THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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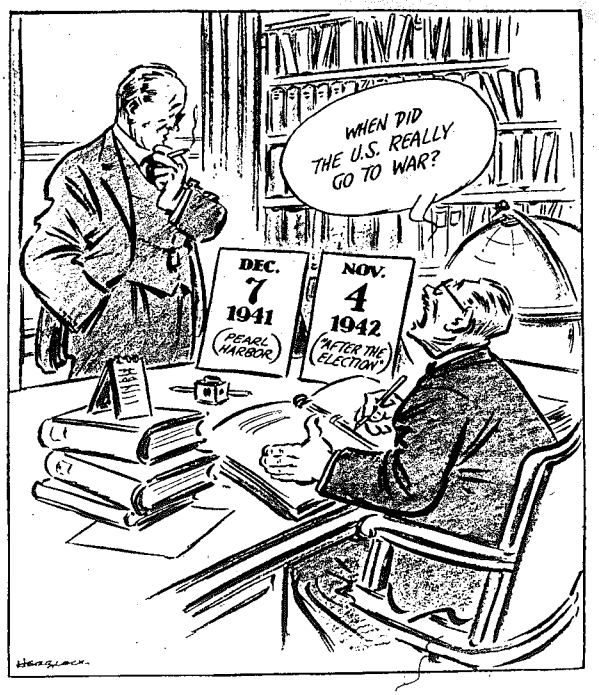
Question for Future Historians

—By Herblock



Bull Market

Leaders and Experts Proclaim Growing Might of Allied Arms

Goodness knows we've seen enough of those optimistic bulges in the ceiling of our news these last few months to enjoy leering at a new peak with a knowing eye. But yesterday's front page seemed to us a whopping monument to a rising hope among leaders of the United Nations. All kinds of men spoke of it the victory, still afar, was at least a sniffing distance.

Churchill, you will remember, spoke of British strength in the Middle East, of a coming second front; Roosevelt spoke plainly of an offensive to come, as the July conference of British-American commands at which "necessary decisions regarding military operations" were approved; Wendell Willkie declared outright that Rommel's striking power was gone; Edward Kennedy of the Associated Press said more of the same about the Egyptian action.

These were men who could not afford to be stirring up new enthusiasm among their people unless they knew whereof they spoke. They must have realized, if they talked and wrote, that more botched predictions of good news to come would greatly depreciate their positions of confidence and popularity. They must have known something.

We just hope that so many glowing reports from so many men do not lose their glow, and that the big bubble of something to look forward to is, this time, justified.

No Harm Done

An Explanation Catches Up With a Vigorous Protest

Though Mr. Frank C. Patton, chairman of the Morganton Rationing Board, seems to have gone off half-cocked about Mecklenburg's numerous C-cards and promptly was set straight by Mecklenburg's administrator, we conclude that we liked the tone and spirit of his remarks.

The "more than 5,000 C-cards" issued in Mecklenburg, to which he made cautious reference, are quite plausibly explained by the number of persons resident here who are entitled to them. The mobilizing U. S. Rubber Co. plant, Morris Field, the Quartermaster Depot, Government war agencies — those alone would account for a whole font of C's, and we are glad to have the explanation for our own benefit, inasmuch as we had made a note not only of the 1,523 C-cards issued through August but of the 8,810 B-cards as well, B's and C's between them accounting for more than half of the 26,580 cars in Mecklenburg County. A begins to stand for the ankling aristocracy. All the same, we liked Mr. Patton's vigor.

For he was, plainly, a man resolved to carry out his war responsibilities to the letter, letting chips fall where they might, and he considered such a course to less an obligation upon all others who sat in like positions. He detested what he thought was indulgence in Mecklenburg, and what he thought, and still may think, was indulgence elsewhere in the state. He spoke out against it; and, by George, that's what a man ought to do when he sees something which offends him.

Mr. Harris

An Older Town Knew Him As the Laundryman

Nearly all of his life Sam L. Harris worked for one company. Nearly all of his latter life he lived in one house. A good part of his life he drove one truck. All of his life he followed one rule.

Sam L. Harris, who died yesterday, preferred to be known as Sam Harris the Laundryman, although most of his customers, recognizing his nature, instinctively preferred to call him Mr. Harris. It was the Charlotte Laundry that he worked for. It was on West Morehead Street just off of Tryon that he lived for so long, although before that he had lived on East Hill. It was an electric truck, a dainty vehicle, that was his pet, although at the last it was a horse that he drove again, a horse hitched, if we are not mistaken, to his old electric truck with the solid tires.

When you come to set it down, there had been changes in the routine of Sam Harris the Laundryman — Mr. Harris. But the rule remained in force without alteration. Indeed, at the last it found him dead in his horse-drawn laundry truck.

The rule was: A full day's work, and no foolishness about it.

Georgia Bells

Talmadge Should Meet His Fate at the Polls Today

They tolled the bell in Georgia today. From the red hills in the north to the sandy stretches where the Cracker State levels into Florida, free men were gathering at the polls to speak for or against the home-made dictatorship of Ol' Gene Talmadge. They were deciding whether or not they actually were free men.

All the signs were that the bell tolled for Talmadge. Polls of justices and lawyers, some of them deadly accurate for 100 years, predicted a victory for Attorney Ellis Arnall by a huge majority. At any rate, the campaign, as it ended, had been one of the loudest and most vicious the South could remember. The decision had been slugged out, with nothing barred.

In the fight the whole nation, as we see it, had a stake, and certainly a consuming interest. The issue, still not beclouded outside Georgia, was whether rule by force, subject to the whims of one man, should endure. It was no question of whether Arnall, Attorney General for two terms, was the perfect candidate. It was a question of putting Talmadge where he could do Georgia no more grave harm.

The issue, indeed, as it bobbed up in the infamous Talmadge control of the state school system, was in miniature, an exhibit of what the world is fighting for today. Neither Georgians nor Southerners nor Americans nor the people of any free land relish one-man rule, be it benevolent or malevolent.

Therefore do we put our money and our colors upon Arnall, as against Talmadge and all that he has been since he first appeared upon the Georgia scene as a wheedling, con-talking showman who snowballed into dangerous power. We hope the Georgia bells toll for Gene today, and for the very last time.

Bird In Hand

Better Get the Money While The Getting Is Good

With rare and hearty unanimity, the Senate Finance Committee yesterday turned down Secretary Morgenthau's pet "spending tax." The spending tax was really not a tax at all. It was a somewhat complicated forced savings plan, and all of the money that it raised would have been returned after the war.

That disposed of, the Finance Committee took up and approved Senator George's "Victory Levy," a combination of gross income tax (at the source) and savings plan. Again the proposal contemplates making a refund after the war, although this time of only about one-third of the money taken in. But the amount to be refunded will accumulate at an estimated rate of more than a billion dollars a year.

Where will the Treasury get the money with which to make these post-war refunds? Why, sir, where has the Treasury always got its money? Out of taxes and borrowings, of course. And what, you ask, is the sense of paying it back only to turn right around and levy it away again? Well, sir, you've got us there.

It would be nice, surely, for all the little taxpayers to have a nest-egg after the war, and some of them are going to need it pretty badly. But from here it looks as though the Government was going to need it more. And while it is definitely pleasant to get money back, it is worse than not getting it back to get it back and then have to fork it over again. Whereas once you have kissed it good-by, you have kissed it good-by, and what you may miss it, you'll get along.

People have got of made up their minds to take what comes out of the war and put up with it. They're in the mood. On the other hand, they look forward to the end of the war so that they may be done with sacrifice and super-imposed inconvenience, and go back to prosecuting their own concerns in their own way.

If the Senate Finance Committee and the Treasury will take our advice, it is to keep every cent that the Victory Levy produces, with no apologies to anyone.

Piles Of Nazis

Price For Stalingrad

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON.

THE fall of Stalingrad has been regarded as inevitable for some days, but the Russians have expected to exact a Sevastopol price for it.

The Reds held out for weeks, you remember, at their Black Sea naval base, in the face of a military situation even more desperate than that confronting them in the angle bend of the Volga. They piled German dead upon every inch of lost ground.

The story of Stalingrad is simply too much concentration of German firepower.

When the Nazis worked themselves around to the north of the city, and then to the south, they were able to pour unprecedented fire into the Reds from three sides, and sprinkle it heavily from the air with the hardest dive-bombing attacks of this war. They could pulverize practically everything except fighting Russian hearts.

But no one here has changed his mind about Stalin's ability to continue resistance through this Winter, although the best authorities have toned down their expectations of how strong this resistance can be.

On the map, the possibility exists that Hitler eventually can push eastward, to meet the Japs coming west through Siberia, and establish a joint communicable Axis Empire over this great stretch of Europe and Asia.

Certainly Japan has lined up her major force on the Manchurian border, in obvious preparation for a stab in the back, such as Mussolini tried on France when he saw her about to fall in the face of Hitler's hordes.

But the unknown (and governing) factor is the condition of the German and Japanese arms and nations.

We had many reports of their internal weaknesses earlier in the war, and presumably still are getting them, but we have come to place no confidence in them, since our initial optimism proved unjustified.

Nevertheless, the toll of the Russian campaign must have cut deep into Hitler's strength.

It just does not show on the surface, because the Russians are also woefully weaker. At Stalingrad, for instance, the Reds were unable to bring up tanks and planes to come anywhere near matching the Germans.

Thus the chance that Hitler and Tojo eventually may have everything their own way, from the Volga eastward to the Pacific, must be balanced against the unspecific but encouraging factor of both German and Jap losses. Every German killed at Stalingrad will make that much easier the establishment of the coming second front.

HIS MAJESTY'S LOYAL OPPOSITION

Wendell Willkie's mysterious hop to the Middle East, with a lot of secret letters from President Roosevelt, is easy to understand, if you fit together his itinerary and his opening remarks on arriving in Egypt.

He did not go directly to Stalin but arranged stops in Egypt, Iran, Iraq and even Turkey—strategic points in the next battleground if Hitler penetrates the Caucasus. What Willkie said when he arrived in Cairo was that we will win the war, not be isolationist after it is over, and that Hitler has now reached the peak of his power.

Churchill traveled just about the same road with fewer stops, earlier, but British prophecies are not so highly regarded in that quarter of the world by the natives and their rulers.

Mr. Willkie, as titular head of the opposition party in this country, carries great weight there because anything he says, to back up Mr. Roosevelt's promises, makes them appear to be unanimously-adopted American decisions.

He should be able to offset the Nazi propaganda, which has been playing up internal political differences in this country, and the history of British promises in the Near East.

A SCRAMBLE FOR CREDIT

Northern Democratic politicians considered it a shame the way Republican Senator Brooks, of Illinois, stole credit for eliminating the poll tax restriction on soldier voting in the South. They knew that the wily Republican Leader McNary had put Brooks up to thus smothering the Democratic claims for Negro approval, founded on the fact that Democratic Senator Pepper of Florida first proposed the idea.

It hurt particularly the Kelly machine in Chicago where the Negro press was giving a big hand to Brooks (up for re-election in November.)

So the Kelly crowd got busy on the other side of Congress. Unfortunately (for them) the House handler of the bill was to be Representative Koclaikowski, the Chicago Representative thrown over by Kelly in the recent primary. They had actually deprived him of renomination, so they could not expect much from him now.

But others of their agents got busy (their senatorial candidate against Brooks, Representative McKeough, and Rules Committee Chairman Sabath) and they organized against the Southern Democratic bloc to put the amendment across with Koclaikowski's name on it, next to Brooks.

So now the Kelly crowd is going to use the name of the man they defeated, as a hero for the Negro cause in Chicago, to offset Brooks. Politics takes quite some figurin' sometimes.

KAISER'S PLAN IS A DEAD ONE

The Army and Navy are supposed to have definitely blocked Mr. Kaiser and his transport shipbuilding plans. While WPB Chief Donald Nelson still says and thinks the Kaiser project is not dead, the armed services will not stand for any diversion of their raw materials from the fighting plane program.

Congressmen understand this is final.

Side Glances

"I have brought some of my more spirited pupils to the zoo for an object lesson—where is the monkey house?"

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

If you have no church of your own denomination near you try worshipping in the one that is accessible. God may be found there too: *True worshipers shall worship the father in spirit and in truth.—John 4:23.*

War Class

Young Gentlemen:

(Note: In the following address delivered to the 109th incoming freshman class at Wake Forest College, President Thurman Kitchen has managed to cover a wide subject with a rationing of words. Terse without being inhospitable, confident without being condescending, his address is printed as a gem of its kind and time.—Editors, The News).

WAKE FOREST

IT IS a pleasure, of course, to welcome you to Wake Forest College. We are glad to have you become citizens of our campus and for you to assume the obligations and responsibilities and take advantage of the opportunities of student life today.

Not in a generation, if ever, have students entered college under such serious conditions. Almost over night the normal pursuits of man have been transformed into a death struggle for existence. The intelligence of the world and the genius of mankind have suddenly become dedicated to death and destruction.

So it is little wonder that you are puzzled—all the world is puzzled—but there is one thing that is clear—this war must be fought to a victorious conclusion. And the chief question for you to answer is how you can best serve in this undertaking. To my way of thinking such questions as the evils of war, the necessity of war, and the right or wrong of war, is water passed under the bridge. We must first win the war and then settle the other problems the best we can.

In the present war, as never before, education and trained and properly directed technical capacities, as well as leadership, is all important. That is to say, technical ability and trained minds are more necessary in this war than in any previous war. Now these qualities cannot be developed over night. And yet a steady flow of trained minds into the armed service is necessary.

Accordingly, the chief reason why you will be allowed to remain in college is that your college training will increase your usefulness in this emergency. The colleges must be a place for the production of physicians, chemists, physicists, technicians, and men with trained minds.

It is for this reason that the Government is allowing certain men to remain in college if enlisted in one of the reserve corps.

We do not know how soon the age limit for enlistment will be lowered and therefore you should take advantage of every minute that you are in college to get all you can of college training before that time comes.

All of this does not mean that the regular routine work of institutions of learning is to be neglected. Fortunately the very things that such institutions have always done is the very thing that is needed now. The difference being that you must do it in less time.

Therefore, those things which might be termed the luxuries of college life should be abandoned and your whole time put to the important task of becoming as well trained as you can in the least possible time. Anything in the college partaking of the nature of a country club or a finishing school should be abolished for the duration of the war.

Whether you realize it or not the future of our civilization depends upon your generation. My faith in you is unlimited. Notwithstanding the many remarks that have been made in the last ten or fifteen years about the younger generation going to the dogs, I have consistently maintained and have publicly said hundreds of times that the present generation is the finest generation in the history of the world. Of course, the youth of today often shocks us older people. But that shock is due to your frankness. That is, you do and say things openly that those of my generation said and did secretly or within our own group. But I am confident that basically you are sound, that in the real questions of what is right and wrong, of what is the manly and courageous thing to do, that in these fundamental things you represent a superior generation. And the critics, as well as your friends, are learning and will learn that if this world is saved you will do it. You will save us from the mess that former generations have created.

And so, I say to you, make the very best of your time here and above all keep your faith in the worth of man, the goodness of God, and the moral order of the universe.

Yes, But - - -

Ware Dissenters

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

IN judging domestic matters such as the cost-of-living proposals of President Roosevelt, three home-made rules are sufficient.

1. Anybody who is able to live comfortably during this war and who comes out of it with himself and his family unharmed, is just plain lucky and has nothing to gripe about.

2. Uncontrolled prices and wages will cause serious and unnecessary trouble in the average home; we cannot afford to allow farm lobbyists and labor leaders to take advantage of war conditions to bleed the country.

3. Ruthless taxation is necessary as part of this control; when you are drafting men's lives, there is no need to hold back in taking money away from people.

In his request to Congress, Mr. Roosevelt was moderate. He asked that the indefensible exemption of certain farm products from price control be knocked out. That parity-price juggling which was put over by farm lobbyists, especially by O'Neal of the Farm Bureau Federation and his wrecking crew, was an instance of blackjacking. They got away with it because Congressmen and Senators were afraid of being beaten for re-election.

In asking that Congress enact tax legislation quickly, Mr. Roosevelt was only asking that the job which began last March be finished up. Congress has been six months on tax legislation and the bill is not before the Senate yet. Why all the tenderness? Why is a bankbook any more sacred than a man's life? Congress got the draft law through. Sure—it was simpler. It was just a question of taking a man off to war. When you monkey with a man's bankbook, then you have to be careful not to hurt his feelings. Anybody who expects to come through this war rich is kidding himself and shouldn't be taken seriously — certainly not by Congress.

Mr Roosevelt is not calling for legislation on wages. He promises to attend to wage stabilization himself. He hasn't shown much steel about this yet. In fact Mr. Roosevelt has during recent months neglected domestic affairs to a considerable extent. He has been wrapped up in the business of high strategy, and domestic affairs have drifted. He isn't expected to settle every question himself. But he can take five minutes on the telephone to put some iron in the War Labor Board without sacrificing other pressing public business.

In all these matters there will be quarreling over details. That is where those who are determined to obstruct action will get in their work. They won't come out and say they are for inflation. Never. They will pump themselves purple in the face about how they are against inflation and then they will slip into a closed committee room and try to prevent action being taken to check the cost of living. Watch out for the double-talk. Nobody will say he is trying to catch the farm vote or the labor vote. He will wrap himself in misleading phrases, and you will have to hunt for his real purpose.

The crux of the case lies in a few simple facts. Annual wage and salary disbursements have increased from 43.7 billion dollars in 1939 to 75 billion dollars estimated for this year. That is an increase of 71 per cent in mass spending power. The 75 billion dollars of wages and salaries this year is more than our total national income in any single year of the 1930s. Wages and salaries have been rising more than a billion dollars a month. Goods on which to spend this money are running short. Many are no longer manufactured. With the pressure of this enormous flow of payday cash, prices will be bid up through the roof unless they are controlled and unless the surplus money is scooped up through heavy taxation and forced investment in war bonds.

You have only to read the news from the fighting fronts to know this is a hard war—over there. It is still a soft war at home. It will still be a pretty soft war at home if what Mr. Roosevelt asks now is done.

Send Farewell

Message No. 35

From The New Yorker

No more valentines at special prices, says Western Union. No more cut-rate greetings at New Year's or Christmas or Easter, echoes Postal Telegraph. Gone are the canned, or, as we like to say, embalmed messages, in which the presumably inarticulate were supposed to express their hopes, their enthusiasms, their condolences, to the presumably unfeeling in dirt-cheap phrases set down by The Company.

We like to think that possibly it was not so much the war that put a stop to this practice as the fact that fewer and fewer senders found themselves willing to pay even a reduced rate for a sentiment that was clearly not their own, and that fewer and fewer receivers found themselves taken in by the hollow, prearranged phrases. In any case, this particular heart does not go out to Western Union or to Postal in their bereavement. To come right down to it, we are delighted to see the end of a system which has always seemed to us abominably banal, outrageously patronizing—a system conceived and executed in whopping bad taste. Heigh ho, Western Union! How now, Postal?

Visitin' Round

Air Raid Shelter, Home Brew or Furnace?

(Pores Knob Item, North Wilkesboro Newsworld)

W. R. Parlett is digging a nice basement at his home.