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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1943

**Now For The Kill**

**Sixth Conference Foretold as the End**  
 We have luxuriated in such good news from all the war fronts in this Summer that we all may have been lulled into a false sense of security. The mistake of regarding the new Roosevelt-Churchill conference as a sort of preliminary peace parley. Indeed, it may be, in some of its aspects, but those anticipations will be based on planned military movements to surpass anything we have attempted yet and are to lead into grimmer phases of war than this country has yet encountered.

The Allies have learned to take the Churchill-Roosevelt meetings as harbingers of coming great events—great victories. There was the Atlantic Charter, the first seal of unity in purpose. There was the Battle of the Nile, the battle of North Africa, the Battle of the Midway, all moving along the road of our victory, each being heralded by conferences of the leaders.

The present conference, perhaps, is the weightiest of them all, for now obviously the time comes for the kill. It will be no easy process. It will be no landing on the North African coast. The time of feinting and playing for position has come to an end. This ponderous battle, even to the prospective casualties, will be anticipated in every possible phase in the present conference.

While we suddenly overly-optimistic citizens take time out to go around in an aura of glory, Roosevelt and Churchill will be considering greater losses, greater gains, greater wounds, than the English-speaking Allies have seen in this war.

The conference surely can mean only bad news for Hitler. Before the results are in, how many certainly have been of sobering news, too. Roosevelt and Churchill are not forgetting that victory is nearer, certainly, but this is no time to slacken our war effort.

**Russian Peace Is Difficult To Understand Stalin**

Considerable head-shaking has been obvious in Washington about Russia's part in peace plans. A National Polish Committee has been set up in Moscow, without consulting the United States, on the fate of Poland after the war, and a National German Committee on the fate of Germany. Both these committees contain many Communists. There is little fear that Stalin will make a separate peace with Germany, but much fear that he will insist on dictating what is to be done with Germany if the Russian armies are the prime factor in Germany's defeat.

If Stalin is conscious of the good faith of the United States and Great Britain after this war, he could find cause in the attitude of the great Powers toward Russia after the last war.

When the war ended, Allied and American troops were on Russian soil fighting Russian detachments in the north around Archangel, in Siberia around Vladivostok. This intermittent warfare on the Soviet Government continued through 1919 and the Allied and American economic blockade of Russia even longer. It must be noted that the Soviet Government tacitly agreed later that the American detachments in Siberia had helped to prevent Japan from annexing Siberian territory.

Soon after the Communists took power, anti-revolutionary leaders led expeditions to overthrow the Communist regime. In the east, operating from Siberia, General Wrangel, the Allied and American economic blockade of Russia even longer. It must be noted that the Soviet Government tacitly agreed later that the American detachments in Siberia had helped to prevent Japan from annexing Siberian territory.

**Loss Of Link**

**Congratulations For Well-Won Promotion**  
 The announcement that Carl Link, these years physical education director of the Charlotte Y. M. C. A., has been promoted to the post of General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Association, is going to cheer the members of the Y. Carl is as much a part of this town as the facade of Masonic Building and his departure will bring a feeling of loss. The opinion around here is that the Y. M. C. A. never had a better representative.

And, we reckon, the Y. M. C. A. may have somewhat the same idea, for he is being sent to a highly important position, and he has an Army camp and is surrounded by other military installations. His work in charge of that Association will bring into use all the experience of his years in Charlotte. We shall regret, deeply, to see him go, and bid him Godspeed, with congratulations.

**Hi, Sheriff!**

**Choice Souls Now Meet In Charlotte**  
 No group of North Carolinians could be more welcome in Charlotte today and tomorrow than those whole-souled defenders of the public welfare, the High Sheriffs. They are in convention and, no doubt, will hear some powerfully spoken speeches, and adopt some ringing resolutions and consider public questions in a large way. But, having known our Sheriffs these years, we have a notion that most of that is just for the record, and that the real essence of the convention will be when the Sheriffs—good fellows, all, personally and politically—get together in groups and begin to swap yarns. We hope they will have a particularly swell time.

**Liquor Distillers**  
**The Merry-Go-Round**

**By Drew Pearson**  
**WASHINGTON**  
 IT LOOKS AS IF the whiskey distillers were learning from a week they have been closed with the Production Board trying to put over a deal whereby they will be permitted to resume manufacture of whiskey limited to even a time when the nation is so desperately hard up for feed grain that it is feeding wheat to cattle instead of humans.

To start the distilling of whiskey would mean a further use of grain, thus depleting the supply for cattle, hogs and chickens.

Despite this, the whiskey distillers have been warring already for a long time against involuntary wartime prohibition and arguing that there are ample stocks of war alcohol on hand.

The latter, of course, is true. Alcohol stocks are plentiful and the manufacture of explosives has been curtailed. However, two counter-factors have been pointed out by WEP's staff. One is the difficulty of getting the necessary grain. One of these is an important war use, so far a carefully guarded secret, which may require more alcohol.

But even more important, WEP's officials point out, is that the country is desperately hard up for grain. Scarcity in history has wheat been fed to animals instead of people, and about a third of a drought next year and the wheat crop injured, then with reserves depleted, the whiskey distillers would get the blame.

More than 10 million bushels of grain per day are required for feeding livestock and poultry. Where we are going to get it during the coming year, already has the War Production Administration figured. The estimated 1944-45 supply of grain is 12 per cent less than last year's and simultaneously livestock on farms will be 5 to 10 per cent greater.

The Agriculture Department has already warned livestock producers to conserve feed. Yet at the same time, the distillers have been lobbying their ears off to divert grain to whiskey.

**Littell Goes To Dinner**

Norman Littell, the young Assistant Attorney General who forced Secretary Knox to knock up the amazing Elk Hills oil deal, has an amazing memory for the law, but when it comes to his own clothes it is another matter.

The other night he was invited to dine with Swiss Minister Charles Brugmann, brother-in-law of Vice-President Wallace, and according to Mrs. Littell his concentration on Elk Hills rather than clothes almost caused a row in the Littell family.

To save time and gasoline, Littell dresses for dinner at his office, but this time he phoned his wife at the last minute that he had forgotten to bring his collar and cummerbund. He asked her to meet him outside the door of the Swiss Legation with these articles very essential to dining out in Summertime Washington.

Mrs. Littell dutifully obeyed. Arriving on time she stood hopefully outside the Swiss Legation holding a man's collar in one hand and a black cummerbund in the other. Presently the guests began to arrive.

**This Ought To Prove Something Or Other**

**—By Dorman Smith**  
 "Gwan! knock it off! I ain't afraid of you—now!"



**Scots Beguiled**  
**Lickin' Not Forgor**

**By Tom P. Jimison**  
 LUMBERTON is the most exclusive club in North Carolina, it is in America. It is the Jack White Club, and it is a monument to the credulity and lack of perceptivity of a bunch of canny Scotmen. It is more, it is a memorial to the pleasant humor of men notably defeated. The defeat was so inglorious that these Lumbar River Scots went to commemorate it, and they have done it in fine fashion.

Several years ago a man who said his name was Jack White came to this town. He talked with the lawyers, told them that he was getting up a history of the local bar, and that each and every attorney who put ten bucks on the bar would get his picture and his biography in the proposed book. Barristers are a bit leary of any sort of advertisement, especially if it benefits lawyers. But it seems that Jack hankered for hard jobs, since he had just left one in a certain penitentiary, and the boys here fell for his baloney like nobody's business. In less than time it takes a sheep to shake its caudal appendage this boy had gathered in some \$500, and then he had his picture taken. He later landed in the hoosegow at Atlanta, but not for what he had done here. His name wasn't Jack Smith, but he answered to that name here; and he was not molested by these Scots, for they are not noted for rushing into court with their complaints. They think that they should be able to look after their own finances, and can usually do it. Ifen they get snubbed by some interloper they hold for him a sort of secret admiration and such as that is what makes a Scotman admired around the world. In fact some of his brethren here believe that the real name of this swindling genius may have been Sandy MacQuider, or some such. They sorter like him because he is a member of the bar, and he is an expert lawyer who has been swindled, and most of them fall within that category. As a class they are honey-tongued and sugar-tipped to the point where they fall victims to the most ardent frauds.

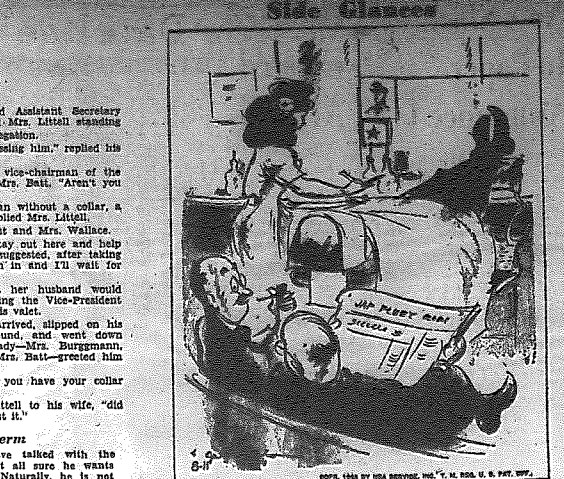
In this club there are no initiation fees, no dues, and its monthly meetings at a local hotel every man must pay for his own dinner—in advance. If a member feels that he has snupped to say he has got a Scotch lawyer to membership he better get up to the spot. Otherwise he will be heckled until he is forced to hush.

The Jack White Club, while it is supposed to be a sort of perpetual club, has done a passel of good here for the bartenders and the public in general. Today a man couldn't peddle the King James' version of the Bible here at ten cents per copy unless he could show that he has the proper credentials from the company he claims to represent and also has the written endorsement of the president of the local bar. The boys admire Jack White, but they don't aim to get into the same mudhole twice.

I was made a member of the Jack White Club so soon as I changed my name to Dorman Smith. I was a member of the club, and I was a member of a nicker. I didn't confide to them that it was a woman. And neither did I know that they aim to get a Scotch lawyer to membership he better get up to the spot. Otherwise he will be heckled until he is forced to hush.

**Today's Bible Verse**

We are innately descended from God. Prof. E. D. Cope says that his opinion of human evolution that it would be an absurd to believe that the unabridged dictionary resulted from a monkey in a drop of soup. It is a life originated by chance; which was the son of God.—Luke 3:38



"Why're you waiting?" asked Assistant Secretary of War McCloy, as he noticed the Lt. Littell standing especially in front of the Legation.

"I'm waiting to finish dressing him," replied his patient wife.

Next came William East, vice-chairman of the War Production Board, and Mrs. East. "Aren't you coming in?" they asked.

"No I'm looking for a man without a collar, a necktie or a cummerbund," Mrs. Littell replied.

"Why don't you let me stay out here and help dress Norman," Mr. Wallace suggested, and making in the situation. "You go on in and I'll wait for him."

But Mrs. Littell thought her husband would be an embarrassment to having the Vice-President of the United States see his valet.

A moment later Littell arrived, slipped on his collar, necktie and cummerbund, and went down the hallway line. Each lady—Mrs. Bruggmann, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. McCloy, Mrs. East—greeted him with:

"Well, Mr. Littell, I see you have your collar and cummerbund."

"Why," whispered Mr. Littell to his wife, "did you have to tell them all about it?"

**Everyday Counselor**  
**On Criticism**

**By Rev. Herbert Spang**  
 PEOPLE will talk, but all of them aren't worth listening to. Carping criticism by little minds deserves scant attention. But when a man speaks out of long years of constructive achievement and Christian usefulness, he deserves to be heard carefully. Such a man spoke recently in Winston-Salem, N. C. the Rev. Dr. J. L. White of Miami, Fla. Now in his middle eighties, Dr. White, a native of Forsyth County, looked back upon sixty-three years in the ministry during which time he has built a number of churches for the Baptist denomination in the South, including the \$200,000 Miami church of which he was pastor until he retired in 1935. Along with this he has reared a family of seven children, including four successful Baptist ministers.

His outlook for the world's future is interesting. He says the world can never be the same. IT WILL PRESENT THE GREATEST MISSIONARY OPPORTUNITY OF ALL HISTORY. Many suggestions have been made as to the most important comfort produce by the Gospel of Jesus Christ which disarms the hearts and minds of men and teaches them to live with one another in love and understanding. Agreements, treaties, treaties have all been tried and failed. Jesus Christ is our only hope.

There must be a realization on the part of the Allies that peace cannot be maintained at the point of a bayonet, but by international friendship and brotherhood. Many other thoughtful men and women will agree with Dr. White. They will recall the great opportunity we had fifty years ago to evangelize Japan. We gave them the material comforts of modern life, Christian civilization, but failed to give them the Christian Gospel, although pioneer missionaries who had explored that land said the door was open for missionary activity.

Men fighting a global war today find this world becoming smaller and smaller. Unless we can learn to live together peacefully and share with each other equitably, we will destroy the world. The world can never be the same. IT WILL PRESENT THE GREATEST MISSIONARY OPPORTUNITY OF ALL HISTORY. Many suggestions have been made as to the most important comfort produce by the Gospel of Jesus Christ which disarms the hearts and minds of men and teaches them to live with one another in love and understanding. Agreements, treaties, treaties have all been tried and failed. Jesus Christ is our only hope.

**Wanted: A Policy**  
**U. S. Statecraft**

**By Samuel Grafton**  
 THE fuss about the State Department has now grown up from a grade-school controversy to a grade-A controversy. There was, really, no State Department controversy at all. There were only a few men here and there wondering why we sold oil and steel to Japan, and whether Britain had wings.

But, behind, now it is on the front page of the New York Times, where Mr. John H. Cridler has reported on a supposed "clandestine" deal between the State Department and Mr. Cridler's erstwhile partner, Secretary Hull's assistant for him "by use of an odious epithet," and that foreign diplomats sometimes come away with two or three different statements of policy on any given subject after conferring with two or three different State Department officials.

A feeling of functional disorder within the Department came out of Mr. Cridler's story. This is a little different from the older quarrel over the State Department's policies.

If we were to add up the current charges against the Department in its methodical fashion, we might say that the Department stands accused today of having a wrong policy toward democratic movements in Europe, and that it also stands accused of inefficiency in carrying out its wrong policy.

Mr. Arthur Krock of the Times has offered an explanation. He declares that the President has been rather high-handed with Mr. Hull; that the President has not allowed Mr. Hull to pick his own chief aides; that the President appointed Mr. Sumner Welles, for example, as Under Secretary; that the President and Mr. Welles work closely together, sometimes by-passing Mr. Hull in forming an explaining foreign policy.

But Mr. Mark Sullivan in the New York Herald Tribune, has a different story. He declares that the President stands "firmly behind" Mr. Hull. Mr. Sullivan says that if there are any "clandestine" deals, they are in the lower levels of the organization, among the "ideology" boys, who want us to establish democracy in conquered countries as we take them. Mr. Sullivan gives the top officials, including the President, what he considers a clean bill of health. He says they are interested in establishing democracy immediately in conquered countries at all.

What really goes on here? Mr. Krock favors our "expediency" deals, such as our deal with Darlan. And he favors Mr. Hull. Mr. Sullivan also favors our "expediency" deals. And he favors Mr. Hull. The only remedy, then, would be the adoption of a foreign policy at least, a solid policy on the kind of Italy, Germany, etc., we wish to live with, and on lasting alliances with our Allies. Perhaps the Department isn't liking because the whole country isn't liking on these issues.

I am willing after four years of opposition to the Department, to say that perhaps it is only the mirror of our ill. Is that fair?

**Quote, Unquote**

AFTER this war, millions of hard-earned and brutalized young men will still eager to exert their terror against any German who tries to co-operate loyally with the rest of the world.

—Former test witness, now with North African forces, writing to former boss at home.

Dr. F. W. Forster, expatriated German educator.

Now I realize what a sap I was when I used to take off for weeks and not take my job seriously.

—Former test witness, now with North African forces, writing to former boss at home.