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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1942

Easily Said

Mrs. Buck Battles Intolerance For Minorities, Without a Plan

Mrs. Pearl Buck, the esteemed author, humanitarian, and futurist, gave a new message to such Americans as would listen this week. She wasn't so much concerned with this war as the next one, for "in this war we are already being sown the seeds of the next war."

She who has become an accepted authority upon the people of the Orient called upon Americans to sacrifice their prejudices and intolerance along with their sugar. She feared the demands of this or that group, the rights of this or that nation, she was not pleased by what she saw.

More than most leaders who concern themselves with the world of tomorrow, Mrs. Buck is qualified to speak. Her pleas are not simple rhetoric. She has seen the sweat, blood, filth and death of oppressed peoples. To her, minorities are real as life; that we are certain. But there is a question.

In the attempt to strangle intolerance, the substitution of a daily quart of milk, sanitary living and a just reward to all peoples, including minorities, is going to be a job too big for this world. If advances are made for the greatest of many a minority, many a fringe of population, is going to continue in suffering. Any possible realignment of the world community will leave among us the oppressed, the impoverished, the unenlightened.

And we fear that any attempt such as Mrs. Buck and the Council Against Intolerance in America has in mind would take us soaring into the thin air of impractical idealism, doomed never to reach a goal. As more than one world realist has shouted in the past weeks, America must do for the new world only what she can. Economic and social gains will be strictly limited by the capacity of the United Nations and the old, iron-bound restrictions of geography, distribution of resources, and the ability of the earth's peoples to overcome their obstacles themselves.

Surrender

Gasoline Dries Up in West, And the Country is Equalized

The first of December will mark the second passing of the Wild West. On that day relentless fate in the form of gas rationing will roll over the last survivors of rugged individualism who have revved war sacrifice, and make all men equal before the filling station attendant. The stand of the plainsmen was not particularly fierce, not at all gallant, and doomed to failure. Rubber czar William Jeffers tamed the West.

To the people of the wide open spaces, rationing of gasoline was a foolishness, all right for unfortunate Easterners who lived far from the oil fields, but not for themselves. In a little flurry reminiscent of Section days, hundreds of stubborn Oklahomans refused to register for rationing. They'd have no part of this war's woes. The Jeffers answer was that they would get no gas and no tires after Dec. 1.

That, of course, was the only answer. Drivers in the East long accustomed to scrambling about as best they could, considered that Westerners had been given too indulgent a respite anyhow. If any section needed rationing to save rubber and keep vehicles moving, all needed it. Any half-hearted attempt at rationing seemed like a monkey-wrench in the war program. But a Congressional bloc either didn't agree or didn't care. It pleaded for a stay of execution.

from on high. The President, speaking during the Summer, said he saw no reason why a citizen who lived next door to an oil well shouldn't have all the gas he needed. It took a long time to erase that remark, but in the end it was taken back.

Well Named

Poison and Insane Persons Make a Lethal Combination

"Mass murder," Governor Sprague of Oregon called it, and certainly it was both a massive and a murderous crime. It was the death of 47 inmates of the Oregon State Hospital for the Insane. It could have happened in North Carolina, for evidently the Oregon institution follows some of the practices which were found to prevail at the Morganton State Hospital.

Patients, which is to say persons of unsound minds, helped in the kitchen with the preparation of food. In a cellar beneath the kitchen was stored a barrel of roach powder containing a deadly poison. Somehow, in the cooking of eggs for dinner one day last week (the analogy falls down here; at Morganton the eggs would have been fried and molasses the roach powder got in, instead of egg powder, whether by mistake or on purpose it is not yet known. But, by accident or design, the results are the same: 47 of the patients died, and the responsibility for their deaths is laid firmly on the management of the hospital.

One of the unqualified recommendations of the Governor's special committee which investigated the State Hospital was that all food should be cooked and served by employees, and not by patients. But, beyond that, it should have been elementary precaution in an institution that used irresponsible patients for kitchen service to keep poisonous ingredients under lock and key.

Inspection

Chief Anderson Puts Police Department on Its Mettle

The Charlotte Police Department, it seems to us, stands to make the greatest gains from the program of self-inspection and improvement now underway at City Hall. Chief Walter Anderson was quick to evaluate his forces and determine what needed to be done. Henceforth, the Department's personnel will be judged by its Chief, and judged regularly on a basis of efficiency. In that respect, times have changed.

In the past police officers (and not Charlotte's alone) entered a sort of haven once they got into uniform. If they met requirements of the Civil Service Commission, they were in. And they were seldom disturbed unless guilty of misconduct unbefitting to an officer. The officers refused to register for rationing, not upon maintaining efficiency for the duration of service.

Chief Anderson seems to believe that there has been a disadvantage to the department and the proper enforcement of law and order, and we subscribe to that theory ourselves. Nothing can be so stifling to the progress of any organization as a system of immunity for its employees. If the efficiency or fitness of the individual is a forbidden subject, it soon becomes a matter of little importance.

Under the Anderson regime, it becomes apparent, officers must not only watch their step, but keep stepping. In the future, men of the department will be kept under constant observation, and if at any time they fail to come up to the Chief's standards, they are eligible for demotion or dismissal. That is the good start of which we approve. Once the body is efficient within itself, it may intelligently set about to accomplish the tasks which are forever awaiting it. This is the right track, the one opened up with the employment of Walter Anderson.

In crowded Washington, the Navy Department is to be housed in the Army's new building. Now for a general master of ceremonies to see to it that these boys meet.

An Ohioan contributes a tintype collection to the scrap metal drive — an excellent idea. Hardly a family album back in the home town that didn't

Send Me Men, And No More Boys.—NAPOLEON.

Balloon Barrage

By Herb Cook



Teacup Tempest

The South Just Talked

By Paul Mallon

FROM the galleries, the Senate filibuster appeared to some to be a great struggle over the voting rights of the Negro minority, but on the floor, where the participating Senators stood, it fell far short of that.

Many Senators recognized the maneuvering as politics, and little else. No more than 60-odd Senators were present and first class means about 30 were not sufficiently interested to attend the spectacle.

Even those who gave lip-service to Democratic Floor Leader Barkley's case against the poll tax restrictions of eight Southern states, knew in their hearts that probably not a single Negro in those states would ever vote as a result of this bill, if it passed.

They just supported Barkley without enthusiasm, mainly because certain Negro organizations in the North wanted the legislation, and therefore, it was a wise thing for them popularly to follow along.

In the first place, everyone knows the Southern states have other laws (the Texas primary law and other restrictions (educational qualifications) which can be used to keep Negroes away from the Democratic primaries more effectively than the \$1 or \$1.50 poll tax.

But even beyond those laws and restrictions, (which this bill did not propose to touch) the bill itself was a Federal directive against a state tax levied by State Legislatures, and therefore, undetermined, if not doubtful constitutional validity.

Senators could see, for this reason, that passage of the bill would just make another court case. Any state could rebel and sue. Thus the whole show was considerably less vital to Negro voting than the tumult and shouting may have led the casual news reader to believe.

This does not mean the Southern Democratic filibusters were not bitter and angry. Typically, Senator Mickellar called Barkley a "skunk" and meant it. Others professed to see the Democratic Party riding two horses going in opposite directions, with the obvious results of such a disaster unavoidable in the future.

The Southerners talked of getting a new party and a new Senate leader (one actually wanted to see the Republican Leader McNary, and the ground he represented true Democratic principles more adequately than Barkley).

The Southerners preferred the rumor that the only reason they were faced with this bill was

because Mr. Roosevelt had promised CIO's Phil Murray to bring it forward, and thus aid the CIO drive to organize Negro workers. They rejected the similarly unconfirmed rumor that Mr. Roosevelt was dismayed at the spectacle and was getting his best political mechanic, the economic stabilizer Jimmy Byrnes, to stabilize the riot in the Senate.

But there will be no new party and no new leader. No one really believed Barkley was doing anything but acting on orders. Furthermore, there were no important bills, not even a war bill, ready for the Senate consideration, except one about silver coins.

The time had been chosen for staging a contest which will certainly do no personal political harm to Northern Democrats in their large Negro-voting home communities, or, in fact, to the Southern Democrats in their white-voting home districts.

Party unity and working harmony, however, will no doubt suffer. Scars left by this fight will be added to scars raised on the same subject by other Administration acts, and no doubt will be reopened from time to time hereafter, until the Democratic Presidential nomination is made in 1944.

As for the real issue of Negro voting in the South, no solution appears imminent through any legislation. One of the eight states, Tennessee, is about to repeal its poll tax restrictions. Around the Senate, they are—whether true or not—that is because the Grump machine in Memphis is getting tired of paying the \$1 or \$1.50 for all the Negroes it votes each election day, and that it is exposing repeal as an economy measure to cut campaign expenditures.

In all the debate, it has become clear that Southern states are willing to repeal, but do not want the Federal Government assuming their power to do so.

A direct way in which Barkley and the Administration could have avoided this anti-states rights legislation, and the fight and filibuster, as well as the wait and pass a resolution "requesting" the State Legislatures to repeal the poll tax.

Such an expression of the sentiment of Congress would certainly have promoted repeal faster than the pending assumption of Federal power to do so, that pacetime method never occurred to anyone.

The whole spectacle adds a further weight to the suggestion that both white and Negro leadership of Negro problems be taken out of the hands of politicians and assumed by educators, social and economic leaders, who can get something constructive accomplished—perhaps even the dollar and the education for each Negro to permit him to vote.

about his family at home, and a little about his schooling.

—BOBBIE CROUCH.

Hickory. (Note: It was with such requests for the above mentioned story about young Hargrove was done for last Tuesday's News. A clipping will go forward to Miss Crouch.—Editors (The News).)

From the Baptists

Editors, The News: I wish to express to you the deep gratitude of the membership of Pritchard Memorial Church for the full coverage which you gave our meeting and devotion service. We feel that Mr. Austin did a splendid piece of work in the reports which he presented.

I assure you that the publicity which you gave us was most appreciated and has much to do with the success of the movement.

Yours fraternally, Wm. Harrison Williams, Pastor.

Charlotte.

Bible Thought

It is possible for the humblest to do the greatest things.

—LUCAS 10:42

Wake Up, Dreamers

The World Waits

By Raymond Clapper

WHEN I begin writing something about post-war affairs, I am a little apologetic. You feel as if you were passing over current events to do something at the end of the rainbow. No doubt many others feel the same way. That may account for our delay as people in getting at this question and in supporting Government officials and other leaders who want the more program made with it. We all feel that because the first thing is to win the war, it is in clearing hostilities to think about something connected with the end of the war.

Yet we are all wrong about that. So-called post-war planning isn't something that is cut apart from the war. It is part of the war.

It doesn't even wait for the end of the war. We have the question up now in North Africa, and will have it as fast as territory is liberated from the Axis.

What will the United Nations do about that? For the moment, we have had to take things out of the picture. General Eisenhower had to make his own political arrangements with French leaders in North Africa. It was necessary to do so to save time and lives and not talking about what General Eisenhower had to do at all.

It is about what must be done here on. Will our Army have to do also the job of governing North Africa? Must General Eisenhower and his staff take time out to deal with politics? Must he and his staff waste hours sitting in the endless discussions over civil administrative affairs?

For the moment, during the active phase of the campaign, the military must do it all. But as soon as possible the military should be free to concentrate on the military job, unencumbered by political and civilian administrative work.

The reconstruction task of the United Nations begins and grows with each mile of territory that is liberated. We have created no machinery for doing it. President Roosevelt has announced that we will feed, clothe and arm North Africa under Lend-Lease. But all the responsibility for setting up a new civil government? Or is that a task for the United Nations as a group? If Italy is kicked out of the war, who is to take the place of the Italian government? America, Britain, or the United Nations as a group?

Thus, the so-called post-war problems are not post-war at all but are closely linked with the progress of the war itself. It is hard to understand why the United Nations remain nothing but a name at this late date. The war has finished, and the problems involved. The expedient of leaving them to the American military and American Lend-Lease is not a good one. In this instance, but it cannot be relied on for the future as the Axis grows. The delay in creating machinery for the United Nations is becoming a case of dangerous neglect.

The best testimony on that is from Under Secretary of State Welles, a season diplomat who knows what the task involves. He said to the New York Herald-Tribune Forum the other day that nothing is more fatally dangerous than the common American fallacy that the formulation of an aspiration is equivalent to the hard-won realization of an objective. He cited the dismal failure of the Kellogg-Briand pact against war as a timely instance. We have voiced general aims in the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms. They are still aspirations on scraps of paper.

What Washington needs to do is to decide what it wants, and then negotiate with our allies and get an agreement on principles and methods—and then set up an executive committee of the United Nations and start to work. We have done that. We will get to dream. But you can hear the alarm clock ringing, and it says that it is time for the dreamers to go to work.

For All Men

Battle Prayers

Commander Louis Gulliver, USN, Retired

In The Christian Science Monitor

ARMY generals from Washington to Pershing, have prayed. Not only our American admirals (like Farragut) been praying men, but those in the forecastle. Nearly everyone remembers how, the month after Pearl Harbor, three naval aviation enlisted men were forced down in the South Pacific with nothing but a rubber life raft and a new-born belief that God's strength would sustain them if they asked Him for help. They drifted and prayed for 34 days. Their prayers were answered.

Admiral Farragut expressed himself to his wife thus: "It has pleased God to protect me thus far. I have been nothing more than an instrument in the hands of God, well supported by my officers and men. I am going to thank Him for His God is my leader as I hope He is and in Him I place my trust."

Farragut's well worn prayer book which he kept with him during all his naval campaigns has been preserved and is now in the Chapel of the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

Like Farragut, Nelson uttered his prayers on the eve of battle. Thus on Trafalgar's fighting was about to begin, Nelson on his knees on the deck of the Victory prayed:

"My great God whom I worship grant to my country a glorious victory and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it and may humanity after victory be predominant. I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessings alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend."

After that, Nelson composed the greatest naval signal ever hoisted in war or peace: "England expects every man to do his duty."

General Robert E. Lee, who bore the hopes of the Confederacy, was always absorbed in his religious beliefs. When his armies failed him once in 1862, he wrote his wife, "The Ruler of the Universe willed forever me, Austin in 1862: 'As soldiers we have sinned against Almighty God; we have relied too much on our own armies. God is our only refuge and our strength. God is the Giver of victory. Ours will ought to be His. I am convinced that His design should be accepted.'

No general in history prayed so fervently and often as Stonewall Jackson. "On Him, I rely," said Jackson, "we are sustained by Divine Providence. The text of one of his is: 'Gods will be done.'"

Jackson prayed while in camp, and when under fire, for Divine help to do his duty. Jackson saw the "visible finger of God," he said, in every incident of life.

Side Glances

