

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

Published Every Evening Except Sunday by The News Publishing Company, Inc.

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The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1858. The Evening Chronicle (established 1903) was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 8, 1914.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES By carrier: 20 cents a week; one month, \$1.00; three months, \$2.50; six months, \$5.00; one year, \$10.00.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1942

New Legion Young Vets-To-Be May Join

The American Legion, bigger than ever in its twenty-second year, has opened its ranks to the veterans-to-be of our new, greater war. The boys who came back a generation ago propose to perpetuate their organization, for even though, their country is well over a million men, they are not so numerous as once. Last year 104 Legionnaires died every day. The average was 49 and growing no younger.

There is not a unanimity of opinion concerning the worth of the Legion through the years. Its enemies have seen it as a pension-grabbing, politicking, guttering group. They point to the slump in membership in the Legion, and the rapidly declined again after payments. They call them the King Makers, who lifted Paul McNutt to prominence.

Friends of the Legion see it as a great force for good in America. This body, they say, came home after the armistice with a fool-proof plan for the future. If that plan had been followed, there could have been no new war. They left a guide for preparation, a scheme for total mobilization of industry such as has come late to us in this war. Its charities have been many, among the leaders the nation-wide Junior baseball program.

For better or worse that is, in sketchy brief, the Legion. Whether or not the youngsters of a new day will want to accept the welcome of the Legion and join the ranks is uncertain. World War II will sweep them back into civilian life with vastly different views and problems. If they enter the Legion, they will surely form a big new clique, make it a two-in-one group. Their answers to everything will likely be different. They will surely desire an organization of their own.

Whatever happens, of course, America must think hard and often of the veterans in the coming years. This time, casualties are almost certain to dwarf those of the past, and the nation's burden will be heavy 50 years into the future. The Legion has made the first move. Congress and the people must, sooner or later, make a more expensive one of their own.

Sad Farewell A One-Man Board of Censors Stops The Police Gazette

You could catch a whiff of the old days when Postmaster General Walker banned The Police Gazette from the mails. Back from your boyhood came the barber-shop smells, the hair curl, the bay rum, water, clean lather and steaming towels. Those were the days of the pink-covered Gazette. Walker was robbing memory when he found the little old publication "jewish and lascivious."

True enough, he said it was not the same, that it had grown brash and over-say after years of suspended publication. He might break a link of history, but he couldn't blot out memory. That morning, he was a grin for a man while the barber talked, and only a grin, not a leer. Its career was even distinguished. The Gazette was the first American tabloid, perhaps the world's first; it was the founder of the profession of sports writing; once, even, its editor received a letter from Jesse James, complaining that he was missing an issue.

That wasn't what Censor Walker was hitting at. The macabre was regularly too risqué and sordid. It was out, because the Government didn't intend to "subsidize" it under a cheap second class mail privilege. We weren't sure we approved of any such high-handed decision by one man, whether or not the Gazette was dedicated to the finer side of life. We went out and bought the last copy for a check-up.

We kept a boxscore: Baseball, boxing, 18; sports pictures (baseball), pictures, trotting, sailing, tennis, golf, racing, 15; Story on "seductive, shapely, sophisticated dancer," story of the murder of a streetwalker, story of a woman, advertisements of lonely people, quack, trick and loaded dice, getting-rich-quick playing cards. It wasn't uplifting,

but it wasn't pornographic. It was, indeed, no more depraved than many a slick magazine with a higher-type clientele.

But Walker, who has now undertaken the task of regulating public morals, has struck the blow. It is one more decision, many thousands that they shall not read or see. For one man, who can obviously be no expert in the field, we think it's too big a job. And we think we'll shed a tear anyhow for the old Gazette, victim of strange new times.

Banner Season For Wartimes, Community Concert Brings the Beat

Great music, it is comforting to see, has not yet come under the rationing of Mr. Leon Henderson's OPACS. Certainly there is nothing skimp about the Community Concert Association's 1942-43 program. It is positively the best ever, by far the best ever. The Metropolitan Opera Company's La Boheme in itself would make up for a lifetime of other presentations, but look: in addition to the Metropolitan Opera there is Arturo Toscanini, and in addition to the Metropolitan Opera and Rubenstein there is the Cleveland Symphony there is Carolina Night, augmented, upon which the Carolina Community Concert Association plays both a purveyor and a patron of the arts.

Persons with any discrimination at all would find it difficult to pass up one or even two of these offerings. But to pass up the whole superlative program (at last season's same price) would be unthinkable.

In this the second year of our war with the barbarians of the world, the Community Concert has made a decided contribution to the morale of the citizen. These four presentations ought to go far toward relieving the stringencies which will settle more and more upon us. If we shall have to hoof it to the concert auditorium, at least we may look forward to tripping it home.

Introduction The Prigden Articles Fear Their Heart in a Sentence

One sentence to be found in the opening article of Tim Prigden's series of articles on the Negro question in Charlotte is worth reproducing in this select space. "Because Southern Negroes, more than most of their race, are involved in the war, the time has come for Southern whites and Southern Negroes to consider the new element and still get along together."

Where Mr. Prigden's intensive research is going to lead him we don't know; we have read only the first article, and that in brief form. But we would like to say now that we don't know of a better man anywhere to whom this assignment might have been entrusted. Good, deliberate, philosophical, realistic, intelligent, unbiassed, proprietor of a writing style that has won him an author's reputation, the man who has written the most natural, frank, and keen and a calm disposition, Tim may be counted on to present his subject engagingly and honestly.

This observation is made not so much as a plus for the author of the articles which began in The News today as an earnest request that they be received by white people and Negroes alike in the spirit of getting along together.

A Chinese commander, several times reported dead, is in the thick of the Chongking fighting and living up to the glowing eulogies.

A picturesque addition to the post-war Legion convention is expected to be the Ranger-Veteran, running up the side of the captured hotel.

When the salesman solicited an Arkansas church to buy a new organ for \$700, the reverend countered with an offer of the church for \$750.



"This is either the clothes closet or the kitchen—I'm not sure which."

Labor Problem We're Stalling

By Raymond Clapper

NO NEED for legislation to control manpower is seen at this time by members of the special Tolson Committee of the House, who have been questioning administrative officials for several days. Paul V. McNutt, chairman of the Manpower Commission, told the committee that voluntary efforts to place manpower where it was most needed in the war effort had been unsuccessful. He said stronger measures were essential and inevitable. Secretary of Agriculture Wickard said that if patriotic appeals to men to stay on the farms would not work then other measures would be necessary. Committee members were unimpressed and have indicated they do not favor action at this time.

Difficulties already have been experienced in numerous sections. Copper mining and lumbering have been so badly hit that the Government has taken the initiative in trying to force men to stay on the job and not to bid-jumping work in the shakedown and shakedown of the Pacific Coast.

The Congressmen are well aware that enormous numbers of men are being taken by the draft and that this will increase with the prospect of doubling the present size of the Army in another year. They know that production is still to go up, using still more employees than at present.

Yet they are hunching their hands of the unpleasant problem, and want to wait a while until the trouble is acute before considering action.

Is this going to be another chapter of delay such as we have had with regard to conversion of the automobile industry, rubber production, inflation control, and so on? In each of these unpleasant tasks we stalled, stared out the window, smoked a cigarette, went downstate to get a coke, and so every other way dithered facing the job until deadline time arrived. Every newspaper man does that. You sit at your typewriter and never get down to real work until the clock drives you to it. Democracy seems to be that way even under the gun in wartime. The result is that it is usually late.

There isn't any way we can escape trouble in getting our manpower spread out and held in the jobs that are necessary to keep up war production. Mr. McNutt says we are moving rapidly into a situation where the Government must intervene hereafter in the labor market. Selective Service officials have you under no uncertainty as to the enormous quantities of men they are going to take out of the industrial life of the country in the next twelve months.

Every other country has been driven to organizing its industrial manpower, as it has had to organize its military manpower. The two are linked together in total war, which is industrial war. The sooner we move into that stage the sooner we become adjusted to it by degrees. The element of compulsion was used but little in England. The very fact that the Government has power serves to impress everyone with the necessity of staying on his job.

If you have plenty of labor it doesn't matter. The point is that there is no longer plenty of labor. It would be more pleasant not to have to have any war at all. But we don't have any choice—just about two: the choice of doing everything necessary to win the war, and the choice of ducking hard problems and losing the war.

True And False The Funnybone

From The Louisville Courier-Journal THE other day I announced what was supposed to be an antique grandfather's clock at an auction. I'm not positive as to whether the clock is an antique, but there's one thing that makes me think it is. The shadow of the pendulum has gone back and forth so much that it has worn a hole in the back of the clock.

THE family concerned are friends of my grandmother. The little boy's father found him pouring oil on the heads of his three little chicks. He said they squeaked.

I WAS fishing in the lake for bass, and a big one caught hold of my line. I couldn't get it as far as the shore, so I decided to let it go. In either, so I hit the mud and went for more help. When I got back, that bass had flopped up on the bank, had eaten my old mud and was picking his teeth with the snailshell.

AT Sunday school a small boy watched each child drop his money into the collection basket, and then noticed that the teacher hadn't counted the second money. After doing so, the first money climbed back into bed a moment later. "Nope, I was wrong," he announced. "Just four feet."

SPRING is spring, da flowers gra is. And everywhere da green grass is. Da blood on da wings—now ain't dat absurd? I thought da wing was on da bald.

Nazi Sacrifice The Best Men Are Gone

By Paul Mallon

HITLER skinned the last of the cream of his military strength for the conquest of Stalingrad. What he produced there, therefore, offers a worthwhile estimate of what power he has left. He used about 500,000 men in the drive. The Russian press sometimes thought the Reds were facing a million, but their latest count would be around half that sum.

These were not used all at the same time. Flying wedges of about 75,000 troops manned the front attacking lines. They were rotated every few days for a rest and another 75,000 replaced them. Not more than a million Nazi troops are sitting along the vast expanse of the rest of the front line, from the Arctic to the Caucasus.

The best troops were, of course, called into the Stalingrad front and the million holding the other sections of the line represents what was left, some being newly trained, some Italian, Rumanian, and Finnish, who have been practicing for months under German supervision. About 400,000 German troops have been re-trained by the Germans. Yet these are still about the worst of the lot. The Finns and Rumanians are much more highly regarded.

Behind this front line are about a million men in what might be called the third class troops, the reserves to relieve the front lines. On the only other Nazi fighting line, in Libya, Rommel has never had more than 100,000, including Italians, although published reports of his strength sometimes exaggerated this figure by 50 per cent or more. So you see the total German military machine now in this third year of this war is not the same efficient striking force which went spinning through Poland, Belgium, Holland and France.

In actual fighting, it seems to number only a little over 2,500,000, of which the 500,000 facing Stalingrad can still be classified as the best of the best.

While the Nazis still talk about their army of 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 men, about three-fourths of this vaunted strength represents fourth-class troops doing

police duty in occupied regions. This fourth class includes many soldiers who have recovered from wounds, the very young, the untrained, and the over-aged.

At Stalingrad, Hitler also produced about 1,500 planes, representing practically all his remaining air striking power. It is still a good air force, but far from the 5,000 planes Goering used to brag about. Shortage of pilots, as well as material, British bombing, and sabotage, probably has cut this air arm to its extent. Pilots cannot be made in a day, or a year, and the training which gave the original air force a superior efficiency will never be possible again during this war.

We have been fooled too often by reports and expectations of German disintegration to relax our efforts even in the face of these encouraging trustworthy figures. But they show that the war is not necessarily being lost by us on that front. They remove cause for discouragement.

The British have been putting out a sentence or two every night about German bombing raids on Britain, finally announcing a few days back that 400 civilians had been killed in the last month during these raids. These nightly Nazi forays seem to have no military objective. They are not aimed at industrial centers or munitions works, and apparently have no continuing plan.

About fifteen or twenty German bombers come over and hit a town, generally a point near the coast. For a while they concentrate on cathedral cities and those of purely historical value. Most of the British 400 casualties were suffered in one town one night.

The Germans are curiously feebly and blindly punching at non-military British objectives to keep as many British planes as possible at home at night, and away from continental raids. The weakness of the effort is a further evidence that German striking power is not what it was.

It may be different this Winter when Hitler can use what is left of those 1,500 planes from Stalingrad for night attacks on Britain.

The Cold Shoulder A Crisis With Russia

By Dorothy Thompson

WHAT this column pointed out a fortnight ago is now glaringly in the open that it may as well be discussed without restraint. We have reached the most dangerous point in this war—a point that can determine defeat or victory, and on both fronts. We are fighting a war of coalition, and the crucial question is the unity of the Allies. This is so well recognized by our enemies that some division amongst the Allies is the almost exclusive strategy of their political warfare.

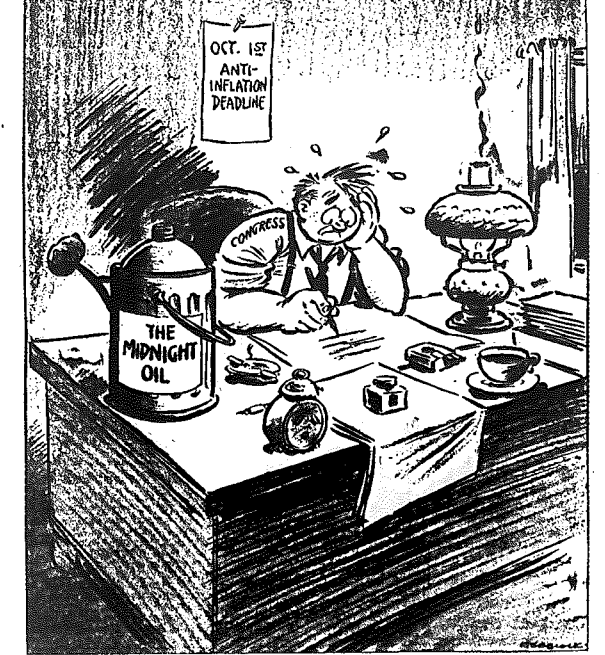
It is now clear that there is an open conflict between the Anglo-American world and Russia. In every conflict between allies the question arises: Which is disadvantaged with the other, and who is making demands on the other? Are we, in this case, asking anything of Russia? No. Russia's resistance far surpasses anything expected by any of the military command. At this moment Stalingrad is being defended inch by inch, behind kitchen tables if nothing else.

In Russia, in this terrific moment, asking something of us? She is asking that we at least divert from 30 to 40 divisions. Has she, during the last months, been encouraged to think that we would do this? Yes, she has been. This column pointed out, at the time, the ambiguity in the phrase, "the urgent need of every individual to front this year," with which the President in May summarized his conversation with Mr. Molotov.

The ambiguity of promise as much as it failed to promise; an international war of nerves was conducted on this basis; our own official propaganda to Europe and the world was the worst of it; and the propaganda was noted by the people of Russia—thus bolstering their confidence and, at the same time, preparing the most profound disillusionment should we fail.

The name is true for all the peoples of Europe. And it must be said now and said as strongly as possible: We have got to stop playing fast and loose with people's lives and people's faith. This war is not a fight between political machines and the propaganda of "selling" tactics. This war is a matter of life and death for states, for nations, for every individual. It requires the most scrupulous purity and honesty in its conduct. If we fake, and if we dilute the masses of the people of every nation, they will die.

Are the Russians asking too much of us? Is it too much to divert 30 or 40 additional divisions?



Side Glances

By Herb Cook

THE American Legion, bigger than ever in its twenty-second year, has opened its ranks to the veterans-to-be of our new, greater war. The boys who came back a generation ago propose to perpetuate their organization, for even though, their country is well over a million men, they are not so numerous as once. Last year 104 Legionnaires died every day. The average was 49 and growing no younger.

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