

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

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THE POST-DISPATCH PLATFORM

I know that my retirement will make no difference in its cardinal principles; that it will always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight, demagogues of all parties, never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor, always remain devoted to the public welfare; never be satisfied with merely printing news; always be drastically independent; never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty.
JOSEPH PULITZER.
April 10, 1907.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Rent Credits for Children

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I have been troubled about the change in policy of the St. Louis Housing Authority as reported by their tenants in the projects. Originally rent was affected by the number of children in the family. Now deductions in rent are made for the first three children. All others are not taken into account.
The fathers of the large families of six and more usually are hard-working laborers. Recently one, a father of six children all under nine years of age, earning \$34 a week, had his rent raised from \$19 to \$29. Three of the children were not considered in making deductions for dependents. The wife, a careful manager, is very much discouraged. With the prices of food and clothing she does not see how she can manage.
When World War II broke out America was very glad to call in the families who had sacrificed to rear six and seven children during the depression, to give up their sons for the army and their daughters for defense work. I believe that we single people, childless couples, and one or two children families have a real need to be considerate of large families.
Could you determine why St. Louis is so far behind other communities in its social vision in housing?
AN INTERESTED CITIZEN.

The Obstinate Business Agents

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
It is certainly regrettable that St. Louis AFL leaders have remained resistant to a peaceful settlement of labor disputes.
The indifference of these business agents is an argument for Federal regulations.
J. J. BONE.

Make the Free Bridge Free

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
Sometime ago the city placed a toll on what is now the MacArthur Bridge, the money to go to retire relief bonds. Now that the relief bonds have been retired, the money goes to the general fund. Why don't we find some other way to collect this money and make the free bridge free again?
K. VISINTINE.

The Tinkle of Ozark Names

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
A land of natural bounty
Is Missouri's Ozark County.
Towns here have names afloat
Like "Gainesville" and "Wilcox."
Like "Nottingham" and "Wetherill."
And "Dugginsville" and "Hardenville,"
Honoring settlers who date back
To Tecumseh and Pontiac.
Between "Wasola" and "Siloam,"
Is a "Trail" where lovers roam
Through the woods of "Sycamore."
Follow it and you'll meet
Folk from "Thornfield" and "Lawnedale."
Call this road the "Caney" trail.
Names are happy as a lark
In the County of Ozark.
BERT LOEWENSTEIN.

Tito, Stogoe

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
"Are our memories so short? Shall we forget that Yugoslavia was our wartime ally? She rescued 300 American flyers." Thus wrote George S. Wuchinich, a member of the National Executive Committee, American Serbian Orphans' Relief, of Pittsburgh.
No, Mr. Wuchinich, our memories are not that short. We recall that our first and best Yugoslav ally, the man who rescued most of the Allied flyers shot down over Yugoslav territory, was the late Gen. Draja Mihailovich who was murdered officially a few months ago by Tito Broz, dictator of Yugoslavia and Communist stooge.
H. B. WINKELER.

She Prefers a Blank

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
We're trying to teach our children to read the editorial page because of its educational value. Please keep the editorial spaces blank rather than use fillers like this one from Sunday's paper: "The Outlaw" is the biggest money-making film of the year. And to think that when it started out it was just a complete bust."
RITA ROHLMANN.

An Angry Home-Builder

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
My blood boils when I read, or hear someone on the radio say, that veterans' houses are getting priority or being completed.
Ours has been on the way since March with a promise that we would be in by July. What year? Now a promise of "before winter," which looks very doubtful because of plastering.
Of course cocktail lounges, auto show rooms and additions to stores are being completed rapidly.
Did we do wrong in signing for a house? Should we have bought a fancy bar?
ONE OF THE MANY.

Against Cruelty to Humans

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
May I suggest a movement to be known as "Be Kind to Human Beings Week," similar to "Be Kind to Animals Week," to head off the impending catastrophe of atomic self-destruction?
C. M. G.

Killing of William Howard

William Howard, a Negro garage worker, was eating a watermelon in an alley between Lawton and Pine, just east of Cardinal avenue, on Aug. 28. He was cutting slices off the watermelon with a small penknife. William J. Niggemann, a white policeman off duty at the time, turned into the alley in his private automobile. A few seconds later, William Howard was shot in the abdomen by Officer Niggemann and fatally wounded. He died a few hours later.

Niggemann's story is that he honked his horn, but Howard refused to get out of his way, and the two exchanged heated words. Howard then, according to Niggemann, approached the patrolman, who remained seated in his halted automobile. When Howard was a foot away, said the officer, he raised his knife threateningly. The officer said he picked up his revolver, which was lying on the seat of the car, and shot the man.

Witnesses added details and contradictions to the story. One witness said Niggemann's car stopped after it had passed Howard and he said: "Why don't you move, fool?" Then Howard "walked toward the car and asked the man what did he say. I then saw the man in the car point a gun at William Howard and fire it." The witness said there was no telling Niggemann that was a policeman because he did not have his badge or his cap on.

On Aug. 30, a Coroner's inquest was held and a verdict of justifiable homicide was returned. Because of the nature of the proceedings at this inquest, further inquiry into the killing of William Howard should be made. We refer particularly to the conduct of Coroner Thomas F. Callanan and Thomas E. Dowling, Assistant Circuit Attorney, who was there to represent the State.

It was their duty to bring out the facts to enable the Coroner's jury to make a decision. But many facts still await the light of day. Niggemann said Howard grabbed at the open car door and raised a knife, but some witnesses said they didn't see Howard do either. Niggemann said the knife was in Howard's left hand; witnesses said it was in his right hand. Niggemann testified that "he had me covered with the knife before I could move," whereupon the officer said he reached for his gun and shot. Witnesses said Howard stood there, knife in one hand and watermelon in the other.

Yet Coroner Callanan and Attorney Dowling accepted Niggemann's statement without much question. Dowling didn't question him at all, although he subjected Negro witnesses to close cross-questioning. Treatment of witnesses was offensive and intimidating, as if they were the persons on trial. It appeared to onlookers that Mr. Dowling, instead of representing the State was advocating the cause of Officer Niggemann.

Because of such behavior in the inquest—as well as because of the intrinsic facts of the case as related by Niggemann himself—further inquiry should be held. Such fast gunplay by a policeman not readily identifiable as such is a matter of general community concern. Circuit Attorney Griffin told the Post-Dispatch today that he would present the matter to the current grand jury.

In view of the biased presentation of the case by his assistant, Mr. Dowling, at the inquest, the jury should be on guard lest it be party to a perfunctory whitewash. If the grand jury is not satisfied with the Circuit Attorney's presentation, it should make its own inquiry.

As the grand jury well knows, it is not a creature of the Circuit Attorney. It is a free agent. It has broad powers as an independent committee of the people, appointed to guard the public welfare. If the grand jury pleases, it can order the Circuit Attorney or his assistants from the room, call its own witnesses and conduct its own investigation.

Unless a fair and complete examination of the killing of William Howard is made, a shadow will be cast upon this community and a feeling will be engendered that justice has been frustrated. Officer Niggemann himself, if he feels he was justified in this hasty shooting, should welcome a grand jury hearing of the case. The verdict of the Coroner's jury, because of the conduct of the inquest, settles nothing.

Reasonable View of the Toledo Plan

The St. Louis Junior Chamber of Commerce has taken an intelligent approach to the Toledo industrial peace plan, proposed for this area by Mayor Kaufmann. This management group has endorsed the plan and offered to co-operate with it. At the same time, the Junior Chamber recognizes that the real test of this local mediation process is how it operates, and it cannot be tested unless it is given a chance.

Surely the AFL business agents, who are the only group to have rejected the plan, could view it with the same reasonableness that the young management organization has shown. The AFL would risk nothing by joining in a conciliation plan here, for it is purely voluntary. And it would gain a real voice in its operation. The AFL unions should think hard before finally refusing to co-operate in this community effort, for the public is aroused to the need for protection against the endless confusion and waste of needless strikes.

William Z. Foster, head of the Communist party in the United States, says Wallace's New York speech awakened the nation. Well, we don't know about that, but it certainly did interrupt the President's nap.

A Matter for the Courts

Chaos continues in the metropolitan area of Pittsburgh. Striking members of the Power Workers' Union refuse to consider an offer by the Duquesne Light Co. to settle the wage dispute until the city lifts its injunction forbidding the strike. Thus, the strikers add still another act of defiance against the public safety and welfare of Pittsburgh to those which are already a matter of record in this irresponsible and crippling labor action.

The injunction of the City of Pittsburgh against the strikers is of doubtful legality. That is admitted. But the fact remains the city obtained it not at the outset of the dispute but as a last resort. The place to test the injunction is in the courts, not in the union ballot box. Courts are for union members as well as for electric power consumers.

If the union can appreciate its own plight, to

say nothing of that of the people of Pittsburgh, it will enter upon settlement negotiations at once and fight out its case against the injunction in the courts of Pennsylvania.

Steak for Election Day?

House Majority Leader McCormack wants price controls on meat and other scarce foods suspended 60 days and maybe permanently. It is impossible not to believe that he has Nov. 5 in mind. Republican Chairman Reece immediately branded the plea "cheap politics" and "chicanery." Probably every Congressman is being deluged with complaints from meat-hungry constituents. The vote-getting motive, however, is not sufficient, and to let it prevail would only leave the American diet much worse in the end.

Secretary Anderson, surely a greater partisan of the farmer than Mr. McCormack is, answered Mr. McCormack's plea before it was ever announced. Too much meat came to market during the July-August price-control holiday, he said—too much because the animals were underweight. We ate some of next winter's meat and cannot eat it again. Under restored controls, producers are feeding the bountiful new grain to underweight stock, which is what they should be doing. "The result may not be apparent for months to come, but it will be more meat than we otherwise would have."

There is too little meat stock on the farms. A political price-control holiday would speed a new flood of lightweight animals to market and make the day of reckoning—which will be, to be sure, after the election—still more grim. Either we go short of meat a couple of months now or we go very much shorter next winter and spring.

Notwithstanding this perfectly clear situation, Mr. McCormack hinted that he may win President Truman's support. After the President shot a torpedo into wage stabilization in the recent AFL seamen settlement, that outcome is not inconceivable. Just the same, the President's support would be a cheap kind of vote-buying.

Hot Tip

It may not be in the tea leaves, or the well-known crystal ball. It may be a thing the gipsy would never predict at all. But we'll take a per-adventure, dear lady-friends and pards, so bend an ear for a whisper: We think it is in the Cards.

Russian Suspicion at Lake Success

It was not necessary to wait long after Marshal Stalin's comments on world affairs to see the difference pointed up between his professed reliance on collaboration and the Russian practice of suspicion and distrust with respect to the United States and Britain. While Stalin's words were being reread for meaning between the lines, Soviet Delegate Gromyko tried to get the UN meeting at Lake Success to order an inventory of American and British troops abroad. The proposal was voted down, 7 to 2. Only Poland's delegate joined Gromyko.

Such a proposal could hardly have been made in the best of faith. American military strength in Germany, for example, has been a matter of public record more or less from V-E day to the present. Our commanders have made frequent statements concerning redeployment quotas and the size of forces which would remain after certain dates. The 35,000 strength of Gen. Harmon's constabulary in the United States zone has been widely publicized.

Moreover, Russian officers and correspondents have been permitted to visit American installations and in relatively large numbers. They know approximately what strength we have in Germany, in Austria and in other countries abroad. Quite properly the war crimes trials at Nuernberg have caused a good-sized Russian colony to be set up for many months in the heart of the American zone. The Russians certainly have seen and know more about us in Europe than we have seen of them and their activities.

Was the question of American and British soldier strength around the world picked up by the Russians as a means for mischief-making? It is hard to come to any other conclusion. In any case, it was the second vote within a week in which Russia and Poland stood alone against the other powers. It would be bad for that division to become a habit—bad, among other things, for Marshal Stalin's words about collaboration.

Comptroller Nolte has quit the Automobile Club in a huff. Wouldn't it be friendly for someone to suggest to Mr. Nolte that he should get his temper under a little better control?

Us and the Archbishop

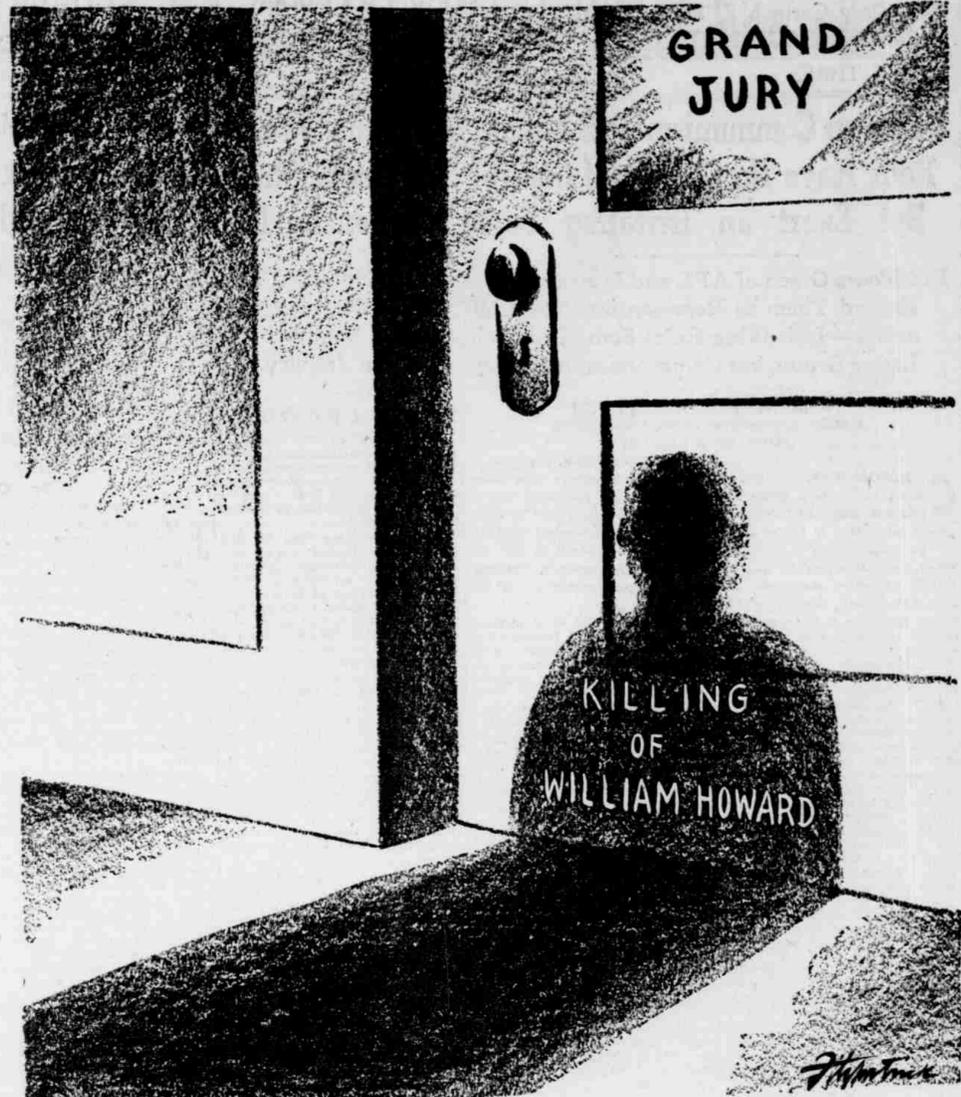
The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, established himself with us as a man of discriminating taste when he said it thrilled and delighted him to ride with a police escort straight through all red lights.

There can be no serious question that it is one of the worthwhile things to do. To hear the siren wail its right of way, and never have to ask for whom it wails, knowing full well that it wails for thee. To see the squad of motorcycles racing along up ahead with their blue-coated riders, barely skimming the ground, and to hear their exhausts popping like a machine-gun burst. To violate stop signs, no left turns and speed limits, and to know all along that everything is utterly, uniquely and charmingly legal.

That, Archbishop, is the Life, the kind we always thought of with a capital L away back there before learning how acutely and stubbornly uncivilized it usually manages to remain.

It is well enough to ride in the cab of a locomotive engine. It is fine to ride an elephant in the opening grand march of the circus, depicting the splendor of the Sultan's court. But for the nectar without a dreg, the rose without a thorn, the tooth without a regret, give us a ride with a police escort. Us and the Archbishop.

Premier Stalin says there is no danger of war. It has always seemed, however, that the best assurance there is no danger of war is that no one feels it necessary to get up and say there is no danger of war.



WAITING FOR A HEARING

The Post-Modern House

Modern functional architecture is too rigidly "scientific" for human habitation, critic says; believes it misses esthetic qualities of "proportion, good manners, common sense and love"; prefers to adapt good contemporary ideas into older traditions of design.

Joseph Hudnut, Dean, Harvard Graduate School of Design, in Architectural Record

The Mirror of Public Opinion

I am constantly surprised by the vehemence with which architects assert the scientific nature of their activities. They will allow no felicity of form to go unexplained by economic necessity or technical virtuosity. Beauty cannot be enjoyed until justified as a consequence of the slide-rule.

The other day, when talking to an architect, I made a most unfortunate slip of the tongue: I called him an artist. He challenged me at once to a duel, saying that the word is one which in our profession no gentleman would use toward another.

I am for every change in construction or equipment or organization which will promote comfort or security or economy in the modern house. Nevertheless, there is, I think, an attitude of mind, a valuation or—perhaps more precisely—a way of working which is more important in architecture than and which is by no means universal in our practice.

I mean that way of working which gives to things made by men and to things done by men qualities beyond those demanded by economic or social or moral expediency. I mean, in short, that search for expression which transforms the science of building into the art of architecture.

Now I do not advocate a return to the Cape Cod cottage, however implacably technological its interior—still less a return to that harlequinade of Colonial, Regency, French Provincial, Tudor and Small Italian Villa, the relics and types of our ancestors' inexhaustible inventiveness, which adds such dreary variety to our suburban landscapes.

The Suburbs Are Preferable

Yet I sometimes think that the eclectic soul of these suburbs is, by intuition if not by understanding, nearer the heart of architecture than those rigid minds which understand nothing but the economics of shelter and the arid technicalities of construction.

That mighty kitchener which projects my house over a kitchen yard or a waterfall, the lacustrian vertiginous Lally column, the "stressed skin" and the flexible wall, the fanaticisms of glass brick, the strange hoverings of my house above the firm earth; these strike my eyes but not my heart. A master can—at his peril—use them; but for human nature's daily use we have still proportion, homely ordinariness, quiet wall surfaces, good manners, common sense and love. These also are excellent building materials.

It should be understood that I do not despise the gifts of our new sciences; and certainly the architects of the 1920's—Le Corbusier, Oud, Mies van der Rohe and Gropius—made convincing demonstrations of the utility of these in an art of expression. They used structural inventions not for their own sake or yet for the sake of economy and convenience merely but as elements in a language.

To compose in prisms rather than in

mass, to abolish the facade and deal in total form, to avoid the sense of enclosure, to admit to a precise and scrupulous structure no technique not consonant with the true culture of our day; these were the important methods of an architecture never meant to be definitive or "international"—which offered rather a base from which a new progress might be possible, a principle which should have its peculiar countenance in every nation and in every clime.

I should not venture here to restate a creed already so often stated had not a torrent of recent criticism distorted this architecture into a "cold and uncompromising functionalism," had it not been made the excuse for an arid materialism wholly alien to its intention.

We must rely not upon the wonder and drama of our inventions but upon the qualities, beyond wonder and beyond utility, which we can give them. Take, for example, space.

Even an "Engineered House"

Modern space can be bent or curved; it can move or be static, rise or press downward, flow through glass walls to join the space of patio or garden, break into fragments around alcoves and galleries, filter through curtains or end abruptly against a stone wall.

When I think of all these elements, so varied, so impressive, so unacknowledged, which lie at our hand ready to be fused into the patterns of our houses, I am astonished that architects should have done of a science to sustain their role in the life of our times. We must have—God forgive us—an engineered house.

I have heard architects explain with formulae, calculation, diagram and all manner of auricular language, the advantages of the glass wall—of wide areas of plate glass opening on a garden—when all that was necessary was to say that here is one of the loveliest ideas ever entertained by an architect.

I shall not imagine for my future house a romantic owner, nor shall I justify this client's preferences as those follies and aberrations usually referred to as "human nature." No, he shall be a modern owner, a post-modern owner, if such a thing is conceivable.

Free from all sentimentality or fantasy or caprice, his vision, his tastes, his habits of thought shall be those most serviceable to a collective-industrial scheme of life.

A Refuge From Mechanics

Even so, he will claim for himself some inner experiences, free from outward control, unprofaned by the collective conscience. That opportunity, when all the world is socialized, mechanized and standardized will yet be discoverable in the home.

It will be the architect's task, as it is now, to comprehend that loyalty—to comprehend it more firmly than any one else—and, undefeated by all the armaments of industry, to bring it out in its true and beautiful character. Houses will still be built out of human hearts.

SLOGAN REVISED.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. It used to be 54-40 or fight. The new version is 52-20 or work.

Locked Up in Utopia

ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON, by Henry Hazlitt. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

An orthodox Keynesian will love the title Henry Hazlitt has given to his 222 pages of "Hazlitt economic theory." He will say it has been superbly chosen because the New York Times's chief economics writer never got to the second lesson.

Carping to the side, this little study makes some remarkably trenchant observations but a larger number of horrendous and asinine ones. Mr. Hazlitt sets up an ideal criterion for testing economic beliefs, but then locks himself in his own Utopia of phobias and throws away the keys. He preaches eloquently, practices wretchedly. "The art of economics," he postulates at the outset, "consists in looking not merely at the immediate but at the longer effects of any act or policy; it consists in tracing the consequences of that policy not merely for one group but for all groups." And he rings down the curtain: "To see the problem as a whole, not in fragments; that is the goal of economic science."

Well said! But its author really doesn't believe this. Else he wouldn't be tripped into the fallacies to which he has succumbed. For him society apparently is static; it has reached an evident state of perfection. Everything operates on those two ends of the perfect economic balance—supply and demand. In believing this, and locking himself in four square walls, 4x4, he is able to justify his pet prejudices against anything Keynesian in theory and New Dealish in application.

He thus sets up a target area which cannot be missed by darts thrown against deficit spending, subsidies, price controls and other necessities of modern economy. These devices, he contends, are insidious; they do not help society as a whole, they rob Peter to pay Paul.

Mr. Hazlitt has hit hard—and well—on the errors of bad management of the economy. But this does not validate his use of bad practices to prove bad theory. Even if the managers of the economy have made ill-advised judgments, a twentieth century economy cannot run unbridled. In his own myriads of inconsistency he has failed to distinguish between practice and theory.

Were his antidotes to regulation to be employed, we could have monopoly and excessive concentration of wealth, at the very least. But that wouldn't bother him. Anything is better, he implies, than garish New Deal planning.

Mr. Hazlitt's economics might be tolerable in his own simple Utopia, or in the eighteenth century. But the world today is as simple neither as his private cell nor as it was two centuries ago. Machines which throw men out of work cannot, as he implies, immediately create new demands to make other work for the displaced. Some social provision must be made for the victims of technology and the march of economic science. They cannot be left to the mercy of supply and demand.

If Mr. Hazlitt's lesson is to contain any value—beyond his illuminating comments on the evils of parity and tariffs—he will have to begin all over and adhere rigidly to his own precepts. The world has changed since the days of Adam Smith. It must be seen as a whole, indeed; but as a whole in the fourth decade of the twentieth century. ARTHUR W. HEPNER.

Story of Wheat Ranching

WHEAT RANCHER, by William Marshall Rush. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

The story of a young horse lover on a wheat ranch. The action includes a fire, a kidnaping, an escape and an exciting trial. The author, who lives on a farm in Oregon, after a Kansas boyhood, has spent much time in the West. He wrote "Rocky Mountain Ranger" and "Yellowstone Scout."