# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1949


## A MATTER OF PERSPECTIVE

PERSPECTIVE is important in sizing up anything, and it works both ways. A drum majorette may be snazzy enough in midfield and yet not bear close inspection; the intricate design of a fine *mantilla* may bring oohs and ahs when held close, and be totally unimpressive at a distance.

So it is in the realm of public affairs. A street widening project, a stadium, a park or, even more apropos, a community teen-age center may seem a wonderful idea to everyone except those who live in the immediate vicinity.

It was quite obvious that the good residents of the Latta Park area who stormed the City Council meeting Wednesday to protest a $100,000 recreation building project were motivated by their proximity to the park. They live close by, and they had some misapprehensions about (1) excessive noise, (2) traffic congestion, and (3) use of the building by outside adult groups on a rental basis.

What was surprising was that they waited so long to make their protest known. The community-wide recreation program financed by last Summer's million dollar bond issue has been well publicized for eighteen months. Scores of speeches have been made before civic clubs and church groups. Big maps have been displayed in public places and in the newspapers. Each of 33,000 registered voters received by mail an outline of the program the week before the bond election. Several weeks ago, local newspapers told of the selection of an architect to design the Latta Park building.

Yet it wasn't until this week that the protesting residents came before the City Council, completely by-passing the Park & Recreation Commission.

We have no doubt that they were acting in good faith. They have a right to be heard, and their opinions should be given careful consideration. In the process however, it might be a good idea to call a larger public meeting at which other Dilworth residents who are not quite so close to the proposed site could be heard. It's entirely probable that they favor the project enthusiastically.

At any rate, if worst comes to worst, there are a number of other areas which would be most happy to have the $100,000 recreation center. Our friends in Dilworth might keep that in mind.

## BOSSES ON THE LAM

TUESDAY'S election had one result which should please everyone. It eliminated two of the most vicious big city bosses this nation has developed, and smashed a third corrupt city administration.

In New Jersey, Boss Frank Hague has thrown in the towel after Governor Alfred E. Driscoll swept to victory. Mr. Hague, in announcing his retirement from politics, has finally realized that New Jersey is fed up with him.

In Boston, Mayor James M. Curley was swiftly removed from the public pay roll after a long and tempestuous career which has been a constant source of amazement to everyone outside Massachusetts. The irrepressible Curley, whose antics have amused Bostonians rather than annoyed them, sought re-election after serving a term for mail fraud. But Boston, too, had enough of him and retired him.

Philadelphia responded to Democratic pleas to "turn the rascals out" and broke a Republican stranglehold on the city government by ejecting GOP holders of four key offices. Recent exposures of waste, inefficiency and corruption turned the tide and, in the process, seriously jeopardized traditional Republican control of the state.

Big city bosses have been an important part of the American political scene for decades. They reached their zenith of power under the late President Roosevelt who was not too choosey about his friends so long as they could deliver the votes. We are not so naive as to believe their day is gone, but it does appear that the voters are getting wise to them.

## THAT MARGIN OF ERROR

DR. GEORGE GALLUP says he has switched from crow and is now eating pheasant. The reason; he picked Herbert Lehman to defeat John Foster Dulles in Tuesday's New York election.

But the once-eminent pollster hasn't told the whole story.

Shortly after the 1948 national election debacle, when Dr. Gallup was as wrong as everyone else, he began making changes in his system of sampling public opinion. Convinced he had improved it and narrowed the margin of possible error, he confidently predicted that Mr. Lehman would receive 57 per cent of the vote and Mr. Dulles 43 per cent.

On the basis of reports from all but 72 of the 9,565 New York precincts, the total vote was 4,926,325. By Dr. Gallup's calculations, Mr. Lehman should have received 2,808,005 votes and Mr. Dulles 2,118,320 — or a margin of 689,685. That would have been a real landslide.

As it was, Mr. Lehman defeated Mr. Dulles by a much smaller margin, 207,061. He got only 52 per cent of the total vote, and Mr. Dulles grabbed off 48 per cent.

Five percentage points may seem like a small matter, but in election predictions such a margin leaves tremendous possibility of error.

Dr. Gallup might fare better in the future if he devotes the next few months to "improving and refining" his system still more.

## CO-OPERATIVE SERVICE

CHARLOTTE'S retail coal merchants, by victims themselves of the 52-day coal strike, have been of genuine public service during the fuel emergency.

Under President Willis McKinnell Jr. of the local Retail Coal Merchants Association, they have distributed the small amount of coal available on what they felt to be an equitable basis.

First in their consideration have come the hardship cases, cases in which families were completely without fuel. These families received the bulk of that coal which dealers had or were able to buy.

Some of the dealers also arranged a borrowing program from firms and individuals who had stocked-up on coal early this Summer. By borrowing a few tons from a number of apartment houses and similar establishments not pressed by the shortage, the dealers were able to keep such short-term consumers as bakeries and laundries in operation.

Throughout the emergency dealers have been buying small amounts of coal from non-union mines operating under armed guard. Coal from these mines has often been purchased by the dealers at premiums of $3 to $4 per ton. The dealers have not passed on this increase to consumers.

Mr. McKinnell reports that the public this year seems to have understood the fact that the dealers themselves were in no way responsible for the coal shortage and have accepted smaller amounts of coal without grumbling.

He reports also that the remaining ten-to-twelve days of the shortage may be the most difficult for the dealers since buyers may not be able to understand why, since coal is being mined, they cannot buy as much as they want.

The answer is a simple one: It will take a couple of days for the mines to begin actual operations and it will take at least seven days for coal to arrive in Charlotte from the nearest mining point.

From The Christian Science Monitor

## PUMPKIN VERSUS SQUASH

THOUGH pumpkins, Pilgrims, and Puritans are associated in popular thought with New England, this region has not followed its pumpkin tradition. That has been transplanted to the Middle West, where an Indiana poet, James Whitcomb Riley, rhapsodized, "When the frost is on the punkin." Admittedly New England still raises some pumpkins, and handsome ones. But rarely in the run of restaurants can you buy a pumpkin pie. It is almost invariably squash.

Yet the partial eclipse of the pumpkin carries no cause for grief. The Northeast has come to grow more squash than any other section, according to local farm leaders. New England has had its reasons. The agricultural people explain that while squash is suitable for pie, it also serves as a table vegetable. Pumpkin, they add, is used only for pie or livestock feed. Moreover, pumpkin tends to be stringier and more watery than squash. So raising squash has come to be a New England habit.

Fortunately, no handsome ideal like pumpkin pie can be totally lost. The pumpkin has taken such a hold in the Middle West that the average native would scorn the idea of squash pie if anyone happened to venture it. Open-minded farmers there who have visited in New England grant that squash is sweeter and more delicate and pumpkin a little coarser. But, they insist, "If you make it the way our mothers did, pumpkin pie can't be beat."

For itself, New England would rewrite the poet's tribute and make it, "When the frost is on the squash."

Automobiles are strangely human. The smaller the car the sassier the horn. — *Greeneville (Tenn.) Sun.*

Pome In Which Is Pointed Out The Fact That Various People React In Various Ways to Alcoholic Potions:

One little snort
May make you cavort.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.*

'Sometimes I Think He's Getting Too Interested'

*Study In Scarcity*

## The Sugar Price Puzzle

(A public statement of the special Sugar Committee of the American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages.)

• • •

THE Sugar Act of 1948 controls to the last pound the amount of sugar which we, the people of the United States, are permitted to have each year. This control is given by the law to the Secretary of Agriculture who sets the marketing quotas for the producing areas which are permitted to deliver their sugar to our markets. If he sets his overall quota at a figure which is less than consumer requirements, the natural result is that sugar producers and refiners will demand higher prices for the short supply, while housewives and food processors who use sugar will bid the price up in order to get the sugar they must have.

Whenever the price of sugar goes above a reasonable level, two things happen. One is that many housewives are forced to cut down on their purchases, because many housewives do have to watch their pennies. The other thing that happens is that food processors are forced either to raise the prices of their products, or to go out of business, and let their employees go; because the food industry is highly competitive and includes many small bakers, bottlers of carbonated beverages, candy makers, canners, ice cream manufacturers and other processors who are always struggling to keep in business.

• • •

A PENNY a pound in the price of sugar may seem too small to fuss about—until one remembers that every cent the price goes up, $150,000,000 is taken out of the nation's spendable income. Every cent that the price of sugar goes down, $150,000,000 becomes available for buying other things. Thus the price of sugar has its effect not only on the cost of living but also on the country's purchasing power for other farm and factory products.

Speaking of other farm products, how many farmers in continental United States do you think there are, who plant sugar cane or sugar beets? A total of about 56,000 — just slightly less than one per cent of our farms. And a high proportion of these cane and beet growers must be interested in other types of farming as well, because the average acreage in beets and cane is less than 20 acres per grower. The total acreage in cane and beets combined is just over one million, as compared with 353 million in our country's total crop acreage. And the sugar produced from the cane and beet acreage provides only one-fourth of the sugar we consume each year.

So our mainland sugar producing industry is what farmers in another might call "pretty small potatoes." Of course it isn't such small potatoes to us consumers and taxpayers to learn that we pay some $78,000,000 through a processing tax on refined sugar, so that the United States Treasury can in turn pay out more than $30,000,000 in cash subsidies to our mainland cane and beet growers.

But to get back to the Sugar Act of 1948 and its administration by the Secretary of Agriculture. First of all, it is important to emphasize that there is no present thought of trying to repeal or even to amend this law, even though it otherwise will remain in force through 1952. Such action would have to be delayed until the next session of Congress and probably would take months to put through. What we now face is the need for immediate action to avoid a real crisis in sugar. Our only recourse is to concentrate on getting the Secretary of Agriculture to change his administrative policy right away, and give 149 million American consumers a break.

What has the Secretary's policy been so far during this year? The record shows that it has been to create and to maintain an artificial shortage in sugar supplies in an effort to force the price of sugar up at a time when all other commodity prices are falling. He already has raised it above its price on January 1, 1947, when wartime price and rationing controls were still in effect; and newspaper reports from Washington indicate that it is his objective to raise the price another half-cent per pound. He has done and still is doing this by deliberately keeping his marketing quota substantially below the known rate of current consumption. He is not seeking to meet the needs of consumers; he is dictating how much we are going to get. And that is less than our needs in a year of peak world production.

• • •

WHAT are the results of this policy? We have seen what it is doing to the price of sugar. What is it doing to supplies? The price, however outrageous it may be, becomes academic, if and when there is no sugar at any price. That situation has not yet developed, and we all earnestly pray that it won't. But all statistics from the sugar trade indicate that we are approaching the peril point and that we shall reach it unless the Secretary of Agriculture changes his policy promptly.

Two things have happened as the result of his present policy. One is that, in order to get the sugar we need, we have been drawing on our reserve stocks. The Department of Agriculture's own figures prove this, and they show that this started more than a year ago. In 1948 the estimated distribution was 7,343,000 tons; but the estimate of consumption for that year was 7,500,000 tons. Here is a deficit of 157,000 tons between deliveries and use. It had to come from somewhere, and the only place it could come from was the so-called "sugar pipe-line" — the stocks of sugar in the hands of our refiners, wholesalers, retailers and industrial users.

This year the depletion of the pipe-line stocks has continued. We have already used some 250,000 tons more this year than we did in the same period last year; yet the Secretary is holding us down to last year's consumption figure. So we are taking another 250,000 tons out of the pipe-line, and that pipe-line has become almost empty.

The other thing that is happening is that Cuba has become impatient with the way our sugar control is being handled, and she has therefore sold much of her surplus sugar to other world markets. With our own pipe-line seriously depleted and with dwindling supplies of sugar in Cuba, the 149,000,000 American consumers of sugar can properly demand that their Secretary of Agriculture take all necessary action at once to get into our markets every possible ton of sugar still available. We shall need every ton we can get our hands on, if the housewives and the industrial users of America are going to have the sugar they will need between now and March 1 when the new crop of Cuban sugar normally starts coming into our markets.

*Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round*

## Good Will Results From Train Exchange

HAYS, KANSAS

AN old French boxcar ends its journey in Kansas today. It has crossed one ocean, carried troops to a score of battle fronts and toured every county in Kansas. Probably a junk dealer would't give more than twenty bucks for it; but this old car and the keepsakes inside it represent a million dollars' worth of sentiment.

No one in France, when they went to all the work of loading up this box car, with 48 others, for their friends in America, ever dreamed what would happen when the cars arrived. One is enshrined on the old state capital grounds in Louisiana; another stands in the capital grounds at Bismarck, N. D.; another is located at Olympia, the capital of Washington, while Minnesota and Mississippi have enshrined their boxcars on their state fair grounds.

Nor did anyone in France dream that the contents of these cars, ranging from the flag that flew over Verdun in 1914 to mere dolls given by the poorer children of Paris, would be displayed in museums throughout the land, from Louisville, Ky., and Newark, N. J., to the capital rotundas of Wisconsin, Ohio and Arkansas, to the huge exhibit arranged by Grover Whalen in New York City, into which thousands of people streamed every day.

### Friendship Reverberates

IT had been nine months now since the French people sent their boxcars to the people of America, but the echoes of friendship are still reverberating through big city libraries and small country schools, or starred in exhibits throughout the state. Wisconsin, like Kansas, has mounted its car on a trailer, and it is still touring every county; and, after this tour is over, Wisconsin plans to box the French gifts and send them out on a five-year program of display in individual schools. Yet Wisconsin is supposed to be a German-American state.

Another byproduct of this French Merci Train has been millions of letters sent from the children of the United States to the children of France. This may start a chain of friendly correspondence lasting into the years.

It would take several newspaper columns to describe all the steps taken by all the 48 states to show their appreciation of France's appreciation.

But the most significant part of this whole story is that almost all the millions of Americans who contributed to the Friendship Train two years ago this month had any idea it would be reciprocated.

It was hoped, of course, that American generosity would be appreciated—though there were even some skeptics as to that. But no one had the remotest dream that several million of the French people would make the great effort to load 49 boxcars with all sorts of paintings, statues, keepsakes and heirlooms—some of them priceless in terms of sentiment—to send to the American people.

### Exchange Of Two Trains

SO, on this Armistice Day, the most important conclusion is: You can be drawn from this exchange of two trains between the people of France and the people of the United States is that the ordinary folks from Kansas to Normandy—the folks who have to go out and do the fighting and die dying when wars come—are now determined to work at diplomacy. They don't entirely trust the diplomats. And it may be that in the long run they can do as much or more than ambassadors—when not hampered by iron curtains.

### The 1918 Armistice

THIS is in direct contrast to what happened 31 years ago after the Armistice of 1918. At that time the American people, idealistic, inexperienced in the field of foreign affairs, were inclined to think that all they had to do was sign a peace treaty and then forget about it. Peace, they believed, was something inscribed on bejibboned parchments which one left to diplomats.

So, shortly after the Armistice of 1918, most of the American people went back to work; the U. S. Senate decreed that we should have nothing to do with Europe; and big business concentrated on chasing the almighty dollar. "Back to normalcy" was the watchword thrown out by Warren Harding, and generally speaking correctly called the tune for the country.

### The 1945 Armistice

BUT after the V-E and V-J days of this last war, it has been different. The American people, it is true, are tired. Some of them are worse than tired. They are discouraged and cynical. But they also know that if we had done our part toward the rest of the world in the 1920's, we would not be burying our war dead in the 1940's.

Above everything else, the American people are determined that there shall be no more war. And they know that when they merely transfer responsibility to others, we have had wars. Therefore, individual Americans, tired as some of them are, are quite willing to help the diplomats.

That's why there have been CARE packages sent to Europe. That's why several million letters deluged Italy during its elections and helped win the battle for democracy. That's why 49 boxcars of American contributed to the Friendship Train. And that's why every American was pleased and delighted when the people of France unexpectedly showed their appreciation by sending us their Merci Train.

For peace is pretty much like matrimony. You can't quit working at matrimony immediately after the marriage license is signed. And you can't run out on peace the minute the ink is dry on a treaty. Peace is just as hard to win as war, and much less exciting. For there are no brass bands playing as we march down the road to peace.

So perhaps the basic thing to remember about the two trains exchanged between the French and American people is that it is not difficult for people who know each other to live in peace with each other. France has weathered a Napoleon, a great revolution, the crash of many republics, but still the people of France remain our friends—because we know each other. The governments which sign treaties come and go, but the people who enforce treaties go on forever.

Of course, I am chiefly paid to pry into cabinet meetings and report on closed-door sessions, so this may be boring to some people. But anyway I'll try tomorrow to report on what a great many Americans are doing individually to help win the peace.

*Stewart And Joseph Alsop*

## Me-Too And Otherwise

WASHINGTON

ON Wednesday morning, after Herbert Lehman had knocked the tail out of John Foster Dulles in the New York Senatorial contest, one of Gov. Thomas E. Dewey's top henchmen summed up his conclusions. "It kind of looks this morning as though they liked the welfare state," he said wryly, but without any noticeable gloom.

The lack of gloom may be simply explained. For the odd fact is that the sad fate of Dewey's friend and protege, Dulles, is likely actually to strengthen Dewey's influence in the Republican Party. This is because the nature of Dulles' campaign for the Senate thoroughly exploded the charge, hurled at Dewey by the Republican right wing, that his "me-toolism" in 1948 cost the Republicans the White House.

For there was not the slightest taint of me-toolism about Dulles' campaign. Indeed, Dulles took a stand well to the right of Sen. Robert A. Taft. He was both more specific in his denunciations of the Truman administration and all its works, and more conservative, than any Republican candidate in a great industrial state in recent history. Moreover, this was a result of his own decision.

Dewey at first counseled Dulles against running. He told Dulles that he feared the campaign might destroy Dulles' future usefulness—which itself suggests that Dewey does not regard his own political career as at an end. When Dulles nevertheless decided to make the race, Dewey promised him all-out support, on the understanding that Dulles would be his own political strategist; Dulles would "do it his own way," taking whatever stand he saw fit on the major issues.

The result was a neat demonstration of everything Dewey said in his famous Lincoln's Birthday speech, in which he challenged his "me-too" critics to carry any industrial state in the union on a back-to-McKinley platform. The further result has been to weaken the position of Dewey's enemies in the Republican Party.

NO RETIREMENT

Where does this leave Dewey? Among his intimates, Dewey still talks of forsaking politics once and for all when his present term as governor ends next year, and making some money in law practice. But Dewey has politics in his blood, perhaps more strongly than any other man in public life.

Moreover, there will be very heavy pressure on him to run for governor again next year. Sen. Irving Ives is the only other strong Republican candidate visible. The Republicans will badly need a strong candidate in this key election, and Ives' Senate term does not expire until 1952.

If Dewey runs and wins, he will control the New York delegation to the Republican Convention in 1952, and he will be in a strong position to influence the convention's outcome. It is entirely improbable that Dewey will himself be a candidate for nomination again. There is only one other road open to a really important political future for Dewey. That is to be a king, but king-maker, by backing the successful candidate.

The leading contender at the convention is likely to be Sen. Robert A. Taft. Since the labor groups have failed to find a strong progressive candidate to oppose Taft in the Ohio fight next year, Taft is the hero of the Republican Party's powerful anti-me-too faction, which so dislikes Dewey. Moreover, this is true not only because of Taft's domestic views, but because of his foreign policy stand as well.

ALL THE QUALITIES

Certainly it will be natural for Dewey to throw his weight against Taft. If so, Dewey will want a candidate with great political appeal, who favors a strong foreign policy, and a middle-of-the-road domestic policy, and who hails from New York State. There is one man who answers all these requirements—General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Already there have been friendly contacts between Dewey and Eisenhower. The New York financial community, which is close to Dewey and which always strongly influences the outcome of Republican conventions, is more and more enthusiastic about Eisenhower. And Eisenhower's recent speeches have themselves indicated a growing interest in domestic politics and foreign policy.

There is no use speculating so far ahead about the result of this complicated political equation. But the fact remains that a finish fight between the Republican party's me-toolers and anti-me-toolers is now clearly in prospect. The further fact remains that the defeat of his friend Dulles has actually strengthened Dewey's position for this fight. And it is certainly a reasonable bet that Taft and his Mid-West supporters on the one hand, and Dewey, Eisenhower, and their East Coast admirers on the other, will play a leading role in the coming battle.

*Robert C. Ruark*

## The Supreme Voice

DENVER

A MAN named Doreal, otherwise known as the Supreme Voice, has no intention of being destroyed by the atom bomb, when and if it falls. I really should not say "no" because Doreal knew all about the atom years before we successfully split it, and his most recent move is rather a baleful portent of the future.

Doreal, or the Supreme Voice of the Brotherhood of the White Temple, has transferred his people from Denver to a small valley between two peaks well outside the city. These mountains are supposed to contain lead—sufficient lead to shelthe the brotherhood from the angry action of peevish proton. This is good enough for me—if the Supreme Voice is taking precautions. I may be shopping around for a small Shangri-La for myself.

You see, Dr. Doreal—he hasn't got a front handle—is the head of an outfit which practices contact with universal consciousness, deals in theosophy and metaphysics, and thereby is unbounded by time and space. Although the head Guru was born in Sulphur, Okla., he spent a lot of years in Tibet, occasionally returns there, spiritually, to catch himself up on the newest doing in the occult league.

I mised the Supreme Voice, because the Supreme Voice presently is off barnstorming on a lecture tour in New York and Florida, but I chatted with his No. 2 boy, Dr. Lee Roberts, a gruff and kindly man who wears denims, smokes cigarettes and like to shoot pool. Dr. Roberts was born in Missouri, as seems to be the case with nearly everybody nowadays.

"We are nice people," Dr. Roberts said, nudging his dog off the stoop with his foot. "We are not a bunch of nudists, or anything like that. Down, sir—" (this to the dog). "We are not fanatics. We are incorporated and we believe in reincarnation."

The Supreme Voice's executive officers finally got the dog off the stoop and asked me in. He accepted a cigarette, and continued:

"A man who knows himself knows where he came from," he said. "A man who knows where he came from knows his memories. A man is thereby born allwise. Doreal can remember all the way back to the fall of the twelve cities of Atlantis, 51,000 years ago. Sometimes when I am feeling good I can occasionally step back a piece and see the lost cities myself.

"Dr. Doreal has known everything that could happen up on the mountain, where the great adepts of the White Lodge now dwell on Shangri-La acres. The move came in 1945, when the Supreme Voice began to fret about the A-bomb. The officers and more affluent members of the order bought a leased the land, on a 99-year basis. They figure that is long enough, even in a reincarnation.

It is a long and twisty road up the mountain, where the temple and the subsidiary buildings cluster in their leaden sanctuary.

"But we had to build this road up the hill," Dr. Roberts said. "It cost us a hundred grand."