EDITORIAL PAGE
THE CHARLOTTE NEWS
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Not Convinced

Charlotte physicians, about 100 strong, attended Tuesday's debate on North Carolina's proposed program of hospital and medical care, and there was little agreement among them. By and large, they favored the advanced plan in compromise form, by withholding approval of the new medical school at Chapel Hill. Out of the large number present, only 35 voted.

That indicates, we suppose, that the physicians of the state as a whole have not made up their minds on this matter. More important, they have not yet been convinced of its merits despite testimony of State Medical Society leaders, Governor Broughton, and heads of Duke and Bowman Gray medical schools.

During the session a good many opinions were expressed about medicine, its needs and responsibilities. In general, it is obvious from the balloting, the group is skeptical of this new plan. There's no one to blame physicians for their careful examination of the comprehensive plan, or for their natural feeling that they have more at stake than any other group.

But we believe Governor Broughton spoke the truth when he said that unless North Carolina takes some steps to provide expanded medical and hospital care, the Federal Government is going to take over that responsibility. We think the physicians can accept that without reservations, and suggest that they obtain and read a copy of a speech delivered by Senator Wagner in the Senate on June 3, 1943. There is the heart of the Wagner-Murray-Dill (S.1161), complete with Senator Wagner's own translation of that disputed document.

Birdseye View

From up here in the Tower, where we can reach out and snag a cloud when we want to befog an issue (or would you rather be a mule?), we are fond of looking out at the weather and commenting on it for the benefit of the earth-bound among our weather fans. A good many people know a good deal more about weather than we but, as we are fond of saying, nobody has a better view of it, and there's been something happening for the last month which needs relating.

The days have been getting longer at one end and shorter at t'other. It's a fact. We have checked it by our waterproof, self-winding, unsinkable wrist watch, which is at the jeweler's for repairs, and have taken the further precaution of having the News Department beneath us check with the Weather Bureau.

This queer state of affairs begins to set in about the first of December. The sun calls it a day earlier and earlier, until, for a spell there between the first part and the fore part of December, it's setting at 5:11, which would be 5: 11 Eastern Standard, non-War Time, and too danged early if you ask us. On or about the 10th of December it relents and commences to add a minute or so every two or three days to the length of the afternoon. Tomorrow, for example, sunset is officially listed to take place at 5:25, a gain of fourteen minutes since it reversed its nether course. But where it adds to the afternoons, it continues to subtract from the mornings.

Between January 3 and 10, the sun rises at its latest—8:32 and never mind the seconds. Thereafter it commences to mend its ways, but ever so begrudgingly, until by the end of January it rises at 8:23. This, with a morning twilight of some 30 minutes, means that the luckier of our householders are arising in the cold black dimness instead of the cold black dark, and that all of us are enjoying a day 40 whole minutes longer than it was on Dec. 21, the shortest of the year, we've always heard.

Why the sun behaves in this contradictory, pull-Dick, pull-Devil manner is all the more interesting when you take time to figure it out scientifically. It's simpler, now, despite what the books say, to imagine that the sun is doing the moving while the earth is standing still. The sun goes around the earth like a charcoal fire going around a pork roast—that's clear, isn't it?—and the pork roast not only is rotated around by the sun but every now and then hikes up at one end to get a little browner, which lets the other end cool off.

That's what's been happening to us up here in the Northern Hemisphere: The sun has been letting us cool off. But now our end of the spit around which the charcoal fire is revolving is due for a little hiking, and we'll get warmer and warmer as the sun shines directly on us, except, of course, our earth has cooled off a lot while the sun was off gallivanting with those South Americans, and anyhow the forecast for tomorrow is not very encouraging, even if it is nice to know that "Spring can't be far behind."

You Average?

We're not thoroughly sold on this business of examining the United States, all its people and all their doings, by means of figures. And more especially, we've come to eye averages with a questioning look. Average, median, mean—and all their "adjusted" or "weighted" cousins—they don't always get right down to earth with a reader. Someone, somewhere, has summed it up:

If you had an income of a dollar a year, and your neighbor had an income of $999,999 a year—and a census-taker came by asking questions, the average of those two homes would settle at $500,000 a year. That would likely outrage your neighbor (he couldn't live on that) and puzzle you no end. But that would be an average, and a true one, as far as it went.

That's the kind of reservation to hold in mind when you sit down to check the state of the nation by means of figures. But there are so many, many times when the story can't be told in any other way that we're bound to delve into digits from time to time. Today, in fact, at the bottom of these columns, is a statistical resume which should be of interest to all people.

For, whether you're broke or flush, rich man, beggar man or thief, it's proof that you earn twice as much money now as you did in 1938. If you protest that you're not even as well off now as then, for one reason or another, you're only behaving anti-socially — or at least you're anti-average. Because, if you jump together every individual in the country, as you may see from the little report below, you'll get this answer: The average U. S. income was up to a new high of $1,031 by last year.

And if you don't have that much on hand, blame the average system, not us. If you have more, be not troubled. There's no provision for a rebate.

Or, if you're concerned at all with the average American and his money, scan through the record yourself.

Couldn't Miss Him

Senator Clyde R. Hoey will never be able to get away with an indiscretion in his new job. Washington knew him on sight. By the cut of his hair, the gates-ajar collar, the flowing cravat, the jimswinger coat, the high-topped shoes, the carnation in lapel, it knew him.

It happens that the reporter we've been reading caught him just as he descended upon the capital. Apparently, our new Senator was somewhat travel-worn. His flower drooped — and we don't know what it meant, but the story said, "the flower matched his tie." If the reporter meant the tie was drooping, too, that might not have been Clyde Hoey, except for the high shoes.

And the Senator says, in a fashion to win the admiration of his Tar Heel constituents, that he won't change his mode of dress. He'll stick to his famed get-up, regardless. Especially the high-toppers. He's going to strike quite a contrast, sitting in the seat warmed these many years by the Beau Brummel of Buncombe, but he abides by the wisdom of that old epigram, "Beware of the enterprise which requires new clothes." And, as a starter, we'd say that was a good plank for any platform.

He made another profession of faith, as he prepared to go to work on the affairs of the nation and the world. "I hate to get up early", Senator Clyde said, and that, too, should endear him to the hearts of voters. Matter of fact, he's a little late with that plank. It could have won him a slight of votes in May, for Tar Heels in general are none too enthusiastic about early rising, and they likely wouldn't think it becoming of a Senator, setting an early clock just because he was in Washington.

So, there are to be no hitch-hitch ways for our new Senator. Same dress, same hours, all letters answered promptly. On other matters of general policy, as war, peace and domestic economy, our story had no comment. Whatever those policies might turn out to be, they'll be an improvement.

Double Your Money

AVERAGE income per capita more than doubled throughout the United States during the five year period from 1938 to 1943, rising from $511 to an all-time high of $1,031 last year, or 52 per cent more than during the "boom" year of 1929, the Federation of Tax Administrators reports.

Highest income payments on a per capita basis in 1938 were received by persons in the District of Columbia, the payments averaging $1,811. Among the states, they ranged from a low of $184 in Mississippi to highs of $766 in Nevada, $765 in New York, $747 in New Jersey.

In 1943, per capita income payments ranged from $484 in Mississippi to $1,452 in Connecticut. In California, Nevada, Washington and Delaware, average income was higher in 1943 than in New York, New Jersey and the District of Columbia.

Though regional differences in size of income do not appear to have changed fundamentally during the five year period, the federation said that Federal spending for war purposes as well as rising farm incomes account for considerable shifts and variations in the rate of increase of income of individuals between states.

But while the rate of increase from 1938 to 1943 amounted to only 71.6 per cent in New Jersey, 73.2 per cent in New York and 78.5 per cent in Massachusetts, and was even smaller in New Hampshire with 58.4 per cent and Wyoming with 62.6 per cent, it was as high as 140 per cent in Washington, 146.9 per cent in South Dakota, 152 per cent in Kansas, 155.5 per cent in Alabama and 201.6 per cent in North Dakota.

Rate of increase for the country as a whole was 101.8 per cent over the five-year period, though 15 states and the District of Columbia were below the national average, according to the Federation's analysis based on Department of Commerce data.—Public Administration Clearing House.

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

CHURCHILL still appears to be boiling mad over publication in this column of his instructions to Gen. Scobie to treat Athens as a "conquered city." At his behest, Secretary of State Stettinius is still urging his house detectives to track down how the cable leaked.

Stettinius has even enlisted Postmaster General Frank Walker's inspectors, who recently took the unusual and almost unprecedented step of searching the files of the news syndicate then distributing this column—even though the story had been passed by the censor.

Secretary Stettinius seems to think the leak came from his Near-Eastern Division which has been critical of British behavior in Athens, and there is some talk that Wallace Murray, head of that division, may be promoted to be Ambassador to Turkey in order to get him out of Washington and prevent future leaks. Murray would make a good ambassador and we hope he gets the job. But regarding the leak—guess again, Mr. Stettinius, you're not even warm.

Feed 'Em or Not?

Secret talks have been taking place for the past two weeks between the State Department and British Cabinet Minister Richard Law on the problem of feeding Italy. Very little has leaked out of the backstage sessions, but it can be revealed that President Roosevelt has given definite instructions that the Italian people must get more food and be encouraged to take a greater part in the war. He believes a well-fed people do not become a communistic people.

The British, however, have opposed anything more than subsistence feeding. Actually the debate over this has seesawed secretly back and forth over a period of many weeks, and probably gets to the root of the basic difference between British and American policy in the Mediterranean.

At one point during the argument, Lord Halifax handed the State Department a confidential "aide memoire," considered by diplomats something of a scorcher and warning of "a grave danger of divergence" which would "have far-reaching consequences for the whole settlement of Europe."

This "aide memoire" is interpreted by many diplomats to set the stage for future British policy in the Mediterranean. Hitherto unpublished, it states:

"If the U. S. Government were to indicate its intention of expanding the scale under which Italy can receive supplies, there would be a grave danger of divergence of policy between the U. S. Government on the one hand and His Majesty's Government and our Allies on the other hand.

"Such a divergence would be bound, in view of H. M. Government, to have far-reaching consequences for the whole settlement of Europe. Furthermore, British public opinion would not at the present time permit of H. M. Government associating themselves in the rehabilitation of Italy except to the limited degree necessary for the actual war effort.

"Should the U. S. Government decide to take an independent course, public pressure would almost certainly force H. M. Government to make their own position clear and the divergence in policy which H. M. Government foresee would immediately become open and obvious.

"H. M. Government therefore greatly hope that the U. S. Government will be prepared to give consideration to the views expressed above and will not take any unilateral action from which the British public might compel them to disassociate themselves."

FR Opposes British

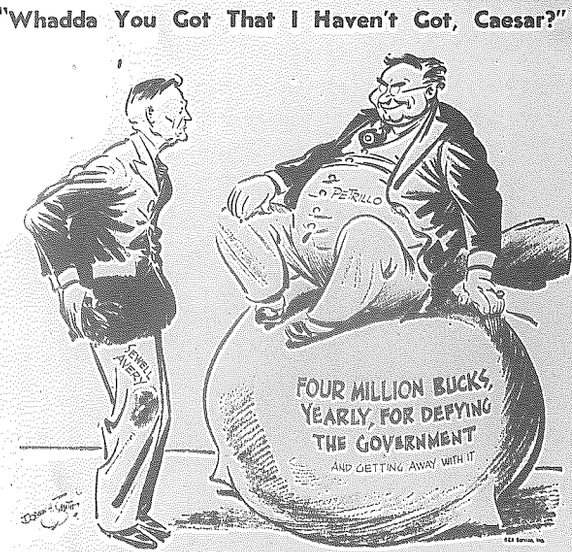
This note was delivered just before Roosevelt conferred with Churchill at Quebec last September. And despite this blunt memo, the President went counter to British wishes by ordering Assistant Secretary of State Acheson to press for a $50,000,000 UNRRA grant for relief to Italy, by sending Ambassador Myron Taylor to the Vatican to get Church assistance in distributing food supplies, and finally by sending a personal letter to Secretary of War Stimson Oct. 31, assuming personal responsibility for increasing the Italian ration.

He also authorized Gen. William O'Dwyer, former Brooklyn prosecutor, to keep working on an eight-point program for the rehabilitation of Italy.

Insiders say that Roosevelt's determination to give Italy more inspiration for co-operating in the war was one of the background reasons why Prime Minister Churchill got sore at Count Sforza, also why FDR, in turn, authorized Stettinius to issue his cryptic statement opposing British intereference on Sforza.

A showdown and possible solution of the entire Allied controversy over Italy is expected soon.

"Whadda You Got That I Haven't Got, Caesar?"



We Wallow In Pessimism

By Marquis Childs

WASHINGTON

IF THE present mood is one of disillusion, the reasons are not hard to find. They jump out in black headlines in every newspaper.

But back of the disillusion was a point of view that prepared us not merely to accept, but perhaps even to welcome disillusionment. Certainly, it is unreasonable to expect liberated Europe to emerge as a perfect democracy—a Utopia in which all human problems have been automatically solved.

Particularly from those who persisted in believing that the Axis powers had no designs on this country and that therefore we had no interest in the war, comes the "I told you so" chorus. They welcome any chance to try to prove that their worst fears have now been justified and that our involvement in the war will bring us nothing but trouble.

It will take years for Europe to work out her salvation; years that call for patience and forbearance from the rest of the world. Naive cynicism or gloating disillusion will not help very much.

To strengthen the forces of democracy in stricken Europe, an organized and articulate public opinion is necessary in Britain and the United States. If such a public opinion makes itself felt, the men who implement our foreign policy will have little opportunity to fix that policy in a direction determined by their own prejudices.

In New York, a mass meeting took place Tuesday in behalf of a republican Spain. It is reminiscent of the period during the Spanish Civil War when liberals and leftists tried to marshal public opinion behind the Loyalists, who were resisting an armed rebellion backed by Hitler and Mussolini.

That effort failed. This time, however, something new has been added. The meeting at Madison Square Garden had the backing of the CIO, and the CIO demonstrated its political power in the last election. Sidney Hillman, who drew much of the Republican lightning down on his head in October and November, has given the rally his backing.

Of course, one evening of speeches doesn't make nor even alter a foreign policy. It is only through organization and education down at the grass roots that any effective body of opinion will ever be formed.

But it is through such democratic processes that changes are brought about. The military situation in Africa and Europe, which was a real reason for a pause at one time, can no longer justify appeasement of France. Evidence exists—replacement of Carleton Hayes as Ambassador to Madrid by Norman Armour—that the State Department is beginning to put pressure on dictator Franco.

In England, too, pressure is building up against postwar appeasement. At a recent Labor Party conference, harsh criticism was directed at Prime Minister Churchill's Mediterranean policy.

The British stand in Greece has deeply disturbed millions of Britons. Even the Times has spoken out in protest against the effort to force a government unwelcome to many Greeks.

The Battle With Britain

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

WELL, now we have it. Open attacks on America have appeared in the London "Economist" and in the Yorkshire "Post." Readers of my little essays will hardly be surprised. For well over a month I have been trying to convey to American readers some sense of the nervous quality apparent in British press discussions of the postwar world. British publicists see a place for America in the postwar world, and they see a place for Russia, but they have much more difficulty in seeing a place for Britain. These fears have exploded into the open.

That is why the "Economist" says openly that Britain ought more or less to forget about us, and join more closely with Russia. That is why the Yorkshire "Post" calls upon Americans to explain just what they intend to do about maintaining peace and "world trade for the good of all."

And there will now be a great temptation, in America, to call these articles "attacks," to answer them, as "attacks," with "attac ." of our own, and to let it go at that. That is a temptation which American commentators ought to resist; it is too easy a way to make a living. We must dig deeper.

Why are these influential and thoughtful sections of the British press attacking us? Because they hate us? Not at all. They write as they do because they are worried about the future of Britain. Their anxiety takes the form of anti-American arguments, but its substance is concerned for their own country, and we must understand that.

It is idle to suppose that a number of British editors have taken up the sport of American-baiting, like bear-baiting, simply because they had nothing else to do that afternoon, or because they had simultaneously been struck by moonlight.

And what is it about America that gives Britons concern? They have a certain picture of us. It may be a true picture or a distorted one, but whichever it is, it shapes up like this: Many influential Britons, liberal as well as conservative, feel that America intends to go its own way, economically, after the war. They feel that we intend to take all we can get of the world's commercial airways, of its ocean shipping, of its communication services. They don't sense much live-and-let live on our part. They feel that we Americans are depending too much on some sort of rarified international organization to keep the peace, a kind of unobtrusive constabulary, far away and remote from the wrestling that goes on in "the dust of the arena."

These Britons feel that we Americans don't really want to live with them as allies; that we don't propose to keep the peace by being friends, but that, rather, we propose to slug it out with them, while keeping the peace through a gadget.

These Britons find us excessively addicted to talking about "principles." They are not against "principles." They dote on principles; almost everybody does. But they wonder whether we are not using principles as a substitute for friendship.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith

"We won't have to worry about a cook or housemaid, with all your experience on K. P. and policing up the barracks!"

Morale Builder

By Hal Boyle

WITH AMERICAN TROOPS IN BELGIUM, Dec. 29.—(Delayed)—(AP)—"Don't forget Pearl Harbor."—Pfc. Albert Joe Bernstein used to yell that in the middle of long hikes during training days. It always brought a grin to dusty lips.

"Battling Bernstein" was a morale builder then. And now, on the battlefront, this tough medical aid man from Chicago is still pepping up the weary, longfaced Joes. Even wounded men chuckle at this rough talking, sentimental medic as he patches them up and packs them off to a clearing station.

Bernie is a rifle company aid man—one of the most dangerous of medical jobs—and one of five Chicago brothers, four of them in service. He talks jerkily, gambles for big dough and is the only medic on the front to win a medal while in a daze.

"Once, back in the hedgerow country, we were sweating out a big bombardment when all of a sudden a big tree was hit," says Bernie. "It broke and conked me out in the bean. Knocked me out. That's the only time I got hit. I was in a daze for two days and everyone says I did big stuff in those two days. They put me in for a Silver Star."

Bernie used to be an amateur boxer. Now he moves up with the infantry, wearing two Red Cross arm bands and aid pouches over his shoulder—but no rifle.

HE HATES SNIPERS

Once he set up a forward aid station by himself in a captured enemy pillbox and for 24 hours ran a one-man hospital under fire.

Like any good doughboy, he hates snipers. "Look," he says, "once I bend down to fix up a guy who got hit while we were marching down a road. The sniper's still around. He keeps on me. He don't try to hit me; just near misses. Lots of 'em. I get so damn mad I stood up and challenged him to come down and fight like a man. That made all the guys laugh. Helped their morales. But I never got hit!"

Bernie wears the bronze star for gallantry. His buddies remember many of his feats but particularly they remember the time he stumbled forward for a mile at night under steady mortar and artillery fire with two other medics to bring back their wounded and isolated battalion commander.

"That you, Battling?" the officer asked, when they reached him.

This is Bernie's version of the trip back under fire:

"First we put him on the litter. He said, 'I'm cold, Battling.' What the hell, he's lost a lot of blood. No wonder he's cold. I ain't lost any blood and I'm cold, too. While we were carrying him, all kinds of stuff is dropping close by."

"Once or twice I'd say, 'Sorry, Colonel, we gotta drop you.' We do and dive. He's calm—don't get excited. He's a soldier. We never dropped him with a bang, always gentle. Finally, we make it back.

"By that time they got plasma and everything ready and they fix him up. He's still saying, 'I'm so cold.' So I give up my field jacket and now I'm cold as hell. But I get me a jacket off a patient I lug in. He don't need it no more. It's nothing—stuff like that goes on all the time."

People's Platform

Editors, THE NEWS:

"Great results seem never to be hurried." "Every now and then the whole world is first shocked, then convinced, and afterwards revolutionized by some majestic outcome of human thought."

Some day the world will realize that primarily the one thing that belongs to all the people is the medium of exchange (money) and if interest is to be expected, part or all will be paid to the Government in lieu of burdensome taxes that shackle or destroy business and hamper individual efforts. Then the roof over the family will be secure.

It is absolutely true that real democracy stems from the teachings of Christ and no human thought has ever or can ever but only approach His profound wisdom in equity and justice.

Property and resources not used to benefit all the people will be taken away and resold by the vote or will of the people, thus we will have evolution and not revolution.

That day will arrive when the world has intelligence to discriminate between all organizations that benefits humanity and one of the monopolistic type.

When that day dawns we will be approaching the end of wholesale slaughter of human beings the world over. We will then be advancing towards civilization. Human thought is only an approach to the "Eternal Truth."

Stabilization must start at the grass roots, the cornerstones of the family.

Law and perfect justice is still in the making.

—JOHN B. HOOD.

Jonestown, Miss.

Dissent To Andy Carnegie

Editors, THE NEWS:

Under the heading "Words of The Wise" you carried a noble defense of poverty by Andrew Carnegie yesterday, in which he said: "God does not call his men from the ranks of the rich."

How do you like that? May Andrew Carnegie's soul rest in peace, and may he be forgiven wherever he is.

Such words of the wise—indeed.

By the same token disease is o.k. because it encourages research.

Bunk.

Sophistry.

Vicious bunk.

Gutenberg before the printing press was rich. Edison after the storage battery had all the money he and all his heirs could ever spend and eleven inventions followed. The poverty - stricken Du Ponts developed 128 inventions now being used by mankind.

Sulfa drugs developed by wealth, resources and million dollar laboratories.

Byrd of the South Pole was and is independently wealthy. Verdi was worth a half million dollars when he wrote Aida. Leonardo Da Vinci never worried about a meal. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, (may his soul rest in peace) tell us what the world lost when Stephen Foster died at the age of 34, poverty stricken? On the other hand the Queen of Austria took Mozart at the age of four and subsidized him for life and we all know the result.

Poverty was far from the motivating factor in the courage of Columbus, Vasco da Gama and Verrazzani. As a matter of fact the Cabots who discovered the mainland of America were very wealthy families. Fie on Andrew Carnegie.

It was more than co-incidence that made Dickens put the words in the mouth of Scrooge about the necessity of supplying poor houses — Carnegie used the same words once. May his soul rest in peace—"words of the wise," indeed

—W. E. BRADERMAN

Charlotte.

Quote, Unquote

THE public should not be led by false rumors of supposedly unannounced facts to depreciate the achievement of the officers and men of the 3rd and 7th Fleets in that action (Philippines sea battle). The Japanese fleet was indeed "beaten, routed, and broken."—Rep. Margaret Chase Smith, of Maine, back from the Pacific.