

# The Daily Advance

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MONDAY, AUGUST 13, 1945.

## He Should Go Far

Today's salute goes to Dr. Richard Leon Kendrick Jr. on taking top rank among the 131 medical students granted license to practice medicine by the State Board of Medical Examiners this year.

The son of the late Dr. R. L. Kendrick, one of the city's most successful physicians, and the grandson of the late E. F. Aydtlett, one of the most eminent lawyers of the State in his generation, the young physician should go far in his chosen profession.

The Daily Advance will watch his career with interest.

## Columbia Rotary on the Job

There is interest and satisfaction here in the announcement of last week that the Columbia Rotary Club is making the bridging of Alligator River one of its objectives in way of a postwar project.

Here's the hope that the newly organized Rotary Club at Plymouth will join Columbia Rotary in sponsoring this project and that together they will enlist the support of other Rotary clubs and commerce and civic organizations in this area.

The bridging of the Alligator River, back in the Hoey administration, looked like an assured thing. More recently it has seemingly been forgotten by the powers that be. This bridge, with bridge or ferry across Croatan Sound, would complete U. S. 64 to the sea and deserves inclusion, as The Daily Advance sees it, among the postwar projects for this area. Speed its early consummation.

## Sunday Reflection While Waiting

Outside the teletypes stutter abortively and downstairs somebody sits mindfully beside the type-setting machines waiting with their metal pots simmering in readiness to begin molding the words that will spell out yet another chapter of the history of the human race—and it may be the last chapter that will ever be devoted to recounting war. The teletype is very like the starter at a harness race wherein the drivers and the horses seem not quite able to make up their minds to get going.

Time after time the gadget starts manfully and diligently clocks off the first line or two of what may be—and turns out not to be—The Story. It falls silent while the little motor inside it, artfully designed to give life to the typewriter that is a part of the teletype, purrs away. Nothing happens. Somebody somewhere started to put down a few paragraphs of speculation about who would accept the surrender of the Imperial Japanese government.

But right in the middle of the sentence the thing ends and the teletype waits. Momentous things may happen in not more than a minute. The evening wears on, and the desultory paragraph about whether it should be General MacArthur or Admiral Nimitz or maybe just a sergeant or something would be detailed to sign for all the peoples of the earth who have fought for this hour that is about to strike. All morning the geni of the teletype toys with the idea . . . waiting.

Of course it has already been decided somewhere and any further speculation about it is just idleness, a sort of mental doodling while waiting. But nobody has mentioned the great Chinese leader who for eight years has led the little people of China in their heroic defense of their lands against the evil that lay along the horizon and spilled across their narrow sea to enslave them. It seems like a very fine idea, but the teletype does not seem to know about it.

It is now, of course, too late to do more than think idly about it, but how fine a gesture it would have been, for all the peoples in the world, if Chiang Kai-shek had been designated by the triumph nations to receive the surrender of the arrogant people who are diving into the pitiful, face-saving rat hole of maintaining their emperor. Here China would have come of age among

the Nations, here the peoples of Asia would have seen that the Western World looks upon them as equals. Here would have been honor where honor is so richly due—and reassurance for peace throughout that vast, puzzling continent that is yet so much a stranger to all of us . . . But the teletype doesn't mention it, being pre-occupied with its stuttering.

## "Ancient and Royal"

Such among us as are addicted or disposed to golf and the wider number who are likely to become eligible for such classification, are somewhat more than fortunate that the governing body of the Elizabeth City Country Club have been able to secure the services of Frederick Findlay as the architect who will lay out and supervise the construction of the course.

Golf is not only a game but a tradition and Mr. Findlay, by inheritance and by long practice represents both the tradition and the sport, and the new course here may, and very proudly, claim direct inheritance from the two oldest and admittedly the finest golf courses in the world. Mr. Findlay began golfing on these courses, upon which his forefathers had played, as a caddy. He has been playing the game for 65 years, and that antedates its introduction into America.

Scots were playing golf on the St. Andrews and Montrose courses long before Columbus discovered America and as long as four centuries ago it had become necessary for the ruling sovereign of that country to deplore the importation of golf balls from Holland—the game seems to have been invented in Germany—and later rulers were under the necessity of promulgating laws to curb the Scots from devoting so much of their time to the sport. However, the King himself set them an example in non-observance of the law, and nothing came of it.

Golf is relatively new in the United States. It might have come into the Cape Fear valley with the Highlanders who began to settle there in 1729 but mostly these fellows came from the Western Isles where there was no golfing, the natives for topographical reasons devoting themselves to the more respectable forms of piracy. They knew nothing about the oldest athletic sport in the world. It was not until two centuries of dilution in the Valley of the Highlanders that they began to acquaint themselves with the sport of kings. Or anyhow, the sport of Scottish kings.

In so far as there is any authenticated history of it, golf came to the United States in 1886, which is only 59 years ago. It was played over a six hole course laid out near Yonkers in New York. That course, too, was patterned after ancient St. Andrews, but here in the Albemarle practitioners of the game can proudly claim direct kinship through the tie of one of the notable golf architects of the time, who learned his golf on the mother of all courses and who, now, dreams of home when he lays out a new course.

## Death at Its Worst

In North Carolina last week a man died of hydrophobia. Too late he remembered that he had been touched by a dog that gave no outward indication that here was a source of infection that, without medical intervention, can lead only to the most hideous death in all the catalogue of necrosis. His family, and helpless physicians called to minister to him, watched for three days of mounting horror at the implacable approach of death.

And so the man died. It is idle, now, to point out that his death was needless. But it is important to point out that so casual was the victim's contact with infection that no thought was taken of it. The infected dog went for days unchecked and was finally disposed of when it became evident that he was himself a victim of the most terrible disease of medical record. He was touched by an apparently masterless dog that wandered the streets.

This horrible thing could very well have happened here in Elizabeth City. That it has not already happened is one of the inscrutable mercies of providence. Up to now providence has been very kind, but there is no assurance that providence will be kind tomorrow, or the next day. The streets of Elizabeth City are infested with dogs that can be of pleasure to nobody, mangy, sore-ridden, unlovely—and menacing. Any one of them may be a source of infection and if one of them becomes so, all of them are potentially.

It is not possible to enter the postoffice, or the courthouse, or to walk a block along Main street in the business section without encountering one of these dogs. They sleep in the middle of the sidewalk, or against doorways. They should be removed. If their owners will not take them away, it is clearly the duty of the Police Department and of the Department of Health. Elizabeth City wants no death by hydrophobia.

# Daily Washington Merry-Go-Round

By DREW PEARSON

Gaithersburg, Md., Aug. 13—In a weak moment this writer yielded to the importuning of the wife, and after five straight years of pounding out a column every day, Sunday, Fourth of July, Christmas, and St. Swithins' day, decided to take a vacation.

But what a time to take a vacation! Out of all the days in the year, President Truman chose the first day of this alleged vacation to announce the dropping of the first atomic bomb on Japan.

Then Joe Stalin, after keeping the world waiting three years, chose the exact moment when this ex-typewriter-pounder was wielding a pitchfork in a Maryland hayfield to unleash 1,000,000 troops along the Siberian border.

Next came the second atomic bomb, the Japanese surrender offer, and so on—until I have concluded that I was right after all, and I never should have taken a vacation. But being only 35 miles from Washington, I am glad to work—at least intermittently.

However, there is one advantage to being out in the Maryland countryside where the phone doesn't ring every five minutes and folks are interested in things other than change President Truman will make next in his Cabinet. You can get a clearer perspective of today's tremendous events and what they mean to future mankind.

**History of Warfare**  
I have been thinking, for instance, about the history of war. In the old days, wars didn't hurt so many people. Knights in armor had their tilting jousts. Fair ladies applauded. Those who could afford it sailed off to the Crusades. Wars were more civilized, affected fewer people, and that was one reason they dragged on for years without people rising up and revolting.

Then, gradually, wars got so they affected almost every man, woman and child. Actually the Crusades were the first to practice total warfare. When Sherman marched through Georgia for the express purpose of destroying the ability of the South to support its armies, he was carrying out exactly the same principle as the atomic bomb. It took him longer to root out the agriculture, the industry, the economic structure of the South, but the objective was just the same.

Then in World War I and now World War II, we went on bigger, better, and more vicious wars. The atomic bomb is the ultimate in spreading destruction, until today the civilian population suffers most of all.

No longer, as in days of old when knights were bold, do the men who make war go out and fight the wars which they initiate. They stay behind in bomb-proof shelters with their children and their telephones, while vast conscript armies of men who have no choice in the matter, plus their women and children, who starve and are bombed out behind them, do the fighting and dying.

So now, as of August 5, the day we dropped our first atomic bomb on Japan, we have reached the point in warfare which was absolutely inevitable, the point at which either we stop going to war or mankind ceases to exist.

**Brass Hats Plan War**  
Already scientific planners for the next war had been working secretly on such weird things as bases on the moon from which they could launch huge rocket bombs on any nation; plans which would seem ludicrous and laughable were it not for the deadly achievements of science in other directions.

Already, Gen. William Donovan and his office of Strategic Services had been panning a worldwide espionage network to operate in peacetime by which we could spy on other countries.

Already Adm. Ernest King had drawn plans for 73 warships not to be completed until three or four years after the war, which peace-loving Jimmy Byrnes kept out of the Budget because they were not needed and obviously were aimed at future use against only one country—Russia.

Already the War Department had been spurring a campaign for peacetime conscription, never before adopted in the USA. In other words, our top planners were largely ignoring the hopes and ideals for which this war was fought. Already, they were plunging ahead toward the abyss of the next world war, blindly oblivious to the awful state in store for them. They were plunging ahead just as if another war were a foregone conclusion—until August 5, and the atom bomb over Hiroshima.

Now a cold chill has crept over the world, even over the head-boiled war planners, though not over all of them. The day after the results of atomic bombing became known, the New York News came out with an editorial urging that unless Canada share with us her uranium deposits, we should forgo any take them.

**Good Neighborliness Pays**  
This is the kind of jingoism on which war feeds. And, if there is one thing we have learned in this country, it is that being a good neighbor pays dividends. We have come to look at our vast borders with Canada and Mexico, minus a single armed guard, or at the thousands of people commuting every day across the Rio Grande or the Niagara or the Detroit River, to see that we of North America have led the world in neighborliness. And when you remember that our trade with Canada, Cuba and Mexico is greater than with any other three countries, obviously good neighborliness pays.

Except for off intervals, when we landed Marines in Nicaragua or Haiti, we have not tried to lord it over other people. We have tried on the whole to respect the

# A SLANT ON BOOKS

By JOHN PEELE  
Ralph Nunberg, The Fighting Jew. 11 East 44th Street, New York City 17, New York. 295 pages. \$2.50.

Racial prejudice is the most absurd, ridiculous and contemptible vice in which civilized man indulges. The chief reason for hating Hitler is not his invasion of Poland and France but his persecution of the Jews and his exaltation of Germans as the supreme race.

Of course the Japanese, whom we still fight, have exalted their race as supreme for generations.

Examine this field of supremacy in each of the persecuted races:

Thomas Mann, the greatest living writer in the opinion of this reviewer and most critics, is the greatest prose writer of our day. Mann is a Jew and a German.

Einstein with his theory of relativity, accepted by almost the entire scientific world as the greatest thinker in that field, is a Jew.

The Good Samaritan was probably a mulatto. The Samaritans were a group of races brought to Palestine by the emperor of Assyria to populate the country after the Jews were exiled. One of the races was the Cushites. The Cushites were Negroes from Ethiopia. As a result of this mixing the Samaritans were mulattoes. The Jews regarded themselves as vastly superior to the Samaritans for that reason.

This book deals with the history however of only one persecuted minority—the Jews.

The author takes particular rights of others. We did not dam off all the water in the Colorado River from Mexico, but divided it peaceably by treaty. We have made plenty of mistakes, but perhaps we have come nearer putting Christianity to work on an international basis than other major powers.

But even so, we have not kept out of war.

So the problem of preventing future wars is very deep and very difficult. It goes much deeper than the United Nations, which, though a start in the right direction, has very severe limitations. It gets down to education, to the churches, and to carrying out the basic rules of Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

How can we do it, I don't know. But we must do it, or see civilization vanish from the earth.

# Capitol Square

By LYNN NISBET  
Raleigh Correspondent

BLIND—Though some details remain to be cleared, it is fairly certain the State Board of Buildings and Grounds will turn over to the commission for the blind the property formerly used for the Confederate veterans home. This is believed to offer satisfactory solution to one of the board's most perplexing problems by utilizing valuable State property in an important social service for the entire State.

Tentative plans call for making this the central unit for State supported and auxiliary agencies devoted to making blind persons self-supporting. These plans are ambitious and admittedly will require several years to effectuate. In some respects the cart is before the horse. The last General Assembly appropriated \$15,000 to equip such a center, and the Lions Clubs throughout the State have promised to match that sum. The federal government will provide instructors and administration will be under the North Carolina Commission for the Blind. But equipment and administration cannot work without physical facilities in the way of buildings.

Tentative proposal is to get the building fund from popular subscriptions sponsored by the several agencies, chief of which are the Lions Clubs, the State Association for the Blind, and other civic organizations. Rotary, Kiwanis, Civitan and women's clubs have indicated willingness to lend aid to the project.

Official announcement of the project has been delayed pending clearance with United Daughters of the Confederacy about use of the property. Preliminary survey indicates complete willingness of UDC to go along with the idea, but some red tape must still be cut before positive action can be taken. The buildings and grounds board has a sort of off-record understanding that the property will not be used except with UDC approval. Individual members of both groups have said they cannot conceive of opposition to the idea.

When the home for Confederate veterans was abandoned by the State several years ago because the population had dwindled to half a dozen residents, the city of Raleigh entered a plea for the property to be used as a Negro recreation park. (It is situated at

the corner of New Bern avenue and Tarboro street, on the edge of a thickly populated Negro section of Raleigh.) White residents in the area and UDC all over the State protested such use. All buildings have now been removed except a small and seldom used chapel—which may be retained in the blind services set-up for joint use.

Plans call for an administration building to house offices of the State Commission for the Blind, Federal-State Services to Blindened War Veterans, the Volunteer Membership State Association for the Blind, and perhaps some phases of the work now carried on at the State schools for the blind. Also it is contemplated eventually to have dormitories for housing students at training schools, these to provide for separate accommodations for the sexes and for whites, Negroes and Indians.

There are 7,412 blind persons registered with the State Commission, according to the current biennial report. Of this number nearly 2,000 are drawing aid of some kind, but a surprisingly large number are entirely self-supporting. There are two completely blind typists working with the State commission, one with the department of agriculture and dozens of others in private employment. Dr. Roma S. Check, director of the commission, says blind typists do cleaner work and make fewer errors than those with normal vision. Chairman of the State Commission is Sam M. Cathey, who despite total blindness is a very competent judge of the Asheville police court. Aim of the proposed expanded State services is to enable an increasing number of blind persons to care for themselves and in fields of endeavor not heretofore regarded as open to them.

Services will be held each evening during the week at 8:30 o'clock.

**Revival Starts Tonight At Wesley Chapel Church**  
Columbia, Aug. 13—A revival meeting will be conducted at the Wesley Chapel Methodist Church at Fort Landing by the Rev. V. A. Lewis of Wanchese starting tonight, the Rev. Carl K. Wright, pastor, said today.

Services will be held each evening during the week at 8:30 o'clock.

**CARD OF THANKS**  
The family of Booker T. Lee wish to thank friends and the public for their kindnesses, condolences, cars and floral offerings given in their recent bereavement.

BY CHIO YOUNG

