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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1945

Mr. Truman Bites A Dog

Mr. Truman had another one of those brain-shaking press conferences today, and when the report arrived that one of the mute gentlemen out on the rim of our copy desk read it and wrote the following large, black headline: "TRUMAN VOICES FAITH IN RUSSIA," the dog barked. It was the headline across the top of Page One, having, with infallible professional instinct, recognized the President's statement as the most important and startling piece of news turned out by the teletype and radio. This reaction to a Presidential statement tossed into the news mill at an informal White House conference is a true measure of the extent to which our relations with our recent ally have deteriorated under the stress of peace. Up on the verbal level we have maintained a rather impressive amity, but the practical course of our diplomacy has left these fine words stranded in mid-air, giving them a unique quality that places them in the man-bites-dog class.

The Russians, of course, are also talking a good internationalist game while pursuing a nationalist course, and if Generalissimo Stalin announced that he had faith in America, it would produce large, black headlines here, and also, we suspect, in Pravda.

If we actually had faith in Russia, and if Russia actually had faith in us, the President couldn't find it necessary to discuss the matter with the press. The fact would be self-evident.

From Crag To Crag

We never cease to be fascinated by the agile manner in which the mind of a practicing Southerner can bound from economic to social equality for Negroes, to communism. It is the art of mountain goat, and there is no more facile a practitioner than our old friend, *The Textile Bulletin*, which, in its current issue, takes off on a series of prodigious leaps from a most precarious foothold. It seems that the Senate of the Dialectic Society of the University of North Carolina "went on record as opposing Jim Crow laws in the South as well as favoring the immediate entrance of colored students into the University of North Carolina." This item, buried in the far reaches of the *Daily Tar Heel*, was all *The Bulletin* needed; in a series of graceful parabolas it proceeded to these conclusions:

- (1) The action of the Society shows the type of leadership we have at the University.
- (2) It won't make much difference if Negroes are admitted to North Carolina, because Duke is only 12 miles away and it will remain light-white, providing a refuge for those who don't believe in a school "where white boys and girls will be on a social equality basis with Negroes and eat and sleep with them."
- (3) "Most self-respecting Negroes prefer the society of their own people and don't want to go to Chapel Hill anyway."
- (4) Most Negro college students are superior people to many of the University of North Carolina students who come from the East Side New York City and lower Brooklyn. They come, of course, because it's cheaper down here, and then they try to regulate the people of North Carolina "down to the level of East Side New York."
- (5) It would probably be embarrassing for "several respectable North Carolina families" if *The Tar Heel* published the names of those members of the

Pistol-Packing Veterans

There are many factors in a crime wave—the national state of mind, an unbalanced economy, etc.—but whole-sale murder grows in proportion to the availability of lethal weapons. Baseball bats, brass knuckles, lengths of lead pipe, even bare hands can be lethal enough, but they are messy and are not in themselves likely to spur an outburst of murder. The police, of course, know this, and for many years they have been trying to control the circulation of firearms, registering all those known to exist and forbidding the carrying of pistols by unlicensed persons. All their patient work has now been undone, for millions of returning veterans are pouring through our ports, each bringing home at least one firearm—a trophy and a means of protection.

Mr. Martin has tried repeatedly to move the National Association of Police Chiefs to bring pressure to bear on the Army to at least record the serial numbers of the homing weapons, but to no avail. It's too late now, he says, and the whole science of ballistics, the tracing of murders through the peculiar markings left by each pistol on the bullet it fires, has gone by the boards. Past registration of firearms also meaningless, for Mr. Martin

figures there are three unregistered pistols in circulation now for every one on the books, and the total is steadily growing. The Charlotte police estimate that between 500 and 1,000 pistols have arrived here so far, and only two or three veterans have come in to register their loot.

The soldiers were allowed to ship home any weapon that could not be concealed on their person, which means that submachineguns, high-powered service rifles, and even a few anti-tank guns have been duly delivered by the United States mails.

It is too late to round up all the pistols, of course, but there is still time for regulatory measures that would keep most of them out of action. American firearms are made in standard calibers: 22, 25, 32, 38, and 45. The great bulk of the European weapons are of slightly different size, the two usual British calibers being .303 and .303 British. Congress could, by all means, should about the manufacture of ammunition in any caliber other than those standard in American firearms. This would limit the supply to the comparatively small quantity being smuggled in by the veterans (while the Army doesn't object to firearms it forbids the packing of explosives in personal luggage) and would soon make most of the imported pistols useless.

Such legislation would not remove the threat implicit in the deluge of unregistered weapons, but it would temper it. And nobody could very well arise upon free enterprise if it is an encroachment upon the formal established business of the munitions-makers.

IN 1925 this writer was making a laborious trip over the Gobi Desert to Ula, capital of Mongolia. Across the horizon, heading down from the Siberian border, came a long caravan of Chinese chauffeurs, pulling Buick and Packard cars, all driven by Chinese chauffeurs. They were being shipped by Soviet Russia to stir up civil war in China.

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Later this writer visited Chiang's stronghold in South China. He was in command of the Shampo cadets, a Red Chinese army, trained by Soviet officers including the famous Comrade Zorod. To Britons and Americans at that time, Chiang Kai-Shek and Communism were one and the same thing. Both were equally hated—and for good reason. In Canton, he and his so-called Communists had clamped down a boycott against Americans, Britons, and all foreigners that was no joke. Grass grew in the streets of the foreign settlements. The American Consul General, Douglas Jenkins, could be seen each morning sweeping out his office. Every foreign official in Canton cooked his own meals and considered himself lucky to get food. Only humorous aspect was watching the tall and bearded French consul pull his groceries home from the commissary in a child's toy wagon every morning.

Our Cowboy Ambassador

That was exactly twenty years ago. Since then, Chiang Kai-Shek has become the great friend of the Americans and British and an enemy of the Russians—though quite capable of patching up a new division of Manchurian spoils with them as reported this week. I mention this because such changes are not uncommon in China. Neither are civil wars. There has been no truce in the last 100 years of Chinese history when some war lord or other did not have an army in the field jockeying for more revenue, more territory, or more couplings.

At such times as I have visited China, it was always an axiom that when the Chinese crop was out, the troops would start moving. Even Chinese war lords had some consideration for peasants' crops and the country's food supply.

It was into this vortex of political intrigue that Pat Hurley, our naive and delightful cowboy ambassador from Oklahoma, threw the full weight of the U.S.A. with all its prestige, all its land-lease, all its Far East airplanes—and threw their weight on one side, apparently not realizing that his chief was quite capable of making

Hurrah! The Correct Answer At Last



The Bitter Tea Of General Hurley

By Marquis Childs

THE easiest way to dispose of your opposition, if you are not too sure of your arguments, is to yell Communist. That was what Patrick J. Hurley did when he resigned as American Ambassador to China.

His statement, which seems to have been without warning, either the State Department or the White House, had an angry, intemperate quality. It adds heat, but certainly no light to the obscure workings of our policy in China.

What Hurley's outburst more difficult to understand is the fact that in China he has had his own say since he was sent back to Washington where he resigned the post of ambassador to China.

Hurley was sent to China by President Roosevelt, who hoped it would be possible to reconcile the two hostile factions—the Nationalist Army under Chiang Kai-Shek, and the Communists. The Communists had resisted the Japanese for years to fight with even Chiang's beleaguered forces.

While these were Hurley's instructions, he seems to have been completely discredited on the ground. He was completely discredited on the ground. He was completely discredited on the ground.

A Cruel Injustice

Among the younger diplomatic officers in our Embassy in Chungking were some who knew China and the Far East from long experience and study. One was John Service, who was sent back to Washington where, subsequently, he was charged with giving out secret documents. He was being subjected to arrest and search under the most humiliating circumstances. Service was later cleared with an official apology from Secretary of State James C. Byrnes, who declared him a victim. While former Undersecretary Joseph C. Grew was apparently responsible for the stupid blunder, the whole story of this cruel injustice has never been told.

By Drew Pearson

A new deal with his enemy, the Russians, whenever it was expedient, behind Hurley's back.

All this is why Hurley was so sore at the State Department. Months ago they realized what public reaction would be to American pilots' losing their lives for the benefit of China's war lords.

Note 1—Eleven U. S. plane crashes were reported last week in China in one day alone, all of them flown by U. S. pilots for the benefit of Chiang Kai-Shek.

Note 2—Senator Langer of North Dakota has long demanded that the State Department explain the gift of rare Chinese jewels valued at \$20,000 by the Chinese Government to Mrs. Hurley.

No Parachutes in China

Additional information is now available regarding the tragic death of Pvt. W. M. Callaway of Beaumont, Texas, on Oct. 7, 1945, in the Himalaya Mountains, just after his and other Army passenger planes had been ordered not to carry parachutes.

The no-parachute order was issued by the Air Force in Washington, Sept. 5, and by Brig. Gen. William H. Tunner, commander of the India-Burma theater, on Sept. 20. He was carrying out Washington orders. The order applied to C-54s, or four-engine transports carrying passengers, including Gen. Tunner's own plane, and specified that they should not carry parachutes. Hurley's planes had carried parachutes while flying the "Hump" but the Army explains that Hump flying has been stopped. Reason for the no-parachute order on four-engine transport planes carrying passengers is that though the crew could bail out, the passengers can't. They haven't been trained in parachute jumping, and no crew can desert a ship ahead of its passengers.

One reason why U. S. pilots in China are now burned up is that many of them have to carry Chinese troops into the battle area for Chiang Kai-Shek. Imagine the panic if 50 to 60 Chinese troop passengers all tried to bail out.

It should be noted that this situation is not the fault of the Air Transport Command, which, like a railroad, is merely given orders to carry this or that. The ATC, for instance, once had to carry a Cadillac car across the Hump for the benefit of Ambassador Hurley. Despite all these handicaps, Gen. Tunner has sharply reduced the India-China accident rate.

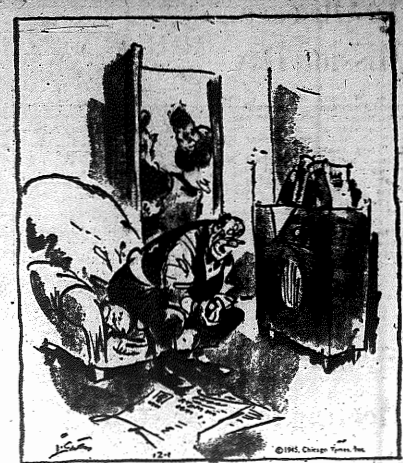
Describing the situation, Gen. Tunner informs me: "The men who flew Air Transport Command planes in India and China, unarmed and under constant threat of enemy attack, performed one of the outstanding feats of American courage in the war. Pvt. Callaway was one of these men. He was one of 910 crew members who gave their lives in crashes of 394 aircraft in the India-China division of ATC while in the service of their country and the loss of every man is regrettable. Pvt. Callaway was one of the 35,000 military personnel in the India-Burma division who made it possible to fly 776,532 tons of war materials to China from Dec. 1, 1942, to Nov. 1, 1945."

It may come as news to many Americans that this is not the British mood at all; that there is a considerable body of British opinion which doesn't want an American loan, particularly if the terms are onerous; and that the loan, when finally offered (the terms may be revealed at any moment) may even be turned down by British home opinion and the British Parliament.

We have got it so firmly planted in our heads that we are always Uncle Sucker that we cannot quite realize that there are many Englishmen who do not wish to be tied to America financially, and that they would prefer to go it alone for five or six hard years of rationing and austerity, banking on trade within the empire to get them back on their feet in the end. The British feel that too high an interest rate would mean hypocritical support for large shares of their national income to America; and that this would prevent their country from being a free operator for empire trade; that the loan might cripple them, while leaving us free.

But, as I say, we are so sold on the notion that everybody wants our dollars that it is hard for us to realize that citizens of another country may have a real feeling of independence, and a real feeling about keeping free of us.

The same stereotyped thinking shows up on the matter of Bretton Woods. Remember how hard it was, last Spring, to get our Congress and public that Bretton Woods was a good deal for America? Our internationalists had to



"We better not disturb Humphrey—he's listening to the only commentator he trusts to run the country!"

A Primitive Notion

By Samuel Grafton

IF there is one fixed idea in this republic, more solid than any other, it is that Great Britain is waggling a tin cup at us in her effort to obtain a loan; that she has put on her best clothes, and is working over time to get them ready for the day when she will finally offer the terms may be revealed at any moment) may even be turned down by British home opinion and the British Parliament.

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Do we realize that we are the only considerable nation which is making no contribution to the rest of the earth is forever sending out tentacles to reach toward us, and that the Southern Hemisphere is a primitive sort of notion, in part, perhaps a colonial hangover; and, in part, a desire to undermine good loans to all countries. There is no special rush to share its blessings because it doesn't have them up and away, and in fact there is fear in some foreign circles that it may be a sound commercial arrangement for the United States, whereby the strength of the dollar would be used to back up all currencies, and to underwrite good loans to all countries. There is no special rush to share its blessings because it doesn't have them up and away, and in fact there is fear in some foreign circles that it may be a sound commercial arrangement for the United States, whereby the strength of the dollar would be used to back up all currencies, and to underwrite good loans to all countries. There is no special rush to share its blessings because it doesn't have them up and away, and in fact there is fear in some foreign circles that it may be a sound commercial arrangement for the United States, whereby the strength of the dollar would be used to back up all currencies, and to underwrite good loans to all countries.

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The People's Platform

"An All-Aryan Rug"

By GEORGE T. FARMER

Your reprint of the editorial in the Norfolk Pilot was very commendable. When the Norfolk Chief of Police commissioned the two police officers and told them, "The eyes of the nation are on you," he was merely reiterating the cardinal principle of our Western civilization.

Some years ago, another great editor, the late Grover Hall of the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser explained this epitome aspect of our lives and what a truly wonderful thing it is to have a man like you, a "Gentle" May I quote a few lines from his famous editorial, "The Eyes of the Nation are on You," which was written on top of the world and rule. I, as a white Gentile, know that if I wish to be a policeman, I must be drunk, burn a house, loot a Government or commit any other of the known indecencies of the law while I may be duly punished for my offense. I, instead of my circumstances would I bear the stinging phrase, "The Eyes of the Nation are on You," I do not mind being a white Gentile. It is profitable to be a policeman, I am told. There is nobody to oppress me or offend me for being one. I am sitting pretty, primarily because of the accident of birth and geography, but also because of the courtesy of the American and the arrogance, if not the sheer ungenerosity of my compatriots in Aryan.

It is a wonderful document, and if you care to see all of it, Sen. Charles McNary, Republican of Oregon, has introduced it in the Congressional Record. For us white Gentiles it is a fine statement covering us in an all-Aryan rug that warns such a lowly bug as I, on damp and chilly days, to get out of the rug, along with all of us, if we are to be considered as a light of forcing, through the sheer weight of numbers, everybody else to conform to the microscope. It is wonderful.

Mr. Bigger Finds the Baptists Underemocratic By MRS. J. D. BIGGERS

I notice the Baptists' Convention in Raleigh the Southern Baptist Convention to recall the U. S. Ambassador in London, and to elect a special representative, Myron C. Taylor, from the Vatican. The Ministerial Association kept petitioning President Roosevelt because of his representative to the Vatican.

Such un-Christian and undemocratic organizations are guilty of treason to all of Christ's teachings, and to our own constitutional government.

Quote, Unquote

The greatest problem of the re-conversion period perhaps is that of enabling the Southern Baptist to live normal family lives providing for them adequate housing facilities. —Independence, Mo. Examiner.