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And Evening Chronicle

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W. C. Dowd Jr., President and General Manager
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Master Plan

Governor Broughton Outlines State Needs Just as They Are

Governor Broughton's address to the General Assembly, it seems to us, will stand not only as a sort of summary of his efficient administration, but also as a model of aggressive leadership by a state executive in challenging times.

His report on the state of North Carolina's affairs and his recommendations for the years ahead serve in themselves as a projection of the past excellence of his Administration into the future.

A politician, speaking of the Governor's probable influence over the present Legislature, predicted that his hold would be lighter now than previously, for the simple reason that political plums have been picked, and he is nearing the end of his tenure in office.

After a study of his address, we cannot believe that this is the case. In his statement of North Carolina's needs cannot go unanswered. We believe that the legislators will accept the chief points of his program with a minimum of resistance.

He spoke, first of all, of the state's surplus of more than \$30,000,000, "exceeded in only two other states, and reiterated his demand that it be safeguarded in a Post-War Reserve Fund. It is the Governor's wish that there should be no green light on spending, but that economies be worked wherever possible.

His praise for the condition of the Highway Department, with its fat reserve fund and its \$13,000,000 cash surplus, was followed quickly with the warning that road revenues were on the decline, and that the post-war period would find the highway system in great need of repair and expansion.

The Governor requested emergency powers, that he and his Council of State might answer immediately appeals from Washington; that would speed and safeguard the State's part in the war program.

When he came to the end of his long survey he uttered a challenge to the Assembly which was completely in keeping with the earnest tone of his address, and not a high-flown rhetorical flourish:

"Yours is the responsibility, not only for our agencies and institutions, but likewise for safeguarding the credit of the State. . . To those who do return, and in loving memory of those who do not, may we be able truthfully to say, 'We, too, have kept the faith.'"

There, he spoke for all the people of North Carolina.

High-Low

Halsey and Abend Offer War Views for the Choice of All

We note that the reports of Admiral Halsey and the Far Eastern correspondent, Hallett Abend, on the state of the Japanese Empire are slightly at variance. It is difficult, in fact, to imagine that such widely diverse statements could come from men of one nation.

of task force warfare to so dogmatically state his case for a quick victory, but he is so thoroughly convinced that he has maintained and strengthened his stand. For example, one American is worth 20 Japs in battle! Admiral Halsey's view is that he, above all others, should be able to see into the future; he has led smashing attacks against the Jap more than once.

Mr. Abend speaks from a background of long experience in the East, and he pictures Japan as the greatest empire since the days of Rome. He sees only a terrible bloody series of battles before that empire can be crushed. In his book, the Jap is a most formidable opponent.

Because any such predictions can be no more than fanciful guesses based upon experience of the past nor worthless, we suggest that OWI take over the official shots in the dark, and limit them all to a conservatism designed to keep the public on an even keel.

Faith Eternal

The President Calls Again for National Unity for Victory

Franklin Roosevelt took the stage with the same old courage, and, in a new year, gave the world the same earnest message from America: that its limitless power was dedicated to the single end of victory-and-peace, and its steadfast will rose above petty strife at home, that its men and women were as certain of triumph as of the coming of tomorrow's sun.

This time, as has been the case in his every address since the historic declaration against the Axis in Summer, 1940, his voice was the louder because American power was the greater. This time, Axis leaders could cringe because the arms of the United States were reaching around the globe, and were not figures from a Roosevelt speech. There could be no denial that in the year 1942 had stopped the arms of aggression, and no doubt that Americans would advance in 1943.

For his critics, Democrats and Republicans, he had only the noble plea that the nation could have as its sole aim the winning of the war; and he let it be known that not all Americans were giving their efforts as he would have them. Give, quotham, he said, were a part of the battle; he filled them, too. Changes, friction, upheavals were inevitable in such a conflict. But they must not be permitted to weaken our effort or confuse the leaders of us.

He will not have quieted the din of the opposition at home. His words will not win the war for us, but their transformation into action will. The figures of U. S. production he gave were less than his estimate of a year ago, but they will bring dissatisfaction only in enemy lands. His words have not removed the danger of domestic struggles in Congress, but they clearly advised the people that Congress, no less than the Executive, bore a terrible burden of responsibility to think first and last of the war.

Against the advice of Congressional leaders and friends, he spoke for social security revision, but bound it with his Four Freedoms. The one freedom he allowed would not be tolerated was the freedom to interfere with the grim determination of the country to carry on with the war. Throughout, with the one exception, he held victory to be the only aim. All that remains is for his people to follow, at whatever cost, the course he has set once more.

A Buffalo physician avers that persons who smoke constantly are likely to have even less success in their experience with the office borrower.

A Hollywood item has three veteran racemen sitting down to remember a new script for Abbott and Costello.

Little did we dream we'd be saving France again, and liking it. It was LaFayette's turn to chafe us.

Four Ships A Day

Age Of The Impossible

By Raymond Clapper

OUR promise now is to build five ships a day, beginning in May. No one would believe such a fantastic promise except for the spectacular fact that we are now building four ships a day. That has never been done before by anybody, anywhere.

We have learned to stop doubting the impossible. More than 8,000,000 tons of shipping have been built in the last year—delivered into service. There were 146 ships delivered. That is in addition to naval construction and a considerable volume of small vessels.

Ship construction is one of the best indicators of the pace of the United Nations offensive. Our progress from here on depends on expansion of shipping capacity. The men and the equipment are coming out of the training camps and out of the factories in adequate volume. The difficulty is in transporting them to the fronts. That makes 1943 important on the shipways. The Axis never expected that we could get on the offensive so quickly. Germany and Japan thought it would take us until 1944 and that they would have 1943 clear in which to complete and consolidate their campaign of conquest that went swishing through Europe and East Asia from 1939 to early 1942.

The Axis thought the submarine would choke us off and leave the United Nations isolated from each other and subject to being picked off one by one even after the United States went into the war. The Axis was not so far off in its calculations. It would have been correct except for the phenomenal shipbuilding success of the Allies, and particularly of the United States.

The submarine has been fairly well driven from the American side. Our shipbuilding is in excess of

our losses, so Maritime Commission officials say. That probably is not true of the United Nations, as a whole. The submarine menace, so far as the whole Allied side is concerned, is still grave. It has shifted to the other side of the ocean. We will continue to have it against our supply line to North Africa. As Admiral Land, chairman of the Maritime Commission, says, the submarine still has the common cold. There will never be a cure, but you can get on top of it and lick it.

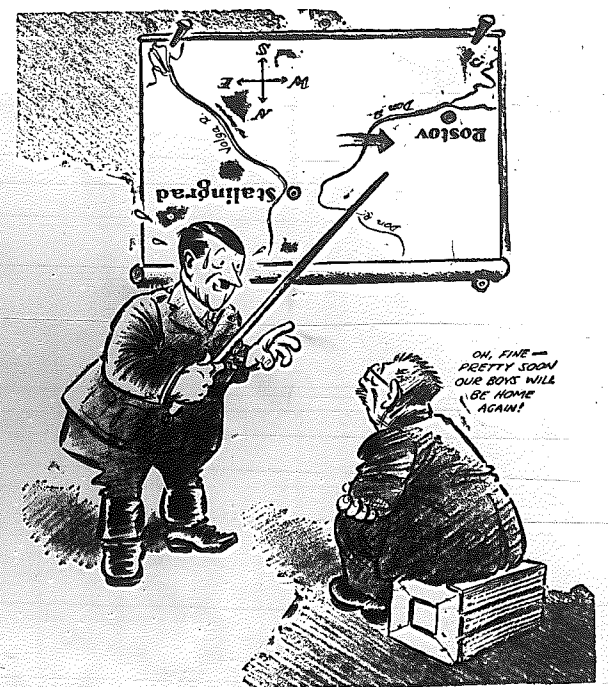
The outlook for shipbuilding is thoroughly reassuring. Materials are allocated for 18,000,000 tons of construction in 1943. Our yards have a capacity for 20,000,000 tons. Manpower is being steadily increased in general cargo shipbuilding. In escort vessels and other special craft there are tight conditions for some of the accessories, but nothing insurmountable is in prospect.

It is self-deceptive to dwell on this magnificent shipbuilding feat and not also keep in mind that a considerable part of it is simply treadmill racing. The ships are built, loaded, and then sent out to sea to be sunk. We lose not only the ship but the cargo, on which distant military operations may be waiting, and we lose perhaps some of the crew, which has been trained and which steadily becomes more difficult to replace.

It is hard for a layman to understand the secrecy that suppresses the facts about submarine losses. I have asked a number of experts and have never heard a convincing reason why the tonnage losses could not be reported at intervals. We are deceiving ourselves because we don't realize what a serious problem remains to be licked. It is the chief thing that will delay the United Nations victory.

"We Are Now Advancing on Rostov"

—By heretics



Platform Of The People

Defending Dr. Watkins

Editors, The News:

My name is Samuel S. Jennings, a citizen of the town of Morganton, having been here nearly two years. My purpose is not to eulogize myself, but to defend the State Hospital at Morganton. I allow me to introduce myself. I have in my possession recommendations from such men as Congressman R. L. Doughton, Senator Bob Reynolds, W. A. Bullis, former mayor of North Wilkesboro, Judge Johnson J. Hayes, Federal judge, Judge A. Rousseau, James C. Hicks, president of the bank of North Wilkesboro, and quite a number of references from businessmen of that city and of Charlotte, and a recommendation from Dr. Elbert Hardin, pastor of the Baptist Church in this city, which I value very highly.

And I also have a letter writing of Mr. White House stationery from Franklin Delano Roosevelt, our beloved President. A few months ago there appeared in The Charlotte News a number of statements made by Mr. Tom Johnston, who is related to myself, and quite a number of other papers of that nature, in which were carried articles which I regard as derogatory to the management of the State Hospital.

First of all, I wish to speak briefly of Dr. F. B. Watkins, the superintendent of this great institution. I am not intimately acquainted with Dr. Watkins, but it has been my pleasure to know him very closely as he moved about among the patients of that institution. Dr. Watkins seems to always have time to stop and talk and encourage the poor fellows. He is so kind and gentle that every man and woman respects him, and I have often counted it a blessing to have him to put his hand on their shoulder and speak a word of comfort, which he invariably does every time he meets them. In my own mind, I have long Dr. Watkins has been superintending

of trustees and he is just as efficient and courteous there as anywhere else. He is always quick to defend the rights of the patient, and if in the judgment of a patient, or being mistreated he will discharge immediately the attendant guilty of the mistreatment. I have known a patient who had personally taken the place of Dr. Watkins since he has had many years training in actual service, and only does he know his duty, but he earnestly tries to perform it.

It has been my pleasure to know and observe Dr. Watkins for nearly three years. During that time I have been permitted to pass through the ward, and I feel that I am an authority on the subject of what goes on within the walls of the State Hospital at Morganton. Since I am speaking of Dr. Watkins I shall endeavor to mention only a few of the many times I have observed him as he passed through these wards. When the patients see him coming they all begin to smile, and of course everybody tries to talk to him at the same time, but he somehow manages to talk to each and every one of them as much as time will permit, and then he leaves many of them with a feeling among the patients that a great man has passed through their ward, and in the passing, many of them have brightenings of their eyes and are enabled to look forward to the time when they can leave the institution and go home to their loved ones.

It has been my pleasure to see Dr. Watkins presiding at the board of trustees and he is just as efficient and courteous there as anywhere else. He is always quick to defend the rights of the patient, and if in the judgment of a patient, or being mistreated he will discharge immediately the attendant guilty of the mistreatment. I have known a patient who had personally taken the place of Dr. Watkins since he has had many years training in actual service, and only does he know his duty, but he earnestly tries to perform it.

Bible Thought

You may not have all the joy that I have, but you can have as much of it as you want. Godliness with contentment is great gain.—1 Tim.

Side Glances



It's an invitation to Aunt Mary's anniversary celebration! They're sure to have champagne, but I wonder if we can spare the gallon and a half of gasoline to get there and back!

The White Book

Sad Ending

By Samuel Crompton

THE State Department is in a curious dilemma, from which no man can rescue it. It has just published a White Book, to prove that it made every possible concession to the aggressors for ten years to preserve the peace.

With an air of pride that is strange, under the circumstances, the Department tells in detail how it said no to Japan to save the peace, proposed arrangements to Hitler, wrote letters to Mussolini, and opened and closed the Burma Road like an accordion, and sold steel to the Axis in 1940; you know the details. It would have been a wonderful book, if the peace had been saved by all of this. Unfortunately, the last chapter says:

So the book becomes a kind of letter to the isolationists, saying, well, we failed, but look here, we did everything you could have wanted us to do. The Department did, in fact, almost everything it could have done had it been staffed from cellar to roof by isolationists. The book, therefore, crushes the isolationists. It says to them, in effect: We followed your policy; your desire to conciliate was no greater than our desire to conciliate; and it was all no good. That accuses the State Department so far as isolationists are concerned. Perhaps, politically, right now, that is a good and important thing to do; I think so.

But what does the White Book do as regards the mere important quarrel between the State Department and those of us who were not isolationists, those of us who thought we should not sell steel and oil to Japan, those who thought it was impossible to make deals with aggression, those who warned solemnly that conciliation would not work? It won't work, we said, if you want our exact words.

By showing that no isolationist can take exception to its record, has not the State Department vaguely shown a kinship between its policy and straight-out isolationist policy? And that is exactly what some of us have been talking about for years. It is the monumental answer to the isolationists like a monumental confession, from where we sit.

That was it really our main job, during the last decade, to find an answer to the isolationists? No; our main job was to find an answer to Hitler, an answer to the Axis. To "answer the isolationists," that is to make the great political point which the White Book makes, it was necessary to adopt isolationist and conciliatory policies toward the Axis, and to have them fail. That is a high price to pay to prove that somebody was wrong.

That is why the State Department's pride in its new publication is so hard to understand, for failure signs in every paragraph of it. In order to prove so devastatingly that isolation was wrong, the State Department had to do what was wrong. The White Book says the department did what was wrong. The Department has dealt a blow to the forces behind a policy of conciliation in this country, only at the heavy cost of proving it had adopted the policy. And so the Department is instinctively entangled with the very forces it believes it is smothering.

Mr. Hull's sincere desire for peace breathes through every bit of the White Book. War guilt is clearly laid upon the Axis. We had no choice in the war, or agreements with the Axis. All this is unquestionable, and the very fact that so great an ultimate failure could have been scored by a man of Mr. Hull's moral stature tells us, again, how important it is to our time to make a correct political decision. Clarity, not honesty, is the issue.

Our morality had a choice between trying to buy the peace, or to stop the Axis. It chose, unclarity, to buy. So the amazing final statement that comes out of the White Book is that we would have been willing to do next to nothing about the existence and even the conditions of the Axis, if it had led us alone. What more could any isolationist say?

That the world did not allow that policy to succeed, is just another incident in the world's long struggle to prove that it makes sense.

The publication of the White Book, in accents of pride, is a sign that we are still conciliating the conciliators, by recording our past conditions. The truth which flows from this document is that if we continue to conciliate the conciliators at home in the next peace, we shall continue not to make sense, and shall continue to fail.

Visitin' Around

While the Lamp Holds

On a Burn (Tyro Item, Lexington Dispatch) Mrs. Ross Swicegood, who has been confined to her home for quite awhile on account of illness, was at church Sunday, we are glad to report.

No-Way Traffic

(37 Years Ago, Transylvania Times) The fooling crossing at Gates's Creek is badly in need of repairs. Something should be done at once or someone is liable to meet with a serious accident.

Huh Heh—We Don't Get It

(Minnora Springs Item, Monroe Journal) The first snow this Winter fell on Wednesday. But with the warm sunshine the next day it was all soon gone. The snow flakes are pretty as they fall. I often think of these words: the snow, the beautiful snow, it was pure and white as the snow, but I fell in a mud hole and I was not so white then.

The Wangler

(Hot Springs Item, Marshall News-Record) Robert Wells, who joined the Army five years ago, is now able to work in an office where he has passed all his examinations and while he has to pay his own room and meals, he has worked himself to a salary that he can really buy boots and shoes. We feel very proud of Robert as many others of our boys in Madison.

What'd He Do, Put Ashes On It? (Oakland Item, Transylvania Times) A forest fire gave our community quite a scare last Sunday morning, but Rev. Roland Robinson, fire warden, with a few helpers soon