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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1942

Where He With The Wise Man Is At Home.—RALPH EMERSON

# Phillman's Next Job

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON  
RESIGNATION of Sidney Hillman, head of the War Relocation Authority, has been conveniently multiplied by the War Relocation Authority. The pile of papers that he has left behind him is rather high and you could lose nearly anything you had a mind to.

A notion is prevalent around WPA that before it found Mr. Hillman will be offered a more prominent job. Present enough to make every-one, including Mr. Hillman, forget everything, is the directorship of the new man-power mobilization (draft-for-industry) campaign, if Mr. Roosevelt wants to go that high.

If he does, all available Army stretchers will have to be mobilized first aid stations. They are already slumped in a "draft-for-industry" and only the stout-hearted are likely to survive the appointment of a labor leader to that post, where he could shift around their personnel.

SOME OTHER ELEVATION IS MORE LIKELY  
More than likely Mr. Hillman will get some less controversial elevation.

His office started to issue an official denial when first reports that he had offered his resignation came out, but only unofficial repudiations of the suggestion were made. Unpublished resignations are often forgotten, though, in Government, if satisfactory arrangements are concluded.

Bulwark of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign to curb anti-labor legislation in Congress was Senator Elbert Thomas, of Utah, the ex-professor, who is the self-effacing co-moderator of FDR's labor-management conference.

As chairman of the Senate Labor Committee, Thomas has acted out his role of bulwark unflinchingly against any legislation which labor is opposed. He stifled the Smith anti-strike bill passed by the House, and he is on the committee that did report out a mild bill recommending labor conciliation, but Mr. Roosevelt's "no-strike" agreement came then and prevented the bill from going further.

MAINTENANCE OF 40-HOUR WEEK SEEMS ASSURED  
The "no-strike" agreement, including arbitration, as a charter calling by implication for maintenance of the 40-hour base pay week. It was not mentioned publicly at the time of the agreement, but it is a subject which labor has an assurance that early from FDR that he was opposed to any limitation of the work week.

Against these and all associated bulwarks, the general opinion in the Congressional cloakroom is that no change can be made in the 40-hour base pay without the approval of the Administration and labor—which cannot be obtained.

It is true Speaker Sam Rayburn, in his 40-hour week, after having criticized the campaign against labor, at the time of the Administration. His personal expression for a long time followed a large mass meeting in Texas.

ARMY WILL USE SILVER KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS  
This Army is going to eat with silver knives, forks and spoons.

The announcement seemed to have a slight touch of irony in it when it was said there was no shortage of silver.

Thus, at last, is some practical progress being made. The silver Mr. Morgenthau has been amassing for the Treasury (by direct of Congress) these past few years.

Now if the dental division of the Army will only decide to use the silver that is hoarded at Fort Knox to fill teeth, a practical war value will be established for the second precious metal in which we have no shortage.

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT  
If we try to keep all, we lose all: Thou shalt not delay to offer of thy harvest, and of the first of thy presses.—Ezekiel 22:29

# "We Aryan Moslems Have To Stick Together"

—By Herblock



# Letters to the Editors: A Legislator Pledges Support

Editors, The News:

I acknowledge receipt of the Jimson and anonymous articles relating to the State Hospital at Morganton, North Carolina, and thank you for the same. You have done a highly commendable thing in bringing these matters to the attention of the public in all of our state charitable institutions by printing these articles in The News and by the persistent follow-up of publicity incident to the investigation now in progress. More power to your pen!

The conditions evidently prevalent at Morganton, and by reasonable inference, to some degree at other and similar institutions deserve the pitiless white light of publicity which only the newspapers are able to throw upon them. The conditions of North Carolina, which have been brought to light, are a disgrace to the State's charitable institutions both in the Committee on Appropriations and on the floor of the House and felt angered and ashamed at the provision made in the appropriation bill for each of the bienniums for these institutions.

A Superior Court Judge was quoted by your paper some time ago when this news was breaking to the effect that Morganton did not have an active branch of the National Association to promote its interest before the Appropriations Committee and the Assembly. He spoke a mouthful.

Do you recall the week-end "rump session" in 1939 when members of the House and Senate, believing that the Appropriations Bill was settled and fixed, only to learn to their dismay upon return on Monday night that all was changed and reappointed, primarily at the expense of the charitable and correctional institutions?

I do; and I remember the hot debate and resentment of the membership that followed. The attitude of the makers of the budget which is submitted to the Assembly at its biennial session heretofore has been: "They will get along with the budget recommendations; they always have." At last session, the appropriations for such institutions were pared in a committee appointed for the purpose, and at the gain of educational institutions.

Do not get the idea that I am opposed to higher education. I believe in all of that, that can be paid for, without robbing the unfortunate inmates of our institutions for the insane and similar worthy causes. But, I am so old-fashioned and behind-the-times in my thinking that I do not apprehend that we can achieve insanity by means of higher education. To my mind, our unfortunate inmates have the first call upon the State's bounty. An old friend of mine was wont to refer to the insane as "God's queer people."

They should be treated as patients, sympathetically, humanely, and intelligently, as patients—not as enemies of society and prisoners, as such. I dare say that not a member of the last Assembly who was enough interested in the subject to give the appropriations bill any study, but realized that the provisions made for the insane were pitifully inadequate. But prior Legislatures had not done anything about the situation, and public opinion was not sufficiently awakened to make its influence felt.

So, keep up your good work in this matter and give the powers that be no rest until something better is done. Only through the power of the press can this be accomplished. I do not agree with all of your views but I respect and read them as reflections in The News. If I be returned to the Assembly in 1943, it is my purpose to try to effectuate the desires of North Carolina as I

now believe them to be and make proper provision for our charitable institutions.

—O. L. RICHARDSON, Monroe.

# A South Carolinian Prefers The News

Editors, The News:  
Will you please send me details as to how to have your paper, The Charlotte News, sent by mail to New York? Are the subscription rates the same to have the paper sent that distance, or is there any extra charge? Please state the subscription rates of having the paper sent each day for three months.

I wish to have the paper sent by my brother, Marion L. Adair, who is now working in New York City. You might be interested to know that he was once a Charlotte News receiving the paper as a matter of course. But that isn't the sole reason for our preference for your paper. The paper stands up on its own merit.

When Marion was home about a month ago and for the first time since he went to work there, mother asked him if he would like us to have the local paper sent to him. Not a bit bashful about stating his preference, he answered, "You can send me The Charlotte News if you want to." And we want to, very much! If he gets The Charlotte News every day, it will even better than getting a long letter from home every day! Perhaps it will keep him from getting homesick, too, who knows!

We've never lived in Charlotte, but we like The Friendly City! But I didn't mean this to be a social letter! Just send me the information about rates and all, and we will send a money order and the address to which we would like the paper sent. Want him to start getting the paper as a matter of course? Don't want him to miss any more editions than is necessary.

Thank you very much.  
(MISS) LELLA ADAIR, Converse, S. C.

# America Must Humble Herself

Editors The News:  
Getting down to the finer, more satisfying things of life, the friendly greeting, the hand clasp, the elbow clasp, these are the things that make life so interesting and can prove a tremendous stimulus in creating, building, and maintaining the relationship and satisfaction needed especially at this time.

Let us think and feel that if they get off their high points of eminence and brush away the cobwebs of self complacency and remove from their minds the delusion of self-righteous importance and cast their egotistic pompousness, and their attitude towards what they may term "the ordinary folk," that class of cosmopolitan "meat and body" human beings, to which class belong their employees, such a show of interest will debate the tear-alike-there-is-a-certain vain-glitterousness or prestige. America must humble itself and get down to the Golden Rule. The smile, the handshake, the greeting, the elbow touch is the thing that makes us want to gain and hold friends, worthwhile, in this busy, run-a-day, complex, scrambling, tear-alike-there-is-a-certain vain-glitterousness or prestige. America must humble itself and get down to the Golden Rule. The smile, the handshake, the greeting, the elbow touch is the thing that makes us want to gain and hold friends, worthwhile, in this busy, run-a-day, complex, scrambling, tear-alike-there-is-a-certain vain-glitterousness or prestige. America must humble itself and get down to the Golden Rule. The smile, the handshake, the greeting, the elbow touch is the thing that makes us want to gain and hold friends, worthwhile, in this busy, run-a-day, complex, scrambling, tear-alike-there-is-a-certain vain-glitterousness or prestige.

There must be something going on in the world that we don't know about, Mom, that keeping your tourist customers away! —THOMAS H. COKER, Hartsville, S. C.

# Nehru's Pacifism

By Raymond Clapper

ALLAHABAD, INDIA  
BECAUSE any shift of power in India will find a great deal of it lodged in Nehru, leader of the Congress Party, 2 or 3 years ago through a political revolution, he is the man to visit him at his home in this ancient city on the Ganges.

Around him, rather than Gandhi, will center the spotlight of active leadership. Gandhi is more the saint of independence, while Nehru is on the firing line, directing the Congress Party headquarters. He bowed here, Nehru's holy day, to his door to his present mansion.

ANCIENT CITY IS CONTRASTED WITH NEW  
The contrast between Allahabad, seat of political leadership of the Indians, and so New Delhi, seat of the British Government of India, is striking. New Delhi is a modern city, laid out during the last quarter century as a seat of government. The buildings are built of modern stone, with a few old buildings, but no more than a village. It was built on bare desert, but now flowers line the parks and driveways to the large, grand homes of officials.

Allahabad, the ancient city, looks ancient even today. It has been losing population as a result of moving the provincial capital away, from Nehru made this the center of Independence agitation. His house, on a hill near the Ganges, is on a spot sacred in Indian mythology. So pilgrimages are made here, not only to see Nehru, but to see the sacred place.

# NEHRU'S FAMILY PREPARE MARRIAGE FEAST

Found Nehru at his home, which was filled with busy women, preparing for the marriage of his daughter, Indira, the next day. Huge canopies were set over the courtyard. Large cooking pits had been dug in preparation for entertaining 600 guests. The name, named, named, is no relation to the Mahatma. A religious complication was settled by the Hindu ceremony of the bride.

Nehru came into the room—a thin man of medium height, bald with gray hair on the sides, a youthful face of sharp, regular features. A quick smile lit up his expressive face. His movements are quick, nervous. After a glance around at his women-folk, he said, "Let's get out of here where we can be quiet."

In talking with Nehru, New Delhi seemed even farther away. The British completed their new capital after the first World War, to recover this power. Unquestionably that power is passionately wanted, but Nehru and others have been so absorbed in the struggle to get it, I doubt if they are organized to exercise it.

I sensed that throughout Nehru's discussion, for he continually came back to the excuse that Britain could not permit India to do the things necessary to prepare for self-government. When I cited the quick development of Russia as an industrial nation, Nehru said: "But you must remember that another revolution preceded the Russian revolution, and we are prepared the way. Sometimes I wonder, too, whether Russia has not paid too high a price, for she has devoted herself mainly to building armaments."

# NEHRU SEEMS TO LEAN TOWARD PACIFISM

While Russia has been an inspiration to the Indian Independence movement, there is doubt that Nehru is as exactly in mind as a pattern. Although he is a Socialist, he leans to the Pacific side.

"Only four or five nations find it worth while to arm—unless you can arm to same strength as they, then your arms will be no avail," he says. "Defense preparations did not save Czechoslovakia and all her armament effort was wasted."

# Visitin' Around

What's Concerned Got That Oklahoma Rite 1 Ain't! (Oklahoma Rite 1 Item, Concord Tribune)

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Morgan and family have moved to Concord.

Heather and Son, So To Speak (North Wilkesboro Hustler)

Much lumber is being hauled in and also being hauled out from N. Wilkesboro, going southward through Wilkesboro.

# "Old Buck"

A Four-Stacker Former U. S. Destroyer Goes to Glory

It was by accident that "Old Buck" ever got to fight in this war. Thrown together in feverish haste to ferret out the Kaiser's U-boats, the old four-stackers had begun to show her age long before the word came of her coming with a *Reichsfuhrer*. The tramp German boats in the Rhine, the thunder of *Anschluss*, echoed against her barnacled sides as she lay in an American harbor, lashed beam-to-beam with other destroyers called, humiliated, "brown ships."

She had all but felt the breath of the warship's torch when there came a second call to arms. There were new perils in the Atlantic.

There was a job to be done and the USS *Buchanan* became an item in the first official bundle for Britain. They christened her name to His Majesty's Ship *Crescent*, but to her crew she was still "Old Buck." They nursed her along with the respect owing to a faithful old salt. She battered her nose in the North Sea and pitched ailing ashore into the Atlantic. But destiny was saving her for a special sort of glory.

It came one night last week when they loaded her with ten thousand pounds of high explosive and steered her straight into the most active U-boat nest on the French coast—St. Lazaire. It was to be a one-way trip for "Old Buck." If she could reach the harbor dry-dock locks, many a mother would go by German submarines would use St. Lazaire.

It was a grand entrance "Old Buck" made. On both sides of the harbor mouth, German anti-aircraft batteries and machine guns sent streams of fire and shrapnel over the harbor and through this great Gothic arch steamed "Old Buck," her every gun firing at top speed. Two great searchlights reached out their fingers and touched her. Shore batteries opened up full force. The West anti-aircraft guns in the harbor tried to stop her and was left blazing astern. "Old Buck" was singing it out.

There were the dock gates—full speed ahead!—and "Old Buck" piled into them. A mighty groan, her momentum carried her halfway through the steel and concrete barrier before she stopped. There was a sheet of flame and jaw-larling concussion. "Old Buck," the over-age castoff, had shown "the deck new destroyers how to die."

# "Oh, Say . . ."

Charlotte Needs Practice in "The Star-Spangled Banner"

The measure of respect Americans hold for their national anthem is shown only by their dread of having to sing it. The public school children gained currency that the average citizen is incapable of reaching the high notes that come somewhere around the rocket's red glare. Their misgivings are constantly being confirmed by musicians, largely of the public-school variety, who write articles about how the tune ought to be changed.

At any rate, the result has been a wholesale falling back on "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Now, we have nothing to sing but the American, a pretty good song. But it is not the national anthem.

Yet, a visitor to Charlotte's civic and luncheon clubs would almost think it was. The old familiar routine has become a sort of ritual. The song would be hard for presiding officers to keep from saying: "Let's sing one verse of America and remain standing while Dr. So-and-So returns thanks."

There is one notable and happy exception. At three weeks ago, the Charlotte Rotary Club began opening its meetings with *The Star-Spangled Banner*. And it can be reported that after a fair trial period the anthem was actually sung by amateurs and sung well. No doubt if the Rotary Club as a whole is pleased with any special musical talent. In fact, there is room for improvement in the Rotary. But the fact is we are singing the national anthem every week and without apparent harm to their vocal chords or any other part of the body.

The song can get away with it, and the fact is, can't the rest of the world? At last night's community sing, the national anthem was sung in a very quiet and unobtrusive manner. It would be well to know, can't the rest of the world? At last night's community sing, the national anthem was sung in a very quiet and unobtrusive manner. It would be well to know, can't the rest of the world?

# Contrast

Morganton Impoverished by Mecklenburg Standards

Nobody, we think, could accuse the Mecklenburg Tuberculosis Sanatorium of living in the lap of luxury. The sanatorium has not had an entire appropriation it receives from the County and is doing a good work at a moderate cost. There is, however, a sharp and significant contrast between what the County allows the sanatorium and what the State allows the hospital at Morganton.

To be sure, there is a difference in the services of the two institutions, and there may be some negligible difference in methods of reporting costs. The contrast remains sharp and significant all the same.

The average number of patients at the Mecklenburg Sanatorium last year was 140. Its total operating expenses, according to figures, came to \$128,000, which allows an average expenditure per patient of \$915.

The average number of patients at the State Hospital in Morganton for the year ending June 30, 1940, was 2,279 (now about 2,500). Its appropriation for that year was \$300,000, which allows an average expenditure per patient of \$177.

As we say, the two institutions are of a different type, and it may well be that the State Hospital can get along on a much smaller per capita appropriation than the Mecklenburg Sanatorium. But not on less than one-fifth as much.

Insufficient funds undoubtedly is an explanation of the shocking conditions at Morganton.

# New Managers

Lippard May Drop Out, but The Liquor Trade Will Go On

Carl Lippard, who appealed Judge Vance Howard's eighteen-month sentence, will not be an utter stranger to Superior Court when his case comes up in that tribunal. It was fourteen years ago that he last appeared there, then as not one of the defendants in a lower court on a liquor charge. Matter of fact, Lippard never actually appeared in Superior Court. His case was called some six weeks after it was docketed, but no answer. A capias was issued, and he has not been seen since. Finally, six months later, the court gave up and the case was not prosecuted. A \$250 bond guaranteeing Lippard's appearance was compromised for \$100 in folding money.

What happens to Lippard remains to be seen. But in any event, whether Solicitor Carpenter prosecutes the case promptly and vigorously, or puts it off until everybody has forgotten about it, we believe it is axiomatic that sending Lippard to the county jail would break up the wholesale liquor trade in Charlotte, or even cause it to languish for long.

If he is, as he is generally suspected to be, the Big Shot, there would be a scurrying to fill the place of power that he would vacate, perhaps a hot little gang war or something on that order. Or it may be that other wholesalers would divide his territory and outlets among them, and proceed amicably to keep supplies moving to the ultimate consumer.

In any event, the substantial liquor business in Charlotte would not lack for promoters. There is only one practical way, so far as its volume and profit go, in which the props could be knocked out from under it, and its proprietors sent down to size. That is, of course, by changing from the Prohibition Liquor System to the State's deliberate method of control.

Under pressure of the war demand for production machines become more and more marvelous. Nevertheless, we believe Man is here to stay.

It is Spring, and a young man's fancy lightly turns to matters in which she is well ahead of him.

# The Mug That Launched A Thousand Quips

The Christian Science Monitor

The modern barber shop, dressed in the latest fashion, while the old-fashioned barber shop, with its one decorative touch that still makes it a barber shop, is a thing of the past.

Yet now the State of Missouri, according to a document from Jefferson City, is starting out to remove from the hand of the barber the tool of the trade of more than 20,000 population, even the one inconspicuous cup in which he catches a letter about a round cake of soap. The mug and brush may give way to electric letter-movers.

If that is the trend of progress in barber shops perhaps the man who shaves a man's head after the sooner or later, succumb to the gadgetry of electric whisker-whiskers just as he has laid aside the straight-edge razor and soap for a safety razor and possibly brushed an old mustache cup to trade for a slightly cracked shaving mug?

# Side Glances



# Side Glances

There must be something going on in the world that we don't know about, Mom, that keeping your tourist customers away! —THOMAS H. COKER, Hartsville, S. C.