THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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● W. C. Dowd, 1865-1927 ●

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1943

Loafer Squad

No Time To Run Down Vice, We're After Criminal Idlers

You could have floored us with a feather when the news came in. The dispatch was unbelievable. An incredible new day had burst in dawn. The world reeled. The globe shuddered as it turned. By gum, they were enforcing the Work Or Fight edict! Arouse ye dawdlers, ye sons of leisure! The cops!

Chief Anderson evidently had chosen his course after long deliberation—for it had now been months since a handful of local Negroes fell into the clutches of the law, charged with loafing. Perhaps he was debating the constitutionality of the law put into effect by Governor Broughton. Perhaps, awful thought, the move was timed to coincide with the Governor's presence in the City.

Whatever was responsible for the timing, this raid fell like a blow from Thor's hammer. The old life was suddenly gone. No more to snooze in the sun. No longer to press against a corner building with an idle shoulder. No more to lounge before the men-folks' cafe, ogling the passing girls. No! It was now work or fight, take your choice (if, that is a choice).

The police, speeding through the City like hounds of Heaven, had grabbed every loafing man in sight. They culled the population. They found 15 unfortunates, vagrants, loafers. They offered them the grim choice. Work or fight? Not a man chose to fight, and there was some heated discussion on the problem of work. These 15, dregs of the City's life, must have been confused. Some of them had doubtless not heard of the Work Or Fight edict. Not a one of them, we suppose, realized that this high-handed order was likely unconstitutional, and as tyrannical an invasion of man's rights as has ever been known.

No, the 15 could not protest, for they had been fairly caught, idling, and they were confused. We, also, are confused, just as we have been since we first heard of the impossible order. This thing, this New Dealing at war, is not for North Carolina. Not for this fair state. Here, revolution is possible. For here, sires, praise the Lord, loafing men outnumber those of any other class. And when we turn upon these, our persecutors, the gutters will run with blood, and many a noggin will be cracked. The 15 brethren do not suffer in vain. Behold, for all men of their ilk, they are martyrs.

Chippendale himself never made a piece of furniture that looked the money when piled on the sidewalk beside a moving van.

Exit The Masters

Nazis Now Curry Thousands Of Foreign Slaves, In Fear

We have a new knowledge of Nazidom this week, a bit of evidence that decay of the empire of evil has already begun, and that it will soon become fatal. For the Nazi overlords have come to the last decision, and have taken the tender course of persuasion. They have put aside the noose, in fear. They know now, inside Germany, that their enemies within cannot be subdued. They must be wooed.

The wooing is a pitiful, sickening thing to hear. It is to be heard in the words of Fritz Suackel, the high commissioner of labor, as he speaks to the imported labor slaves from all over Europe: "Germany respects the foreign worker as a co-worker and human being with spiritual and cultural needs . . . acknowledges every European's dignity . . . (she does not demand) greater or even as great efforts from foreign workers as those made with her own blood."

If there was the chance, there must have been guffaws in Germany, out of sight and hearing of the prowling police. Human beings! And with spiritual and cultural needs! Haw! As the bombers came over, dropping death and ruin upon German and slave alike, the Nazis grew in fear. In melancholy, they eyed the rubbled cities, and in fear they eyed the great hordes of foreign workers. Suddenly, they felt that they must speak kindly to the slaves.

Why? Why, the answer is easy to explain the new order with some patience in Norway, and in Czechoslovakia, and in Poland, and in all the conquered lands. They found, in a kind of desperation, that only the noose and the firing squad could speak eloquently. One wonders, now, if these men thought of human beings and their spiritual needs at Lidice, or in Warsaw, or Rotterdam. The workers, we hope, will remember.

Whoa, Boys!

It's Getting So Taxes Are Higher Than Total Income

One point made against the new tax proposals of the Treasury was that for the very high incomes more would be taken next year from the taxpayers in many states, taking account of state taxes, than income actually received. In 1944 the taxpayer is held accountable not only for the tax for 1942 or 1943, but also for 12 1-2 per cent of the tax for the year in which 75 per cent is forgiven. The courts might invalidate the tax rates proposed by the Treasury, if enacted, as confiscatory. The Treasury holds, however, that the 12 1-2 per cent additional levy due March 15 really represents a saving to the taxpayers as they were put on a pay-as-you-go basis.

Even without the 12 1-2 per cent special payment due on March 15 next, taxpayers with the highest incomes might be assessed in income-tax, federal and state combined, more than their income. The rates proposed by Secretary Morgenthau contemplate a net federal tax of $946,320 on a single man without dependents and with a net income, before personal exemption, of $1,000,000 a year. This amounts to 94.63 per cent. In 17 of the 33 states with income taxes of their own, the rate goes to 6 per cent or above.

In Colorado, for instance, the 6 per cent rate applies above the $10,000 level. In New York it applies at the $7,000 level. In North Carolina, at the $6,000 level. In Oregon, at the $3,000 level. And in Massachusetts and Tennessee the state income tax rate is a flat 6 per cent on all taxable income from dividends and interest. (In 1942 51 personal returns showed a net income of more than $1,000,000.)

It should be noted that the state income tax rate goes as high as 15 per cent in California (at the $250,000 level) and in North Dakota (at the $15,000 level). It reaches 10 per cent in Minnesota, 9 per cent in Oklahoma, 8 per cent in Idaho, and 7 per cent in Georgia, Mississippi, New York, North Carolina, Oregon, and Wisconsin — in every case at fairly low income levels. Wisconsin has also a steeplah surtax.

The section in the 1942 revenue act for a 5 per cent Victory Tax provides that this shall not bring the total tax of any individual above 90 per cent of his net income. This proviso would presumably become inoperative if the Victory Tax were repealed as such and consolidated in the regular rates, as proposed by the Treasury.

The new Treasury proposals, insofar as they would call for more than 100 per cent combined federal and state income tax rates in certain cases, may contemplate the withdrawal of the states from the income-tax field, at least during the war. That has happened in Canada. In 1939 the new Dominion income-tax rates would have caused certain Canadians to pay 150 per cent of their incomes, when the income-tax rates of the provinces were added. In 1941 the Dominion Government raised its rates even higher, bringing the combined total to absurd levels in certain cases. As a result after investigation and conference, the provinces abandoned their income taxes for the duration, getting in return from the Dominion Treasury rebates equal to their own income-tax collection in 1940.

Against the day when the Italian fighting moves farther north, we've been saving one on the cuff—about the Nazis laying an egg at Leghorn.

Globe-trotting Senators, after 40,000 miles of air travel, are primed with information but happy to be home, as after all there is nothing like a good solid desk under the feet.

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

INSIDE the White House, word is being passed around that the President "has the old Dutch up" regarding food subsidies. He is determined to continue and increase his subsidy plan despite the negative action of the House Banking and Currency Committee which voted to ban most subsidies on food and other items after Jan. 1. One thing that has made the President sore is the report he got on what happened inside the Banking and Currency Committee. Two things occurred behind closed doors which never leaked out.

One was the method used by Chairman Henry B. Steagall of Alabama, sponsor of the bill, in keeping the legislation concealed from his Democratic colleagues until the last minute—so they had no chance to study its technical contents. Meanwhile, Steagall conferred at length with Representative James P. Wolcott of Michigan, ranking Republican of the committee, the day before the bill was considered.

Second unreported fact was how Steagall left a loophole for the protection of his own farmer constituents. The bill calls for continued subsidies on three commodities—soy beans, peanuts and cottonseed. Two of these, peanuts and cottonseed, are leading products of Steagall's Alabama district. On the rollcall, the committee's eleven Republicans lined up solidly with Steagall, plus three other Democrats and one Progressive, Representative Merlin Hull of Wisconsin. Ten Democrats, led by Representatives Wright Patman of Texas, Thomas Ford of California and James Wright of Pennsylvania, put up a vigorous fight against the farm bloc coalition but were outnumbered.

Runaway Inflation

Patton bluntly charged the Republicans with "condemning to death" the Administration's anti-inflation program "without even suggesting an alternative" to keep the lid on consumer prices. The big Texan said the Steagall bill would cause wild price increases on virtually all necessities and would cost American consumers fifteen billions next year. Pennsylvania's Representative Wright accused the Farm bloc Congressmen of "trying to force Congress to break the Little Steel wage-control formula."

"Non-agricultural citizens of this country are in a worse relative position, in terms of purchasing power, than before the war," the Pennsylvanian contended. "This bill, if enacted, would work an unbearable hardship on them." Wright and Ford tangled hotly with blonde, effusive Congresswoman Jessie Sumner of Illinois and other farm blocers over Miss Sumner's charges that the Administration was attempting to "increase Federal control of agriculture" and "make the farmer subservient" through the subsidy program.

Ford Objects

Ford hit back that proponents of the Steagall bill were trying to "raise everybody's grocery bill, while giving no thought to whether people can afford it."

"The trouble with these alleged representatives of the farmer is that they want to eat their cake and still have it," thundered the Californian. "The Government is guaranteeing the farmer 90 per cent of parity for his crops for two years after the war. No other industry is protected like that. Certainly the wage earners have no such income guarantee. I object to giving immunity to one segment of the population, while other people have to take their chances."

Miss Sumners kept chastising the Democrats with barbed comments about increasing the national debt. At one point, apparently fearing she might be accused of partisanship, the Lady from Illinois almost caused hysterics among the Democrats by declaring: "I don't know anything about politics." Congressman Patman, however, was not impressed. After the Steagall bill was approved, 15 to 10, he declared in a loud voice: "This was a complete Republican victory."

Capital Chaff

CIO's Phil Murray is being wooed passionately by Democratic National Chairman Frank Walker. So far Murray, however, has been coy. He has a seven-point program he wants the Roosevelt Administration to adopt before he makes any commitment for 1944. . . . Meanwhile Murray has secured a terrific registration of labor votes all ready to cast their ballots one way or the other. . . . Walter Reuther, of the United Automobile Workers, says, "We're not making a blind date for 1944."

New Ambassadors

Plans are underway to appoint a raft of new U. S. Ambassadors abroad. They will be accredited to the exiled governments—Yugoslavia, Greece, Belgium, the Netherlands, etc.—and will take over part of the work of tennis-champion Tony Biddle, who has the job of representing us with all these governments in London.

Some of these governments have intimated that they find it embarrassing to talk with Biddle, because, through no fault of his, he deals with so many governments that their claims and ambitions conflict. Also two of the exiled governments—Greece and Yugoslavia—have moved to Cairo. Democratic Chairman Frank Walker is licking his chops at the thought of new diplomatic patronage.

Merry-Go-Round

Cordell Hull is in Russia, plans are being made to perform more surgical operations on the State Department. A new assistant secretary for Latin American affairs will be created, the job probably going to Spain Truajer Adolf Berle or able Norman Armour, U. S. Ambassador to Argentina. . . . It has escaped the headlines, but Assistant Attorney General Wendell Berge, in charge of trustbusting, has been giving the Kilgore Committee some warnings re future cartels which rival fire-eating Thurman Arnold's fulminations. . . . News-sleuth Congressman Hebert of Louisiana is certainly kept busy with Congressional investigations. Having finished a pipeline investigation he was immediately slapped on the Naval Affairs investigation of the Brewster airplane plant. Hebert got his sleuth-training as news editor of the "New Orleans States."

Very Simple, Tojo

—By Dorman Smith

Change Of Time

Memories Are Dying

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

DOWN in one corner of the paper was the small headline, "Rolland, Author, Dies." A later dispatch says the Nazis have him in a concentration camp, but that is only a worse kind of death for a free spirit such as his. It may mean nothing to you, and if so I'm sorry, but I have to talk about it because "Jean-Christophe" was one of the most exciting events of my life. That's the way with books. One man's meat puts another to sleep.

Only last Saturday I was browsing over my bookshelves, which is the true way to enjoy your favorite books. That is when they hit your mind with the hardest impact. You open a book which you had read and marked long ago and a sentence leaps out at you and grabs you and shakes you around. I happened to take down my copy of "Jean-Christophe." And I found passages I had marked when I read the book a few years ago.

That was at Rehoboth Beach, Del., in the days of our troubled peace when we thought war could be avoided. All except a redheaded Air Corps colonel who would play ribald songs on his guitar in the evening. At other times somebody would begin to talk about Hitler and Chamberlain, and the Air Corps colonel's eyes would flash with fire and he would demand to know why we didn't all realize there was going to be war and why didn't we get some airplanes. He would become so angry that he couldn't talk. All he could do would be to bang his guitar the harder.

That red-headed Air Corps colonel is now Lt. Col. Jack Jenkins, of Lynchburg, Va., and I'm sure he is a good man in the air war against the Axis. I'm sure he is doing his part to make it possible for us to have airplanes in sufficient numbers so that we can be secure against the Axis. But I'm sure he will be glad when he can come back to Rehoboth and enjoy the kind of vacations we used to enjoy with our friends there.

He was a long way from that kind of a world, out there in Africa sending American boys and American planes over Europe. It was hard to believe that the peaceful seaside vacation life in America would ever come back again, and in fact it was difficult ever to imagine myself back in the luxurious life of Washington, where the chief hardships are shortages of gasoline and liquor.

Of course I don't think that a vacation at the beach is the goal. But it is part of it. That coast now is under armed patrol. Submarines cruised near it for many months sinking our ships. Europe's war edged over to that beach and wreckage sometimes floated up. Survivors from torpedoed tankers were brought to the Coast Guard station nearby. There can be no security inside America until that coast is secure. That coast cannot be secure until the Atlantic is secure, until there is peace on the other side of the Atlantic, until any enemy can be prevented from sending out his attacking submarines from the ports of the west coast of Europe.

When I began thumbing through "Jean-Christophe" last Saturday, one underscored sentence came up on an open page. Just three words: "Think with courage." We have thousands of men now acting with courage. We have too few who think with courage. Some, yes. Willkie. Sumner Welles. Senator Ball and his three associates. Men who will take the risks for peace as unfailingly as those air force kids of Gen. Doolittle take risks every day to win war. Men who will think and speak courageously against the tide of hate and fear and greed and selfishness that is now rising in our country.

Side Glances

"We've had a terrible time finding a cook, so you'll be real careful and not stick your fingers into the meat grinder, won't you?"

Everyday Counselor

Big Investment

By Rev. Herbert Spaugh

INVESTING time and attention in older people pays excellent dividends. Younger people have a way of overlooking that fact. Some don't know it; others forget it.

In the first place youth can learn much from experience of age. They can save themselves many hard lessons in the school of experience. Each generation passes through the experience of thinking that their parents are old-fashioned and out of date. As they grew in knowledge and experience they come around to the conclusion that their parents' generation had some considerable wisdom after all. I can recall the time, after having passed through a period when I thought my parents were "old-fashioned," that I came to the conclusion that if I did as well at their age as they had done, I would be most fortunate.

There is an added reason for showing attention to the aged. One day, if we live, we will stand in their place. The world is ruled by the law of cause and effect. As we treat the aged, so will we be treated when we become old. I have watched that work out too many times. We reap what we sow.

There are so many little thoughtful attentions which we can show to those who are in the sunset years of life. Many of them become quite forgetful. This is especially true of the names of persons. They knew us as children; they knew our parents. Then we grew up to maturity and perhaps don't see them very often. They still recall us as children and don't recognize us as adults.

I always try to remember this when I speak to an older person whom I have not seen for some time, telling them my name, and perhaps the names of my parents. This saves them much embarrassment and is truly appreciated. I have often seen older people pathetically trying to recall the name of some younger person who is speaking to them. He could have put them perfectly at ease by telling them at the very outset who he was, but he didn't think about it.

No one grows too old to like attention. A friend told me the other day that he saw an elderly woman, quite feeble, coming down the steps of a building, to enter a waiting taxicab. He stopped and offered to assist her, which was gratefully accepted. She insisted on knowing his name. When he came home that evening his wife told him that the little old lady had telephoned to tell her what a thoughtful husband she had. It didn't make either feel badly.

For personal reply address The Everyday Counselor, The Little Church On The Lane, 522 Moravian Lane, Charlotte 4, N. C., enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Anti-Russia

A New Game

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

THEY are like trapped men. Only last week they were denouncing England. What do we read this week? This week we read in that great isolationist newspaper, the New York Daily News, that we ought to have an alliance with England, and stand together with her against Russia. Has England changed her spots in a week? Why has she so quickly become acceptable? Last week she was clever and perfidious Albion, making a dishonest penny for herself by reselling our lend-lease goods. This week she is our foreordained soul-mate.

Let us not forget that Colonel McCormick of the Chicago Tribune recently dropped his distaste for Britain long enough to invite her into the American Union as a new State, or set of States. Pro! Con! Pro! Con! What is the meaning of these wild gyrations on the isolationist side, these beautiful leaps from floor to ceiling, these bounding sprints from one side of the room to the other? Why, that is the characteristic behavior of men who know themselves to be in a closed chamber, and who are looking for a door. They want out.

Last week they hated England; this week they want her. I remarked last week that the sudden "flare-up" of feeling against England among American isolationists was not even genuinely anti-English; that it was actually, anti-Administration; that to stir up anti-English feeling merely happened to be the convenient tactic of the moment. For a long, cold week it seemed to them that the way to upset the people's confidence in the Administration's plans for world order was to take an anti-English line, and they took it.

Now see how it has shifted. The line this week is anti-Russian, and in pursuit of that line it is proposed that we form an anti-Russian alliance with England. The strategy has not changed. It is still the same strategy, that of upsetting the Administration's plans for world order. Only the tactics have changed; in place of the tactic of giving England the hot foot, we now see employed the tactic of grasping her in an unexpected and unlovely embrace. From this point on, we have to stop thinking of these men as isolationists. They have long ago ceased to be isolationists. They will use almost any political device, isolationist or not, to attain their goal. They will be against alliances, or, just as readily, for them.

They will be for peace, at times, or, it is not inconceivable, sometimes for war. The tone of the New York Daily News editorial, with its gleeful matching-up of joint British-American air-sea strength as against Russian land strength, did not sound like a flight from war. Quite the contrary.

They will be for keeping ourselves to ourselves, if that theme seems likely to rouse American passions; or, just as eagerly, they will be for grabbing distant bases, if that proposal seems better calculated to inflame feeling at home, upset our foreign policy, annoy our allies and prevent the consummation of world order.

This is opportunism, not isolationism; the proposal that we acquire distant bases and enter into a military alliance with Britain would have seemed like the wildest interventionism just a few years ago.

We will be patsies if we take any of it at face value, either the hate of England or the new love of England, either the desire to keep ourselves to ourselves or the hunger for new remote outposts. These are but the shifting tactics of a strategy that never changes, a strategy of defeating the Administration in its plans for setting up a secure world.