THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday By The News Publishing Company, Inc.
W. C. Dowd Jr., President — J. E. Dowd, Editor
and General Manager — Burke Davis, Associate Editor
Mrs. Dowd Jones, Secretary

© W. C. Dowd, 1933-1951

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 3, 1918.

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: 30 cents a week; one month, 67 cents. By mail: One month, 57c; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.90; one year, $10.40.

Try Again

No Great Oaks Will Grow From Dumbarton Acorns

The mountain labored at Dumbarton Oaks and brought forth a mouse of a peace plan. He's a pretty fierce mouse in his own right, armed to the teeth, and of strapping size. But he's all mouse, up to now.

All respect is due the enlightened men of Britain, Russia, China and the United States, who puzzled over world security in Washington; the great failure of their mission is not to be laid to them. These were research technicians, digging into hopes of tomorrow's peace; they were not empowered to make policy, but to sound out their Allied contemporaries, and report to their nations. They have everything to report but success.

There is a short, sweet and forceful plan for peace, running from an eleven-member Security Council empowered to meet aggression with force to an Economic and Social Council devoted to human welfare throughout the world. It's all tied up so tightly as to be fool proof—except that the Big Four cannot, for the life of them, agree to put it into force.

Moscow, with a wary eye on the Balkan approaches, the Baltic States and Poland, wants power to veto action against any major power accused of aggression. In short, if any of her small neighbors resent Russia's encroachments and hale her into court, she wants power to quash the indictment. And there, of course, the whole scheme goes by the board. Where is the nation, accused of aggression, which would not vote against punitive measures being taken against it? Would Hitler's Germany, in 1938, have smiled and said, "You're right, boys. I'm aggressing. You'd better punish me for the sake of world peace?"

On the other hand, do Americans want other nations intruding into Hemisphere affairs? Suppose Mexico in Polk's administration had been able to take the Texas case into a world court. Suppose the Monroe Doctrine were challenged now. Russia, understand, is assuming the role of a major world power for the first time in modern times. Her destiny and period of expansion, if she aims to have one, are before her. To challenge her influence in Eastern Europe is not unlike challenging U. S. supremacy on and about our own continent.

It becomes plain that, before any lasting security plan can be welded by the United Nations —or any other group, for that matter—there must be a surrendering of certain rights of sovereignty. If the pattern of the United States cannot be projected to some extent all over the globe, our hopes of long-lasting peace must depend on eternal vigilance. And for that reason, the Washington talks were a failure. They pointed the way toward peace and made the necessary sacrifices plain, but moved us not a step toward the shining goal. Men of the future, harking back to the birth of world peace, will not speak of Dumbarton Oaks. We must labor again.

Feat

Boy Scouts Get Theirs During Office Hours

The Boy Scouts have done it again. Strictly speaking, it is their Executive Board which has done it, and what these men have done was to raise next year's budget requirements, a cool $18,000 (and more) on the q. t. The first the public at large knew about it was an announcement in the paper this week that the money was in hand.

Raising money for the Boy Scouts is, we realize, far different from raising a thumping quota for the Community Chest. Only one organization is involved, and that one standing high in public affection. Subscriptions come almost wholly from business men, which is to say from those who have a check-book handy and who are easily touched on behalf of the boys of today because they were the boys of yesterday and like to be reminded of it. Nevertheless, let not this campaign be belittled.

When any organization in Charlotte raises a substantial sum of money without fanfare and hullaballoo, simply announcing success after it has been achieved, it is entitled to rank as a feat.

Them Reds

They're Few But They're Spry

If his most vehement critics seriously entertain the notion that the President was slyly buttering up American Communists in his restrained rebuff of last week as a play for their millions of votes, they haven't read the record. And they should read it. For the most part, it's highly amusing.

To digress to the facts for a moment, Earl Browder polled only 46,251 votes in 1940 (about a third of them in California—the national Communist ticket had been ruled off 26 state ballots). The Communists screamed that the evil men of the New Deal coveted those votes—for themselves in that instance, and they screamed ever after. Until they abandoned a separate political ticket this year and began boring from within. The high watermark of Communist political activity was in 1932, when the Party polled over 100,000 votes; since, it hasn't amounted to much.

But more than the figures, Earl Browder's words tell the fitting story of Communist conversion:

Jan., 1940: "The New Deal is dragging this country into war . . . We will be unable to find anything favorable to say about a Roosevelt candidacy."

May, 1940: "The President, the economic royalists and Wall Street are leading us into war. The economic royalists are supporting a third term for Roosevelt . . . The only difference between Democrats and Republicans is that between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. President Roosevelt, having scuttled the New Deal, has returned to the class which accused him of being a traitor to it."

Sept., 1940: "We are not going to allow our votes to strengthen either of the old parties. We will use our votes to undermine both of them. . . . If Mr. Roosevelt cannot win this election without Communist votes, he has no right to win it at all."

It's almost certain that, somewhere along the line, there's been a mild compromise.

Babies

These Days They Are Born In More Style

It wasn't so many years ago that more births in North Carolina (one of whose principal crops is babies) took place under the chaperonage of midwives than physicians. With rare insight and understanding, State health authorities set out—not, as one might suppose, to eliminate midwives, but to train them. It was recognized in those days that there were not in the state, especially in its remoter regions, enough doctors to go around.

How extensive is the practice of midwifery in North Carolina today we have no way of establishing at the moment. It is, in any case, somewhat beside the point of the statistic that was printed in The News the other day, which was, that of the 3,81[illegible] white and Negro births recorded for Charlotte in September, all but eleven took place not only with the ministrations of a licensed physician but in hospitals.

Of the eleven outside of hospitals, all were Negro births, five of them attended by physicians, six by midwives. They represented but fourteen per cent of the Negro births for that month.

And if anybody try to tell you that North Carolina, more particularly Piedmont North Carolina, hasn't come a long way in (1) private and public medicine, and (2) making provisions for Negro mothers along with white, cite him the statistic. In Charlotte in September, all white births took place in hospitals, and likewise 86 per cent of Negro births.

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

NEW ORLEANS

CONTRARY to expectations, Louisiana's new singing Governor, Jimmie Davis, author of "You Are My Sunshine", did not open the Louisiana State Legislature with song. He was dignified and decorous. All vestiges of the hillbilly were gone.

But Governor Davis did break down at the end of the Legislature and close the session with song. He stood soulfully on the speaker's platform, and, amid applause from the joint meeting of the House and Senate, rendered his best cowboy tunes.

Aside from that, Louisiana's new singing Governor was a disappointment — to the politicians. He didn't play ball, and the end of this scene is be bringing a revival of democracy in a state where the late Huey Long ruled as no other man has ever ruled in the USA.

Louisiana is peculiarly equipped by its State Constitution for dictatorship. To deal with carpetbaggers after the Civil War, its Governor was given more power than any other in the Union. So Louisiana politicians are accustomed to being bossed. But they have been amazed that Jimmy Davis didn't do any bossing. Being Governor was completely out of his line. He was used to making records of his song hits, used to touring the state with a hillbilly band. But he didn't know much about running a complicated state machine.

So instead of bossing the politicians, he let the State Legislature debate things out according to democratic principles. And the effect has been fairly good.

New Tax Bill

In fact, when the Tax Exemption Act for new corporations came up for another ten years' renewal, Davis let nature take its course. Interesting things happened.

The Tax Exemption Act provides that new corporations coming into Louisiana are exempt from taxes for ten years. But old corporations juggled this around, so that when an oil company changed its name, or rolled to high pressure, it was tax exempt on the ground that this was new development. As a result—Louisiana was losing millions in taxes.

When this Tax Exemption Bill recently came up for renewal, the Senate passed it immediately, but a group of women, incensed over the fact that Louisiana schools didn't have enough tax money, started a campaign in the House. Ordinarily, Governor Davis, elected with the help of the big companies, could have been expected to push the bill through the House. But he didn't. He let the democratic process operate. The Tax Exemption renewal was defeated.

In other words, because "You Are My Sunshine" Davis is nervous and scared of making mistakes, he is turning out to be an unbrilliant but reasonably good Governor. And when the rows between political factions get especially hot, Sunshine Jimmy gets into his car and drives up to Shreveport, back to his muse, where the politicians just can't find him.

Saint Huey

This columnist, whose exposure of Louisiana graft had something to do with sending a considerable number of the old Huey Long gang to jail, was interested to see how sentiment toward the murdered Kingfish has mellowed as the years have passed.

Folks who were bitter against him don't criticize Huey any more. Some people even regard him almost as a martyr. The bridges, the highways, the school-books remain as monuments to Huey's humanity. His ruthless wire-cracking and dictatorial rule are forgotten. Before long, the Kingfish will be regarded as a full-blown saint.

Congressman Jimmy Morrison, who came to Washington planning to be another Kingfish, is having the fight of his life for renomination this year. Apparently Louisiana is getting tired of clowns and Junior Kingfishes, for Morrison is the only Louisiana Congressman who faces a run-off.

Morrison also poses as the great hero and benefactor of men in the service, tells how he brought them the GI Bill, mustering out pay, the absentee soldiers' vote. Real truth, however, was that Morrison didn't even vote when these important GI bills were passed. He didn't even bother to be on the floor of Congress.

NOTE—William Baldwin Shearer, the big shipyard lobbyist who claimed he broke up the Coolidge Naval Conference, is now in Louisiana helping the Junior Kingfish's campaign. Morrison seems to have plenty of money to spend.

All The Names

George Shillito, investigator for the Senate Campaign Expenses Committee, was explaining the reason he had resigned from the Dies Committee staff. "I quit," he said, "because I brought them the names of 200,000 Communists in Detroit and they refused to touch them."

"Did you say 200,000 Communists in Detroit alone?" asked a friend. "That doesn't sound quite right."

"Well, it was," Investigator Shillito insisted. "I had the names of all the CIO members in Detroit."

Senatorial Fire

After a score of years in the Senate, even Montana's Burt Wheeler still occasionally steps into trouble where he least expects it. North Dakota's Senator Langer recently arose to attack the Administration on its conduct of the mass sedition trial. Before he had spoken for more than a minute, Wheeler interrupted to compliment him "for having the courage to stand up on the floor of the Senate and take up an unpopular issue of this kind."

Langer thanked Wheeler, who prepared to resume his seat after remarking that Langer was doing the country a great service.

"Again I thank the Senator," graciously replied the Senator from North Dakota. "I like to work more closely with the distinguished Senator from Montana and hope the time will come when he and I ran work together for irrigation, so that Montana will not have 1,711,409 acres irrigated and poor North Dakota only 21,615 acres irrigated."

Astounded, Wheeler replied: "I hope we obtain more irrigation in Montana. We need it." North Dakota, he added, didn't need as much as Montana.

"Of course," shot back Langer, "the real answer is that most of the water goes through Montana first before it reaches North Dakota, and Montana grabs it."

The Senator from Montana did not interrupt again.

"There Are Two Of Us"

—By Dorman Smith

This Is The Limit

By Marquis Childs

LOS ANGELES

I'VE discovered out here what seems to me the silliest piece of deception — self-deception. If you want to be charitable — that has yet been injected into this campaign. But at the same time it carries a charge of dynamite dangerous to play with in times like these.

Speakers at several Dewey meetings in California have asserted that the Japanese-American citizens removed from the West Coast were relocated in pivotal states in the East so they could vote Democratic and return the New Deal to office. This was part of the talk that Superior Judge Goodwin J. Knight of Los Angeles County made in Sacramento last month in opening the Republican campaign there.

Ninety-five per cent of the registered Japs are registered Democrats, Judge Knight said. He intimated that their votes in such states as Illinois and Ohio might swing the election.

"That's why they have porterhouse steak and hamburgers and go to the movies," he was quoted as saying.

Judge Knight tells me he based his statement on a newspaper column he read. He is now, he says, investigating the facts, which would seem to be the reverse of the usual followed by responsible office-holders.

On the face of it the charge is so silly that it would be hardly worth-while refuting if it were not tied up with the explosive issue of race hatred. The number of Japanese removed was less than 110,000. Of the total, approximately 70 per cent were American citizens by virtue of birth in this country.

Not more than 15,000 to 20,000, at the most, are eligible to vote. They are largely settled in war relocation camps in Utah, Idaho, Colorado and Wyoming. It is highly doubtful if any substantial number have established voting rights in these states, which cannot be considered pivotal.

This is an effort to trade, politically, on the race theme. It will make more difficult the final solution of a problem which for the entire West Coast is bound to be grim.

What is to happen to the 75,000 Nisei, the Japanese-American citizens who were removed from their homes in this area in the emergency immediately following Pearl Harbor? That is a question which deeply concerns responsible officials here. So far, they have been unable to get any hint of policy from Washington.

The tragedy of the Nisei is one that cuts deeply into the pattern of thinking out here. They have proved their loyalty on many fronts of the war, and yet their families are regarded with suspicion and distrust at home.

Shortly before I left Washington, I talked with a friend just back from the Burma-India theater. He told how, at first, commanders in the field had been reluctant to use the Nisei. Then, after they had proved their worth and their loyalty, the demand for them was so great it exceeded the supply.

He told about one little Nisei who had at first been thought too small for combat duty. After a time, however, this pint-sized Japanese-American had persuaded his superior officer to let him go into the field. Absolutely fearless, on one occasion he took twenty Jap prisoners and brought them back alive across a river.

They have been especially valuable, of course, in intelligence and propaganda work. In advance patrols, they often completely deceive the enemy and give us an advantage we could not possibly have otherwise. What is disheartening to these American soldiers is to get letters from home telling of the ill will and suspicion that is the lot of their families.

Understandably, it is hard for those whose nearest and dearest have suffered torture and death at the hands of the Japs to be tolerant. But those who deliberately inject race into politics do a violence worse to the whole country. We're going to have a hard enough time steering a straight course, without that.

Quote, Unquote

OUR trouble is that there are too many lines over which we have to get agreement before things can be done.—George T. Christopher, president Packard Motor Co., on reconversion.

I can assure the House (of Commons) that the war against the Japanese and other diseases of the East will be pressed forward with the utmost energy.

—Winston Churchill.

SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith

COPR. 1944 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.—T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Well, for a returned soldier whose favorite story is how you washed your own clothes, you certainly make a terrific fuss over a few diapers!"

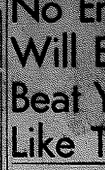
No Enemy Will Ever Beat Yanks Like These

By HAL BOYLE

AT THE SIEGFRIED LINE, Oct. 8.—(Delayed)—(AP)—It was just before midnight, American soldiers guarding the forward breaches in Germany's Siegfried Line shivered in the damp, the chill foxholes, soppy with rain.

The Nazis picked this miserable hour to launch a heavy artillery barrage preliminary to a night counter-attack.

The fire concentration became so heavy that S/Sgt. Richard Sorensen of Chicago knew he would have to find shelter for his 37 mm. gun crew.



BOYLE

Nearby an abandoned enemy pillbox loomed dully and dimly, a grey mass in the black shadow. Sorensen led his men inside and they crouched behind the thick concrete walls until the barrage lifted.

As they started to leave they heard someone outside the door. It turned out to be a 30-man German assault team assigned to clean the pillbox. Sorensen and his men, feeling something like turtles being pawed by a bear, immediately began defending it.

Sorensen's men leaped forward to close the steel blinds covering the embrasures but before they did so a German Mauser poked its nose in and began spitting. It missed.

As enemy "burp guns" rattled scores of bullets against the blinds, other Nazis tried to force the door.

The Americans held it desperately with aching shoulders.

The enemy then brought up two flame throwers. As twin, searing blasts hit the heavy door Sorensen and his boys decided they had about lost their little game of hide and seek. They had nothing with which to fire back at flame throwers.

Just as the enemy was about to burn his way through, however, a group of doughboys returning to positions they had left during the barrage caught the Nazis and opened fire. The survivors ran back through the night toward the Germans' lines and a few seconds later the squad of 57 mm. gunners stumbled out of the pillbox they had thought would be their grave.

"The only difference was that every one of us sweated off about 30 pounds of weight in there," said Sorensen. "I never was so glad in my life to hit fresh air."

Everyday Counselor

By Herbert Spaugh, D. D.

THE first lesson in life and the last, is to obey. Perfect freedom comes only through perfect obedience, said the great Episcopal missionary Bishop to the Indians, Henry Whipple. He was echoing the words of the Prophet, "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

Disobedience to the laws and commands of God was the first sin in the Garden of Eden. Persistently, since that time man has brought upon himself, misery, suffering, death, by thinking (that's what they call it) regard the laws of Almighty God and leave Him out of his life. The first lesson the soldier has to learn when he enters military life is to obey orders. Some of them who have never learned this before, find the going hard at first.

The first lesson every child should learn at home from parents is to obey. It may later mean the childs life. I shall never forget the story of a mother who had taught her little baby how to obey. They lived near the railroad tracks. One day she was horrified to see that he had gotten out of their yard and was playing in the middle of the track on which a train was rapidly approaching. She didn't have time to run and snatch him from the path of the oncoming train, but she did have time to call. He heard, obeyed, and his life was saved.

The child who is not taught to obey at home, later becomes a problem in school, and a problem to society. Lawlessness commences at home.

Mothers and fathers, teach your children to obey. Be careful not to tell them to do things which you yourselves are not prepared to see that they do. Children quickly learn whether their elders mean what they say, or are just talking. Never make promises that you are not prepared to fulfill.

The child who learns to disregard the commands of parents carries the same attitude toward the rules of his school, later the laws of the land, easily passes over to where he disregards the laws and commands of Almighty God.

The longest chapter in the Bible, the 119th Psalm, uses its entire 175 verses to describe the blessings which come to a man when he obeys the laws of God. Read it. It reminds us that "Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

Beware the fatal error of putting your own opinion against the laws of God.

Who Hates Russia?

By Samuel Grafton

AMARILLO, TEX.

I don't seem to meet people who want to fight Russia.

Even in Tulsa, where I had put the question to one of the most eloquent anti - Rooseveltians I've ever met, the answer was:

"Oh, hell, no. Look, I'm a kind of isolationist. I admit it. First of all, I want to be let alone. Second, if I have to, I'll co-operate with other countries. But another war is all the way down at the end of the list."

After a long talk with a West Texan, about other things, I started up:

"Do you think we're going to fight Russia some day?"

His answer was high above the level of my crude opening gambit.

"Not that kind of fight," he said. "It'll be a fight without blows, like two competitors who slug each other for years in a business way, without necessarily hitting each other. Yes, we'll have to fight Russia, that way. The one of us that goes rotten inside, and has a lot of unemployment, will kind of slip, and the other will climb and become top dog in the world. The way I see it, it's not like a prizefight, between us and Russia. It's more like a race. It's a fight between us and Germany, but between us and Russia it's a race."

In St. Louis, I had stopped in at the store-front office of Russian War Relief, a long, bright store in the hotel section, with some Russian-type knick-knacks in one counter. The stuff was made in America, though.

A white-haired, amused lady undertook to tell me their story.

"No, there is no organized opposition to Russian war relief in the community. On the contrary, we've just had our used clothing collection. We had 250 trucks contributed, and 1,500 volunteers. They worked an entire day, starting at 8 A. M. School children had taken our circulars home, through the co-operation of the Board of Education, and the people of St. Louis put their used clothing out in front of their houses. We picked up 350,000 pounds of clothing that day. It's still coming in."

"Nobody make any nasty cracks?"

"Well," she said. "Well, about once a day the telephone here rings, and a voice asks if we're all Christians here. Or if we don't think it's just as bad to help Russia as it was to sell scrap iron to Japan. Or how much are we getting paid by Moscow. About once a day. That's the way it runs, once a day."

So there must be some people with blood in their eye about Russia. I don't happen to meet them. I've been taking a kind of poll of my own. I call it the "negative poll." In my "negative poll" I judge a man's degree of interest in a public issue by whether he brings it up himself. In a general conversation. So far, literally nobody has brought up the question of Russia. I think the "negative poll" indicates intensity of feeling, which the Gallup and other similar polls do not.

The Gallup pollsters go up to a man, and ask him a question, about which he has perhaps never thought before, and he answers, and bang, suddenly he has an opinion, like a necktie. But does he really have an opinion? If he has never thought about the issue previously, if it has never bothered him, and never been a part of his mind? My negative poll shows extremely low intensity of feeling on the Russian issue, but I guess if you put a direct question to everybody, they would give you plenty of votes, both ways.

The one question that is brought up, very often, is the question of where to live and work, after the war. A sailor in the Pullman washroom will blurt out, "Say, do you know anything about Los Angeles? Would that be a good place to get work after the war? I've been thinking about Los Angeles." And I had thought he was only looking out of the window.

People's Platform

Unfaithful Women

Editors, THE NEWS:

I'm a Charlotte boy and used to be a regular News reader, so I'd like to have my say about the way the wives and sweethearts of servicemen are stepping out on us while we sweat and worry in these Army camps a long way from home.

I went back after a well-deserved furlough to find my wife chasing around with a garage mechanic who was making big money and could show her a good time. Now I'm trying for a divorce, but that's hard for a soldier to get because of small pay and being away from his home state.

My brother, who is 21, had a sweetheart who was 18. He saved $75 on a private's pay in the New Guinea jungles and sent his girl an engagement ring—to learn to his sorrow that she'd married a man almost twice her age.

Then there was Joe who hunked next to me. He had a wife and two kids he was crazy about. After sweating out all those long miserable months for a furlough, he went home to find his wife out drunk with some other man.

I'm hoping you'll print this and let all those other bored and lonely wives and sweethearts know that we servicemen are really getting disgusted with the way things are going back home.

You might mention, too, the loose dependency allotment law which gives a woman every advantage over a soldier. Soldiers don't like it in its present form and think it should be changed. Too much money is not good for some women—and they don't give a hoot because they know the soldier can't stop it.

(Serviceman's name withheld—Editor.)

Sheppard Field, Tex.

All The States In Order

Editors, THE NEWS:

In regard to your recent editorial, "No Models," giving the relative rank of various Southern states, I want to tell you we've had some heated barracks arguments regarding the rest of the 48 states.

Could you tell us the rank of those other states in order, according to wealth, health, culture and so on? Also, we'd like to know what state Henry L. Mencken was from.

PVT. HERBERT B. ATCHISON
Fort Bragg, N. C.

(The Mencken ranking of states in wealth, education, health and public order: 1, Massachusetts; 2, Connecticut; 3, New York; 4, New Jersey; 5, California; 6, Minnesota; 7, Iowa; 8, Illinois; 9, Oregon; 10, Rhode Island; 11, Michigan; 12, Maine; 13, Washington; 14, Wisconsin; 15, New Hampshire; 16, Ohio; 17, Nebraska; 18, Utah; 19, Kansas; 20, Pennsylvania; 21, Vermont; 22, Colorado; 23, Indiana; 24, Nevada; 25, Delaware; 26, Missouri; 27, Maryland; 28, North Dakota; 29, Wyoming; 30, Montana; 31, Idaho; 32, South Dakota; 33, West Virginia; 34, Arizona; 35, Oklahoma; 36, Florida; 37, Virginia; 38, Texas; 39, New Mexico; 40, Kentucky; 41, Louisiana; 42, North Carolina; 43, Tennessee; 44, Arkansas; 45, Georgia; 46, South Carolina; 47, Alabama; 48, Mississippi.

For the sake of argument in barracks or elsewhere, remember that this table was compiled in 1931—though it hasn't changed considerably since—and represents an average obtained through combining many other tables. The District of Columbia, originally included, has been omitted; its standing was sixth. Mr. Mencken was, and still is, the Sage of Baltimore.—Editors, The News.)