Chinese Government has placed ban on importation of 'American Army surplus goods' . . . Ban imposed to prevent purchase of surplus goods by private firms in competition with the Government. . . .

NOTE—After one conference between T. V. Soong and FLC Field Commissioner B. A. Johnson, the American official wrote in his confidential report: "Dr. Soong then told me that he had been a gambler all his life, but in this deal (surplus property) he was handling very heavy and important money. He was inclined to gamble because the chances to be derived by China from surplus property judiciously bought and correctly sold should be enormous."

Ambassador From Brooklyn

BROOKLYN is noted for a lot of things—in addition to the Dodgers. But probably most Brooklyn residents don't realize that this city has sent an official ambassador to Washington.

He happens to be Dr. Oscar Gans, and although he is Cuban Ambassador to the United States, he was actually born in Brooklyn.

Ambassador Gans' father was also a Brooklyn-born American, who went to Cuba during the Spanish-American War as aide to Major General Tasker Bliss, later U. S. Chief of Staff. Young Lieut. Gans liked Cuba so well that he remained on after the Spanish-American War, married a Cuban girl, and then came back to Brooklyn. There the present Ambassador was born.

In his youth, Ambassador Gans had the reputation of being about as belligerent as Leo Durocher, late of the Brooklyn Dodgers. At the age of 20 he fought two duels in one day.

"It paid," explains the Ambassador, "because after I got the reputation of being quick to challenge, people let me alone."

"Dueling in Cuba is not very risky," says Ambassador Gans, "for the reason that the seconds place you a long distance apart and only let you fire between the counts of two and three, which they reel off so rapidly that you scarcely have time to fire."

The Ambassador has served as envoy in almost every country in Latin America, except Argentina and Chile, which he considers about the most important post in any cabinet.

"It is time," he says, "that we think less about machines and more about people. That's why the Labor Department is so important."

Stewart Alsop

MacArthur Uber Alles

TOKYO

THIS sleazy oriental shantytown gives the traveler the odd sensation of being dragged back through five years in time and thousands of miles in space. For Tokyo is still remarkably like a big wartime city very far behind the battle lines—Algiers, say, after the fighting had moved up beyond Naples, or Naples after the fall of Rome, or Paris well after the Battle of the Bulge. The United States Army, in its rear echelon capacity, is everywhere.

Here are those dimly remembered, omnipresent, officious Army signs come back to life—"Off Limits," "For General Officers Only," "For Military Personnel Only." Here are the familiar mimeographed forms, which everyone fills out in triplicate, and no one ever looks at again. Here are the well-pressed GI's, and the pink-faced military police in their white helmets, trying to look Prussian but never quite succeeding.

Here, too, are the general, busy and authoritative, and the colonels, just a shade less busy and authoritative, and the bustling majors, bulging comfortably fore and aft. Here are the salutes and the jeeps and the staff cars and all the outward trappings of a big city in the embrace of the military. And here is the familiar backdrop, the scarred city itself, with the grey, shifting, shabby mass of its people, scurrying endlessly about their mysterious business.

The visible evidence of the Army's hold on the city is confirmed by the invisible facts. There are American civilians here, thousands of them, from bobby soxers to experts on the migration of fish. Some of these civilians have influenced the course of the occupation—but only at second remove.

For no civilian (except occasional visiting firemen) has direct access to the supreme course of the occupation, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. Gen. MacArthur is tightly surrounded by his old subordinates and intimates of the Bataan days. The rare newcomers to this charmed circle wear a uniform and usually a West Point ring. The charmed circle makes certain that civilians are kept in their place.

Thus, the men with Army rank have become a special caste within the huge American community. But the American community has itself become, with all the best will in the world, a special caste—a new Japanese ruling class, as remote, isolated, all powerful and immensely rich as the "above-the-clouds dwellers" of the Kanis Kura Shogunate.

By American standards, this new ruling class lives only like the familiar life of prosperous American suburbia—golf, cocktail parties, Saturday night hops (in the ballroom of Frank Lloyd Wright's famous Imperial Hotel), Coca-Cola and steak dinners. Yet the gulf between this comfortable existence and the sullen Japanese struggle to live is as striking as the contrast between the sleek new cars of the rulers and the ancient, charcoal-burning jalopies which are the privileged possession of the richest of the ruled.

There are more subtle distinctions. Military regulations, which appear to be modelled on those of a Southern Army camp, have created an almost unbridgeable chasm between the indigenous personnel" and the American ruling class. The meeting places—restaurants, hotels, bars—of each are forbidden to the other. In an American, civilian or otherwise, is found visiting a Japanese friend after eleven o'clock at night, he may be fined, off by the watchful military police to face charges.

Japanese cabinet ministers come to the offices of subordinate American officials for "advice" which has virtually the force of law. Twentieth-century American Japan has a little in common with nineteenth-century British India.

All this is partly understandable. A military occupation is by definition run by the military. Conquerors cannot be expected to live in misery to spare the feelings of the conquered. Only a fool would propose the total withdrawal of American military power or civil authority from Japan. Only a fool would deny that the occupation of Japan has some remarkable achievements to its credit. Yet the way in which Japan is now being governed by the United States is profoundly politically unhealthy. It will become more so with every passing month. Perhaps no better way can be found. But it is worth looking for one.

Marquis Childs

Directive No. 1

WASHINGTON

AS THIS NATION moves on to the unprecedented task of world power, there are inevitable changes which seem at times to threaten the older and simpler way of life that many of us grew up under. Big Government, a big military establishment, a greatly expanded foreign service, and world-wide information centers, all these mean a recasting of ideas and beliefs out of the past.

One of the deep concerns of the American Society of Newspaper Editors meeting here is with freedom of information. Voluntary censorship was accepted in wartime. But anything remotely like that in time of peace is repugnant.

The office of the Secretary of Defense recently issued Consolidation Directive No. 1. It raises some interesting points about free expression. Johnson is naturally concerned with ending the feud between the three services, which is one reason why unification has lagged and why the waste and duplication talked about by Herbert Hoover continue.

Nevertheless the sweeping nature of the directive calls for some serious thinking. At the heart of the matter is the question of intelligent and informed criticism of military policy. The all-powerful French General Staff imposed the Maginot Line concept on an uncritical public in France and we know with what disastrous consequences.

"REVIEW" PROVIDED

Directive No. 1 is an order for the "review", which means censorship, of "all informational material" originating from the departments of the National Military Establishment, including "radio military information or other matter." It provides review of:

"1. Transcripts of testimony before committees of the Congress in executive session by personnel subject to military jurisdiction, when such transcripts are made available for review prior to public release by the committees concerned.

"2. Material dealing with military matters prepared for general publication or the departments or agencies of which it is composed. Advice will be given to such employees concerning possible violations of policy or propriety.

"3. Material proposed for public release by manufacturers, including subcontractors, concerning military equipment in process of development and/or production by or under contract for departments or agencies of the National Military Establishment.

"4. Material for publication relating to the National Military Establishment submitted voluntarily or under agreement by individuals or organizations outside the military service.

"5. Material for publication dealing with military matters prepared by Reserve or National Guard personnel based upon information obtained through their postwar Federal military training."

Strictly enforced, this would preclude any criticism of military policy even before the Committees of Congress. If interpreted literally, it might prevent Paul Smith, editor of The San Francisco Chronicle, from writing an editorial on some military subject. Smith had a distinguished combat record in the Marine Corps during World War II and if he kept up his Reserve training, he would be subject to the review order.

If the directive had been in force, we would never have had a public airing of the dispute between Maj. Gen. Claire Chennault and the late Gen. Joseph Stilwell over the conduct of the war in China. It seems to me a healthy thing that that quarrel was aired. The conflicts, the errors, the pressures of our commanders in World War II are instructive and not alone for professional military men.

I am frank to admit that I may have a selfish interest in this as a reporter. One thing Directive No. 1 will certainly do is spread a running fear through the Pentagon. The brass will be afraid to tell inquiring reporters their own name. Some benefits for unification may result. But such far-reaching censorship, which is what this amounts to, is bound to have grave disadvantages.

Swiss Kilroy Club

ONE man who pays great tribute to the American GI is Florian Niederer, known as the man who guided 300,000 GI's through Switzerland.

After V-E Day, with several million GI's restless in Europe, Niederer, who is an executive of the Swiss Tourist Office, conceived the idea of helping the American Army travel through Switzerland, and as a result one-third of a million GI's visited the Alps at the rate of $5 a day.

"They were universally well-behaved," says Niederer. "We had mis-behavior reported only in a very few cases."

Niederer is now in the USA organizing the "Swiss Kilroy Club" on the theory that a GI who visited Switzerland once, would like to go back with his bride. A lot of them, he finds, do. So Switzerland has become the country labeled "Kilroy Was There."