THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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● W. C. Dowd, 1863-1927. ●

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1942

The Champ

All the Hopefuls Fear To Enter the Ring With Him

The unctious phrase of politicians seeking election to some paying job is that they "offer" themselves to the voters or "submit" themselves for consideration. Then they rush out and work like—er—the mischief to get the place by hook or crook.

Solicitor John Carpenter, however, is an exception. He doesn't bother even to "offer" or "submit." He simply pays his running fee, bestows his florid handshaker around a little more plentifully than usual, awaits the day and is elected without a contest. He doesn't even have to "stand on his record," which is perhaps as well.

The conviction among those in the political know is that Mr. Carpenter can't be beaten. He is, personally, an agreeable gentleman. In his long service as Solicitor of this district the persons for whom he has done favors make up, together with their families and friends, a considerable portion of the population of the district's two counties. Lawyers hesitate to work against him openly. The unwritten rule that the Superior Court judge shall come from one county, the solicitor from the other, is in his favor, and while he might be beaten in Mecklenburg, Gaston probably would rally to the defense of the native.

The sum of it is that, regularly every fourth year, Solicitor Carpenter, in default of opposition, is re-elected to one of the best paying jobs within the State's disposal. As a result, Mecklenburg and Gaston Superior Courts are hopelessly bogged down in inefficiency.

Eloquence

Mr. Grooms' Philosophy Is Needed in Many Places

In every business office, in every labor union headquarters, in every red-tape jungle of Washington there should be displayed a large poster imprinted with the only public statement ever made by Charles M. Grooms.

Never heard of him? Well, he's the Charleston, S. C., shipyard worker who had one of his index fingers lopped off the other day. Instead of yelling bloody murder and insisting on a couple of weeks off, Mr. Grooms grabbed hold of the nub, dropped into the nurse's office just long enough to have it bandaged, and straightway went back to work.

It was shortly thereafter, in answer to a reporter's question, that Mr. Grooms made this statement:

"Those Japs don't take time out when they're hurt and neither do our men on the battlefield. Why should we shipbuilders stop, as badly as our Navy needs ships?"

That is not a long speech, but it is an eloquent one. We hope against hope that it will be noticed in the right places.

Planes A-Plenty

The Japs Had 'Em, but Us Folks Didn't Know It

Glancing over the front page we note that the Japs are reported to have carried out "mass air attacks" on (1) Singapore, (2) Rangoon, in Burma, and (3) Soerabaja, the Dutch Indies naval base. The Soerabaja raid was made by 70 or 80 heavy bombers with "heavy fighter escorts." The Singapore and Rangoon attacks were made with correspondingly large numbers of planes.

Further, there are indications that great numbers of planes were based on the Marshall and Gilbert Islands which the Navy blasted some time ago. It seems reasonable to assume, likewise, that considerable numbers of Jap planes must still be operating against MacArthur in the Philippines and against Chiang Kai-Shek's armies in China. And unless the Japs are surprisingly foolhardy, the Manchukuoan air fields facing Siberia and the defense dromes in Japan proper have not been stripped entirely of planes.

Well, then, how many planes have the Japs, anyway? The answer seems to be that they have enough—enough to give them air superiority over every one of their immediate objectives. Enough and to spare. Which in turn suggests another question: How was it that Japan could keep the size of her air power a dead secret from the people of this country? Perhaps our own Government didn't know that Japan had so many planes. If it didn't know, it certainly was its business to find out. If Washington did have some accurate estimate of Jap air power, why weren't the people informed? The public might have succeeded in pressuring the auto industry into conversion before last Monday. If it had been fully apprised of the situation, the public could have blamed only itself. As it was, up until the day of the attack on Pearl Harbor, high Government officials were publicly discounting the Jap air force as something we could handle without any trouble.

Clearly, what we need as much as planes is a better system of military intelligence. And we mean *intelligence.*

Antidote

For Talmadge Racial Bigotry, a Dose of Mutual Understanding

Blowing, as he does, his testy breath against the coals of racial bigotry and intolerance, Governor Eugene Talmadge all but obscures the intelligent, constructive, educational work being done in Georgia to solve the Negro "problem." Yet, only a few blocks from Gene's headquarters in Atlanta, the work goes on. As evidence of the progress of the Conference on Education and Race Relations, we have its latest pamphlet, *Twelve Million Negro Americans.* Every Southerner should have a copy.

Here are documented facts on the American Negro's rise from slavery to citizenship—his race to catch up with civilization.

Negroes owned 12,000 homes in 1865; by 1930 they owned 760,000. Now they own 181,000 farms and operate 882,000. This aggregate wealth is estimated at $2,000,000,000. They run 25,000 retail stores, 1,500 factories, 23 banks, 44 insurance companies, 300 newspapers and magazines. There are 1,200 Negro lawyers, 3,860 physicians, 1,700 dentists, 5,500 trained nurses, 4,000 actors, 10,000 musicians, 56,000 teachers. And 50 per cent of all Negroes over 10 years of age are gainfully employed. For native whites the figure is 47 per cent.

Ninety-five per cent of the Negro population was illiterate in 1865. Now less than 15 per cent cannot read and write. And 45,000 Negroes are in college.

These figures are not "radical;" they were collected by a group of men who are contributing to a solution of the Negro problem by the exercise of intelligence rather than animosity.

No Rout

It's Too Soon To Rejoice At the News From Russia

What President Kalinin of Russia said about driving the Germans out of his country in the near, if not immediate, future, should be tagged as intended primarily for home consumption. The Russians have had it hot and heavy for more than eight months. They need all the encouragement their leaders can give them.

Unfortunately, now that the front in Russia is the only favorable one left, some of us over here may take President Kalinin too literally.

It seems certain now that the Germans have been forced to retreat great distances from the high-water mark of their invasion. It is undoubtedly true that they have suffered terrific casualties. The tide of battle is still going in favor of the Russians.

On the other hand there has been no German rout. If there had been, we should read from time to time of large numbers of Germans taken prisoner. The Russians have not claimed the capture of many enemy troops. The German withdrawals have been orderly and, despite apparently large losses of equipment, they have always been able to turn and make a new stand. When Hitler says that Russia has paid heavily in men for ground regained, he probably is right.

Furthermore, the Germans do hold key points for a resumption of their drive in the Spring. Fighting is still going on around Orel—close enough for a quick blow at the capital. Hitler holds the Crimea—still the gateway to the Caucasus oil fields. He holds the entire north coast of the Black Sea from Taganrog westward.

Russia is not yet saved, nor Hitler beaten there. Until we have more facts to go on, it will be dangerous for us to fall into the habit of thinking so.

According to all accounts, including the German, hell hath no fury like that of the Russian who has been slightly annihilated.

We used to wonder if the characters who inhabit the Broadway gossip columns were that important—and that was before the war.

Always Defense

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON

THE Churchill doctrine that the United nations must spread our forces thinly and defensively around the world trying to cover every rat hole from Sumatra around to Bengasi and back again for another year, has been accepted without challenge as the controlling war policy. The idea is that we must let the enemy choose the striking points—and we must take defeats—until we are able to muster a superior striking force for a vast retaliation.

This theory is being accepted here not without growing irritation and questioning. It is being recalled that Britain has had an army of upwards of 3,500,000 sitting on its guns, doing nothing at home a year and a half since Dunkirk. This army has been practically immobilized from the whole war by Hitler's continuing threat of invasion, while insufficient forces of the British army are being defeated where and when the enemy chose to fight in Libya and Malaya.

DISSIPATING AN ARMY FOR DEFENSE

We have an army, which has passed the two million mark on its way to 6,000,000 and we have begun by sending small units to Iceland, Greenland, Northern Ireland, Trinidad, bombers or airmen to Burma and the Dutch East Indies—always defensively.

Thus the Axis is running the war its way. It well knows that as long as we continue in the British defensive manner, it will be able to choose the point at which to strike, the time to strike, shifting its spread-out forces around on interior lines swiftly from point to point, always able to bring superior forces to bear at the attacking point.

Thus Britain prepared only enough force in Libya to drive Rommel back in December. As the necessity to defending Malaya arose, Libya was weakened. Singapore was reinforced (in time?), but Rommel got reinforcements and immediately drove the British back in Libya. Trying to cover India, Syria, the Caucasus, Malaya, Burma, Dutch East Indies, Australia, Britain covered nothing sufficiently. She was set back on all fronts.

WHY NOT SEEK SUPERIORITY IN ONE PLACE?

Would it not be better if Britain sought superiority in one place, kept it and used it? Even if she feels insufficiently strong to invade the continent with her upwards of 3,500,000 home army (although Hitler's army is pre-occupied in Russia and spread thin all over Europe) could she not concentrate in superiority, say in Libya, and push it to the fullest? Sweeping on to Tripoli she could threaten first and then strike weakened Italy. Would that not remove any threat of invasion at home?

General MacArthur and the Russians have been winning on the theory that the way to break up an attack at a point of the enemy's choosing is to choose one of your own and hit him back as hard as possible. They follow the old military adage that the best defense is a good offense. They keep counter-attacking even in retreat.

This country has not been in the war as long as Britain. We are expected to have much of a striking force yet. But the point, for us now, is:

Are we thinking offensively, or are we falling into British error? Are we starting off trying to cover too many rat holes or getting ready to cut out some of our own?

About Jimison Series:

Take Out Politics

Fayetteville Observer

Rev. Tom P. Jimison, colorful barrister-preacher of North Carolina's teeming Piedmont, is writing an interesting series of articles regarding his experiences while an inmate of the State Hospital for the Insane at Morganton.

The articles must be taken with a pinch of salt but they are convincing enough. It is to be hoped they will serve to focus attention on the treatment of the insane in North Carolina and by focusing attention to bring about changes for the better.

An insane person is a sick person and not a criminal. He should be treated as a patient instead of a prisoner. At the same time patients with criminal tendencies or those who have been able to wangle a verdict of insanity out of a jury should be kept segregated strictly from the other patients.

There is also need in North Carolina for separate institutions for the treatment of alcoholics.

Above all else there is a need for taking politics out of the management of the institutions we have set up for the treatment of the mentally sick, for when politics comes in the door efficiency flies out of the window.

The Dangers Of Doodling

Collier's

SCOTT FIELD, Illinois—At least one private here has been cured of doodling. During a lull in his radio-transmitting class our man absent-mindedly wrote on the wooden desk top his Army serial number and the phone number of a nice dish in Belleville. When the class was dismissed the sergeant in charge took a gander at the inscriptions and called the gal. He got his date, all right, but it couldn't have been so hot, because the next day the noncom traced the doodler through his serial number and gave him a lancy dressing down "for defacing Government property."

Wastepaper Collection in the Philippines

—By Herblock

About Morganton

Conditions In Ward "R"

Editors, THE NEWS:

I thank God that a man at last has the nerve to write the truth about the so-called State Hospital at Morganton.

In the Fall of 1940, for a needed mental rest, I entered what I thought was a hospital operated by our grand old State. Standing at the office window with my sister and a nephew, who accompanied me to the institution, I saw my nice clothes taken out of my suitcase and stuffed pell-mell into a basket to be taken I knew not where. It was too late then to ask any questions. Not until the big inner door of the detention ward clicked behind me did I realize I was in an insane asylum. In a short while I was taken into the bathroom for a once over and bath. Here I got my first fright. I had a rose pinned on the lapel of my coat. A crazy fellow, though harmless, as most of them are, came savaging up to me. He wanted the rose. Someone took him out of the room. Oh, I was so sick. I realized where I was and my folks had gone. The young man assured me that no one would harm me. I took a bath and by the time Dr. McKee was through with my physical examination my clothing had been marked and returned.

BAD NO APPETITE FOR KIND OF FOOD SERVED

I was passed into the detention ward or "hell pen" where all patients are detained until placed in a ward best suited for their treatment. I had no appetite for the kind of food served. Mr. Jimison has told you about that in no uncertain terms. It certainly was no place for a sick man.

It was several days before I was permitted to talk to a doctor. I got along very nicely with all the fellows. I could tell some interesting stories of fellows who had committed the unpardonable sin act. I was there to try and get well and said very little about myself to others. After a week or more I told Dr. McKee I could not improve under the conditions in that ward. He said he would move me, so he did. I was assigned a nice room across the hall from where our good friend and brother, Tom Jimison, had a room. Here I was permitted to go in and out at will. I enjoyed the big open back yard. I watched the boys pitch horseshoes and could go into the kitchen, paint and repair shop. I got a bath and shave twice a week and was improving some, I think. I was asked to help mark the clothing of patients coming in but I did not feel strong enough as yet for that kind of work. I often went to the commissary to chat with my friend, Tom Jimison, and Chef Stewart Andrew Smith, whose good father was once my pastor.

LOCKED IN WITH DISEASE AND FILTH

After a week of this freedom I felt better and was in the marking room busy at work when all of a sudden I was told to get ready. I was being moved to another ward—"R"—. I knew this was a closed ward and away from my friends. This was another hard blow for me. I was locked in the ward for several days. Things were bad enough where I had left but Ward "R" was filthy. The food was prepared for hogs. At night about twenty of us were locked in a basement cell with cement floor, cold as ice. Not a rug on the floor. Single beds and no place for our clothing except on the floor. I lay there the first night and I asked God, "What have I done that I have to be put in a place like this?" I could not go to sleep at all. Many of the fellows were diseased, and I, being nervous, was very much disturbed. I beat on the door and the night attendant—a very self-satisfied fellow—I told him that I could not even rest, let alone sleep down there, and please let me go up and sleep on a chair. He slammed the door in my face. I did very little sleeping while there. In a few days I got to see Dr. Garrard, a prince of a fellow, I told him of my plight. He told the day attendant to let me out whenever I wanted out. I stayed out most of the day. In this ward I had no place to lie down and rest. I would go into a certain patient's room and listen to his radio and would lie down on his cot for a while. For no reason given, I was told to stay out of his room. My clothing was locked in the store room and no one seemed ready to let me get anything out.

On my rounds outside I would pass the jail. Of course I could see only a very few of the poor fellows in there. I recall one young fellow who would beg for an old paper or magazine, craving for something to read.

WANTS TO FACE THOSE WHO "MISTREATED" HIM

I thank God I got away. Dr. Garrard did all he could for me, but Dr. McKee ought to have known better than to send me to a ward like "R." I wrote to him and he never once came near.

I have wanted to say something for the poor fellows and when I read Jimison's articles I promised to do something for them. I would love to go to the institution with my good friend, Mr. Luther Snyder, or anyone in authority.

I am now well and strong and can face the scoundrels who mistreated me when I was sick and tell them in plain English just what they ARE. This is only a peep through the key hole.

I want to thank The Charlotte News for its open forum where the truth and facts known only by a few can now be known by all our people. I hope something will be done at once to remedy the situation at the State Hospital at Morganton.

—LUTHER B. VANDELL.
1048 E. Seventh Street,
Charlotte, N. C.

"It's Not What You Want It's What You Get"

Editors, THE NEWS:

I have been reading Mr. Jimison's letters about his stay in the Morganton Hospital and I thought that you might like to know something about my stay up there. I was born and raised in Marlboro County near Bennettsville, S. C., was raised by a good father and mother. When I was only a boy my father died and left poor Mother with three little girls and three little boys and no insurance at all, the eldest only fourteen years. We sure had it tough and scant, but Mother prayed and worked and we and my brothers worked and the good Lord holpt her to see all of her children grown and married and getting on well.

Me and my brother that is living now went to work in the cotton mill with scarcely any learning. The bosses in the mill saw that we had the go-tra (?) in us, and to make a long story short I went as far ahead as the finishing room and Brother Ben went to superintendent and now is the same in Virginia.

I left Bennettsville and moved to the Erlanger Mill at Lexington, N. C. The doctor found my blood pressure at 238 and told me to go home and sit still. But I went on and worked until I could not do my part in the mill. My nerves were awful bad and I worried too much, for I had been working ever since my father died.

Some of my people suffered to take me to the Morganton Hospital. When we arrived there Dr. Terry and I went in at the front door and there sat Dr. Watson. The doctor asked me to name some of the books in the New Testament, and I did it. I used to be a deacon and superintendent in the church. So the next place I landed was in the bath tub.

The boy or man that washed me sure gave me a rough and tough scrub. He took my clothes and dressed me in an old yellow shirt and pair of trousers. If I had been insane I never would have known whether I was going or coming, for they never lion up there.

The next joint I hit was in the Dr. Pen (?) that made me get as hale as I was when I first saw daylight. He looked me over and felt me over and took my height and number as they do in other pens for criminals, though I was no convict. So I was dressed and by that time it was dinner time, and the next tough and bad place I landed was in the dining room.

Well, I was pushed down in a chair and as I looked on the boarders and grub I did not pass my opinion. But I thought a mouthful. I peeped at my plate and there was a quart of pinto beans. They had been pressed into patties, for they sure was good dried.

No soup at all, I says; I don't love pinto beans. One old guy says it's not what you want here, it's what you get, and I went as it scared. Then I was carried down in the ward and I wish you could of seen my eyes when I hit that mob sitting around looking at me.

Well, I thought I was at the last place till I went in my hole in the ground. I stayed there about eight years and was carried down to the sick ward and put to bed and there I did suffer. I don't know how I stood the cold. Almost froze. Not a bit of steam in the heaters. I wish I could tell the world how we were treated there and what we had to suffer. I would not misconstrue the pen if I knew it, they shaved me one time the nine years I was there.

One old guy ran after me on the sick ward. I fell down, skint my knee. The tenant attendants came and looked at it, cussed and went on. I have heard men say they had rather be in the poor house and the penitentiary.

When I left there I was hauled off in an ambulance on a cot. I never had a chance to go to church while I was there. I told those in charge of the rulers of it knew what we had to put up with.

—J. O. SPEARS.

Route 2, Box 4,
Cheraw, S. C.

Senator Soaper Says:

The dandelion as a substitute for the rubber tree is not exactly what we had figured on. We were looking for a substitute for the dandelion.

Heretofore we have got wars underway in April. If we have something especially droll in store for the Jap, April 1 would be the day for it.

King George and Queen Elizabeth are to quit Buckingham Palace for a modest flat in London's West End. Now to make a rap on the steam pipe sound like a royal command.

Bad State Of Mind

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON.

PEARL HARBOR woke up many people but it doesn't seem to have changed Jesse Jones. In the face of unpleasant facts he remains an incorrigible optimist.

Secretary Jones blandly predicts to a Congressional committee that we will get all the rubber we need from the Far East by the end of 1943. He doesn't think the Japanese can keep us out.

That kind of optimism can only do harm. It is one thing to have confidence in ultimate victory. But it is dangerous to underestimate the task of winning that victory.

To strive to knock the Japanese out by the end of 1943 is one thing. But to base our supply arrangements on the assumption that it will happen is taking an unwarranted risk. We have only a dribble of synthetic rubber in sight now because for months before Pearl Harbor Secretary Jones didn't think the Japanese would start a war and he allowed the synthetic rubber program to slide with only the most indifferent attention.

Winning back the Far East is the hardest job we ever undertook.

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE CHINA AS ALLY

Right now the Administration is making a frantic effort to get through Congress a $500,000,000 loan for China. London is shelling out another $200,000,000. For military supplies? No. To help the Chinese fight "inflation," it is said. To help Chinese morale, is a more direct way to put it. We simply can't afford to let China drop out of the war. Undoubtedly Japan would like to make peace in China. Undoubtedly Japan is conducting a shrewd propaganda campaign to that end in China.

The battle is going against the United Nations all around. We cannot view with any optimism whatever the position of General MacArthur in the Philippines. Singapore is in grave danger. The footholds of the occidental nations in the Far East are being shaken and it is but natural that the Japanese will attempt to wring the full propaganda value out of that situation.

After the Japanese advance is checked we must face a long hard struggle to drive them back to their home base. Nobody who is informed about the military task views it as an easy one or a short one.

WE MUST ASSUME THE WORST AND PREPARE FOR IT

Maybe we shall come out better than that. But in planning supplies essential for war purposes, we cannot base our estimates on a mere hope that things will turn out better. We must assume the worst and be prepared for it. The trouble at Pearl Harbor was that no one assumed the worst would happen.

We cannot count on the Japanese handing over the rubber plantations intact by the end of next year. We must proceed now as if we never expected to get them again.

If everybody took the attitude which Jesse Jones is encouraging, we would overnight fall back into the sickness which existed before Pearl Harbor. It is not safe for anyone to assume that he can drive his car as much as he likes and count on getting new tires at the end of next year. If the country gets into that state of mind our whole war effort will bog down. To produce the war goods required, we must press and drive and sacrifice ruthlessly. Nothing short of that will give us what the fighting forces must have.

A STATE OF MIND THAT CAN MEAN DISASTER

This job cannot be done with labor insisting on double time for Sunday, welders striking in a row about union dues, industrialists insisting on abnormal profits, or cotton Senators trying to sabotage the effort to hold farm prices in balance. These are all expressions of the Pearl Harbor state of mind that Jesse Jones seems to share.

That state of mind came near to being the death of Britain. It was the death of France. Our existence as a first-rate nation is at stake literally. We cannot lose this war and remain a first-rate nation. This thing is serious and it is about time we all took it so.

Visitin' Around

Expansion

(Oak Grove Item, Lexington Dispatch)

Mrs. Nella Jones of Hiview Farm, is enlarging her cow ranch. Last week her large Guernsey cow gave birth to two fine calves.

Kind of Like To See Jewel In a New Setting, Wouldn't You, Shelby?

(Indy Item, Shelby News & Press)

Shelby Hilton of Kannapolis, made a call on Jewel Whitley Sunday evening.