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MONDAY, MAY 6, 1946

Church States New Policies

Nowadays it is not shocking to discover Southern churches launching officially into worldly affairs of the day, and this comes to us as a hopeful sign of an awakening...

This church simply stated its approval of the Fair Employment Practices Committee, the 65-cent minimum wage, interracial education and civilian control of atomic energy.

Its stand on any of these issues is not our immediate concern. What matters is that the leaders of the church felt the compulsion to speak out...

But this section has seldom, if ever, seen anything like last week's action of the Southern Synod of the Evangelical & Reformed Church in Kannapolis.

Petting Threatens Us Again

Well, the secret is out at last. The Dean of The University of Illinois has discovered that petting is a favorite campus sport, and he's out to break it up.

named, and first became a topic of public discussion. It became a symbol of a whole generation in which inhibitions were replaced by John Held's girls, bootleg booze, and the free and independent flapper who kicked up her heels just as she pleased.

It appears that the Dean might never have been prodded into action if the students hadn't staged public spectacles and "displayed poor taste."

This perplexed Dean hopes to reopen a campus ballroom to expand recreational facilities, and to offer academic more activity. In general pleasant recreation has a wholesome effect on morals.

Historically, this business of petting is as old as the race, but it was in the period following the last war that it was properly

The Root Of All Evil

There is no comfort in it, cold or otherwise, but Raymond Danelli of The New York Times, probably the ranking authority on the disintegration of our occupation forces in Germany, has come to believe that the root of all evil is the standard price for illegally issuing licenses to reopen industries, or all-important certificates of de-Nazification.

This corruption, combined with the notable GI predilection for the eternally available fraudulents and lousy German liquor, is certainly not un-noticed by the German people, who are being instructed by our troops in the ways of democracy.

The enormous profits available in the black market provide the temptation that undoes thousands of bored officers and men. The wildly fluctuating market is pegged, in theory, at ten cents; this means that a soldier can obtain a movie or postal order for shipment out of the country at the rate of one dollar for ten marks.

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Another Voice

Caves Are No Solution

Disperse and go underground—such are the stern rules which would have to be laid down if there were to be any more wars. Industrial cities would have to be scattered and as far as possible hidden.

The appointment of Mr. Gromyko on Monday as Russia's representative and Mexico's representative to be named this week, is more encouraging than would be the discovery of a cave big enough to take in the whole population of the United States.

We haven't reached the point of dispersal yet—and if it has to be for this reason let us pray we never will. But the Army and Navy, through their Joint Munitions Board, are about to touch the fringes of the problem.

Certain careless remarks, dropped in Teheran, evoke dark doubt as to the Russo-American agreement. After all, the country was going to be cured by General McNerney's recent order that all troops will stand 7 A. M. reveille.

No one can criticize the Army and Navy in this detail. They are, as instructed, attending to the national defense. They may be sending some people into resisting the necessity for quick and adequate international action to prevent atomic wars.

Learned the hard way, after years of buying: The big economy size is probably three times as much as you'll ever use.



People's Platform

Have We A Class Of Drones?

TURN to the Classified Advertising pages of the newspapers through the country; read the repeated appeals of business and industry for men to accept jobs to meet the demands in producing goods and services, and then go to our unemployment offices and see thousands of men drawing money from the public purse under the guise of unemployment compensation (rocking chair money). It smells to high heaven.

It seems that we have created a class of drones, once we attracted them and classed them as vagrants, which they are, and forced them into employment who are glad and willing to accept cheerfully from the wages of working people in the form of taxes withheld, that they may live without labor.

Our effort at "humanitarianism" has become a grab bag for the lazy loafer and the dishonest political piller.

Must we as a people be pushed to the brink of National political and financial bankruptcy through our efforts to support this mass of unproductive leeches before we become aroused and demand that this cancer on our Governmental body be removed.

Now about a national "Go-to-Work-War."

—W. C. HENSON.

Queens Goes Forward

Thank you very much for the splendid editorial appearing in The Charlotte News. We at Queens College appreciate so much all that you are doing for us in helping to improve the quality of our life before the public. We hope that you will continue your interest in the College and we assure you of our appreciation.

—HUNTER B. BLAKEY, President, Queens College.

More Drinking; Less Trouble

The May Day editorial in The News on "How To Avoid A Tax Increase" in Charlotte supplied an answer. "ABC Stores in Charlotte." No mention was made how to avoid increased drinking, caused by ABC taxes. Increased sales prove this.

In Durham county with increasing ABC stores, no less an authority than Judge John H. Harris, the head of the county, there, said, "I don't say there's less whiskey drunk here—there's probably more." He should know after nine years' experience.

Mr. Bartie Davis, reporter Judge Harris' statement in his articles, "ABC Did It," in The Charlotte News on February 14, 1946.

Drew Pearson's 'Jacobs, Cannon Active In Fight Merry-Go-Round'

ED. NOTE—This is the first of a series of revealing columns by Drew Pearson giving the inside story of the lobbist now battling against price control.

Three industries spearheaded the campaign—cotton and woolen textiles, the National Association of Automobile Dealers and the National Retail Dry Goods Association. A lot of other organizations including the National Association of Real Estate Boards did some extremely helpful rooting, but the above three chiefly carried the ball.

The Congressman who acted as their main spokesman for in some cases, puppeteer.

Peace Comes To N. C.

I HAVE my channel bass here on Roanoke Island, but I give my channel bass the weight about 35 pounds, but after we brought him ashore an alert and intelligent fisherman weighed him and he weighed 44 pounds. He still weighs 44 pounds to me.

We brought him to the hotel, where Cleo, the fish boy, said: "If you get an extra one of those, and give it to me, my wife can't wait a few Saturdays go by without buying groceries at the store. That way there will be more food for those hungry people in France."

The war is very much over, here on Roanoke Island, but an elderly Negro, whose job it is to lug fishing tackle and suitcases out of the city, remembers a time when his employer, who had lost a son at Guadalcanal, had peace, and the peace was a peace of poverty.

Roanoke, like a wash, and the tourist trade is coming back to the island, and there are one or two fragments of the war left. On a street, corner at night two boys who were in the army, and one of them, loudly discuss their war risk insurance.

He is asked him about price control, but he didn't care about that. The local Congressman at Elizabeth City, the National Association of Automobile Dealers, and the local Congressman at Elizabeth City, but in the drug store a man asks about the fight in the York River.

WHETHER THE WORLD? I asked him about price control, but he didn't care about that. The local Congressman at Elizabeth City, the National Association of Automobile Dealers, and the local Congressman at Elizabeth City, but in the drug store a man asks about the fight in the York River.

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OPA's False Friends

THE volume of mail flooding into the Senate on the price-control bill, and the old-line lobby in Capitol Hill of the days when Roosevelt measures stirred feeling throughout the country to fever pitch, as one veteran in the Senate mailroom put it, "nothing quite like the flood has been seen since the court-packing fight in 1937."

Some of it, of course, is propaganda mail inspired by the powerful forces of the fighting to keep OPA alive. But a lot of it expresses the deep concern of plain people that the removal of controls will be an invitation to immediate price increases of 30 and 40 per cent in food, shelter and clothing.

Because they have heard this sitting at the grass roots, some Senators have changed their tune. They talk now about the need to continue OPA with "reasonable" modifications.

They talk so plausibly. But those who are working to get OPA continued with as many of the amendments remain skeptical. The new converts to price control sound a little like the missionaries who get religion from our missionaries so long as the free rice holds out.

SHAM BILL The "reasonable" amendments may not be so drawn up as to cut the heart out of the OPA. The danger is that the new converts to price control sound a little like the missionaries who get religion from our missionaries so long as the free rice holds out.

OPA Administrator Paul Porter has the Kentucky's factor for the day. He has made it clear to several groups of Senators he has expressed the fear that the kind of bill that would be introduced would be like the bottle of whiskey which a plantation owner gave to one of his hands, a day or two later the plantation master asked the man how he liked the whiskey and was told that it was all right.

"What do you mean it was all right?" the boss asked.

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