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And Evening Chronicle

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W. C. Doyd, 1965-1977

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TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1943

Better Paid

Most Soldiers Got a Raise
When They Went Into Army

From the Morris Code of Morris Field, we have full evidence that the men of the Army are beginning to appreciate their position as members of the greatest and finest armed service in history. We take the liberty of quoting The Code, almost to a word, to prove the fact that G. I. Joe is not only extremely well cared-for in his new job as a fighting man, but that he appreciates that fact:

It seems a little unreal until you stop and think about it, but it has been estimated by a member of the House of Representatives in Washington that a buck private in the Army is paid the equivalent of \$1,700 per year. This figure, of course, includes all the services soldiers had to pay for as a civilian and now take so much for granted that they don't even think of them.

There's medical and dental care, life insurance, equipment, clothing, food and lodging salary, and in addition there are the savings on important items like travel, haircuts, cigarettes, laundry and postage. There are also intangibles, which are not figured in, like preventive dentistry, psychiatric and medical attention whereby many thousands of dollars are saved soldiers yearly through early recognition and treatment of disease.

Broken down into figures, the Office of War Information has arrived at the following detailed estimate: Cash income, \$600; food, at \$1.50 per day, \$574.50; lodging, at \$10 per month, \$120; equipment and replacement, \$170; medical, dental and hospital care, \$194; savings on life insurance, \$63.40; saved on cigarettes, \$10.95; saved on laundry, \$32.50; saved on postage and barber bills, \$26.65. Naturally these earnings vary somewhat at different posts.

And none of the above makes any mention of the excellent showings the private may obtain for little or no cost. It says nothing of the low movie charge, of the boxing exhibitions and USO shows, of the dances at the service club, and many other things were all inclined to underestimate.

We're probably the best-looking after Army in history.

The man in khaki, in fact, is a great deal better off, financially, than the average American in the best years of the nation. The national income average, for example, cannot compare with the Army's figure. Uncle Sam tops 'em all.

Japan's Shocks

The Air Force Will Care for
All the Earthquakes Needed

So far as we're concerned, a seismograph with a heart flutter wouldn't mean much; we could look one full in the face and stand dumbly while it shouted of earthquakes all over the globe. On that one, the scientists have tied down; we can neither operate nor understand the operation of the infernal machine. But one thing we know: we figured out that great shocks were on the way to Japan a long time before the St. Louis seismograph said so.

That the islands of Japan lay right in the path of great earthquakes has come has been common knowledge, with us, since the day the Doolittle raid on Tokyo was announced. We knew, with a sublime knowledge the seismograph can never grasp, that the planes would go back some day and that the whole of the island empire would reel and rock under the bombs of war which will boomerang on the warlords of Nippon.

We expect succeeding quakes, just as do the scientists, but for much longer periods. We expect, for example, that before many months have passed, the earthquakes will be flown through the skies from China, on a regular run. We expect that, some day, as at Tobruk and Tunis, American flyers will come to call the flight over Tokyo the milk route or the mail run. Then, the earthquakes will have come to stay. The pounding will be almost ceaseless, and the cities of the Eastern empire of evil will never be safe again.

The time will come when fewer and fewer Mitsubishi Zeroes will rise to combat the bringers of earthquake; finally, the time will come when the

secrets discovered by the pounding of Pantelleria will be used upon Japan, and as the islands are leveled the world will share our secret and none will need the advice of a seismograph. Quakes will be ordered by the Bomber Command.

Dead Right

Chief Severs Had the Range
On Beer Ban the First Time

We have every respect for Chief Henry Severs of the Mecklenburg Police, and subscribe to the popular theory that his work will continue to follow on the same high plane used by Chief Stanhope Linberry. But we think Chief Henry talked once too often yesterday. As a law enforcement officer, he announced himself informally as against an ordinance banning week-end sales of beer in the County. And, as a law enforcement officer, he still thinks no good can come of that ordinance; but he was careful to make a statement that he would not resist such a ban, but would do his best to enforce it if put into effect.

Our own interest was not in the high source of the beer ban suggestion, or in the political repercussions which followed, or even in the Chief's disclaimer, quickly filed. Our interest was focused upon the Chief's opinion, twice stated, that a County-wide ban on beer sales over the week-end would not lessen the task of his officers. We could see the sense of that. Our interest was also in his reported statement that the ban on beer would merely turn the thrifty to the consumption of wine and bootleg whiskey. We were interested there because it confirmed our own opinion and that of the U. S. Army.

It should be carefully noted (and this may be done, we think, without embarrassing the Chief on either of his two statements) that once more a practical, hard-working and realistic law enforcement officer has come out on the side of anti-prohibition. This proposed little ban on beer drinking, even, is calculated by a man who knows to be of little value. He foresees correctly that stopping the beer will only cause other drinks to flow freely and the work of police will be more difficult. If anything, he does not wish to speak against the sentiment of prohibition, and we do not blame him, but he is on record as a prohibitionist. Good is to be gained by cutting off light beer for a few hours a week.

New Air Tactics

Tunisian Lessons Ready for
Another Test in Europe

When General Dwight Eisenhower, in the hours of the approaching show-down in Tunisia, set free his entire air forces to be used as an individual unit, he not only made history for the United Nations. He also set the stage for more such operations in the assaults upon Germany to come in the months ahead. It is of great significance to note that the RAF has given sanction to the formation of a tactical air force to work from Britain, when invasion comes.

The successes which came so brilliantly to the teams of British-American air forces, in bombing Axis ports and transportation, in destroying the enemy air forces, and in blasting paths for advancing troops, have all been incorporated into a lesson. That lesson, as a discovery, may come to be the most important gain from the battles in Africa. If the action ahead over the Continent goes as well as did action under the United States cover of aerial task forces in Tunisia, then the tactics Europe will fall more easily than has been anticipated.

The formation of specialists corps in the air (for that's what the divisions amount to) is also to affect the U. S. forces, and together the two great air forces will be given the tasks of smashing enemy transport in areas to be invaded, wrecking enemy troop concentrations, clearing the way by sea, and knocking out enemy planes descending on attacked areas. The task performed in Africa by Jimmy Doolittle's Strategic Air Force is already being carried on in Europe, where great plans are being attacked day and night after more than a year of steady pounding.

Just as in Africa, Marshal Erwin Rommel, the new coordinator of French defenses, will one day meet his doom from the air. It is in the skies that the United Nations will show their greatest strength, and it is there, aided by new and daring methods, that they will win the war.

The Miller Sees Not All The Water That Goes By His Mill.—ROBERT BURTON.

Young In Heart

Baruch, The Radical

By Dorothy Thompson

WASHINGTON
NOW that Bernard Baruch has agreed to become assistant to James F. Byrnes of the Office of War Mobilization, we can hear the radical action. What this country has needed for a long time is radicals in positions of responsibility. I am using the word "radical" in its most common-sense meaning, not in the sense of one who goes to the roots of things. The word has fallen into misuse. All who wanted to take radical action have been considered as "subversive elements."

But neither surgeons, nor good gardeners are subversive elements, though, if they are any good, they are radical. I tried to teach radicalism to a thirteen-year-old boy this morning, in connection with the preparation of a bed for seedlings. I told him that unless he spaded the ground deep, cultivated it twice, raked out all stones and clods of weeds, finally raked it repeatedly until the soil was pulverized, he would spend the rest of the summer trying to get out the witch-grass without injuring the plants; whereas, if he did it properly his work would be largely finished, once and for all.

But the boy was a liberal. He wanted to arrange everything on the surface; rake the fresh and pulverized soil over the clods and appoint a new committee when the weeds came up again. Any other procedure he regarded as exaggeration, maybe he thought the weeds also had a right to live.

In the matter of that seedling-bed, I was following the advice of two great radicals—Winston Churchill and Bernard Baruch. No body thinks of them as such, because they are toward conservatism in politics. Radicalism is not incompatible with a passion for preserving society, which both of them share. They have no desire to spade up both the weeds and the seedlings. The essence of the radical intellect is to see what is necessary to achieve a certain end, and have the courage to do it, regardless of whether it is pleasant or conventional.

Winston Churchill knew, in 1934, that if you allowed the Germans to remain there would be war. He was for every reasonable concession to the German—long before Hitler—except one: Rearmament. He said so, day in and day out, so in England they said he was a man with a "single-track mind." As he thought politically; Baruch thought economically. He thought the Germans and Japs are going to make war. But in order to make war you have to have a war economy. They can be

prevented from making a war economy, and can therefore be prevented from making war. Way back in 1938, Mr. Baruch first outlined a plan to prevent war. It was radical and simple. It was merely that the United States should enter the field and systematically buy away from the world market, and at any price necessary to overbid the Germans, those essential raw materials which the Germans did not have and without which the manufacture of arms is impossible—such things as magnesium, chrome, industrial diamonds, etc.

People said it would be too expensive. He remarked dryly that it would be a bagatelle compared to a war. Now, too late, the Office of Strategic Services is doing exactly that thing, as a mere detail of an enormous war program. When war came, Baruch had a plan for avoiding inflation. It was not a pleasant plan, for it hit many vested interests, political and economic, from the top to the bottom. Its only merit was that it would work.

So instead of having a plan, we have had the planlessness of the planners, who are mostly liberals, and don't want to hurt anyone except maybe a few of the rich. This has the liberal spirit degenerated. It is not too late to bring order out of chaos. But whether Messrs. Byrnes and Baruch can do it depends upon the amount of authority they have. They will also fall if they have to make every decision called for by the intimate advisers of the White House, who have a finger in every pie.

It is strange that men like Churchill and Baruch, who can no longer be called even middle-aged, have an intellectual vigor rarely found in younger men. In the original sense of the word they are more "radical." Usually radicalism is associated with youth. But when the world needs the radicalism that comes from knowledge and experience, and is yet animated by a youthful spirit.

Most old men get calloused brains and hearts, and are afflicted with calloused interests. Youth, on the other hand, has an emotional bias toward radical proposals, without the experience to know what causes produce what consequences. Where you have a combination of experience, disinterestedness, and unimpeded intellect, you have a man who finishes a job, and leaves the world ship-shape for the generation to follow.

Such men can say, with that personal disinterestedness expressed by Mr. Churchill in his great speech on post-war England, "I have no political future." Such men can afford to be radical and brave.

"Vell, Vy Not, Ain't Ve Hoodlums, Too?"

—By Dorman Smith



Ready To Go

Doughboys In England

By Raymond Clapper

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND
FOR three days I have been visiting the American forces in England. It has been far from a complete tour of all the American stations over here, but it has given me a good idea of the time, I saw enough to make it clear that the American forces in the European theater are fighting for a long stay.

Public speculation may be fixing an early end to the war through an early all-out invasion of France and Germany, but I don't get that feeling here. The more people I talk with, the more I see here, the more convinced I am that the American public would be wise at least in the European theater for another year.

Over here you get a realistic picture stripped of wishful thinking. The job is seen in terms of what it is, and that is, to the men who must do the job, it is something quite different from the astronomical production figures with which we arrange victory and easy end to the war by a few pencil marks on a tablecloth. When you see what it takes to shake one target, you realize that patience and sustained effort are needed as home as well as here.

I spent some time with the Army Supply Forces, through which an enormous volume of weapons, motorized equipment, repair parts, food and clothing is distributed to the fighting forces. At one gigantic supply depot there, yards as well as a narrow-gauge train whizzing runs around through the warehouses. The depot contains everything from watch springs to 155-mm. guns. I saw an American tire factory at this depot, for rebuilding tires. I saw a shop where the war was almost a miniature automobile factory, with a conveyor system on which automobile motors are rebuilt.

Several thousand officers and men operate this

supply system for the American forces in the European theater. Most of them are former business men, railroaders, manufacturers and merchandisers. Railroad operations at the depot are directed by Maj. Homer J. Sandusky, who left his job with the New York Central at Indianapolis to run this base railroad.

Year after year supply base is a fashionable old English steeplechase club, now used to billet American troops. Col. Walter Graham, formerly business man at Portland, Ore., showed me around the horse stalls where prize-winning thoroughbreds once lived but have been reconditioned to warm and quiet quarters for our American thoroughbreds. Told me and showing me in what once was the gentlemen's betting club at the steeplechase club is overgrown with grass and partly covered with temporary structures.

Dopesters will be interested in the guesses as to the length of war which were put down in a secret ballot by a group of American officers at dinner on one station. Of fourteen who wrote down their guesses, nine guessed that Germany would be licked in the last quarter of next year. Five American newspaper correspondents were present. Three of them guessed the last quarter of next year, two the first quarter.

I found about the same judgment regardless of what branch of the service I talked with—whether police, supply officers or intelligence officers. They all seemed to be in a similar attitude of mind. As I talked with many Americans, I never heard of the task I felt that they were taking a gloomy view of the task ahead based on some idea of what the job called for and how it must be done.

I don't think we ought to kid ourselves at home any more than these forces over here should delude themselves. For that's the best way to take the bumps and delays without having violent ups and downs in the morale temperature chart.

It is essential that we do not postpone an association of nations until some distant Nirvana. Even the day and night after new too late, we should recognize fed-

Quote, Unquote

and loyalty.
—President Henry M. Wriston of Brown U.

In all lengthy slices of the

Side Glances



"Your mother has high blood pressure? Invite her to visit us—we can watch her diet and see that her meat coupons aren't wasted!"

Leaving 'Em

The World Moves

By Samuel Crompton

NEW YORK

THE war races swiftly ahead, leaving a number of men sprawled on the ground. One month ago, Senator Chandler of Kentucky needed a fearful holocaust to help him force the Pacific, at once, to meet dreadful peril, to avoid disaster, to save ourselves from national calamity, etc., etc.

But Prime Minister Curtin of Australia announces that his country is now safe against invasion. Senator Chandler looks as dashed as if he had torn madly into a house to save the heroine from the villain, only to find her curled up with a good book and wondering who was making that noise. The Senator just doesn't know. He thought he was discussing the real world, but he was only describing an anion, or an ostrich egg, or some other round object of his dream.

He did not know that we could make the Pacific safe without giving up the offensive in Europe. This war is twice as big as some recent Senate speeches, and only half as noisy. But Mr. Chandler has a companion as he races down the street, trying to catch the trolley car.

Mr. Herbert Hoover has just evolved a new plan for food production plus national defense. He would have farm boys now in industry drafted for the Army; then he would have them returned to the farms, in uniform, when "needed." Thus they could grow food, when we need food, and thus they could also "defend the country," when we need them to defend the country.

Mr. Hoover could have given us no better insight into his strange conception of the war. It seems to him to be a puerile of war, an amiable, pleasant war, which will sit in the sun and wait for us indefinitely.

His plan, in essence, takes men out of industry, and covers that over by putting them in the Army. Then it takes them out of the Army and covers that over by leaving them in uniform. The same results could be obtained by not drafting men at all, by not fighting, and these are the directions in which this curious plan for the future of our industry and then de-drafting portions of our Army, really heads.

As for the suggestion that these ex-industrial workers, turned into ex-soldiers, could be used for "defense," it is strange to hear that timid bloke of a word crop up during this period of offense, a period in which the ex-Italian island of Pantelleria is described as having been almost "blown into the air" and "torn apart" by the force of our attack.

This new plan is not unlike Mr. Hoover's previous plan, to take happy advantage of our non-existent shipping shortage, and to demolish many of our soldiers, on the theory that we could transport them abroad, anyway. Mr. Hoover is forever demolishing us toward victory.

The shipping shortage turned out not to be real, according to expert testimony from General Samuels. It is being, for the same imaginary world as that of Senator Chandler, in which the Japanese are winning in the Pacific. In the real world, the Japanese are losing in the Pacific, and the United States is winning in the real world, an aroused democracy finally has its hands about the throat of the Fascists, after ten years of thinking it over.

Those who have feared this showdown for a number of reasons having to do with the political situation of the decade, turn away from this awful spectacle of the final hour. It has come and it has left them behind. They are still trying dizzily to salvage a few double out of the overwhelming certainty. They pined after the chariot of the war, but it is swift, and they shall catch it not.

And A Hot Sun

Modern Transport

By LOUIS GRAVES

In The Chapel Hill Weekly

RICHARD LAWRENCE, who is now with the Weekly, had to go to Durham Monday morning to have his eyes examined for new glasses. When I telephoned him at the office early in the afternoon I asked him if he had caught a ride with some friend.

"Oh, no, I went over on my bicycle," he answered in a casual tone.

I thought this a considerable performance—especially for a person who, on the return ride, had a blurred vision from the belatedness the doctor had put in his eyes—but he seemed to take it as a matter of course. He said that he had made the outbound trip in 53 minutes and had come back in 45 minutes.

The round trip was about 25 miles, and it was made under a broiling sun. Richard said that the only other time he had ridden to Durham and back on his bicycle had been when he had gone to the dentist.

Maybe this would not have seemed remarkable to me 40 years ago, but when a man gets along in years he forgets what a lot of surplus vigor he used to have. I looked for him to go to Durham to get any sort of medical treatment as a severe ordeal even this can go to an automobile. To go over there on a bicycle in addition to having an encounter with the doctor—the mere thought of it almost puts me into a collapse.

It only goes to show how the passage of years will change your way of looking at things.

How Much Were You Officers Gettin' In 'Stuff?

(North Wilkesboro Hustler)
After several years of buying and selling liquor in a big way, officers from Charlotte came to Wilkes, Purcell community, the liquor and made the arrest. "They say" there is the same kind of business being carried on in North Wilkesboro. The officers are responsible for getting officers to locate the wide-open places.

The Halls on Record
(North Wilkesboro Hustler)
John Solomon Hall was at the courthouse yesterday morning, obtaining a marriage certificate for his daughter in Michigan. He re-

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