

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS
And Evening Chronicle
 Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday By
 The News Publishing Company, Inc.
 W. C. Dowd, President
 W. C. Dowd, Editor and General Manager
 Mrs. Dora Jones, Secretary
 Leat. J. E. Dowd, USNR, Vice-President and Editor, on leave for the duration
 W. C. Dowd, 1564-1572
 The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established 1888. The Evening Chronicle (established 1903) was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 2, 1914.
 The News desires to be notified promptly of errors in any of its reports that proper correction may be made at once.
 MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AP FEATURES
 The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein.
 Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Charlotte, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 By carrier, 20 cents a week, six months, \$1.10; By mail: One month \$1; three months, \$2.60; six months, \$5.20; one year, \$10.40.

MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1943

Intervention

Outside Organizations Set William Mason Wellman Free

We have very faith in Governor Broughton's investigation into the case of the Negro, William Wellman, whom he has pardoned as innocent of the rape of an elderly white woman of Iredell County. It is important that the State at large have faith in his decision, for he has not commuted the sentence of the convicted man; he has set him free. The trial produced some heat, and the man was pronounced guilty after long sessions; in Stateville, a great many people were convinced that Wellman was guilty, and that two organizations which intervened in his behalf had resorted to trickery of some sort.

So that as it may, the Governor has satisfied himself that Wellman was innocent, that he was not at work in Port Wadsworth on the day the crime was committed. That decision was made, separately, on the basis of a payroll slip signed by the Negro, which the prosecution had earlier claimed to have been falsified. In Stateville at the time of the trial, it was easy to find men who believed the Negro guilty, because, in addition to the evidence offered by the victim and witnesses, he had a criminal record—and his superintendent at Port Wadsworth had a long court record. We recall those facts only to reconstruct after a fashion, the high spots of the Wellman trial. What happened was that, during the trial, the National Association For The Advancement of Colored People and the American Civil Liberties Union became interested in the case, and carried it to high attention. Their intervention caused some resentment in North Carolina, which believed its rights in its own problems. But the success of their campaign must be noted, for in this way that the Negro was freed. If justice was done, they are to be congratulated upon the performance of their duty in the matter—and in this case we must assume that justice has been done.

The Doctor

McDonald To Make Same Appeal; It'll Sound Different

The announced candidacy of Dr. Ralph McDonald for Governor in next year's race came as no surprise. It has been expected that, since the brewing race for the Senate grows hotter and hotter long months before the campaign's opening, the Doctor would choose the gubernatorial field. To now, he has the promise of two powerful opponents in Judge Wilson Warlick and Gaston's Gregg Cherry, but because of the political heat he has carried over from the race of 1940, in which McDonald ran such a close race, only to lose in an election which set a new record for absentee ballots in the State, resulted in the seating of Clyde R. Hoey, and began the war against absentee voting. The Doctor proved, in those months that he was fit to be called a psychologist. His appeal stirred the people. He correlated the Labor vote, and was well on his way to victory, according to an authority poll taken a short time before the election. In the interim, the opposition did its work where it counted most.

McDonald made some mistakes during his campaign, but he never let the voters make the unfortunate error of accusing Bowman Gray of paying almost no taxes, was shown that some 71 cents of every Gray dollar went to taxes—and was reminded that he had paid literally no taxes during his residence in Winston-Salem himself, \$9.90 for a year being high. It was a dirty campaign, in which some hard things were said against the Doctor and his opponent.

Mostly it was a campaign of the Old Guard against Socialism. That's the way North Carolina business men understand the issue and the reason they were afraid. They were quoting the fact that North Carolina's bond prices were declining in New York, for fear McDonald would be elected. He was an ardent New Dealer, and North Carolina didn't understand or appreciate the New Deal. Those days they couldn't bring it home. The Doctor, for many of the voters was as far advanced. His views

on taxation of the rich and killing the sales tax were held to be dangerous. But he had an appeal. He still has that appeal today. He scotched one school of rumor-mongering by resigning his post at the University; he may already have gotten in some fence-mending work, but in the months ahead his freedom from Chapel Hill will work in his favor. It is not yet decided, the clairvoyants say, whether "The Machine" will back McDonald, Cherry or Warlick—"The Machine" in this case being the organized forces of the present, or leftover administration. In any case, we fully expect Dr. McDonald to make the same kind of rousing appeal to the people he made in '35. But this time, with a new way in our world of looking at "social" advances, he won't be judged so dangerous. He may, strangely enough, be welcomed by the forces of conservatism, and that, in North Carolina, is tantamount to election.

The Mirror

Just A Weekly Paper, And Just An Animal Story, But . . .

Newspaper men have a theory that newspaper readers know very little about the business of putting out a paper. The supposition is that the great public reads, and considers, but doesn't often reflect upon the institution that is the paper itself. If that line of thought is true, it is unfortunate. There are ever so many newspapers fit to make friends of; so many with a human character imparted by years of loving work, and simply glowing with the touch of men and women who make them.

We're thinking again of *The Chapel Hill Weekly*, a lovable, unassuming, keenly penetrating journal, edited and published in the University Village by leisurely, lovable Louis Graves. Other papers seem to have limes and places for what are called "human interest" stories and "feature" stories. *The Weekly* is different; it has a certain grace to be news. As a perfect, placid mirror of its community, we think *The Weekly* may be said to lead all others in its section.

It is not simply the homey Journal of those who have known and loved this University; it speaks the universal language in every page, almost every column. The trees, houses, lawns, children, dogs, wild animals and people of the village swarm through the type. There, they actually live and think a prime example of what we mean is included in this story, presented in its entirety:

Donald Campbell, 14-year-old sophomore in the high school, Mrs. M. A. Campbell's son, has long had the ambition to be the director of a zoo. He made a start toward achieving this ambition by buying an animal farm on Long Island, last Fall, an East African monkey, to which he gave the name of J. T. About two weeks ago he bought in Indiana, by mail order, a skunk named Susan. Susan has been decreed—which means separated from whatever it is that makes a skunk smell bad.

Susan is scheduled to have babies next month. Susan was put in the cage with J. T. on the porch of the Campbell home out in Westwood. They got along fine together at first. J. T. and Susan, and Susan liked it. He had a trap, and when he swung on it she paced at him admiringly.

They got out of the cage when Donald opened the door to feed them Monday. J. T. took to the cage, and Susan fled over the ground. They had not been recovered yesterday, though they have been seen at a distance by dwellers in Westwood.

"The monkey is quite harmless," said Mrs. Campbell. "We want people to know that, because anybody approached by him might be alarmed. He has a long tail and is about the size of a large fox terrier. He is timid, but he got hungry he might go to a house to beg for food. He has always been fed and so does not know how to get food for himself out in the open. I hope anybody who sees him will let us know right away, so that Donald can get him back into his cage. And we want news of Susan, too. Donald has become very much attached to her."

We'd like to be in Chapel Hill when the wanderers are apprehended.

A Book To Remember

Willkie Saw The World—& Remembered

By WILLIAM L. SHIRER
 In New York Herald-Tribune
 ON Aug. 21, last, Wendell L. Willkie left Mitchell Field in a Consolidated bomber to see what he could of the world and the war, its battle fronts, its leaders and its people. On Oct. 14 his plane landed him in Minneapolis. In 49 days he had flown around the world and had seen a great deal of this bloody global war and of the leaders and the millions of men waging it.
 This experience, which few private citizens and no Government leaders have, had, gave him, he says "some new and urgent convictions and strengthened some of my old ones. These convictions, plus his observations and the conclusions he drew from them, he has now set down in this book. His main conclusion you find in the title: "One World." He found it, after circling it in 160 hours of flying time, a very small world, and he returned with a passionate conviction (let the votes fall where they may) that America, unless it is to lose World War II, must play a proper role and share a proper responsibility in it.

Let us say forthwith (and I am not a Republican nor have I any intention of becoming one) that this is an important and significant book. But it is more than that. It is one of the most absorbing books I have read in years, full of humor, shrewd observation, a thousand and one facts you and I never heard of but should have, and fabulous tales of the East told with a skill which a Duranty or a Gunther or a Sheehan might well envy. I read it in one gulp and I find I jotted down nine pages of notes of things that either fascinated me or that seemed important to pass along to readers of this review. Alas! there will be room here for but a fraction of them.

Mr. Willkie in the role of an American foreign correspondent—for such he is in about two-thirds of this book—turns out to have just those qualities which we correspondents (rightly or wrongly) boast for ourselves and never think we see in public men. His writing is terse, his matters excellently and economically organized and his eye uncanny for the significant detail. He gives generous credit for help in the preparation of his material to those two brilliant young journalists, Joseph Barnes and Gardner Cowles Jr., who accompanied him on his trip. But there is no doubt that this is

Wendell Willkie's book. From every page of it his exuberant personality fairly bubbles.
 I have based my remarks (perhaps that Mr. Willkie is naive about world affairs. There is nothing naive here. True, he shows in this book that he has certain beliefs and even certain ideals. But he also shows that he knows what the score is. In the Middle East, he saw as clearly as anybody that the British were in control behind the facades of such governments as those of Egypt and Iraq; he did not overlook the fact that the Russians were utterly ruthless and had completely liquidated the upper and middle classes, nor in China did he let his admiration for Chiang Kai-Shek and his charming and able wife blind him to the fact that their regime was far from representative. In Chungking, in fact, one of the Chinese whom most impressed him was a Communist leader, and though he likes Communism no better than most Americans, he is not afraid of the word or of contact with those who believe in it.

Mr. Willkie's first stop at the end of last August was in Egypt. Before leaving Washington he had been warned by the President that Cairo might be in German hands before he reached it. That it was not was largely due to the genius of the new commander of the British Eighth Army, who was not so well known to the rest of us as he is now. Though the American general who had been commanding American forces in the Middle East for some time had not yet met General Montgomery, Willkie sought him out at the front. Of the Eighth Army chief he writes: "The wiry, scrofuly, intense, almost fanatical personality of General Montgomery, a deep impression on me."

Montgomery had just stopped Rommel dead at El Alamein and he kept repeating to his American visitor: "Egypt has been saved." A few days later, when Mr. Willkie, at the general's request, tried to tell him to the American correspondents in Egypt they were "politely skeptical," he could see that they thought him a bit glib.

There in Egypt Mr. Willkie received the first big lesson of British life. What he got from constant talks with British officials, he writes, was "Rudyard Kipling, unaltered even by the liberalism of Cecil Rhodes." The officials "had, no idea

that the world was changing."
 "That evening," he says, "I started in my mind a resolution that I was to grow wiser in the days that followed in the Middle East; that I was to be able to defend in the field will not win for us this war . . . that only new men and new ideas in the machinery of our relations with the peoples of the East can win the peace which we wish any peace will be only another armistice."

Before he left Iran for the Soviet Union, Mr. Willkie thought he had some of the answers to the questions he had asked about the Middle East: (1) The people of the East are on our side but against us. (2) A great year was in 1937 here. "Their lives will change more in the next ten years than they have in the last ten centuries." (3) It was by no means sure that the changes "will be in our favor." (4) At any rate, the Arab peoples were determined to be free.

On Sept. 10 Mr. Willkie flew into the Soviet Union. He could not stay there only two weeks, and the ceiling was set it was not long enough. Mr. Willkie would be the first to agree with them. They were probably the busiest two weeks he ever spent in his life, and he knows no doubt that they made a lasting impression upon him. For he learned more than any books had been able to teach him, and discovered in those two weeks the Russian economy, a vital new society, a force that cannot be by-passed in any future world.

The chapters on Russia are the best in the book; interesting to Americans not only for the conclusions reached by a Presidential candidate of our traditionally conservative party but fascinating because of superb reporting. I think one chapter is even a scoop. It is about the "Gulag" camps, which you and I never even heard of—a fabulous country, famous during the time of the Tsars for syphilis, tuberculosis and fur; but now an up-and-coming Soviet republic, only five times the size of France) which has all but wiped out illiteracy and is mighty proud of it. The land of the Yakuts is far from the railroads.

Mr. Willkie was continually stumbling upon things in Russia that amazed him. The Soviet piece-work system, he says, "would satisfy any American business man." He came to the conclusion that "collective farms constituted the very backbone of Russia's tough resistance."

Among His Souvenirs

—By Dorman Smith



Inefficient Policy

Defeat In Empty Ships

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

EVERY hour that a ship is idle is that much urgent shipping space is lost. The CIO Maritime Unions are doing a useful service in emphasizing inefficiencies that are costing us shipping space at a most critical time when the full power of the Allies depends on increased shipping.

These criticisms come from the men who are handling cargo. They head into a basic recommendation for truly unified control over ship operations by the War Shipping Administration. Shiploading is somewhat on a cost-plus basis so that contractors do not lose money and indeed may actually benefit by a delay and waste of longshoremen in loading.

The CIO Maritime Unions in their memorandum to the War Shipping Administration say that one of the chief factors making for inefficiency and preventing full utilization of ship facilities is the failure, through bad planning and lack of co-ordination, to have ship cargoes assembled and ready for speedy loading.
 Agencies such as the Army, Navy and Lend-Lease have their own depots for assembling cargo. Often a ship must make several movements to different docks in port before completing loading. Each of these movements to another dock wastes from twelve to twenty-four hours. Often in Eastern ports a ship must make five or six such movements before it is ready to sail.
 The CIO Maritime Unions say that a great deal of progress has been made toward co-ordinating full

use of dock facilities, but that the problem still exists. Incidents are cited in sufficient detail to be convincing. One ship was held a week because 400 tons of steel had not arrived.

Cases are cited, for instance, of ships docking to pick up 500 tons of powdered milk or 300 drums of gas or some other item which in itself can be loaded quickly. Unnecessary movement from dock to dock eats up time.

Ships have been forced to meet the convenience of cargo location instead of cargo being assembled in a way to insure speedy loading. Ships have brought in wine from Australia while other ships going west have carried wine out to Pacific islands.

The Maritime Unions assert that failure to work cargo on a continuous round-the-clock basis is one of the most serious causes of delay in the turnaround of ships. The War Shipping Administration has directed that stevedoring companies work around the clock when cargo is available, but apparently operations are far below that standard. In most cases the unions say night work takes the form of working the same gang extra hours rather than operating all night. Ships docking over the week-end rarely begin work before Monday in a way to insure speedy loading. It is uncommon for ships in New York or other Eastern ports to work only a half day on Saturday and to knock off on Sunday. Instances are cited of loading that could have been accomplished in a day and a half instead of six days.

Too Slick

Isolation Pumps

By Samuel Grafton

THE Japanese have started a great offensive against Australia on the front pages of some isolationist newspapers. On certain days, the Japanese march a third of the way down page one.

The Navy says it is not so. The Japanese are doing something, and it will be hot, but whatever they are doing is not general. There is something a shade slick in the way certain anti-global publications contend that the Far East is just as important as the war in the West, and is therefore entitled to twice as much space. Come to think of it, I have been steadily shocked by examples of silliness for almost a week.

In Washington, the House Appropriations Committee cut out all funds for the Farm Security Administration. Then it asked the House Rules Committee to hand down a rule (meaning a decree) forbidding circulation of this item on the floor. The rule would have prevented debate on the question, too. This is a wonderful new technique for getting rid of Government agencies. The Appropriations Committee would take the funds away, the Rules Committee would forbid debate or restoration of the funds on the floor, and it would be finished, with the House never voting on the issue. The execution of any agency would become a private surgical operation without public debate or restoration of the funds on the floor, and it would be finished, with the House never voting on the issue.

There is something about the attempt to abolish the Security Administration may not be perfect, but it is the agency of the small farmer. He is so small that sometimes he vanishes while you look at him, becoming a farm laborer and having his place to the weeds. It was against this pitiful little object that the big, chromium-plated maneuver was aimed. He was to be killed off by a plot so intricate that he could not even understand it; and perhaps while someone else held his attention with the story of the Japanese offensive in Australia.

Any other slick little slick feeling of the weak comes out of the London reports concerning the difference between de Gaulle and Giraud. It is now clear where the two men disagree; clear in any other sort of way.

General de Gaulle wants a provisional French authority set up. On it he would put representatives of the underground movement in France, and former Deputies who were never collaborators, and members of the North African administration, and representatives of any other conceivable form of French opinion. It would be somewhat extra-legal in composition. But it would be read, and revolutions are almost always illegal. But General Giraud wants the provisional authority to consist of French colonial administrators. The colonies would rule the helpless mother.

These administrators, men who have rarely been asked by fits of democratic exaltation, would have the right to negotiate with the Allies as trustees for France. This is an exactly legal conception. This new apparatus would be almost as legal as the French government which surrendered and died. And it is a slick. It blocks the voice and vote of those Frenchmen who are now fighting in France. The Germans say those Frenchmen are not legal, and this plan says so, too.
 Again, a case of so big, so complicated, so lofty a mishearer, against men who are so small and weak and helpless. What is the power that small people have, that makes some big people so long lengths to have them look the other way, and keep quiet and sit still?

Visitin' Round

She Bring Along . . .
 Her Sugar Broom
 (Bluff Item,
 Marshall News-Record)
 Miss Cleo Reese has lunch with Miss Faye Davis Sunda.

Freshly What Tom Said
 (Post-Knob Item,
 North Wilkesboro News-Record)
 C. M. Ashley recently purchased a nice young horse from Tom Jones.

Side Glances



"It's the cheapest Easter hat I ever bought! Funny thing—when we finally get a bit of money saved up, it's no longer good taste to make a splurge!"

Hosses Are Hosses

By TOM JIMISON
 In Richmond County Journal

MY daddy, a tall and rangy old mountaineer, was a-havin' a bout hosses than anybody I ever saw. He could look in one's mouth and tell you his age, could just glance at one and tell you if he were "skittish", and would sometimes look the finest looking animal you ever laid eyes on and remark, "He's a purty horse all right, but he ain't got no bottom to him. He wasty."

Of course he meant by that that the beast was not dependent on a hard pull, but out on a long hard pull. He may have been right, but he was too polite to say

there was no such complaint, that it was some nolesome confined to Haywood County, or a provocation of Charleston which he would not talk about it and all of 'em laughed.

Then, I appointed Henry Rancke a veterinarian for the occasion and asked him to look in it. He found that old Noss' Webster knew the word, and defined it as an injury, such as a bruise on the head, which came given a hoos or a bump.

I've started got the poll-ev' my ownself. But hereafter I mean to be a-havin' a-havin' on hosses, and iffen Dr. Rollins ain't available, I'll call me 'em. I'll be your hoss, and then let him die.