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And Evening Chronicle

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J. E. Dowd, Vice-President
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MONDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1942

Forty-Third

Editor Dowd and 42 Others
Leave The News a Pattern

When Editor J. E. Dowd departed from The News as a Navy lieutenant, he raised the number of its employees in service to 43—roughly one fourth of the News family. The loss of no one man will be felt more keenly, not only by this newspaper, but by Charlotte, North Carolina and the South at large. During his fifteen years of service, in which he assumed editorial direction of news policy, as well as that of the editorial page, he gave The News a vigorous, driving force.

His position was never that of the professional crusader, but the campaigns he waged for good in this section will remain as lasting benefits to the people of the state: prison reform, solicitor general, alum clearance, attack upon Charlotte's high murder rate, reform in State hospitals. But that is not the sum total of his work. He built a wide reputation for the editorial page through an honest, fearless and sane approach to human problems; his formula for news coverage was that it be accurate, complete and lively. Under his leadership, The News grew apace.

Publisher W. C. Dowd saw all of his men enter the service cheerfully; he knew what urge compelled them to go into the fight. Editor Dowd was not required to go himself. In expressing his feelings to the staff he left behind he intimated that he might be of more value in his position here, but that conscience bade him leave. In training at West Point at the close of the last war, he felt an obligation to have a more active part in this one.

No organization, least of all one so tightly knit as The News, could give up so many valued men and carry on business as usual. In the last delegation to leave, Reporter Tom Tupperman and Promotion Man Bill Rilly with the editor, we suffered heavily. Those of us who remain behind dedicate ourselves to the attempt to carry forward as best we can The News tradition these men helped build. And in our eyes it's right, much of a tradition. We eagerly await the great day of their return.

Crossroad

Uncle Sam Will Decide Now
Upon the Fate of Finland

In these days of mailed fist diplomacy, when guns speak the language of statesmanship, the United States finds itself in a delicate situation with little Finland, half friend, half foe, and altogether a strange traveler among the family of nations. As yet, we are at peace with the Nazi-dominated Finns, but Allies Russia and Great Britain are at war with them. A Finland is on Russian soil, and Germany is using Finnish territory to base attacks upon our shipping to Russia.

It is to be hoped that American pressure can silence Finland from the Axis block, but a Nazi army of occupation seems to preclude that possibility. At the first sign of departure to the side of the United Nations, Finland would probably become a vassal state under Hitler. Thus the little land of the North, with complex troubles of her own, stands almost helpless between all-powerful forces.

Any attempt to win Finland by American pressure would probably be interpreted by the Russians; and Great Britain would be unable to offer help to her in a struggle against Germany. Three years ago, when Russia was gobbling up Finnish territory and busy overcoming heroic resistance, America's sympathies were definitely with Finland, and at that time Congress granted her a \$30,000,000 credit, allowed postponement of war debt payments. Since, however, Finnish funds in this country have been frozen, and that government has been accused that it was alienating American sympathy, Finnish ships have been seized.

Soon the die is to be cast in American-Finnish relations. H. F. Arthur Schoenbaum, our minister to Finland, is returning for consultation. Out of sessions with the State Department will come a decision as to the charting of a course recently haphazard and confused.

A declaration of war against Finland is not likely to affect the course of campaigns in the least, but it would give one more little nation to the camp of the Allies. More than 200,000 Finnish soldiers have been sent to the front.

next few days may depend the fate of the Finnish people for generations to come.

The Tocsin

First Little Thrust at Burma
Forecasts a Great Offensive

The monsoons died down, calm came to sweltering Burma, and the black face of a new storm rose quickly. War is coming again to the contested land, war in season. The place swarms with Japs, massed in the North for a slash at China, hidden behind new fortifications on the Indian border. But the first stirrings came from India itself, as General Wavell's forces punched a thrust in the Jap flesh with a limited offensive toward the Bay of Bengal.

In itself, the little foray is nothing, but as the shadow of a big drive out of India, it means everything to war in the Far East. There the Japs have lain since Spring, strengthening himself unmolested, threatening all India. But in the passing months British forces have grown to a total of 1,500,000 men, mostly native troops — but sprinkled with a sizable number of British veterans. The U. S. Air Forces control the air. Counter-offensive is coming.

There are tremendous problems of supply and equipment in India, but the first Allied land victory in the East is still to come, and badly needed. For such a victory, the United Nations will be willing to risk a great deal. But our position in the area has greatly improved, and there is the possibility of a combined drive by Chinese, British and American troops against all of Burma.

Before that is possible, naval supremacy must be secured in the Bay of Bengal. Daily raids by American planes are powdering border defenses and making nearby waters dangerous for the Jap navy. Sometime this winter, before the season runs out, a forward march is indicated.

But however the Burma offensive unfolds on the war calendar of the United Nations, it must be undertaken now or never. The beginning of the end for Japan is not likely to come by rolling up from the South Island by island, but by a concerted drive overland, eliminating massed enemy troops and bases, and striking straight at the heart of the Co-Prosperity Sphere. Sometime before victory, there will be good news from Burma, and Wavell's little poke was a telegraphed punch.

Faster!

State Communists Now Cry
For New Assault on Big Incomes

How fast this world moves depends upon where you are. If you're in the grandstand with the regular customers, or in the high-priced box seats, it's whizzing by like a run-away comet. Goaded by the hard-riding New Deal, it streaks toward the horizon so fast that you can't follow its progress. From that angle, its momentum is breathtaking. You don't know what the next leap will bring. But from the balcony, the thing crawls at a snail's pace.

Up there, wedged tightly in the crowded seats, is the American Communist Party. Having seen bits of its radicalism yesterday incorporated into today's accepted government, it calls now for more speed. It spurs on the world, which seems to move too leisurely on the track of social gains. The last yip we heard was from the North Carolina Committee of the Party.

Secretary Bart Logan, cheerleading for the Reds, sings the melody. Because he's investigated and found the average wage in North Carolina to be \$22.32 per week excluding agricultural and domestic workers, and the average tax on those wages to be \$5.00(1), he wants more revolution, and quick. That \$25,000 salary limitation the Party sold to the Democrats was old stuff. Capital still lives, and down with it now.

North Carolina's taxation is all wrong, the Party says. And the suggested remedy is what you'd expect: 1. Repeat the sales tax. 2. Set a dollar value tax upon the hundred-dollar valuation on stocks, bonds, all land or dwellings not inhabited by the owner. 3. Larger graduated tax upon big incomes.

For all his impatience to make all men equal before the Commissars, Bart is a piker. Wouldn't it be a sight quicker and funnier to slash all incomes to \$25,000? He'd be a sight quicker to slash the income of the wealthy than the income of the poor.



What Is Truth?

Washington Is Deceiving

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

A. H. TRUTH, TRUTH. What is truth? Truth is that Senator Byrd of Virginia is a violent opponent of questionnaires. He says the Government wastes the country's time, sending out too many of them.

Truth is, also, that Senator Byrd has just asked the Government to give him complete information, at once, on all hotels, rooming houses, lodging houses, etc., which it has acquired during the war, with full data on prices paid, value, conditions of sale, and Government intentions regarding permanent entry into hotel business, a hot issue if ever there was one.

And truth is an Army Air Forces official, filling out Senator Byrd's questionnaire, when he ought to be doing something about Guadalcanal, in order to arm the Senator with ammunition against the Government, of which the anti-questionnaire campaign is a part.

What is truth? Truth is that this Congress has conducted a major campaign against the 40-hour week, on the high and noble ground that the 40-hour week (which does not exist, except as a slide-rule for computing salaries) interferes with the war effort.

Truth is that, with an eye to future elections, this Congress, at its last act before adjournment, voted unanimously, and that means unanimously, in favor of time-and-one-half after 40 hours for Federal employees.

Ah, truth, truth. What is truth? Truth is a Congressman, making a rumble because the Administration has not rationed all funds promptly and expeditiously. Truth is, also, Secretary of Agriculture Wickard, pointing with shocked surprise to a Congress which has adjourned without appropriating the money needed for a full rationing program.

What is truth? Truth is that this Congress has hated inflation, for it has incessantly fought to reduce wages, and truth is that it has loved inflation, for it has incessantly fought to increase prices.

Ah, truth, truth. If you listen to selected Congressmen, is that Jesse Jones of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is a hard-headed business man, the kind the war needs, while Vice-President Wallace, head of the Bureau of Economic Warfare, is an impractical idealist, afflicted with a dazed dream of forcing every Hotentot to drink a quart of milk every day.

Truth actually is that Jesse Jones (according to a leak from a Congressional committee) had sent only one man to all of South America, by last April, to get us some rubber, while Treasurer Wallace, who has since taken over, has 126 men on the spot or on the way. Truth also is that the idealist, Wallace, has snatched \$32,000,000 worth of goods from the Axis by "preclusive" buying in neutral countries in eight months, while that hard-headed administrator, Jones, failed to buy a dollar's worth, when he had charge, during the preceding eight months, according to Mr. Miles Perkins, or else bought only some \$2,500,000 worth, according to himself.

Oh, how you'd never have guessed this from current comments about Messrs. Wallace and Jones. Oh, how often truth, when it passes through the mind of a man, comes out in unlikely and unrecognizable form.

What is truth? The point of this little adventure in semantics is that truth is a man's basic attitude, and not the phrases in which he quite sincerely dresses it.

The truth about Senator Byrd is not that he hates and disbelieves in active, energetic government. See, when the test comes, he will even use a questionnaire in his fight against Government. What is truth? The truth about certain leading elements in the last Congress is that they wanted raw money, by the way they wanted to carry on their old fight against administrative agencies, and that they smuggled that fight into the heart of the war.

And the truth about that treasurer, Wallace, is not his phrase about a quart of milk, but his basic attitude, which is that democratic government can do hard jobs successfully. The hard-headed German general staff, eyeing \$22,000,000 worth of vital goods snatched from it, knows the truth about Wallace.

Here and there are to be found men in the field of administrative psychiatry whose integrity of character is best demonstrated by the fact that legislators worth their salt come to rely upon their judgment and recommendations and their fairness in dealing with sick minds and their inability in solving the large problems of the rehabilitation of the insane.

The Morganton has been ripped wide open. It's well. This should have been done a long time ago and would have been done had a man like Tom P. Jimison been on the job. The expense of the rotten conditions at Morganton are not pleasant reading and it all sums up. What about those responsible for allowing such conditions to fester? Shouldn't such men be relegated to the "human scrap heap" themselves and taught a lesson as a reminder to all similarly minded scoundrels in official places that this is still America, that the mentally ill are our brethren and entitled to decent treatment and that those who ill-treat the insane will find long-time lodging behind bars at the expense of the State they so outraged?

Much of the blame lies at the door of the public. Too many people do not properly understand mental diseases and think that once a person has been judged insane or possibly "rationalized" into a State Hospital, that that should be the end of the matter. Society's vital duty is to look into the affairs of every State Hospital. This is being done in many states where Tom P. Jimison is to be found and where former patients are unafraid to call a spade a spade. In discussing the post-war world we must not let ourselves overlook the mentally ill, too many of whom are still kicked around and half starved in filthy quarters not self-respecting good would tolerate.

Scales Of Justice

Is Wellman Guilty?

In an Editorial in The Statesville Daily "MY present impression of the case should be confirmed during this period (stay v. execution granted) I should consider it my duty as a matter of justice to release the prisoner."

That is Governor Broughton's significant conclusion expressed in the concluding paragraph of his statement in connection with the 60-day reprieve granted to William Mason Wellman, duly tried, convicted by a Cabarrus County jury and sentenced to death by a Superior Court judge who had been meticulous in seeing to it that the Negro had a fair and impartial trial.

There can be no question about the Governor's eagerness to have only justice prevail. He says himself that "the circumstances of this crime are such that the guilty person undoubtedly is deserving of the death sentence." Nor is it surprising that he finds his problem confining.

Not in many moons, if ever at all, has a case of this kind brought such an organized effort to the defense of an alleged offender, from start to finish. The Governor has discouraged the use of petitions and concerted interest of those who stoutly contend that the Negro is guilty, yet he could not consistently deny Wellman's defenders a full presentation of their argument. And his desk is piled high with affidavits, petitions and pleas calculated to tip the scales in Wellman's favor.

The defense of Wellman has been well-organized and well-directed. From the beginning, when the Negro was given the first run of the courts in Washington, to the latest hearing before the Governor and the intervention of a national organization that knew of the merits of the case only by one-sided hearsay, there has been a steady stream of the broadest sort of organization. At the hearing in Raleigh, a Winston-Salem labor organizer, was brought along for the value his expression of belief in Wellman's innocence might have had as a University professor who "happened in" gave welcome weight to the cause by his "doubt of the prisoner's guilt."

It is not surprising then, that the Governor should be impressed by this show of interest, particularly when it was one-sided and not counterbalanced by the active interest of the many who are equally convinced of the Negro's guilt.

The one factor which has served to confuse Governor Broughton, if not actually to convince him of Wellman's innocence, is the Negro's alibi. Examined apart from its setting, that could be mistaken, for as alibis are usually appraised. But when examined in its relation to all the details in this case it loses some of its force.

Wellman was represented in Washington by shrewd and capable lawyers provided by an organization that knows its way about in the national scene. Just as he was represented by capable counsel in the court in Raleigh. Yet that little slip of paper that suggested evidence to establish his innocence beyond a doubt was not offered in evidence in the courts. It was unattested by the Governor's diligence and eagerness to get all the facts. That same slip is the only part of Wellman's alibi that has not been successfully contradicted.

The Governor and his hand-writing experts are both convinced that the signature is genuine, and the judgment of both must be respected. Yet both could be mistaken, for as the Governor very well knows the records are full of such mistakes. This possibility becomes a probability if there is anything to the theory that this crime was planned in Washington where it was committed and by the further fact that the payrolls of this same campaign had been so manipulated that one man had been drawing double pay for months before it was discovered.

And one may well ask too, if Wellman had been sure that the payroll records would establish his alibi, why did he declare when first approached that he didn't know where he had been working during February, if at all? Bravering on the theory of a planned crime, could it not be assumed that Wellman was cautious lest a cog had slipped somewhere. One must not assume, too much of course, in a case of such moment. Neither should all circumstances fail to be weighed.

The people of Raleigh are not clamoring for blood. They too want only justice. But we are persuaded a majority of them are remembering that Wellman was given a fair trial in the courts, that he was convicted by a jury of intelligent citizens of another county; that the evidence passed by the sentence passed by an able jury was reviewed by the Supreme Court and "no error" found—will be slow to accept his "release" as meeting the ends of justice.

Needed Praise

Christian Science Monitor

A Nutter peddler, arriving at a Western ranch at lunch time, was invited in to dine. The food cost him the pie, and not a very good pie. The crust was heavy and sour. Nevertheless the peddler praised it to the sky.

Learning that the traveling merchant would pass that way again in a few days, the good lady of the ranch determined she would give him some really good pie when he returned. In due season the peddler returned, and was served a truly excellent pie. He ate it without a word.

Surprised and disappointed, the ranch lady remarked with some heat, "When you were here last the pie wasn't more than half baked, and yet you praised it beyond all reason. Now I serve you a pie that nobody need be ashamed of, and you didn't utter a single word of praise."

"Well, ma'am," replied the peddler, blushing and twisting about in his chair, "that first pie you served there was in need of praise, and, ma'am, you can't say I didn't praise it. But now this here pie, ma'am, it's so perfect it ain't needin' no man's word to commend it."

Quote, Unquote

IT IS a rare thing on a destroyer or escort vessel for a man to get more than four hours sleep in a stretch.

—Rear Adm. James L. Kauffman.

We have a strong ring around him (Rommel) and our armor west of Starbe Arch is giving him you-know-what.

—RAF flier in Africa.

A man can impose upon the world with honeyed words for the time being and deceive some parts of the public, but not the entire world forever.

—Radio Tokyo's version of Lindbergh, cut foot all of the people . . . etc.

It was no secret in all aboard we had hit our own mines.

—Crewman of transport sunk by mine in Solomon.

No country can remain aloof in this conflict, and it is the duty of all nations to lend their assistance for the victory of the democratic ideal.

—President Juan Antonio Rios of neutral Chile.

There were many intrigues here, in the French officers. There is nothing glorious in the landing. —Newsman cutting through Africa invasion to Italians.

Side Glances



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