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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1942

We May Be Thankful
Our Way Of Life Survives

By Raymond Clapper
 WASHINGTON

THIS year the Thanksgiving table may not be so bountifully laden as it was last year. At least there hangs over it the grasping hand of the ration book. Some chairs may be vacant if only because of transportation difficulties.

A year ago we were still reveling in unlimited supplies of food. We were driving about the country with unlimited gasoline and tires. But in some ways we were a much more worried nation then than we are now. A year ago we saw the Axis gradually pushing its conquest. The Germans were smashing into Russia and it looked as though Moscow would fall. Japan was pushing south into Indo-China. Although Pearl Harbor was still a couple of weeks in the future, Washington knew on Thanksgiving Day that there was little hope of peace. Secretary of State Hull was advising the Army and Navy that he had obtained all of the time that he could and that they must expect Japan to strike somewhere before long.

In other words, a year ago we were scarcely touched by the war. Yet we saw the hand closing and there was real doubt among the best informed people as to whether the Axis march could be stopped.

Now, a year later, we are far more affected by the war. We have had our casualties in men and in property. We know that more are to come. Yet the victory which seemed somewhat doubtful a year ago is now a certainty.

The potential strength of the United Nations has been converted to active war strength and the weight is beginning to tell. We know now that Russia cannot be smashed and that on the contrary she will be able to counter-attack. We are glad that in North Africa opposite the southern shore of the Axis, ready to strike from that side.



"I thought maybe you'd look like a movie star, but you don't! Sister says any date looks like Clark Gable to her nowadays!"

An Appeal
Damned Spot

On All Christmas Lists Put The Empty Stocking Fund

Back about the turn of the century, The Empty Stocking Fund came into being. It was one of the first and organized social service unknown. On Christmas Eve The News would pile into a wagon the toys and baskets of food that had bought with the donations of kindly Charlotteans, and with the late W. C. Dowd at the helm would make the rounds of the poorer sections, playing Santa Claus to the forgotten children. It must have been a moving experience, this round of Christmas calls, and it is too bad that the growth of the city and the changed relations between benefactors and beneficiaries have made it obsolete. But the spirit of the Empty Stocking Fund today is as warm as ever it was, and the children to whom it plays Santa Claus are still children, and so terribly appealing.

And let no one, simply because he has seen it in the newspapers, conclude that the fund's prosperity has banished war. The fatherless, the sick, the invalid and the decrepit are harmed rather than benefited. By the record, there are 800 children to whom December 25 will be no different from any other dismal day unless the Empty Stocking Fund provides for them. And there are others beside these pre-selected 800.

It is too bad, we say, that donors to the Empty Stocking Fund cannot enjoy, in compensation for their thoughtfulness, the experience of playing toys and good stuffs to children, and distributing the Christmas cheer themselves. But it is, after all, the beneficence that counts. With that in mind against this oncoming Christmas Day, and with the faith, borne of long experience, that the gifts of the Empty Stocking Fund are the best, we hereby urge its 1942 Empty Stocking Fund to contributions great and small.

We Can Give Thanks Every Day

—By Herblock

Most of the nation's business is going to be transacted in the Pentagon Building for the duration. We know you are not among the naive populace that believes the duration will end with the war. After Hitler and Hirohito—and what's-his-name in what used to be Italy—have capitulated, we have to demobilize our Army and, in the grand tradition of America, sink the Navy. That's all going to take time and a lot of administration, because the Army and Navy are going to be so large. The huge task of unmaking the Army and Navy even as the powerful job of making them, will be performed in the Pentagon Building. That's because Secretary of War Stimson is a very canny fellow, indeed.

We have discussed the Pentagon Building before, but then it was just a shack no bigger than the Grand Canyon turned inside out. It was originally designed to house the War Department, and its estimated cost was \$45,000,000,000.000. We may be a few dollars out, one way or another, but you get the idea. You'll also get the bill. The chosen site was the old Washington airport, just a dollar away at the taxi cabs, in Arlington, Va. Now you can only get to the north entrance by taxi. If you want to go to the front door, you take the Norfolk and Southern express and change at Raleigh, N. C., for the main entrance lobby.

The reason for this extraordinary growth is that the structure was planned like the ancient labyrinth in Crete. Well, the building is not the least of the things that are new for the war. It is called a hall to the construction work. So huge has the building become that the Internal Revenue Bureau has set up branches in it. Business visitors can pay their quarterly income tax installments, while trying to find their way around.

When the cost of the structure reached \$97,000,000,000,000.000, there were rumors of a Congressional investigation. A Senate subcommittee equipped with scooters came around to inspect the place, but it is the visitors run out of gas in the Southwest by South Wing. Anyhow, you just know something has happened to him. He is not a Senator, you have not heard from since, and, when you don't hear anything, the Secretary of War heard the rumors and began to look around for corners. He had the happy inspiration to invite the Navy, the Marine Corps, the Coast Guard and the Explorers' Club to share the building with the War Department.

"Let's co-operate," he said, in effect, to the Secretary of the Navy. "Knock, old pal, you take half the building; and half the blame. Look. The newspapers are always hollering for the Army and Navy to get closer together and share the blame. Let's all move into the Pentagon Building together, and stop that idle gossip. Besides, we one will be able to find us."

Now, Frank Knox is a brave man. He did not hesitate to charge up San Juan Hill in '98, nor to be Al Landon's running mate in the opposite direction 38 years later. He accepted Mr. Stimson's challenging invitation and presently the Army and the Navy will be side by side under one roof.

Well, the cozy arrangement Mr. Stimson has made for his paying guests includes private elevators between the offices. Suppose you're a water baby. He steps into the elevator, presses a button, and presto! He's whisked right into Mr. Knox's office. The same thing holds for any private these days.

The arrangement is going to be hard on all the ensign and second lieutenants who thought they wouldn't have to cross water in the war, and now find themselves confronted with the cross water journey across the Potomac River by bus. The boys in Guadalcanal and Tripoli will get home often on ferriboats than the members of the Pentagon Expeditionary Force. In fact, a special medal is being set up for the outfit. It is in the form of a spider's web. The ribbon will be a length of red tape.

One thing is certain. If the country is invaded, we will only need the services of a single spider to tip the enemy off to the fact that the Army and Navy are inside the Pentagon Building. The invading forces, complete with tanks, will charge through the donkey of that curious creature, and the only way to prevent them from being there will be none to say that the \$97,000,000,000,000.000 building cost us, elevators included, was wasted.

World Wonder
The Pentagon

From The United States News

IF YOU have not yet seen the Pentagon Building, don't worry. You will. You may not even have to come to Washington to see it. As the rate this curious structure is growing, even the mountain in Djogora likely to come to Mahomet, or whatever your name is.

Neap Tide
Rising Fury of Offensives Hits Axis On All Fronts

This, remember, is the way you want it. Half-way around the globe fighting men of the United Nations are pressing the attack, and the lines are drawing closer about the enemy, exacting a deadly toll of men and machines. If the offensives vary in intensity and lack co-ordination, the free world may still rejoice that these days are not like those of Spring and Summer, when the aggressors rolled almost at will to the conquest of new empires. Now, we move.

Where, not so many moons ago, we were vexed by shipping shortages and sagging production, and by the will of the wisp Secretary of War, we are locked in our favor. The war may still be long, but it is shortening now, and not lengthening by the day. We march.

What may become a stupendous victory is in the making in Russia. With the first offensive of Winter, the Red Armies have driven two fearful wounds into the thick body of Nazi forces in the South, are reportedly only 30 miles from a meeting along the Rostov-Orel line which would surround some 300,000 Hitler troops. Plans, men, and tanks are falling in large numbers to the Heroic of all Red assaults. If Hitler is to hold his ground in the East he must pay a price far higher than he can now afford.

In Tunisia, advancing British and American armies were in the island. The decision, to be forged in the air, looks as our own. If Hitler chooses to make this a major challenge, so much the better. Even in an even trade of planes for planes, we stand to outwear him. Our lines of supply, though longer by far, are safer in proportion. If the Luftwaffe chooses to bleed itself further in Africa, the safer will be the day of final invasion.

Around the Colonnades, the Jap has lost his magic touch. Crippled by sea and aware cautious of risking his remaining power, he is forced to leave his garrisons to work out their own fate, and that fate is nearing rapidly. The clearing of New Guinea and Guadalcanal now seems in prospect, and with that objective in mind, the next target is Rabaul, and that the powerful base at Truk, far to the North.

With us, it goes well. True, this is only the design of victory, and not victory itself. But who remembers that a few days ago we were only absorbing punishment from the world around?

Nelson To Fade?



Amateurs At Business

By Paul Mallon
 WASHINGTON

WITHIN WPB, the top-ranking personnel expert Donald Nelson to fade, and be replaced soon by his right-hand man, Ferdinand Eberstadt, who now bears the unimposing title of vice-chairman of the program committee. They say now that Mr. Nelson was never the man for a detail-dumpy job, on the other hand, Mr. Eberstadt is well-liked by his associates for kindness and driving ability.

He came out of a leading New York law firm into the Army-Navy Munitions Board early in the war. When Nelson and the generals were squabbling over respective jurisdictions, Mr. Roosevelt lifted Eberstadt up to his present position to end the fight.

While row official publicity has deduced Congressional and press criticism of the war effort in Washington to a considerable extent lately, the clumsiness and inefficiency of WPB and Mr. Henderson's OPA are just as much as ever the talk of the town.

All business men and lawyers who deal with either (and who does not?) have a typical tale to tell of personal experience. A small manufacturer, for example, applied to WPB for 100 feet of tubing to run from his generator to his machines. A WPB official wrote back asking if he was manufacturing indispensable war materials.

The business man furnished proof that 60 per cent of his business was in war orders, and was accordingly to receive from WPB an official priority stamp that insinuated as 60 per cent of his business was indispensable war materials, and was given an order to purchase 80 feet of tubing.

The internal condition of the Washington front is perhaps best described by a definition of "efficiency" furnished by the brilliant Rabi! Gerstenfeld, in a talk to the Rotary Club here last week. He said he had been wondering why the Government couldn't get things better organized, and upon investigation of their activities, he had learned what a co-ordinator he is. He is a man who brings or brings chaos out of regulated confusion.

A Washington fuel oil distributor was called on the telephone by a harsh official voice and informed:

Quote, Unquote

WE just proved and kept moving. And believe me, we did a lot of praying.

—One of six marines lost among the infested Guadalcanal jungles.

When this war is won it will be our first duty to watch over the victory we have gained and to see that no new tyranny is again allowed to loose tragedy upon the world.

—Historian Churchill.

America is not only a new continent; she embodies a new spirit. America's voice must be heard. And the eyes of the freedom-loving peoples are concentrated on her.

—Gen. Draja Mihailovich, Yugoslavian guerrilla chieftain.

The only weapon I have is hot.

—Sen. Theodore O. Bilbo.

Bible Thought

The Christian does not even hate his enemies. Hate hurts the hater worse than it possibly can hurt his enemy. We all are Zion's Memorial Sunday school is on the map, reporting \$5 present last Sunday and a collection of \$9.66.

Which Repentant Sinner Dressed That \$8 Bill In?

Dressed Item: Mosaic (New-Herald)

Zion's Memorial Sunday school is on the map, reporting \$5 present last Sunday and a collection of \$9.66.

Visitin' Round

Which Repentant Sinner Dressed That \$8 Bill In?

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