

An End To Postponement

Dr. W. D. Funkhouser, dean of the Graduate School at the University of Kentucky, has some distressing news for those who still fondly believe that racial problems can be postponed indefinitely by occasional small donations to Negro institutions.

"For a long time we have been side-stepping a very important issue in American education," he reported to the faculty of his University, "but there is very little doubt that in some regions of the South we shall be forced to face this issue squarely and realistically."

Dean Funkhouser based his conclusion on information gathered by the Conference of Deans of Southern Graduate Schools in a series of five meetings with leading Negro educators.

The deans found that there is not a single Negro institution in the United States which can acquire a doctor's degree, and that very few Southern institutions offer a master's degree, and those in only a limited number of fields.

The Negro educators interviewed were unanimous in the opinion that students of their race will soon be admitted to all State institutions in the South. They are, of course, opposed to the present discrimination on purely moral grounds, but they base their hope upon a practical consideration. They point out that the Supreme Court ruling (in the Gaines case) leaves only two choices—either to admit Negroes to State institutions or to set up for Negroes institutions . . . equal in every respect, and they agree that this dual system of education would

A SPECIAL committee of Congress ought to be appointed to watch the House Judiciary Committee. More legislation designed to rob the taxpayer and harm the public interest is reported out of that committee than almost any other in Congress. Here is the latest: House Bill 2788, just reported out of the Judiciary Committee, would limit to a period of one year the time in which the Federal Government could prosecute a criminal act.

In other words, if a violator of the law could get away with it and remain undetected for more than a year, it would be impossible for even J. Edgar Hoover to track down all irregularities in one year.

For instance, the proposed law provides that if anyone defrauds the Government by disposing of surplus property, he can't be prosecuted after one year. It is already evident that surplus property is going to be one of the biggest sources of profit for the speculator, and it would be impossible for even J. Edgar Hoover to track down all irregularities in one year.

The same is true of copyright infringement, violation of civil rights statutes, fraud in registration of public lands, and violation of the wage-hour act. The latter case is particularly interesting. An employer could willfully violate the wage-hour law knowing that if he gets caught, all he will have to do is pay a fine for that one year. Yet he might have been violating the law for three, four or five years. Such a provision, according to the Judiciary Committee, would be an open invitation to employers to thumb their noses at the Wage-Hour Act.

Yet the House Judiciary committee solemnly recommended passage of the bill. It is now up to the full House and the Senate.

Truman's Hoberdashery Past

President Truman didn't say anything about it, but he seemed a bit miffed at being ribbed so unmercifully at the National Press Club dinner over his past career as a hoberdashery salesman. It must be admitted that some of the professional gobs rubbed it in pretty hard. Eddie Cantor was one of them.

"It's nice having a hoberdashery in Kansas City," the radio comic told his audience of Cabinet members, Supreme Court Justices, and newsmen. "But why bring it up to Washington? This afternoon I dropped in to see the President, and as soon as I stepped into the White House there was a statue of George Washington dressed in a pair of long underwear marked down to \$1.98."

"The President's secretary, Matt Connolly, walked up to me—very fancy—and said, 'The President will see you now in the bargain basement.'"

"So I went down to the basement. No sooner did I take off my coat than the President was measuring me for another one. I said, 'Mr. President, I don't want a coat. I just want the honor of meeting you.' Then I made the mistake of sticking out my hand. Before I could pull it back, he'd sold me a pair of gloves. I'm not complaining. Some of the things I bought I can use. I say some of the things; what I'm gonna do with three dozen Supreme Court Justices, I don't know."

"Incidentally, we have five Supreme Court Justices with us tonight; and I wonder if they realize how lucky

they are to be Supreme Court Justices." With those long black robes, they're the only ones who can sneak into work hiding a copy of "Forever Amber."

Answering the Mail

Bill Butler, sports editor, San Francisco Chronicle—

I nge your article of my story about the propriety of using a plane to fly two race horses from Los Angeles to San Mateo. But I don't agree with you. Regardless of whether the plane was surplus, you can't expect morale among GIs to be good when they see this sort of thing happen. It's a waste of money to stand up to stand up to see them the other day—four long hours from St. Louis and Kansas City, or when they travel in day coaches all the way from San Diego to Washington, N. C. . . . Lt. Comdr. Neil A. Fox, commander, Naval Aviation Machinist Mater School, Norman, Okla.—Consultation on your recent reorganization which specifies discharges of high-point men. . . . Maj. Gen. I. D. White, Fort Riley, Kans.—Thanks for the information that the advance on their 1945 tour of Bremerhaven on the SS Stephen Austin were not for Fort Riley. I now find that they were for the Army's Remount Station, Fort Royal, Va. My point still stands however, that the ship could better have brought soldiers home from Europe. . . . Sam Hahn, Los Angeles—Andrew J. Higgins, the big host builder, has now composed his tax difficulties with the Treasury. Like some other people, he attacked the income-tax deadline with a lot of capital advanced on war production, but arranged to pay up in installments. It was income tax, not social security. . . . Secretary of Patterson—I appreciate your letter defending Maj. Gen. Stephen G. Henry and his job of demobilization. This was typical of your fine and constant loyalty to the men around you. However, I regret that I cannot agree that Gen. Henry did a good job of demobilization. For years Gen. Henry was familiarly known in the regular army as its greatest mechanic, an absolute authority on gasoline engines and automotive mechanics. Many pay tribute to his work in setting up the Gunners and Mechanical School at Fort Knox, Ky., at the beginning of the present emergency, especially his development of mechanism for firing from moving targets. He was always much more at home in overalls with a monkey wrench in his hand, and in my opinion it was a mistake for the late Gen. "Pa" Watson to persuade him, Chief, the late President Roosevelt, to have him put in charge of Army personnel—the greatest personnel school the world has ever seen. I am convinced that the snarled demobilization program is one of the results.

White House Chaff

Seen and heard around the White House—Gen. Henry Vaughan, the President's military aide, standing in front of the executive office hatless, an odd-looking silver cream pitcher in his hands, feeding the squirrels. . . . Frank Walker, the former Postmaster General, serves the fresh-painted facade of the Executive Mansion, remarks, "they've gotten spooked and repainted the place since I've been here." . . . Col. Charlie Pollett, New York's former Lieutenant Governor, ambles in to visit with Judge Sam Rosenbaum. Pollett may run for New York's Governor next year, but will not do so if he doesn't get Jim Mead in a candidate. . . . Sidney Hillman leaves the White House with a labor delegation to pose for pictures, turns around, walks back in to visit with



"Don't mention your GI loan privileges, Dear—it might discourage the agent from trying to sell us a house!"

The People's Platform Case Of The Dixie Dames

(NOTE: The Dixie-Dame Pickle Plant in Statesville is closing its doors. The owners charge the Office of Price Administration with discrimination, and with ignoring their reasonable request for a license to operate without which they cannot operate. They are as incensed they have mailed out letters to the nation's editors outlining their side of the case, and some news editors have taken up the cause as a basis for editorial violence condemning the OPA. We asked the Charlotte OPA office, which has been directly concerned in the case for a statement, which we print here along with our copy of the Dixie-Dame letter. Both communications have been cut in the interest of conserving space.—Eds., THE NEWS.)

The Dames Say They Are Victims of Bureaucracy The OPA Says They Are Lacking in Foresight

By MARK LONG LAND and By BILL MITCHEM

Owners, The Dixie-Dame Co. Statesville, N.C. District Information Executive, OPA Charlotte

In reply to your query, here are the full facts on the case of the Dixie-Dame Pickle Co. of Statesville, N.C.

The company manufactures fancy hors d'oeuvre pickles for sale only in the most expensive shops for the wealthiest people. They are not an item for the masses and are too expensive for the poor man. They are not essential to a well-balanced diet.

The pickle makers knew full well what their sugar allotment was for the entire year, just as did all other industrial users of sugar. That they used a twelve months' allotment in ten months is no credit to their security.

UNREASONABLE REQUEST

The request for an advance is unreasonable and unfair to the other users of sugar who are registered in this district, since they all currently need additional sugar. The advance would mean an amount of sugar anywhere in the district or in the nation.

Whether President Truman would have acted had the appeal come from another section of the country, or from a larger company, or a unionized company, is only one question. The answer is, "No," and cannot be substantiated.

OPA is making every effort to abolish the whole sugar rationing system. Being secured daily. However, the black market is created by the hoarding of sugar by the selfish interests at heart and are unwilling to abide by OPA regulations and rules laid down for the greatest good for the greatest number.

Rationing will be removed on sugar, just as it has been on canned goods, shoes and other items. The rationing of sugar is the demand, as it now is on rationed goods, is a bad business and is, insuring that everybody receives a fair share of a scarce commodity.

For rationing, the available sugar supply would have been consumed long ago.

MANNER OF DISTRIBUTION

The OPA sent no sugar to Spain. . . . Other businesses have closed because of present shortages. These include restaurants, soft drink manufacturers, candy makers, etc., who now have considerably curtailed their activities.

The Dixie-Dame Pickle Co. makes luxury items for the rich. It is trying to expand during a time when the nation is suffering from food shortages. The company's food should expand, nor can expand except at the expense of other rationed goods.

The owners of the pickle plant admit a ten months' volume in 1944. The full twelve months' volume in 1944.

WITHOUT THE POWER

The District Office is not empowered to grant additional allotments. . . . If advances were given to one individual user it would only be fair that they be given to all.

Industrial users are predicted on the amount they used in 1941. In the case of the Dixie-Dame Pickle Co., their own records show that they used 23,000 pounds of sugar in 1941. They used 14,000 pounds of sugar in 1942, 1943 and 1944, making a total of 40,000 pounds.

Eds. of THE NEWS—The following expressed the plight of the Statesville pickle makers when she wrote: "My sugar has been rationed. It will not last the night. But, my love, and Ah, my friends, it makes a lovely light."

"The Game Is Afoot!"

Under the baleful influence of the movies Sherlock Holmes has long since become hopelessly confused in the American mind with Basil Rathbone, an actor who has been described as two profiles pasted together. The peculiar, enduring quality of Conan Doyle's hero has been lost in the mineral oil mists of the Hollywood studios, and nothing remains but the fore-and-aft cap and the houndstooth case.

There is, however, a group of worthy citizens dedicated to preserving the glory of the redoubtable Holmes, his medical companion, Watson, his evil and eternal foe, Moriarty, and the other figments of Doyle's fertile imagination. They are "The Baker Street Irregulars," and for years they have gathered periodically to dine and discuss vital matters as the morphone content of Watson's needle. They are now willing to share their research with a select audience, for a small fee of course, and they are undertaking the publication of "The Baker Street Journal An Irregular Quarterly of Sherlockiana. Ben Abramson, who serves along with such devotees as Christopher Morley and Ellery Queen on the editorial board, describes the Journal:

"It is appeal will be to those students of the game. Writings who take their Holmes and Watson seriously. . . . Wherever a proper spirit of reverence and respect for the detective is maintained, investigation and research. The Journal will be found entertaining and instructive to the advanced student and the neophyte alike."

The Irregulars will not cringe when some stern realist points a finger and accuses them of fleeing from the terrors of the moment, employing a literary device as degrading as the machine gun. They say Mr. Abramson says, frankly in search of "that nostalgic, gas-lit London of the turn of the century which saw the realization of a snug and peaceful world that never would be any worse and never would be any better"—a world in which we could give our hearts to capture and know again."

Surely there is still room for these dedicated defenders of the inconsequential. Those of us who are bound hand and foot to reality, quaking before the crushing horrors of the Atomic Age, can only regard them with ill-concealed envy as they disappear into the inky shadows of Baker Street. And only the narrowest among us will rise to damn them as they cry:

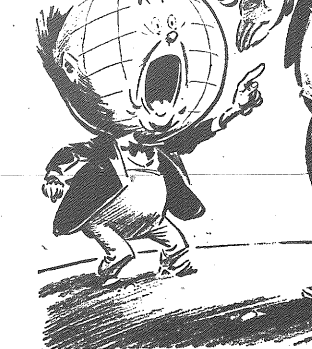
"Quick, Watson! The needle!"

The Strange Sound Of Reason

When Prime Minister Attlee appeared before Congress to make a calm, neat little speech setting forth the views of his government, the Legislators reacted after their usual fashion—the left was for him, the right against him, and Senator Taft said he sounded "a little too New Dealish."

It was inevitable that his listeners would compare him with Winston Churchill, who appeared frequently in the hall to charismatic members into entering up another shipment of lend-lease tanks. But, strangely, the Congressional comparison did not seem to involve the great ideological void between the magnificent old Tory and the little old man from the States. The Congressmen, Senators particularly, merely seemed disappointed because Mr. Attlee isn't endowed with his predecessor's oratorical virtuosity.

Mr. Attlee spoke earnestly of the common problems confronting Britain and America, called for the end of undue economic rivalry between the two nations, pleaded for better international



"I ASSURE YOU, SIR, I AM GOING TO INVESTIGATE THE WHOLE MATTER THOROUGHLY!"

Toward A New Scientific Freedom

By Marquis Childs

WASHINGTON

THE three men who sat facing reporters in the sunny office of the President in the White House had the momentous new to the world. They were all average men—the Britisher, Attlee, the Canadian, King, and the American, Truman. The slow working of democracy had not put them at this moment of history, a responsibility such as few men have ever had before.

There was a certain tension in the room. But the principals in the drama were not by temperament inclined to dramatic effect. It was a quiet, unobtrusive performance. What the three men had arrived at seemed sensible and workmanlike. It was an approach to co-operation. Following on a nightmare period when a race with atomic weapons appeared to have begun, it offered some hope.

The concept of a commission under the United Nations Organization to frame a working method of co-operation, before the specialized information on the practical application of atomic energy should be given out, had a reasonable sound. It is hard to see how anyone could quarrel with it.

Everything, of course, depends on the commission. If it succeeds, then the way is open not only to restrict atomic energy to peaceful uses, but to proceed with development on other levels. Point No. 3 recommended to the commission is:

"The limitation from national armaments of atomic weapons of all other major weapons adaptable to mass destruction."

the exchange of scientific information and the exchange of scientists between countries. That cannot bring too soon to break down the barriers of suspicion that have been growing up.

The occasion was the 22nd anniversary of the new comic ray discoveries by Russian scientists. It told of complicated apparatus used to photograph changes in the sun's rays not hitherto observed.

It credited these discoveries to one of the principals in the atomic drama who has thus far been off stage. It is Peter Kapitza, Soviet Russia's chief nuclear physicist.

A Brilliant Scientist

Kapitza's life story weaves in the history of the Russian Revolution in 1917. He was a brilliant young scientific student, the son of a Czarist general. From 1919 to 1921 he was a lecturer in the Leningrad Polytechnical Institute.

Then he turned against Bolshevism and fled as a refugee to England. Given a fellowship at Cambridge University, Kapitza advanced rapidly under the tutelage of Britain's great physicist, Ernest Rutherford. He became the assistant director of magnetic research in the Cavendish Laboratory.

In the twenties he established connections with Soviet Russia and a little later returned to the Soviet Union for a visit. Kapitza was never allowed to go back to England even though, according to one story, he may be apocryphal. Lev Artin, her famous visit to Moscow—pleaded on her knees with Maxim Litvinov for his return.

Base of Confidence

In June of this year, some of his former colleagues and friends from Cambridge in the Russian Academy of Science. They found him, somewhat to their surprise, a convinced American.

Kapitza should be invited to England and America. Our nuclear physicists should go to Moscow. These exchanges will do nothing to help the kind of scientific interchange that was interrupted by the war. The commission can take the other essential steps,

From The Richmond Times-Dispatch:

Phantasmagoric Nonsense

Among the more self-righteous commentators on the American scene at us by all means list Morris Zucker, who has just perpetrated a new book which is euphemistically termed a "history."

The full title is "The Philosophy of American History," which attests Zucker seems to be that the South ought to be kicked around as much as possible, and that facts should be disregarded or ignored. Here is a pertinent excerpt:

"One of the most damning consequences of the dominant ideology in the Christian South is the recurrent lynching of Negroes. It is a form of emotional outlet for all classes of the South. The reaction is as well as the propertyless white, the dainty females of the rich, and the not so dainty but still the females of the poor, not forgetting their children, all follow in the exhilarating band when it is started, and enjoy the stimulating consequences of the chase if it is successful.

No patriotic, law-abiding citizen will condone lynching for an instant, but the foregoing is utterly fair to the fact that the South is putting such emphasis on the fact, and it is a fact, that lynchings

understanding, and a Senator emerged from the hall to sum up: "Well, he isn't the salesman Churchill was."

It seems odd that most Congressmen assumed that he was appearing as a salesman, for he candidly avoided all reference to the pending British loan. His attitude was not that of a man trying to peddle Britain's brand of modified socialism to a neighbor; instead he seemed openly envious of a country financially sound enough to get along without the aid of the United States.

It may be that Congress is so conditioned by the pressure of demanding constituents that its members can no longer conceive of a visitor appearing before them simply to impart information and to be candidly told the truth. And it is very natural that the first reaction to a visiting politician is to estimate his vote-getting equipment, to display a professional interest in his voice, posture, and method of delivery.

But we find it disturbing that Mr. Attlee's speech, which was calm, reasonable, and without passion, should have sounded so completely out of place in the halls of Congress.

Any lynchings at all are too many, of course, but certainly there has been a vast improvement. Mr. Zucker apparently belongs to the school of thought which holds that every Southern lynch is a fact, and that the basis of fact, rather than on Mr. Zucker's phantasmagoric nonsense.

Of Particular Significance

The last part of that sentence is particularly significant. It would surely cover the super-bomber. Mass lynchings are not caused by a big deal in an hour or two as the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Logically, the commission should begin first to pro-