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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1942

WPA Drive
 Cleveland Sets an Example for
 The War-Pressed Community

It was all to the good that WPA died under the savage pressure of the times. It is the free-flowing bounty would not generate shiftlessness and general irresponsibility among the people thought so, and said so. But there were the gains, the burden of social progress that the long-armed agency carried, though at a fearful cost. Any of its benevolences were worth a million one way or another.

The answer of Cleveland County to WPA's suspension was gratifying. In that non-rising kingdom, beset by problems typical to most of the Piedmont rollins, leaders are determined to save their local projects. They don't know how it could be done, at least, but they were going to keep the WPA alive, war or no war, dead or no subsidy.

For example, Cleveland organizations like the Parent-Teachers Association are able to take over programs of school lunches for children, and if they are able to maintain work for the crippled and blind, then other communities can also find ways of assuming like responsibilities urged by the Federal Government.

This, however, comes closer to the battle doctrine of free enterprise which is being evaporating in New Deal steam. It is a proposal which might, in execution, become a foundation of government. A community's social obligations become its own burden, simply administered for a selected segment of population. And let the beneficiaries be, as they did under WPA, become the property of the patronized, but a part of the people being freed from the good of the people.

Perhaps that is more than is there in an aggressive announcement from Cleveland that it doesn't intend to give up the good that came from WPA. But it was certainly the spirit in which it was uttered. Of that, we could stand epidemic.

Black & White
 FDR Plans Her Future

Miss Dorothy Thompson, our lady of a stratosphere, has taken to flying these days, swooping to peck at President Roosevelt and his \$25,000 plan for rehabilitating our way of life. It seems natural to see the impassioned lady swooping to peck at Roosevelt, but it's more than high-level stuff, and area bombing. That, here, however, is the case of a veridical Roosevelt, and a pretty misadventure it is, when scribbled in the newspaper.

Look, she says, in her earnest fashion; here's Britain planning for its future plan. A plan requested by the Government. All the facts and background are there. Proposed changes are laid before the people. They are considered, and it is progressive and safe. That is the way to plan any nation's tomorrow. It is the ordering from the menu, as against "luck. Table d'hotel doesn't mean much, does it?"

But America, greatest of the democracies, how is socio-economic change coming forth? Why, by the President's act, of course. The example: His \$25,000 limitation of salaries, imposed by fiat. Her Congress had ruled it out. Because that method worked with the original plan, he's going to build an empire by spreading his powers to include all income, earned and unearned and the point is that he'll probably take that by fiat as well.

Then, to La Thompson, doesn't look like much of anything having to do with democracy. She sees that as dictatorial process, aside from the peculiarities of the individual case. She wants things done by forethought, by bringing the people into public consideration that the people themselves might choose the things they wish to run, the rules by which they shall live. She wants no story written in one man's cold, certainly not the history of all the people.

The lady burns with the fervor of the day. She says she cannot alone, saw head minister, planning, and that may unfortunates. But hot or cold, the question drifts in to us as all-important, must be deciding, one of these election years, whether the power delegated to the people by their government be given to the Executive or the Legislature.

The Unofficial Executioner



Next Decision
 Our Stand For Peace

WASHINGTON

It may be difficult to know just what the party would do with its power if it won the 1944 election. In 1920 the party was divided. Candidate Harding rambled all over the issue, or as we used to say when we were covering his campaign, he was for and against the League. Many leading figures of the Republican Party were strong champions of the League of Nations. Just before the election they issued a public appeal saying the surest way to go into a league was to elect Harding. That appeal was signed by such figures as William Howard Taft, Elihu Root, Charles Evans Hughes, Herbert Hoover, Nicholas Murray Butler, and others whose names also carried great weight with the public. As soon as the election returns were in, Harding announced that the League was dead, and announced that he would co-operate with other nations.

Not Taft, not Hughes, not Hoover, not any of the pro-League figures in the party but a group of insiders who controlled Harding planned that the denials of rejection of the League should stand, although they kept their hole card down until after election.

That was a standard political maneuver. It happens often in politics, on issues both big and little, and is practiced in both parties. The important thing is to know that the game is often played that way, and to be on watch for the appearance of the old familiar trick.

Perhaps public opinion will be determined against going back into the kind of war-treacher international anarchy that we have had. Perhaps the Republican Party will be driven by public opinion to take the position Wilkie has insisted upon. But judging by performance thus far there is a strong desire among many of the Republican leaders to give Wilkie a big kick in the pants and go the other way. That's about all I can make out of it up to now.

Where the Republican Party will stand is uncertain. The meeting of the Republican National Committee this week produced no convincing evidence either way. A resolution was adopted referring back to previous resolutions, as a kind of roundabout way of hinting that the party was not isolationist. The new chairman, Harrison Spangler, is quoted as saying after he was elected that the United States would have to play its part in making a lasting peace, and that it might be necessary to maintain an international police force.

But the party is bitterly divided. Isolationist influence is strong. The political leaders who attended the national committee meeting in St. Louis

Brightening Up
 Continent Of Tomorrow

By MURRAY TIGH BLOOM
 In Coronet

POOR Africa, Adolf Hitler has long had great plans. It has everything he wants: food, minerals, diamonds, oil and breeding stock. His German supermen and technicians would reverse the flow of rivers, flood valleys, change climate, harness power, develop cities and resources in its almost uncharted many new ones which these stupid British and French had been too lazy to look for. It would take 50 years perhaps, but it would be a miracle the like of which the world had never seen.

Not so the United States; it is not until recently.

For years the United States didn't give a good damn about Africa. It gave us our zinc mines, Tanzania, photos of pygmies and cannibals. It was the head of the State Dept. who said, "I've got a guy with white hair and said, 'Dr. Livingston, I presume?' Collectively, Africa concerned most of us about as much as the moon.

But with Hitler seeing Dakar, the United States began to stir a little uncomfortably. And with the war, Africa suddenly became a vital heartbeat of the Near East. Hitler's ambitions were interpreted suddenly. Uncle Sam called upon Pan-American Airways to perform a miracle: to build an airline across the heart of Africa.

Today, in Africa, the pioneering business goes something like this:

You're up at 4:30 A. M. and ready to begin working by five. The early morning is almost cool, usually between 60 and 70 degrees. By eight A. M. the first rush of planes has subsided a bit, and you return to the comparative shade of the camp for some breakfast. If you've eaten your native cook any sort of encouragement, he has shot a gazelle for breakfast, seasoned it with raw, exotic herbs that make tobacco sauce seem flat and tasteless. You don't encourage him again.

About 5 P. M. you're back at camp, making. The new village of steel, pre-erected buildings has ready yet, so you're still living in your mud-houses with grass roofs and whitewashed interior walls. You have an electric refrigerator, but no running water, not yet. You wash in the bath and take showers in outside enclosures with water supplied from large oil drums.

Men are getting to like Africa in spite of every one of Nature's terrible drawbacks. They think the place has tremendous possibilities. Many are going to stay. Some are learning Hausa or Swahili. Just two of Africa's 700 languages—the two most

Axiss Arrows

The Wild West

By Samuel Crafton

The Nazis have always pictured Britain and America as slap-happy "capitalist plutocrats" currently engaged in a meaningless fireworks display, for no clear purpose.

Every American who makes bad jokes about war aims gives realism to this attempted portrait.

Baruch constantly says that America is in the war to save its own skin, and for what it can get. When one of our own citizens, in a frenzy of hard-headedness, announcing that we are in the war to save our skin, etc., and don't care what happens on the Danube, etc., Radio Berlin nods. That, it says, with a Nazi leer in the staff.

The Nazis not only say all this about us, but for many years have believed it and acted on it.

The cornerstone of Nazi foreign policy has been that Britain and America were thoroughly selfish, and could be had.

They have always felt they could catch us with a bit of peace-in-our-time cheese, or anti-Bolshevik salami, or an after-all-what-do-we-care sardine.

Time after time, the West rose to the bait, while the world watched and wondered what was with us.

The world is still watching, and every repetition of that corny old "hard-headed" act does us a million of little people later when one of us raises his head to the heavens and in an outburst of lyrical sarcasm, tells of his indifference to the little people of, say, the Zulu Islands.

They always make it the little people of the Zulu Islands, or some such place, because that sounds funny, but the little people of Paris are perhaps smart enough to read "Paris" for Zulu, and the little people of Vienna are bright enough to make the same easy transposition.

Thus, every time we become funny and say: Damn the problem of the unwarmed people in New Guinea, anyway, we encourage the Nazis to believe that their portrait of us, as a fat, selfish chuzzlewit, is substantially correct.

We also encourage the world to believe that the Nazi portrait of us is substantially correct.

These eggs are like winks, or the significant pass! announcing that we are not such idealists, after all. That is the way hard-headed subconsciousness calls to hard-head, across the spaces of ideological night.

That "hard-headed" vaudeville act assures the top Nazi leadership that the "reasonable" world, in which they once obtained their bargains, still exists. It encourages them to fight on, to try to change the bait, to set the trap another way, not to give up too easily.

As I've said, the Nazis really believe we are what they say we are. They would not have dared do one-tenth of what they have done, if they had not believed we would be "reasonable." They have depended on us, with touching faith.

Their very invasion of Russia was a comment on the West, another bit of ruse in the trap. Our response to that has been the biggest shock the Axis has ever suffered.

Now we can see the war aims fight for what it really is. It is a fight to make a world in which Nazism cannot exist. It is not Germany alone which is the menace. A certain kind of Germany plus a certain kind of England and a certain kind of America is the menace. The combination is the menace.

If we change the Western branch of that combination, the whole structure tumbles. That's the war aims fight. The funny boys are partly right. The amount of milk which each Hottentot ingests is, in itself, relatively unimportant. But the establishment of a Western world with a certain attitude toward milk and Hottentots is vastly important, because if that is done well, Nazism can never live again.

It will part and die, like an animal in the wrong biological environment.

Those feeble jokes about war aims help preserve a world in which Hitler can operate. That's the danger. Each joke is a last-minute ration to Dr. Fuehrer of vitamins A, D, G and B-1.

Visitin' Around

Money Talks Louder

(Amherst, Tenn., Morgantown News-Herald)

James McCall left last week for Newport News, Va. where he will work on defense. We miss Jim in our community and cherish his work. He is not a public speaker but his faithfulness means much and his liberal offerings also.

As the War Communiques Would Put It, Fred and Edwin Retired to Consolidate Their Position

(Oakland Item, Transylvania Times)

Fred Hinkle and Edwin Woodard had an exciting experience near Sapphire Saturday night, when they ran into 100 bears in the road. The boys gave the bears a real fight but finally let them get away.

Miscellaneous Intelligence

(Dellplaine News, North Wilkesboro News-Herald)

The new cow George R. Johnson bought was the pretty Holstein-Guernsey-Jersey heifer Greene Brown had when he lived at Silas W. Guernsey's place. She used to stay part the time at the old place. A minister of the white race was supposed to preach at the colored people's church, Union Grove Sunday. They had fine singing.

This correspondent received a note last week from Rear Admiral P. W. Foster Houston, Texas, a first cruise since removed of her number, enclosure \$5 for Miss Mattie Sale for repairs to Brier Creek Church. He said he was much amused by the Dellplaine news.

Side Glances

We still tend to regard all Africans as wearing loincloths and brandishing spears. Actually, there are large colonies of educated, cultured blacks in most of the African countries. They include doctors, lawyers, civil service workers, hospital technicians, newspaper publishers, shopkeepers, and representatives of large American and British corporations. Just outside of a small town in Nigeria, an engraved tombstone reads:

Here lies Adijidji, agent for the renowned

Since 1922 some 550 African Negro students have been brought to New York to study at our colleges and universities. Most stayed at least five years—long enough to get their master's degree, usually in education, government or engineering. Some went on to get their doctorates.

One of them, Samuel Adesioke, editor of the influential West African Pilot, published daily in Lagos, Nigeria, has been conducting a persistent campaign to get promising Africans to study in America. The funds raised by his paper have helped send some fifteen men and women students to American universities.

Adesioke's American training is evident in his adoption of a nickname, Zik, and in his paper, which somehow looks like an American sheet. It carries ads for Peppercorn, Ford V-8's and American Home Products, among others. They include doctors, lawyers, civil service workers, hospital technicians, newspaper publishers, shopkeepers, and representatives of large American and British corporations.

An expedition from the American Museum of Natural History found that the natives were no longer decorating gourds with the traditional plaques of antelope and bird markings. They were using automobiles and airplanes. Another museum group visited a section of Abyssinia famous for its brilliantly dyed native baskets.

"Yes, they are selling very nicely," they were told. "But the cost of importing dyes from America is hitting us rather hard."

Until recently, a junk dealer in Brooklyn made a fine living shipping discarded Sunday newspaper colored comic sections to Africa. Traders in the interior found that their goods sold faster when wrapped in a comic section. The Africans used the colored papers to decorate their walls.

"Doc, you know a lot about human nature—suppose you explain why it is that customers of mine who never bought 'coffee before to buy it now just because it's hard to get!"