

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday By The News Publishing Company, Inc. W. C. Dowd Jr., President Burke Davis, Editor and General Manager Mrs. Dowd Jones, Secretary.

Midas. 1943

New Purchasing Power Is Interested Only in Price

The battle against inflation and its evils continues apace, but millions of Americans have already succumbed. They have lost to an old-dashioned kind of inflation; it is in a form almost spiritual. It is close akin to greed, and it may be seen in every city, every town, all over the country. Its signs are clearly to be seen in Charlotte. In one brief trip of exploration through the City's "luxury" stores, we found them:

In a leading feweiry store the pro-prietor reported: "People have been buying our most expensive situa-who have no idea of what it is, and they have no basis jor appreciating it. We sold one silver service, as a gift for a construction man, jor over \$2,000. The wife didn't know what she had when she looked at it— and it was overeous."

In a gift shop where the accent is on the more expensive goods a salesiaday reported. "Surely, they don't come in here any more after the best, or after the prettlest; or the most enduring, or to buy after good laste. Almost all of the new buyers (and most of them are people we never saw before) just come in and ask for 'the most expensive so-and-so you have. It's almost disgusting to wait on them. They don't know what they're buy-ing, or how to pe doubt ti-they are just spoiling to plunge in and buy size highest proced things they can find."

The story, of course, is not new, It's

The story, of course, is not new. It's the old new-rich saga, the old, burning destre of men and women suddenly showered with unexpected riches, to acquire fine things without regard to cost. They can exhibit no taste because they have none; they have respect not for fine craftsmanhip, but only for price tags. It is a damnable kind of inflation, and a condemnation of human kind. But it lives among us today, Millions have new money.

of human kind. But it lives among us cloday. Millions have new money, Amazed at their good fortune, they have set out to apend themselves into equality with those who have long enjoyed the accessories of wealth. And this is a spending spree and a mentality about which the OPA can do

Best Seller

Author Willkie Grows As

A Possibility For 1944

The tremendous appeal of Wendell fillkie's brand of world-wide brother-

Wilkie's brand of world-wide brother-hood for the post-war days is to be scen clearly in the unprecedented sale of his book, "One World." As it spews from the presses at the rate of 50,000 daily and surpasses the record of any other book in the history of American publishing, it becomes not only a fashionable topic of discussion, and a search for an American answer to world problems by a man who has seen the turmoil of conflict. — it also thunders into a great political issue.

If this book, as it sweeps the land,

political issue.

If this book, as it sweeps the land, continues to hold its present pace, or should insert its way into the American mind, then there will be no other Republican for President in 1944 than Wendeil Willkie. For all that John Bricker of Ohio steps forward behind the beginnings of a powerful political machine, mings of a powerful political machine,

nings of a powerful political machine, this Willkie who can charm the multitudes as they have never been charmed before will be the one man. If the war goes badly, or if it is almost done, then Franklin Roosevelt may well prepare for the possibility of defeat if he runs for

Because the sale of a book is great does not indicate that Willkie will grow

decause the sain of a book is great does not indicate that Willike will grow great as an author, he likely had plenty great as an author, he likely had plenty great as an author, he likely had plenty great as a particular book, into which the American public has looked eagerly, just for the answer to what tomorrow holds for us all, in the Willike way, These people who look are far more serious about their nasal globe-troiter than they were about the jack-in-the-box of 1940.

Now, rather than a new lecend, they have a man with a glowing ideology that thrills then, who Speaks in a language they can understand. And there is nothing about him to frighten the people away. They will continue to wonder about his 70m World' and to read it.

the possibil

and it was gorgeous,"

The battle against inflation and its

Stept J. S. Dowd, USNR, Vice-President and Editor, on leave for the duration

W. C. Dowd, 1885-1927

daily edition of The Charlotte News was established 1888. The Evening onicle (established 1863) was purchased by and consolidated with The flotte: News May 8, 1914.

The News desires to be notified promptly of errors in any of its reports that proper correction may be made at once

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AP PEATURES

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES By carrier: 20 cents a week; one month, 87 cents. By mail: One month 87c; three months, \$2.60; six months, \$5.20; cas year, \$10.40.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1943

First Heat

Gubernatorial Race Begins With Jockeying For Inside

With Jockeying For Inside

With Greeg Cherry, Dr. Ralph McDenaid and Juige Wilson Warlick virsally in the running and siredy started
as the campaign route long months in
avenue, the gubernstorial race of 'W
avenue, the will be a three-way battle
for support of the political organizatian Joseph known as 'Whe machine.''
There are any number of tales to be
based about which candidate Governor
Broughton has pledged himself to support; the only means by which seers
may look forward to the truth is to
await the ottoome of the pressure battia of Summer and Fall.
There is the theory, expressed almedy in some quarters, that Major
therry has been running for Governor
alme, 1937, and that, after a long career
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large and the General Assembly, he is
the best position to win support of
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some average soware the State the country of the country of the common way back in 1933. It won't be hard for many folks to member that economy was exactly the care favored by almost all North Caronians in 33.—but it will be easy for a wolers to whom the Doctor will peal to believe that the Cherry hand of the country of

the days ahead.

To date, so far as our advisors can still up, no candidate has won the support of a state-wide political "machine" powerful enough to guarantee success. Any sach organization, though always able to take care of itself no majter how dark his hattle, usually likes to survey a candidate closely, and wait until his chances of success are full-grown. The race, though it will begin to define fleet amoet immediately, is not that far sixen. The battle for Messrs. Warlick, Cherry and McDonald in the near future will be upon the kingpins of the administration now in office.

The Claimer

Doughton, Ruml Foe. Now Smiles At The People

Now Smiles Al The reopie
Muley Bob Doughton, busy about provlig that he richly deserves his nicksame for several months, is now attempting to take unto himself, his Ways
and Means Committee and his party a
share of the glory for the adoption of
a pay-as-you-go tax plan. We think his
worlds are worth only a laugh. If ever
a public official has stood stubbornly and
ausoneernedly in the path of public when the path of public water against the Rumi Plan.

the battle against the Rumi Plan.

the battle against the Rumi Plan.
He was not only unqualifiedly opposed to Rumi's Plan; neither he nor the freezery was able to voice intelligible opposition. Through the months of delay there was no lucidity; all the country knew was that Treasury and Doughton objected, that they talked vaguely of 'deh man's windfall'—and that nobody could get around them, and down to the basiness of relieving the little taxnaver.

could get around them, and down to the bissiness of relieving the little taxpayer. Now that some form of current-basis payments are virtually assured, neither Taxaury nor Doughton can get away with the major credit for the undertaking. Let it be remembered here and now, and for the political future. The stand for Ruml gets far as the country at large is concerned was boildy taken by the Reubiblicans. And even this comparison to the Reubiblicans and even this comparison. by the Republicans. And even this com-promise, this base of 1941 and lighter payments, represents a defeat for the Chairman of the House Ways and

Means Committee.

Is also a defeat for the Administration, and it is only the creaking of a weather vane that resounds as Bob Doughton announces "victory" for his committee and his party. This one is too evicus. The people do hat forset as evicus.

At Paterson, N. J., termites are found have devoured a thick volume of ords in a police station. And what

All Men Rejoice, But

Easter Was Meant For The Lowly Sinners

By Tom P. Jimison

THE first news that Jesus had risen from the dead was not delivered in a great cathedral by a man in priestly robes or a jimswinger coat to a company of saintly worshipers in new bonnets and other Easter finery. It was not chanted from a choir loft by robed singers, while a great organ quivered under the touch of some master musician. No, it was delivered by an angel to some women, one of organ quivered under the touch of some master musician. No, it was delivered by an angel to some women, one of whom had mislaid her reputation, and they were charged to po give the message to the disciples of Jesus, but especially to Peter. "Go tell his disciples, and Peter," urged the heavenly visitor who was looking over the empty tomb where the body of the Master had been.

f the Master had been.

And who was this man Peter to whom special word was sent? Well, he was no saint. He was a rough and tumble old fisherman, a hor-headed, horay-handed old plug-ugly who would fight and swear and sometimes be careless with the truth. He had tried to kill those who arrested Jesus, then within a few hours cowered before the secon of an accusing girl and denied that her-were knew the Master at all. He had slouched off with a lie on his lips and profanity in his beard while Jesus went to Hist desith. He had lost hope and was planning to go back to his old traite. his old trade.

his old trade.

Du Jesus knew Peter. He knew that old Satar rassled his flesh down into the swales of sin, but He also knew that Peter's soul soared the skies and dwelt with the stars. He knew the possibilities within him, and that is the most important thing to know about any main. He knew that Peter loved the truth even if he did sometimes resort to lies, that he was loyal at heart even though he did sometimes falter and fail completely. Jesus had a habit of sking men up by the impulses in their souls. For the meticulous, faultless and frigid Pharieses. He had nothing but contempt and castigation, for He knew that their piety was a fraud. But for Peter, the unwashed old hellion, He had love and compassion and understanding.

And in the end. Peter dish't disappears: Flim. Such men arver do. They may fall a thousand times, but the confidence of the Lord in them brings them up again. And finally, with feet bleeding from the long and articles journey, with souls toughence by boots with Luigfer, and with eya fixed sreadily on the light in the windows of Home, I reckon they will march into the 'Heavenly Country, then perhaps climb upon some pinancle of glory and tell the angels a torry they have been yearning to hear, the story of how death was defeated and the grave was cheated and the Old Scratch was licked by the weapons which Jenus put first which hands.

Peter had feared a lot of things in this world, but me of all he had feared death. Like all humanity, he shrank from of all he had feared death. Like all humanity, he shrank from that ugly monster. He had seen it march in trimph through the years. It had taken, the old into its icy embrace, and it had felled the young and the strong on every hand. He had seen it take dimpled and smiling children from the tender embrace of their dotting mothers and put them into cold and ank sepulchers. All this chilled the marrow in his bones and filled his rough old heart with gloom and depair. He had kindled fires of hope in his soul. He had seen the Master seen Jesus deal with diseas and death, and such dealings had kindled fires of hope in his soul. He had seen the Master give sight to the blind, restore withered bodies, and had actually seen Him bring back those who were apparently dead. But he had also seen the Son of Man quait and quiver and die Himself at last, die just as deed as ever man was dead. No wonder hope had fied.

But now Jesus had throtteld death and chained it to

sea. No wonder hope had field.

But now Jesus had throttled death and chained it to its dusty old thrione, had taken the sting out of its visitation, and had robbed the grave of victory. "Tell Peter," said the angel. Jesus particularly wanted him to know. And I think He still wants the Euster message to be told to just such men as Peter was. And I think He must know what such men as Peter was. And I think they may mean to the whole world. Peter fell down

many more times after the first Easter, but he better the graves, preacher of all time. He was no that, the theologian like Paul, no great historian like Lulin, we angelic character like Join. Sue when Poter prache he set the woods on fire.

he set the woods on fire. He talked the language of the people, and when he work a notion to put on the routements there want a woursest bench in the world long enough of held those who craved to cry for paedon. You set old Peter souled his sensors over the fierts fires of repetrace; and seasoned these with the pencential tears of crementary of the period of the p

or comparison on his heart 60 often that he knew jun how to lead men to where there was pleateous peace.

This Easter will mean much to the saute. They will regime quietly in cushioned pewe while soft must talk the stary of the Rison Lord, or while a preacher tell the age-old stary in faultiest lenguage. But it means more perhaps to the sancer, to men and whemen who have fallen and are veguaded farche. fight with the powers of ceil and of darkness, its message to shemed, not that a god has conquered death. What else could you expect of a diety? No, to the men of cosmon clay the great news is that a god has conquered death. What else could you expect of a diety? No, to the men of cosmon clay the great news is that a god has conquered death. What else could you expect of a diety? No, to the men of cosmon clay the great news is that a god has conquered death. What else sould please the same that ordinary men may live forever, that we are not children of time, but that we shall live as long as God lives.

"Tell Petert" Go on visited the left was long as "Tell Petert".

God lives.

"Tell Peter!" Go out into the highways and find him.

Hunt him out in the poolrooms and beer saloons, find him on the street corner, search him out in camp, in priost, in the hobo jungles, find him wherever be it, and cell him that Jesus is risen. Tell him that he is destined for eternal life, and the noso jungse, and aim waterver as it, and use aim user. Jesus is risen. Tell him that he is destined for exernal life, and that all the far-fluing splendors of endless time and boundless space belong to him because they have been purchased for him with the blood of Jesus Chnixt. The news will gladden his heart and give him new courage to fight on, until the

Now They're Cookin' On the Front Burner

-By Dorman Smith



It's Hot Back Home

Letter To A Reporter

By Dick Young

Lieut. Thomas B. Watkins, USNR, U. S. Routing Office, APO-811, c.o The Fleet Post Office, New York, N. Y.

Hi. Butch:

You may be on the hot sands of North Africa, in London's fog or that funny-spelled place in Iceland, but wherever you are you ought to be in Charlotte right now. Things are a popping here, but what are envy you, and I'd give anything to be in this scraphity you. You sure are "scooping" me these days. I know what you are sacrificing and how you'd like to come home each night and romp with that tow-headed two-year-old-and when I think of what you had not the give a round here are doing to stay out of the draft I see red and get unreasonable.

The crass is green on the Gilv Hall lawn. Those

orait i see red and get unreasonable. The grass is green on the City Hall lawn. Those bushes over by the fire station, which are a rist of white in the Spring, are now in full bloom in spite of the cold and frost. It's toe early for the crep myrite on the Courthouse Square to burst forth in its profusion of pink loveliness, but everywhere there as a light green glow, with splotches of darker green here and there, as tree and shrub spring again into new life.

And with Spring comes city politics and man, O, man, are we having fun this time? Herb Baster is running for Mayor against Judge Currie and the fur is flying between Herb's Peoples Ticket and Mayor Curries Citizens Group. One issues a

inting control of the country of the country intingency of the country of the cou

are tripping down the penmese path with the boys in khall of the post in that the boys in khall but for how loing you can never tell with an election coming on. Uncle Alex West is right slock that the incomplis for days and to support the pent of the pent of

BUTCH.

Platform Of The People

Editors, THE NEWS:

Editors. THE News:
With regard to the election of
the City Council, I desire to mention just two things: First, Morals.
It is well known that many of the
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quirements is one that the milk must be reduced to 50 degrees. That, requiring costly refrigerating equipment, is all right for sweetmilk, but for buttermilk it is perfectly absurd.

Icelly absurd.

Is the danger so great that we must have this disruping law? I cannot recall the same straight of the same same 400 County productra and give its the big milk companies. These companies can buy milk as fittly and full of

do not want to be forced to use this milk, the taste of which we do not like, and the higher price of which we do not want to pay.

may mail to per which most want to pure what our mittermilk is not pure what our mittermilk is not pure what our mittermile which may be more the satisfactory laws we have, not in making requirements of costly equipment that it is impossible to get. We want to encourage "infant industries," but these big milk companies are such that it is necessary that, many thousands of people be compelled to suffer for their benefit.

For The World

Song Of Hope

"When The Lights Go On Again All Over The World."
THIS tuneful song, written by a Louistanian, Robert McClimer, of
the Providence, has settled to the Louistanian and the Company of
mankind with a fire of hope. The world never knew such darkness as
it is now experiencing. The lights have gone out or been diamaed in
all places where freedom and love exist. Men are fighting the forces
of sin in jungle and desert, on plains and mountain tops, and it has
anows and swarty heat along the seashore and the rivers, on all the
water of or each state of the company o

nec une ugnut into once biessed mankind.

Hiller, Musselini, Hirohite and their scabby crews have turned
off the lights over wide spaces. They have brought suffering to
God's people in many united.
The dark interest of the certures inflicted by creul oppressors. Civilization itself is wrapped
in a cleak of darkness.

In a cleak of darkness.

And so this song, "When the lights go on again all over the world," brings a ray of hope and happiness to afflicted people everywhere. It pressess a brighter day for this benighted and oppressed world. Gold's people should reside, if they were likely the state of th

n esectioning the creation and development of the earth, the Bible say.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.
And the earth was waste and void; and darkness was upon the
face of the deep; and the Spirit of God mered upon the face of the
waters. And God said, Let there be light; and there was light. And
God saw the light, that it was good; and God divided the light
from the darkness. And God called the light Day; and the darkness
he called Night. And libre was evaning and there was mersing,

ans day."

If we but attend God in His churches as well as in all habitable places: if we but litten to His priests. His pastors, His rabbis and His teachers, we can excisin as did King David, "Thy world is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

The light of victory shines from God attars in His sanctuaries, but to feel its influence we must pay attendance at these hely places. In all of God's commandments and in all of the teachings of His servants, we are told how we may bask in the light of Mischer, but we can return to the light of the furgiteness by wearshipping distinct the first of the control of the light of the furgiteness by wearshipping distinct the first of the haby places.

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Our sons are fighting in dark places with the demons of evit and
the alimy things that terrorite ment bedies and souls. Let us here as
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the state of the state of the state of the state of
your allare in hovel and manion; kneel before God's allare wherever

tars in novel and mansion, kneet before God's artars whe last be, and pray for the day:

"When The Lights Ge On Again All Over The World!"

—From The New Orleans (La.) States.

Right-Left

Are We Center?

By Samuel Grafton

A B Hitler moves to emphasize the Pight-Left issue as moves to A de-emphasize it. That is perhaps why the Office of War Information is going to concentrate henceforth on the fact that the enemy is a gangater, rather than on the more meaningful fact that he is a facults.

That is perhaps why we play with Spain, in the hope that if our activity can bridge the almost astronomical distance between Russia and Spain, the Right-Lett issue may be evicted from our war effort. That is perhaps why we are in panic fear of lining up allogether with de Gaulie, the bulk of those adherents run from Left to Center, and why we turn to Giraud, whose supporters run from Center to Right.

allegether with de daulie, the soult of lines Annecent rat from Enter to Right.

Hitler has always tried to spill his opponents along the line of he Right-Left issue. It might be rewarding to look into some of our recent activity on the assumption that it is the deliberate, tactical natwer to this campaign. Administration with conservative opposition. There can no longer be any doubt that a conscious polley of conciliating that opposition is being carried out. Byrnes and Leshy, conservatives, have become the ball-carriers for the Administration. There is no member of the Administration, or old-time friend of the Administration, who is not subject to being lossed out, or cast saids, in pursuit of this teatical plan. That applies to Mayor La Giardia as a radily drawn that line recently is the anti-inflation issue, which is neither liberal nor conservative, but genuinely in the concernment, with a labor opposition. It is the liberal opposition in the second of the control of the contr