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And Evening Chronicle

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W. C. Dowd, Jr., President
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J. E. Dowd, Vice-President
and Editor

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Prodigy, 69

Giraud, He of the Miracles,
With the Allies at Last

If some all-powerful agency is not set up immediately to prevent it, we fully expect General Henri Honoré Giraud to take over this war, look stock and barrel, and make it into something fantastic beyond imagination. The life of the unorthodox Frenchman has tripped along like a great, gusty joke on humanity for 63 years, like an inspired work of Oppenheim. War, death and international upheavals have meant less than nothing to the gaunt, mustachioed man who has scrambled over all like a grinning, sure-footed, world-ranging mountain goat.

Giraud is the natural leader of the French who are with the United Nations now, and it is well that that is so. Otherwise, the odds might be too great for us to overcome. He turned up in Africa (no one yet knows how) to command a French army with the aim of defeating the Axis and restoring France to her own. To the Germans, most of all, his threat must have seemed entirely credible.

In 1914, for example, having been left for dead on the field at Charleroi after a bayonet charge, he was captured by the Germans. He escaped miraculously, using fluent German, disguises of a butcher boy, a circus magician and a coal man, and the help of Edith Cavell. That dash for freedom was pale in comparison with one he pulled in May.

When the ill-fated Ninth Army under General Corp collapsed at Sedan, the last message from Giraud was true to type: "Headquarters surrounded by 100 tanks. Am destroying them." Soon, he was a prized captive in Saxony's Königstein Fortress, perched 150 feet above the Rhine. There the No. 1 German prisoner collected maps, civilian clothing, and pieces of thread. According to a story that sounds like fancy, he wove a rope, and after one unsuccessful attempt with a short length, the old man climbed down and disappeared.

Traveling side roads as a Swiss salesman, he finally reached the railroads, once avoided the Gestapo by arguing hotly with a Nazi officer in German. The 100,000-mark reward offered for him was never collected. Safe in Unoccupied France, he was the secret hope of thousands of loyal Frenchmen (De Gaulle offered to serve under him). Now, somehow, he is in Africa and free to battle again. His last act in France, presumably, was to receive our General Mark Clark, who reached enemy territory by subterranean with the man of miracles. Because his touch to legend is like unto that of Midas to gold, the Allied cause may fervently welcome the man of unreal accomplishment into the camp.

Usual Mistake

Beer and Wines Not
Tar Heels' Weaknesses

One of the mistakes persistently made by the Prohibitionists has been to lump whisky, the hard, headachy stuff, with any and all beverages containing a trace of alcohol. The error of this was clearly manifested in the Prohibition era, during which technical drought, a great many beer drinkers, denied their bulky liters, turned to the concentrated, more easily trafficked-in spirits.

Even the Rev. Mr. Fossick and A. L. Scott, who served as a sort of unofficial liquor commission to John D. Rockefeller Jr. back in 1893, reported that that earnest dry.

"Every consideration of social control suggests the frank acceptance and treatment of beer containing not more than 3.2 per cent of alcohol as a non-intoxicating beverage."

In North Carolina, particularly, the problem of drunkenness has always been a liquor problem. Your true Tar Heel has always looked upon beer (especially 3.2 beer) as an effete beverage, fit only for refrigerating the system; and as for wines—ugh! Fortified wines had for awhile, it is true, a sort of vogue among the drink-anthill boys, but that was only because the panders to this trade were putting out a concoction of fermented juices saturated with straight alcohol. The Legislature, having meant to legalize only the more respectable fortified wines, repeated the fortification privilege in 1941.

Noting that exception, it needs to be kept in mind by Wets and Drys alike that the great mistake of Prohibition was to deal with whisky and light wines

and beer as equivalent evils. Indeed they are not; to the contrary, alcoholic content is only their common denominator, and where 3.2 will go into beer one or two times, depending on its strength, and into natural wines three or four times likewise, it will go into whisky thirty times.

Municipal governing boards in North Carolina, as in Robeson County and Gastonia, where the sale of beer and wine is about to be prohibited on Sundays, would do well to examine the evidence and avoid this egregious mistake of Prohibition. Whisky, they should remind themselves, is one thing; light wines and beer quite another.

Two Lives

Little Unemployment Fraud
Looks Mighty Big Today

The 46 Mecklenburgers who have been leading double lives under the unwitting sponsorship of the State Unemployment Service have exercised an extremely poor sense of timing. These over-zealous opportunists, drawing compensation from the Government while holding regular jobs on the s. t., deserve to feel the firm hand of justice, now more than ever.

It's not hard to follow the reasoning of the little profiteers. There was the money to be had, Government (easy) money. Getting while getting was good was an answer to hard times in the State. For the little fringe of the population, the compensation was a godsend. The money would never be missed; furthermore, it didn't belong to anybody but the Government.

But the practice of the few, the venture, will become a trend of tomorrow, when zooming employment figures will show the sick well as felt again. It reflects the prime evil of our social legislation of the past few years—a public sense of irresponsibility and dependency. The two-owes-us-a-living school. Today, even as a tiny leak of our resources, it should be immediately shut off.

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All Together

Community Chest Campaign
Shows Full Participation

It's a genu-ine feat for this city to raise its Community Chest quota at almost any time. It's a feat of the first magnitude for it to raise a thumping quota compounded of War and Community needs. It's an extraordinary feat for it to have raised not only this compounded quota but to have exceeded it by a considerable sum running into the twenties of thousands.

Citations are due President James R. Bryant, Campaign Chairman Paul Whitlock, Campaign Manager Fred Huffman, Special Gifts Chairman Charles H. Stone and all the loyal workers, not to mention, of course, those who contributed the \$230,000-plus.

It is interesting to break down this aggregate of contributions. Mr. Stone's committee turned in \$128,000, which is to say that well over half of the total came from a compact group of individuals and business firms that always, without doubt, have to be and may be counted on to support worthy community philanthropies. Yet, observe that Mrs. Willis I. Henderson's residential division came up with some \$20,000, and Elmer Stiller's general solicitations with \$22,000-plus. City schools chipped in the creditable total of \$4,243, and The Negro Division was accounted for with the token sum of \$794.

In the aggregate, it is plain to see that with special (and usually larger) gifts, with general gifts, with gifts from households—in fact, with gifts from all kinds and classes of people, all in due scale, Community Chest campaigns may attain and exceed their quotas.

We don't understand a Kentucky faith of ten rushing off to sign up with the Navy unless he wishes to be comparatively alone.

In our more expansive moments we do things that surprise even ourselves. Here we are, out of a clear sky, giving China back to the Chinese.

This Is What We've Been Waiting For

By Herblock



For Victory

Shortening The Road

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON
AGAIN Churchill has said it better than anyone else. He describes this North African operation not as the beginning of the end but as the end of the beginning.

The war is just beginning to go our way. We still face that long road to Berlin and Tokyo. We are now only battling to get a place on the approaches to those rough highways to victory that must still be traveled.

To see the matter realistically is not to minimize the superb success of the North African operation. Only military men can fully appreciate the superior skill that went into it. Although the rest of us cannot adequately visualize the intricate nature of the task, we can recognize the clean-cut precision in the results. As when we see a great orchestra, we know that only mature, confident skill can produce the smooth, effective, finished performance. We know this action was the work of men who knew their business and who had taken infinite pains in preparation.

Valuable as North Africa is, for the bases and the shorter shipping routes this Mediterranean area provides, the completion of this campaign does not win the war. It only gives us bases. And not bases for the final attack on Germany. Only bases for the softening up of the sunny side of Axis Europe. After we are in Italy, Hitler is still there behind the Alps. There remains a job to be done from the north.

For the present it is furthest developed in the air. Our air attack over Europe will have to be steadily expanded.

That is why it was reassuring to have the War Production Board finally approve a few days ago the setting aside of 210,000 tons of steel to build a 24-inch pipeline from Norfolk City, Ill. to Camden, N. J. That line will connect with one which is almost completed, running from Texas to that Illinois point.

In War's Midst

Wallace Sees A New World

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON
WHILE our soldiers were plunging into Africa to bring the peaceful post-war world closer, Mr. Wallace, the Vice-President, made a speech suggesting some new thoughts about what it should be. He delivered his thoughts to an audience celebrating the anniversary of the Red Revolution in Russia.

Mr. Wallace is a lover of humanity, but somehow he never seems able to get the same love out of humanity that he gives it. He talked like Russia and the United States have the same ideals, will both have the same kind of democracy after the war.

But to get us that close together he had to give a new definition of democracy. He implied any government devoted to the common man was a democracy, although sometimes it had to be run by one man. If that is the definition of democracy, it is not our kind of democracy, but dictatorship, in one of its fascist, communal or socialist forms.

Both Hitler and Mussolini, and no doubt Tojo, all operate on the self-assumption that their one-man rule is for the common man of their countries, every citizen in the history of the world justifies itself on that pretense. Our kind of democracy, however, is ruled by the common man, not rule of the common man or a group of men. Governments are chosen by free election.

Mr. Wallace described a new thing he called "ethnocracy" as the point to which both Russia and the United States are progressing. Mr. Webster's first definition for ethnic is:

"Pertaining to the Gentiles, not converted to Christianity; heathen, pagan; opposed to both Jewish or Christian."

I know Mr. Wallace did not mean that. He used the word for its second definition:

"Relating to community of physical and mental traits in races, or designating groups of races of mankind, discriminated on the basis of common customs and characters."

That is a fine idea, but "a community of races" is a mutual affair. It cannot be one-sided. A friendship or a love of humanity, which is one-sided, is an arrangement in which one party is a fool.

Stalin sent no congratulations to Mr. Roosevelt praising him on his ideas of our democracy last July 4. On our Independence Day, Stalin's second man, Molotov, made no speech in Moscow lauding the democratic ideals of George Washington, or the Constitutional freedom, or the Atlantic Charter, or saying how close he was getting to our ways.

Obviously, Mr. Wallace's pretty picture lacks

The purpose of that line is not just to provide gasoline so people can drive cars around the country on week-ends to use up their tires. We are not setting aside precious steel for pleasure car driving. When we put that much steel into something it is put in for a more urgent purpose. The purpose must undoubtedly be to save tanker hauls, to shorten the tanker runs to Europe. It would make little sense otherwise.

Large-scale air raids over Europe take unbelievable quantities of gasoline—counted in thousands of barrels for each time up. Last May British airmen were talking about 1,000-plane raids over Europe. These have not been frequent. As they become more frequent the flow of gasoline from American refineries must increase. If we can cut the tanker haul almost in half by moving the shipping point from the Texas gulf to eastern points, each tanker can carry almost twice as much gasoline to Europe.

That must be the purpose of the big pipeline to the East Coast.

Although he is kept out of most war planning, Secretary Ickes began a hard fight for this pipeline months ago. Construction of the first, authorized only after a long battle, it will be completed ahead of schedule. One Pittsburgh mill is turning out this 24-inch pipe at the rate of 10 miles a day.

Our serious tanker situation has been clear for more than a year. Military plans have been worked out long ago. But only now has this necessary pipeline been authorized to dovetail with rising military needs. Several months will pass before it can go into service.

Fortunately the blasting of Secretary Ickes, Petroleum Co-ordinator, prevented further loss of time. Except for his persistence, we might have had a still longer delay in starting work on this link to victory.

Why And How

"I'm speaking for the class, sir, and we're wondering if you might not consider some toughening up exercises in preparation for work on farms as more important than piles of home work this year."

By Paul Mallon

substance. It is not founded on obvious facts. If the international bankers and the international TVA he recommends, are to be founded on the same basis, they will be just as one-sided—at our expense, with the use of our money.

The tiny Russia has fought this war will never be forgotten. No one has surpassed her in valor in all history.

But, the post-war world must be erected on concrete foundations, not by blurring over the facts. The work must be done on the basis of mutual acceptance, if it is to last. It must be genuine.

By Paul Mallon

Joseph Martin quit as Republican National Chairman because he was tired of the struggle. He felt he had been let down financially. He could not raise enough money to do a good job, and apparently he blamed the struggle within the National Committee between Wilkie and anti-Wilkie forces for that unwholesome state of affairs.

A recent canvass inside the National Committee indicated Wilkie could poll a maximum of 65 per cent of the vote. He is not a man to be an important influence. His candidate for the chairmanship is supposed to be a man, Kenneth Bradley of Connecticut, sponsor of Clare Booth Luce.

Likeliest successor to Martin in Washington eyes, however, is Werner Schroeder, lawyer, life insurance director and business man of Chicago. Last year Martin smoothed over the inner conflict between these forces by remaining on as chairman.

What He Did Mean

Miss Joan Myers had the misfortune to fall from a wagon and break an arm. Wish her a speedy recovery.

What He Did Mean

Cecil Sanders was thrown from his bicycle Saturday afternoon and narrowly escaped serious injury.

What He Did Mean

What He Did Mean

The Queer Race

We Americans

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

In The Forum

AMERICANS are queer people. They can't read. They have more time, more leisure, shorter hours, more holidays, and more vacations than any other people in the world. But they rush up and down across their continent as tourists, they move about in the forests in conventional, they invade the wilderness, they flood the mountains, they keep the hotels full. But they can't read.

The scenery rushes past them. They learn it, but they don't see it. The birds and mammals are around them in a yellow-neck bus. They hear them, but they don't get them. They have no step moving.

Americans are queer people. They can't read. They have more schools and better schools than all Europe. But they can't read. They print more books in one year than the French print in ten. But they can't read. They buy eagerly thousands of new novels. The last American who sat down to read died in the days of Henry Clay.

Americans are queer people. They can't drink. They have a fierce wish to be sober; and they can't. They pass fierce laws against themselves, quit themselves up, about themselves; and they can't stay sober and they can't drink.

They get this mentality straight out of home life in Ohio, copied from the wild spree and the furious repugnance at the pioneer farmer. The nation keeps it yet: it lives among red speckles, broken bottles, weeping children, penitentiary cells, and scenes broken easily.

Americans are queer people. They can't play. They want their work as soon as they wake. It is a simultaneous—the only one they're not afraid of. They eat all night, dance all night, build buildings all night, make a noise all night. They can't play. They try to, but they can't. They'll turn football into a fight, baseball into a law suit, and yachting into machinery.

The little children can't play. They use mechanical toys instead—toy cranes hoisting toy loads, toy machinery spreading a toy industrial depression of infantile dullness. The grown-up people can't play; they use a mechanical gymnastics and a clockwork horse. They can't run; they use a car. They can't laugh; they hire a comedian and watch him laugh.

Americans are queer people. They don't give a damn. All the world writes squibs like this about them and they don't give a damn. Foreign visitors come and write them up; they don't give a damn. Lecturers lecture at them; they don't care. They are told there are no art, literature and no science in the United States.

Moralists cry over them, criminologists dissect them, writers shoot epigrams at them, prophets foretell the end of them; and they never move. Seventeen brilliant books analyze them every month; they don't read them.

The Chinese look on them as full of Oriental cunning; the English accuse them of British stupidity; the Italians say they are liars; the French think their morals loose; the Soviets think they are fools.

But that's all right. The Americans don't give a damn, don't need to—never did need to. That is their salvation.

War Communiques

It's Like This

IN MANY places in Africa there is confusion.—Rome radio.

ALL attacks in landing operations have been repulsed on the African coast, except where they have succeeded—Jap controlled Indo-China radio.

Side Glances



"I'm speaking for the class, sir, and we're wondering if you might not consider some toughening up exercises in preparation for work on farms as more important than piles of home work this year."

Why And How

Censor's Code

This is one in a series of articles setting forth the provisions of the U. S. censorship code as provided by the News by Byron Price, Director of the Office of Censorship. We feel that it will answer virtually all questions asked by readers about news in wartime.—Editors, The News

12. Photographs and Maps
It is required in the voluntary censorship code that photographs or maps revealing military information be published only upon Government authorization.

In a result, newspapers and magazines are omitting many illustrations which could be published safely in normal times.

Recently an English picture was circulated showing a bomb exploding close away an unexploded time bomb in a London street. Shortly afterward the Germans, having learned in this way how the job was being done, changed the firing mechanism on their bombs so that they were no longer so easy to deal with.

Newspapers sometimes are accused of publishing too many photographs of planes, factories or other objects having military significance. In some cases these pictures could not possibly give information to the enemy because they disclose only those things well known before Dec. 7. In other cases the pictures are of maps, for instance, of a tree already captured by the enemy.

Readers should bear in mind that photographs and maps appearing in newspapers are submitted beforehand, if they have any military significance, for appropriate Government approval.

13. Miscellaneous
The code of voluntary censorship makes certain general requests on the subject as casually lists, interned aliens, and movements of important official personages.

If all casualties were identified as to specific military units or locations, the enemy would learn a great deal he does not know about the effects of his operations.

The request that there be no disclosure about the movements of the President and of other official personages is based on reasons of safety. The President is the Commander-in-Chief. He and his officers do certain traveling, and it is obvious that the enemy would like to know about it and would like to do it.

It is true that some of the facts regarding many things mentioned in the code will be known to many Americans. But the same information is almost all war information, including the life and sailing of military convoys. The voluntary code appeals to newspapers not to spread such information just further.

NOTE: Anyone who wants a complete copy of the code, either in order to understand better the wartime provisions of newspapers or for his own guidance in helping to keep dangerous information out of circulation, may obtain such a copy by writing the Office of Censorship, Washington, D. C.