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
Lieut. J. E. Dowd, USNR, on active duty, on leave for the duration
Editor and Publisher, 1929-1933 — W. C. Dowd, 1933-1937

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established 1888. The Evening Chronicle (established 1902) was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 5, 1914.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AP FEATURES

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Charlotte, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier: 30 cents a week; one month, $1 cents. By mail: One month, $1c; three months, $2.60; six months, $5.20; one year, $10.40.

Rommel

The Ex-Fox, If Lost, May Cost Nazis Much

If it's true what they say about Erwin Rommel, then the German armies have suffered a real blow. For though the erstwhile Desert Fox has been revealed in humiliating defeat as a vulnerable commander, he is still the symbol of the German military superman, in the Nazi Party version. His active service in Germany's high officers who have been Nazi fanatics, Erwin Rommel has won success in the field.

To be sure, he piled up his victories against inferior enemies, and when the scales were balanced as to firepower, manpower and airpower, the Fox was forced to flee. But his reputation seems to have suffered little in the Reich, though driven out of Africa, Sicily and Italy. As a factor in German morale, he is doubtless still of importance. Unorthodox in the field, he opposed his Junkers superiors at almost every turn, and just as he had won his battle against that enemy, he met with disaster.

Thus, if he is actually incapacitated for further duty, Germany has lost her most highly publicized and most glamorous figure — and perhaps the only true Nazi of great ability available for field command. His successors, as the successors of the deposed Junkers, are almost certain to be lesser men for the Allied staff to deal with.

And if this feeling spreads though the Nazi armies — as would seem natural—then this blow may contribute greatly toward the coming collapse of Hitler's military machine.

Last Words

Cotton Ed Says They'll All Be Cussicords

Cotton Ed Smith, whose tribe is decreasing, is noble in defeat, though he's obviously the same old Cotton Ed. After making a hard fight for renomination, and suffering a grievous licking at the hands of Olin Johnston, the aging Senator said simply that he was relieved to be rid of his burden. After the heat of the battle had passed, he remembered that he didn't want the dad burned old job any more, anyhow.

On Friday, he will set an American record for longest service in the Senate—35 years, five months and one day. But he's willing to let the historic day pass without a Washington celebration. No dancing in the streets, no parades, no fanfare whatsoever, except for a family get-together at home. His time in harness goes back to 1909, and though there have been whispers for the past two decades that Cotton Ed was hopelessly behind the times, the dark thought has apparently not occurred to the veteran himself.

In only one respect does Cotton Ed not the perfect statesman, as he announced himself relieved of a heavy burden. Rather than proclaim, full-mouthed, as Robert Rice Reynolds did, that he was to devote the rest of his life to the service of his countrymen old Cotton Ed said only with typical forthrightness that he aimed to get back to Washington next week, and cuss a little more before the end of his last term. Just a few parting shorts.

In the long reign of Cotton Ed may be seen one of the South's major handicaps. Southern Congressmen and Senators are elected by the tiniest percentage of population (sometimes less than one per cent), and because of this unfortunate condition, are able to remain in office year after year, without being seriously challenged. The Smith defeat, and that of several of his contemporaries, gives hope that progress is on the way, and that our men in Washington in the future may more truly represent the South. But Cotton Ed, at least, gave 'em no satisfaction. The seat meant nothing to him, he says, and all he wants is the chance to cuss just a little more. And that's the way it's been with him, for years on end.

Conversion

Dewey Says We Have Failed On That Job

Tom Dewey, who is evidently going to be a slick campaigner for the next three months, has set about the task of convincing Americans that the Roosevelt Administration is not essential to the winning of the war—or to the preparations for peace. His appearance in Pittsburgh, though he did not make a genuine public appearance, put him in contact with Pennsylvania's Republican leadership, won him the apparent friendship of some labor groups, and sounded the first key of GOP strategy.

Mr. Dewey put a great deal of emphasis upon reconversion of industry to a peacetime basis, saying that the Democrats have done nothing in that direction. That charge was, of course, something in the way of an overstatement, but he made exactly the right appeal to U. S. businessmen who are deeply concerned over the immediate future. The war in Europe, as Mr. Dewey pointed out, might come to an abrupt end at almost any moment, and certain confusion would result in this country.

Almost at the time he was making this observation in Pittsburgh, Washington was announcing the hurried return of Senators charged with the task of laying down a plan of reconversion. To be sure, this task is one of the most important the nation has ever faced; almost as important, we dare say, as was the tremendous job of quickly gearing for war. For, caught in the rising tide of wartime boom, and threatened with a sudden cessation of war orders, U. S. Industry might easily bog down, not to emerge for many agonized months.

But there is a weakness in the Dewey criticism, and an obvious danger. Though war contracts have been cancelled by the thousands over the past year, and there is a leveling off of activity, there must be no error on the short side in the name of economy. It is quite likely that demands until Berlin and Tokyo falls will continue to be almost as great as in the past. Until we are safely in sight of the end, there must be no slackening.

New Pace

Doughboys In Normandy Catch The Russian Spirit

It took almost two months after the landings in Normandy to get there, but American forces in France are at last approaching the speed limit set by the Russians, in their drive against the Germans. In one week since their big push, doughboys have driven over 40 miles, knocked out six Nazi divisions and badly chewed up two others, destroyed some 400 tanks, and taken about 15,000 prisoners. They may or may not be able to maintain such a pace, but the way in which they stormed through Avranches and drove on out of Normandy leaves little to be desired.

Against the enemy the Allies have thrown such a weight of power as the blitz days of 1940 never saw. Overhead the planes have swarmed in such numbers as to make the *Luftwaffe* seem a pale ghost indeed—and the close cooperation between air forces and ground forces is hailed as perfection itself. Behind the lines, German troops have taken such a pounding that they are unable to hold against frontal assault. The plight of the enemy seems almost as serious as was that of the doomed French army, in the days of Sedan.

There are still many miles ahead, and many bloody engagements. But it is obvious that, having finally won space for maneuver, and having demonstrated superiority, Allied command will accelerate the rate of advance. Behind the advancing front lines, the full weight of Allied strength will steadily flow from England, and when the time comes an offensive of incredible power must be expected, dwarfing even present operations.

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

ONE of the most potent and effective lobbies in Washington is now operating quietly backstage to get the GI Bill, best legislation ever passed by Congress for the benefit of war veterans. The lobby is a combination of mortgage banks and building and loan associations, now pressuring to increase the interest rate on loans to veterans for building homes, also to make the Government guarantee all these loans so there will be no risk to the bankers.

Here are the details of what they are driving at. Section 500 of the GI bill has an excellent provision whereby the Veterans' Administration can lend money to help veterans build or acquire homes at an interest rate of 4 per cent, with the Government guaranteeing 50 per cent, or up to $2,000. Section 502 then provides that veterans may get second loans from private institutions with the Government guaranteeing only 20 per cent. The interest rate on this second loan, it is also provided, shall be one per cent additional, or a total of 5 per cent.

However, the National Housing Administration and the Veterans' Administration are being pressured by the mortgage lobby to read into section 505 Government insurance of the entire second loan. Also the pressure boys want to raise the interest rate to 6 per cent.

Hitherto, the building and loan companies did not go in for insured loans, but now a bloc of leaders in the industry advocate Government insurance—though some few oppose. Thus the loan companies not only would have their business guaranteed against loss, but if successful in their lobby scheme also would get interest rates increased.

What the loan lobby undoubtedly foresees is that the GI bill may inaugurate the greatest era of lending and building in the history of the USA. With 10,000,000 veterans demobilized, it is not unreasonable to believe that half, or 5,000,000 may want home loans. This would mean a total of $20,000,000,000 lent by the Government only over-shadowing my lend-lease program the world has seen.

At present the pressure is on Veterans' Administrator Brigadier General Frank T. Hines. What the result will be remains to be seen.

NOTE—Congress generally gives credit as the chief pioneer in promoting passage of the GI bill to William Randolph Hearst.

Artist's Robot

Few people outside General Hap Arnold's personal staff know about it, but back in 1939 he was toying with the same idea of the flying bomb which Hitler is now using to terrorize London.

General Arnold admitted this in a letter to his old friend, the late General Hugh S. Johnson, which has just come to light. Johnson had received a suggestion regarding the flying bomb from Harry O'Neill, creator of the daily comic strip "Broncho Bill," who told old Iron Pants "it sounds crackpot, but I believe it would overwhelm the enemy without jeopardizing the life of a single soldier."

O'Neill went on to describe in detail almost exactly the same thing which Hitler is now using against London. General Johnson, thinking the idea was important for the U. S. Army to investigate, sent it to General Arnold, who replied on March 16, 1939 as follows:

"Dear Johnson:

There is something in what your friend, H. O'Neill, has to say about aerial bombs. As a matter of fact, as you probably remember, we counted on doing just that during the World War, and at the time the war closed we had a device upon well perfected which would carry about 200 pounds of explosives to a point some hundred miles or more. The whole thing was built very cheaply. However, the toy airplane idea is something entirely different. It takes just so much power and so much wing spread to lift 100 pounds of explosives, and when you add the weight of the engine and the airplane itself to the 100-p and bomb, the device increases in size fairly rapidly and gets out of the toy class. However, the idea is a good one and is one that we are even now thinking of very seriously.

"Thanks for bringing it to my attention.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) H. H. Arnold"

This was approximately five months before the Germans touched off World War II by invading Poland. General Arnold did not go ahead with the idea. The Nazis did.

Rubber To Whisky

Inside reason for the "whisky holiday" is that there is too much raw synthetic rubber on hand waiting to be processed. Due to the shortage of manpower in the rubber industry, manufacturers are unable to use all the synthetic available to them; haven't the labor force to fabricate tires and other rubber goods—especially for civilian use.

Synthetic deteriorates in quality if not processed within a few months, and if larger and larger quantities continue to pile up, a good deal of the synthetic rubber will be useless. Most of the petroleum process plants for synthetic are still not in full production, despite the fact that it is now two and a half years since Pearl Harbor. So the surplus is accounted for mainly by alcohol processes.

That's why WPB decided to permit the use of alcohol for whisky for the month of August.

NOTE—For months far-sighted Senator Gillette pled and stormed at Jesse Jones to use alcohol for synthetic rubber, thus aiding the farmers of the future. But Jones stuck to the slower method of rubber from petroleum manufactured by his friends, the big oil companies. Bernie Baruch's report admitted the feasibility of quicker rubber from alcohol, but little was done about it.

We Can Expect This

By Doug.

Victory's Terrible Toll

By Marquis Childs

WASHINGTON

IT'S hard for many of us here to realize the cost of the victories that are rolling up. If it doesn't hit near us, then we read the good news of advances and triumphs and pass on to the list of casualties in a less conspicuous column.

When the reality is evoked in the loss of someone known and loved, then it suddenly strikes home. The other day it came to our neighborhood, which happens to be a peculiarly close and friendly neighborhood. Word came that the boy next door had been killed in Italy. While he was several years older than our children, they all played together and were in and out of our place; and we knew him and felt a deep affection for him.

His name was Walter Shepard. He was a grand boy, friendly and eager and gay. He loved animals and was wonderful with them, training horses with patience and skill, and riding and jumping as though he'd been born on a horse.

Walt was in the infantry, a private first class. As he moved up the Italian peninsula, the letters he sent back home began to show a new maturity. He was learning so much so fast.

When he first got to Italy, the poverty of the people and the hardships they endured, particularly the women, shocked him. It was strange and foreign. He wrote that he had seen an old woman trying to carry a big trunk on her back. He wrote that most people had no shoes even though it was cold in the Winter. To his father, who is an official in the Government, he said:

"Papa, I wish you would try to do something for these people."

It was the natural reaction of a boy from a comfortable American home, a boy with a generous spirit, an American spirit. He had never known there were places in the world where old women carried trunks on their backs and where kids went without shoes in the Winter.

On the day he was killed he wrote a letter to his family which reached them the day before they were notified by the War Department of his death. I don't think Walt Shepard was given to expressing his inmost thoughts any more than other American boys with a natural reserve and a suspicion of sentiment. But he put into that letter the essence of what he had learned. He wrote:

"If I live I will come home knowing life is a very unstable thing, and that it really pays to lead the best life you know how while you are here. Men off the front, I believe, have much greater consideration for other men's wants, needs and desires than they did before they went up. They know how to pray and to live with God in their hearts."

For all his fineness and his intelligence, I don't think Walt was the exception. I think, in fact, he is the rule. At his death, at 21, he was part of a generation that has shown the most remarkable maturity and patience and forbearance in the face of the mistakes of their elders. To think there were people who doubted this generation! Who talked scornfully about jitterbugs!

In some ways we at home have done well, in other ways not so well. We have provided the weapons. We have not, most of us, learned the lessons of the men who have had to use the weapons.

Somehow I think we had better learn, and quickly, some of their wisdom. We had better study that lesson for fear that we'll not speak their language when they come back. They're going to distrust the shoddy speech, the smooth words, the half promises, the double talk that all too often those of us who sit snugly—and sometimes even smugly—here at home are guilty of.

"If I live I will come home knowing life is a very unstable thing."

Deaths reported by the Navy to date are 21,453 with 9,845 missing. Deaths reported by the Army are 37,237 and 39,311 missing. Those are not figures. Those are the boys next door, loved and cherished, full of eager life and wonder and curiosity and compassion.

Quote, Unquote

"THE pernicious doctrines of Germany and Japanese aggressiveness have too deep roots to disappear with their chief exponents of government."
—Netherlands Foreign Minister Eelco N. van Kleffens.

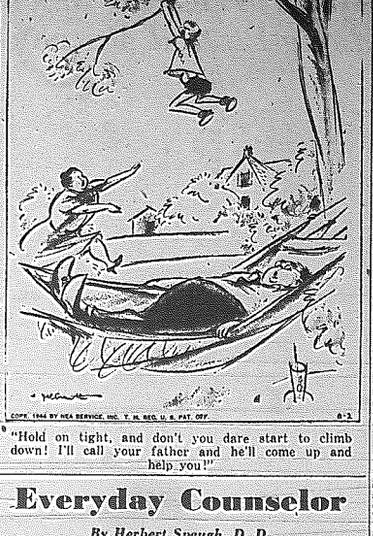
Let us not delude ourselves when Hitler and his Asiatic counterpart have been finally overthrown, world peace is thereby insured against their successors. Hitler is too symptomatic of the German heresy.
—British Foreign Minister Anthony Eden.

Unless we begin now an orderly resumption of civilian production and use surpluses of materials and manpower developed as war needsace met, we must expect that many thousands of employees will face at least temporary unemployment.
—Sen. Harry S. Truman of Missouri.

I believe in private industry, but there must be full employment. If private enterprise doesn't furnish it there will have to be a great program of public works. Don't let that happen.
—Sen. Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, Appropriations Chairman.

SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



"Hold on tight, and don't you dare start to climb down! I'll call your father and he'll come up and help you!"

Everyday Counselor

By Herbert Spaugh, D. D.

TO maintain a reasonably calm disposition in these trying war days is a difficult task. A correspondent writing about this in his home, wonders if the condition is universal.

It is not difficult to explain how we got into this situation, when we recall that millions of young men and women are in the armed forces, and that the rest of us are trying to carry on an ever extended industrial home front.

The rub comes in the fact that too many of us are not willing to sacrifice some of those unnecessary things which use up our strength and effort. Each one of us needs to go by a schedule, and honestly ask the question, Is this really necessary? Face this question, realizing that you must have necessary rest, food, physical exercise, mental relaxation, soul restoration. Above all we must keep the spiritual life of our nation vigorous. Without it the victory and the war would be futile.

If you would avoid irritability, learn to relax physically, mentally, spiritually.

When you go home from the shop, store, office, take off all the clothes you wore at work, hang them up, and with them hang up the business. A friend who works under heavy pressure shared with me his secret in this. He won't sit down to the dinner table at night until he has removed every piece of clothing he wore at the office and he lets his office worries hang up with his clothes.

How many people carry their business worries with them to bed, then lie and toss for hours at night? Cultivation of a constructive hobby is vital to balanced living these days. This offers mental and physical diversion. No man can do his best work when he works, sleeps and eats with it.

Let's not forget that we are living in a Christian nation, our boys are fighting for it. If so we had better allow some place for Christ in our lives. We must learn to say with the Psalmist, "He restoreth my soul."

Terror's Weapon

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

DR. Goebbels has issued two new orders, one forbidding all vacations for women workers in the Reich, and the other compelling front-line troops to do the heavy manual labor of bridge-building and road repairing which until now has been done for them by the special Todt labor organization. This means that the German people are going to be just a little more tired than they have been, or, as the Bible tartly puts it: "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever: and they shall have no rest day or night, who worship the beast and his image."

It is one of the characteristics of a true pre-revolutionary situation, that every step taken by the rulers to prevent revolution makes life less tolerable and revolution more necessary. In the final acts of such somber dramas as the one now being played out in Germany, the ruler becomes the servant of that which he opposes. It is our aim to increase the pressure on the German people, and Hitler's only answer is still further to increase the pressure on the German people.

Himmler shoots those whom our bombs miss, and Dr. Goebbels derives a rest cure whose sleep our missiles have failed to disturb.

Just as French refugees, fleeing from Hitler, once blocked their own roads to their own armies, and thus made their capture by Hitler more certain, just so do Hitler's lusty cohorts, mustered against revolution and defeat make revolution and defeat more certain. We make war on Hitler, and Hitler makes war on Germany. We have become a transmission belt, distributing to the German people the blows we aim at him. We bomb Berlin, and Dr. Goebbels' mighty answer is to announce that not even pots and pans are going to be manufactured any more, to replace those lost in bombings; he shakes his fist at us, but makes our bombings all the more complete. It was not in our power to have made the Germans eat cold food. Only the Nazis could have done that for us, and they have done it.

Their remedies are our weapons. The Nazi Party has entered upon that final train of events, in which each remedy can only provoke a crisis sharper than the one it seeks to solve. German soldiers have had to walk to war, because their vehicles have lacked gasoline; German labor has now been withdrawn from the fronts, perhaps to produce gasoline, but the immediate result is that German soldiers will have to make with their hands the road upon which they will still walk on foot. Junker Generals rise in revolt, to save what is left of the German Army; they are put down in blood, but they will have to rise again, and more urgently, this time to save their lives.

Hitler, like a character in a dream, does our work for us. He seeks to put down German discontent by shooting Germans. He seeks to erase German terror by terrifying Germany. He has no other answers.

And when the knowledge that Hitler has no answers finally penetrates to the German people, they will crush him in a movement which, when it is over, will seem to have been almost absurdly effortless.

This is the shape of the battle of wills which is now going on between ourselves and our enemy. And in this context a new light is thrown upon those few among us who suddenly break into exaggerated noisy sobs because of the size of our national debt, or who, in full meeting, turn tear-stained countenances upon the American audience, and blat that our troubles are only beginning because we can never, no never, live with our Allies. What do these people do? Why, they tell us that we have no answers; we, who are winning!

They would give us a sense of resourcelessness at the very moment when we are about to communicate just that sense of despair to the enemy. And it is in the knowledge of the part they play in dulling the edge of our will at the very climax of the global battle of wills, that they must be fought from here on out.

"Okay, youse mugs—pay attention while I'm 'briefing' dis mission to youse."

Drunk Nazi Sniper Gets Angry At Doughboys

By HAL BOYLE

WITH THE AEF IN FRANCE, July 21.—(Delayed)—(AP)—The most indignant prisoner taken in France was the drunken German sniper who became weary in—an isolated hedge-row post and wandered into an American infantry contingent—waving a bottle.

In broken English he invited the surprised doughboys to have a drink with him. When they refused, he promptly leased him into a prisoner of war enclosure. He became very angry.

He had just wanted a few moments of sociable truce before he went back to earning his army pay sniping.

BOYLE

It was dark and Capts. Raymond A. Wilson, Dover, N. H., and Charles Lawrence, Ottawa, Kansas, were looking for a new, and of course, comparatively safe spot to set up regimental command headquarters. The jeep driver, Pvt. Thomas A. Harris, of Detroit, drove them several miles forward until they found a well — camouflaged area. Satisfied, they started back.

After returning 200 yards they bumped into their own advancing doughboys digging in. They had picked the site for the command post in Non-Man's Land.

Earl Gray, motor corporal from Newsom, Va., believes in giving the enemy a fair chance—then giving him the works if he still wants to play rough.

Gray came across a German tank knocked out by an American tank destroyer. Two of the Nazi crew were killed, but the third kept firing a machine gun. Gray, creeping closer to the tank, twice yelled for the Jerry to surrender, but each time got an answering burst of fire. So he calmly lobbed a hand grenade into the turret. That seemed to settle the argument.

Pvt. John H. Howard, 22, of Bradford, Ill., was so startled when his unarmed jeep turned a corner and ran into an enemy Mark IV tank that he promptly went overboard. He intended to slide into a ditch but landed instead in the middle of the road right in front of the Nazi tank's frowning gun.

PLAYS DEAD

After a quick glance at the muzzle, Howard decided to play dead. He lay still for half an hour. Then he raised his hand slightly to move and the tank crew immediately opened up on him with a machine gun. He was so close to the vehicle, however, that the bullets zipped over his head into the ground as he spun over to a ditch and escaped into a hedgerow.

He started to run and came face to face with another armored vehicle—he gasped—and then saw it was an American tank destroyer. It knocked out the Nazi tank with the first shot.

It usually takes at least a rifle or pistol to capture Nazis, but some boys in France have done it with trucks and mess kits . . . or even with no weapons at all.

George S. Oakes, 27, Ninth Division barber from Hampton, N. J., was walking along a hedgerow near the front lines, swinging his mess kit, when warning yells from several comrades stopped him.

He wheeled around and saw three Nazis, hands in the air, who had been following him to surrender. Brandishing the mess kit menacingly, Oakes took them prisoner.

Farms Gain Great Value

RALEIGH — (AP) — A 55 per cent increase over the 1935-1936 value of North Carolina farm real estate has been announced by Frank Parker, chief statistician of the State Agricultural Department. He said the land now is valued at $55 an acre.