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We Cannot Wait
Is Russia To Defeat Germany Alone?

WASHINGTON
IN THE last few days veiled warnings have been issued that
no full scale Anglo-American offensive on the European
continent is to be expected in the near future, and that our
action will be confined to operations of limited extent and
objective.

By Dorothy Thompson
In an ever-narrowing ring, without railroads or supplies,
and with no way back. The idea that they may evacuate
themselves in a "second Dunkirk" is impossible.

But then the final battle will begin and as far as we know
the Russians have strong reserves for this campaign.
Now, if we look at this picture closely, the duty coming
from Britain for action—for despite the American caution
there is an excited offensive spirit in Britain—is no longer
a Help Poor Russia cry. It is a suggestion that we had better
participate in the offensive.

World's Lady
Clare Luce Talks Airplanes,
But Paints the Whole Future

"In a noble effort to formulate
some master plan and some master
economy which will easily embrace
not only our own capitalistic democracy
but the British Empire and its
colonial system, and Russia and its
totalitarian system, the all-out
post-war co-operationists have
begun to shoot the works, at least
verbally, for a bigger and readier
and more royal New Deal for the
whole world."

When Clare Booth Luce rose up for
her maiden speech in the House, she
was to speak of freedom of the skies after
the war, and to demand that America
fight against that freedom. The point
raised by the Gentlewoman from
Connecticut was that freedom of the seas
had miserably failed to prevent two
world wars, and that sky freedom would
fail as dismally. But she went much
deeper than that. The glamorous lady put
a manufactured finger on the whole bound-
less problem of the peace to come.

Before her, from the words of Vice-
President Wallace, she saw the dawn of
a world-wide New Deal looming red on
one hand—and on the other a return to
slab-sided isolationism which would
prepare the U. S. to return tenderly to
domestic affairs, and then be forced to
write the next war "off the cuff" as it
has already done twice. The lady was
troubled about the state into which the
world was drifting, and it was good
that she spoke her mind.

From the House, she drew only insigni-
ficant replies, and she answered them
all, refusing to be led into an exchange
of insults between members. But before
the ink was dry on the record, the
Administration's watchdogs—saw the
danger signs. Henry Wallace and Elea-
nor Roosevelt were quick to answer
the challenge. The Vice-President, ac-
cused of spreading Obsolescence (a beau-
tiful word, looked fresh from the pages
of Time), slapped at Mrs. Luce, and at
her press party, Mrs. Roosevelt nobly
spoke for freedom, as against Luce.

What seems more significant to us
than any other part of the speech or the
reaction it has kicked up (there'll be
more from England) is that the Gentle-
woman became the bold American
to stake out the ground, vague, unde-
fined and outlined only by generalities
and "virtuous platitudes," and point
out to her countrymen that no post-war
plans could be made until we are sure
of Joseph Stalin. Her concern over the
future of world aviation is genuine, but
that problem is only one detail plucked
out of the uncertain future which must,
before the United Nations know where
they are headed, be defined with Rus-
sian assistance.

Luce would not agree with any of Mrs.
Luce's Party connections that she should
escape from war as quickly as possible
and pull our horns back in for another
generation of political hermitage. But
neither can we agree with the New
Deal visionaries that our national heart
should swell with brotherhood, so that
we would feel a compulsion to embrace
every weak and wayward nation of the
earth, and take them all to raise. So far
as she went in the defining of the di-
dual dilemma, Mrs. Luce has won our
undivided admiration.

The Bird
The Cardinal's No Tom-Tit,
And He's Tar Heel to the Bone

We must, by all means, take unto
ourselves an official State bird. But we
must, citizens, proceed with caution.
North Carolina's traditional conserva-
tism must be preserved. The Tar Heel
way of life must be preserved in the
choice of a winged, sweet-voiced sym-
bol. There are certain dangers to be
avoided—a previous Legislature, becom-
ing involved in political ornithology,
battered with the Chickadee, a cham-
bering little rascal who bore the alias of
Tom-Tit. There were snickers.

Now, his cause advanced by Senator
Rivers Johnson, comes the Cardinal. In
a State-wide contest sponsored by bird
clubs, he no more doubted the score
on his nearest rival, the Dove. In his
background there is no unbecoming
sobriety, to bring forth derivation of his
adopted state. North Carolina, with its
wide range of habitat, is a veritable
paradise; but of all its birds, the Cardi-
nal is the best.

controversy as ragged about the spy,
sprightly little Chickadee, it might be
well to review the record of the
scarlet singer. His names run to Cardi-
nal Grosbeak, Redbird, or simply Cardi-
nal. His given name is *Cardinalis cardi-
nalis*—a hint that the scientist could
find little more to say about this fel-
low, except that he was red, red.

He comes of the numerous finch fam-
ily, and is as much a Southerner as the
next one, never going North of Massa-
chusetts, and then only under duress.
He's a peculiarly lazy character, in the
old Confederate manner. He stays put,
mostly, migrating Southward only along
the Northern limits of his range. His
song is pure lilting melody, and he runs
his own house. The lady birds he nest,
raises two broods a season, and wears
a darker, more inconspicuous dress.

And that's the bird for us. A North
Carolina Democrat, down the line.

The End Nears
Churchill Says All the Plans
Are Laid, and Action Is Coming

The Prime Minister, when he spoke to
the people, went the British press one
better. In answer to a call for im-
mediate invasion of Europe, Winston
Churchill poured forth his familiar
rhetoric, brightened now by the hearing
light of victory. As "heavily armed war-
rior" nations, walking in fear of the
Lord and with an increasingly clear
view of salvation," he pictured the
United States and Britain. He spoke of
making the enemy burn and bleed, as
he was now bleeding from White Sea
to Black Sea. The leader was bursting
with confidence.

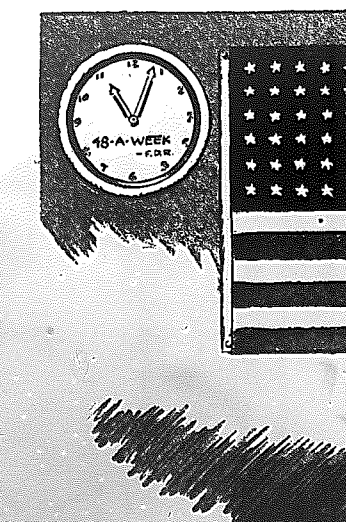
And the plans, he said, were abso-
lutely complete. All that was lacking
now was the painstaking work of de-
tail, and that would take time—but not
much. As soon as it became humanly
possible, the fearful blows would be
struck. His words were more than a
promise. He was telling his nation all
that was to be told of the prepared plan
for striking at Hitler, and that the ma-
chinery was already in motion. The
fateful decisions had been made.

Despite the claims from some Ameri-
can quarters that there were growing
signs that the United Nations planned
no invasion of the Continent this year,
but meant to leave the heavy work to
Russia, there were other, clearer signs,
that the offensives against Germany
and Japan are all but ready to be
launched—that they may be only short
weeks away.

For as Churchill spoke in London,
Field Marshal Sir John Dill and Gen-
eral Hap Arnold made announcement
of conferences in Chungking with
Chiang Kai-Shek, and in India with
General Wavell. For the Orient, there
are also plans. With Guadalcanal clear,
New Guinea almost won, and gathering
U. S. strength in the Southwest Pa-
cific, the signs point definitely to the
coming of our first great attacks against
Japan. Apparently, the blows are to be
timed with those launched against
Burma, and perhaps from China itself.

These are times for confidence and
the utmost in effort from the great
United Nations. The peace that lies
is not far away, and though it will exact
a terrible cost in blood, the final
result cannot be held in doubt for a
moment. The end is not here, but it
rapidly approaches. New experts in
Britain and America daily join those
who have long held that Germany will
be defeated by the end of 1943. And
when the Prime Minister spoke, he
sounded as if he shared that belief.

Symbolic Number
—By Herblock



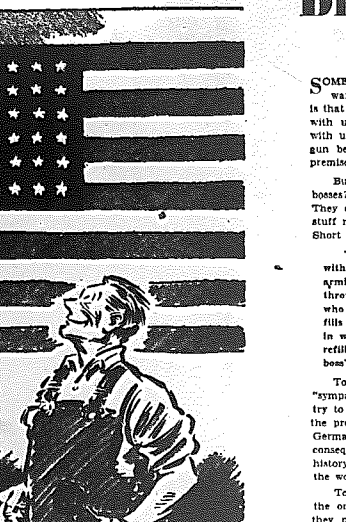
Not Prohibition
Black Markets Are Deadly
By Raymond Clapper

PROHIBITION was different. We drank bootleg
liquor. We drank and we died. We drank
science that we used to have when we drank bootleg
liquor.

But those were the dear, dead days. As
James F. Byrne said in his inflation broadcast,
the man who helped the bootlegger in prohibition
days hurt only himself. The woman who today
encourages a merchant to bootleg food is hurting
her loved ones, her country and herself. This
crazy senseless rush to buy clothes hurts the
same way.

For propaganda reasons, no doubt, Mr. Byrne
says some of the black market's evils are ex-
aggerated. But Department of Agriculture officials
and OPA officials seem plenty worried about it. From
the reports that come in to them it looks as if people
in some areas are turning scofflaw by wholesale.
The Government faces a terrific enforcement problem.
Prices ceilings on meat have collapsed in some places.
It is a hopeless enforcement problem unless we snap
out of that rosy idea that this is prohibition all over
again and it's a lot of fun to have a bootlegger.

Our Nazi Policy
Draw The Line
By Samuel Grafton



Side Glances

SOMEONE has asked me whether we ought to consider ourselves
at war with the German people, or only with their rulers. The answer
is that we are at war with all who are war with us. Hitler is at war
with us, and a German workman making a Hitler tank is at war
with us, and even a sweet German junktraid daintily stuffing machine
gun belts is at war with us. Therefore we have no choice in the
premise; we are at war with all of them.

To say to the German people that we "understand" that we
"sympathize" that, even though they seem to be doing their best to
try to kill us, we know their hearts are not really in it only reduces
the pressure for German revolution. It takes away from the average
German any responsibility for German policy. It sets him free of
consequences in a world his country has set on fire. It makes him
history's juvenile, the only man in the world who is not answerable for
the work of his hands.

To the question of whether we should love or hate the Germans,
the only fair and accurate answer is that we shall love them when
they make themselves lovable. But it is not liberalism, it is gen-
tleness, to treat them as incompetents, toward whom our attitude
will remain the same, no matter what they do. That merely issues a
license to them to do nothing.

Visitin' Around

Various small articles and news items including 'The Comback', 'On the Right or Left Side Of The Street?', 'Greensboro Daily News', 'Fuel Oil Note', 'Logic Is Logic, That's All We Say', 'The Comback', 'On the Right or Left Side Of The Street?', 'Greensboro Daily News', 'Fuel Oil Note', 'Logic Is Logic, That's All We Say'.

