

The Shelby Daily Star

(FOUNDED 1894)
 Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday Entered as Second Class Matter at the U. S. Post Office, Shelby, N. C., By
STAR PUBLISHING COMPANY
 217-219 East Warren Street, Shelby, N. C.
LEE B. WEATHERS, President and Publisher
HOLT McPHERSON, Mng. Editor - R. L. WEATHERS, Secy.-Treas.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES (Payable On Order)

BY CARRIER BY MAIL		
One Year	\$10.40	\$7.90
Six Months	5.20	3.75
Three Months	2.60	2.00
Four Weeks	.80	.75
One Week	.20	.20

ALL TELEPHONES - 1100

WARD-GRIFFITH CO. INC.—National Advertising Representatives
 MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
 THE ASSOCIATED PRESS IS EXCLUSIVELY ENTITLED TO THE PURPOSE FOR PUBLICATION OF ALL THE NEWS DISPATCHES CREDITED TO IT PUBLISHED HEREIN. ALL RIGHTS OF PUBLICATION OF SPECIAL OR NOT OTHERWISE IN THIS PAPER AND ALSO THE LOCAL NEWS DISPATCHES HEREIN ALSO ARE RESERVED

MONDAY, OCT. 8, 1945

THE WIDENING CIRCLE

There seems to be a feeling prevalent that the spreading strife in the soft coal fields is something for Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach, the 155,000 miners who have quit work, the states of West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee and Indiana, and John L. Lewis to worry about.

At that, it would be quite some problem. That many idle workers involving the closing of some 586 pits cannot be passed off with a wave of the hand, even when only those who are actually participating in the strikes and the coal industry itself are given consideration.

But as it so happens, this only starts the chain of disastrous events. Of course the coal miners are out of work and their income is subtracted from normal buying power. Of course the coal mines are shut down and their production is as dead as last year's Christmas tree.

But consider, too, the fact that coal production over the entire nation is down 749,000 tons daily, which means that more than one-third of the normal output of the mines has been cut off. Consider the fact that our reserves are practically nil and that sharp retrenchments in shipments to dealers have had to be made. Think of the steel mills which are already feeling the shortage with many of them reporting large reductions in production schedules.

For the moment we will forget that winter is coming on and that a coal shortage would pinch severely. Instead we will selfishly think of all those consumer goods which we were promised as soon as the war was over—automobiles, washing machines and a host of others, all of which use some steel. What will happen if they can't get steel because the steel processors can't get coal? What will happen to the workers in the factories where automobiles and washing machines are made? What will happen to the people on whom their steady employment depends? What will happen to reconversion?

The coal miner quits and he starts an ever expanding vicious circle of idleness and paralyzation of business and industry. That does not affect just the miners, just the mine owners, just Secretary Schwellenbach and just a few states. For somewhere on that circle will be most of the people of the United States. We trust these millions who are affected will demand a proper accounting of somebody.

BACK NUMBER

Not content with his absence from the news lately, Hitler seems to have made a dying gasp on the front pages. And of all things, the man responsible for der Fuehrer's latest binge in the press was none other than General Dwight D. Eisenhower, who, we had thought, had given Adolf his final shove into oblivion when he reduced nazi minions to a defeated force.

But it seems that the Dutch radio overhead General Ike tell a group of Dutch newspapermen that he has reason to believe Hitler is still alive.

One of the correspondents accompanying Eisenhower on a visit to the Hague asked the general if he thought Hitler was dead.

"I thought so at first," the general was said to have replied, "but there is no reason to believe that he is still alive," adding that such no longer constitutes a problem.

We are inclined to string along with General Ike in the idea that no fuss and feathers now attach to the once master of the beer hall putsch whether he is as dead as he ought to be, or not. There was a time, of course, when the Hitlerian tradition seemed to hypnotize even as the Hitlerian speech mesmerized a huge mass of gullible people.

Times have changed, thanks to General Ike and his troops. Even if Hitler is still alive—and of course we are not saying that he is—and granting that he could get himself excused from the war criminals court long enough to make a speech, we doubt very much if he could attract a crowd large enough to please an average soap box orator.

Dead or alive, Hitler is passe.

OPINION CONFIRMED

Just as we had thought all along, reconversion employment problems for North Carolina are not thought to be as serious as they are in some sections. The latest confirmation of that opinion comes from the national committee for economic development which reported that a survey of principal North Carolina cities in the latter part of August showed no indications of serious employment reconversion problems in these cities.

At some points, war industries closed down but the committee survey showed that workers in these plants were quickly absorbed.

It is fine for a state's citizenry to have confidence in its own ability to meet such problems. It is also nice for that confidence to be sustained from without, as it has been in this instance.

INTO THE OLD ONES AGAIN



WHAT OTHER PAPERS SAY

AUTUMN (New York Times)

It is good to live in a land of changing seasons. Particularly a land that knows autumn. Not so much as a relief from summer, but as a season in itself, an annual time of maturity, of mellow ripeness and rich fulfillment. Now comes the season when we know again the certainty of achievement, the calm surety of all that is meant by harvest. Now comes the equinox, when day and night are in balance, when work and rest and dream and reality have their proper place.

If we know the year for what it is before we have known too many years, one after another, merely as a sequence of time, we might reach earlier understanding. For the fall of any year is more than three months, bounded by an equinox and a solstice. It is a summing up without the finality of year's end. It is a ripeness, not only of valley corn and hilltop bittersweet, but of the mind and the understanding. It is a pause between growth and the long white sleep, when there is time to savor the sweetness of harvest, of crisp morning sunlight, and of full-kernelled thought and sun-ripe emotion.

The sun is benevolent, and it is now true to the compass; it rises east and it sets west. The moon has a horizon roundness and a zenith gleam that warm the wondering heart. The stars make their rounds without falter, but their paths somehow seem more clear in the autumn skies. And thoughts seem to follow a clearer orbit, now that the year's growth is at its summery and the instinctive reaching for the sun has become a root-strengthened communion with the earth. If there is ever to be understanding, surely autumn will be its time. Autumn, with its clear-skied summing up and its long summer yearning brought to fruit.

"I HAVE SEEN TOO MUCH FILTH" John S. Knight, publisher of the Miami (Fla.) Herald, and other Knight newspapers, was one of several American newspaper executives who witnessed the surrender of the Japanese while in the Pacific as guests of the Navy and War Departments. After interviewing American boys who had been "flogged unmercifully with eyes blindfolded and hands tied behind their backs" and after seeing "dozens of civilians in the heart of Tokyo calmly pause and urinate publicly on the sidewalks," Knight made these observations in his "Editor's Notebook":

"It is part of the American credo that the Oriental mind is difficult to fathom and understand. Be that as it may, I certainly hope that in the years to come we shall not begin maudlin tears for the poor Japanese who were misled by the military caste. For my money, they are a runty, under-sized race with warped little minds that suffer from delusions of grandeur.

"Don't catalogue the Japanese as quaint, picturesque little folks who dwell in an atmosphere of beautiful cherry blossoms and silken elegance. I have seen too much filth, smelled more than my share of that peculiar dead-cat odor and looked into too many cold, hard eyes ever to believe that pretty fairy tale again."

One cause of tooth decay is said to be the action of germs which lodge upon less exposed parts of a tooth.

The Everyday COUNSELOR

By DR. HERBERT SPAUGH



REV. SPAUGH

Life gives you back what you give it. View it cynically and you will become a cynic. View it doubtfully and you will become a doubter. View it sadly and you will be miserable. View it joyfully and you will be happy. We largely reflect that at which we look.

Every mature adult should certainly know that no man goes through life without a certain amount of trial and hardship, without facing a certain number of obstacles, without having to associate with a certain number of unpleasant people.

Often we can't see the back side of another person's life, but you may be sure that all is not bed or roses in his back yard. He who will take the trouble to read his Bible is reminded of all these things, but is likewise told how to meet them and overcome them. No man is expected to remain in misery. The Bible tells us, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

"No man should be moved by these afflictions: for yourselves know that we were appointed thereto," writes Paul. "For verily when we were with you, we told you before that we should suffer tribulations."

The Lord Jesus Christ told us clearly how to deal with life's problems, overcome them, grow in spiritual strength thereby. Read His last interview with His disciples recorded in St. John 14-17. He tells its purpose in these words, "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer I have overcome the world."

He foretold the coming of the Holy Spirit, who was to transform the lives of man who yielded themselves fully to God, accepted Jesus as their Saviour.

That power is still available to all who seek it. The same power of the Holy Spirit which transformed Simon Peter from a vacillating, tempestuous, unpredictable Galilean fisherman into one of the greatest figures of all times, is available for you.

This power has not been diminished throughout the centuries. Get hold of it, and you can toss trouble and obstacles out of the way with amazing ease. You can climb upon them to new heights of character and personality. In fact, this is the only way you may expect to reach heaven itself.

St. Paul learned that lesson, too, and he tells about it in Philippians the fourth chapter. Read it.

There are great things ahead for you spiritually if you use God's plan. Try it and stop licking your wounds in a corner.

The flat fertile island of Djerba on the north African coast is the fabled "Land of the Lotus Eaters"

In the Pacific islands birds are much more numerous than mammals.

Literary GUIDEPOST

By W. G. Rogers

VIRGINIA WOOLF: HER ART AS A NOVELIST, by Joan Bennett (Harcourt, Brace; \$2).

The staff side has produced some of England's most significant writers, Jane Austen and the Brontës in the last century, and in this, Dorothy Richardson, Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf.

The three last were alike in seeming to ignore the specific issues and conflicts of the 20th century; men, women and children were their principal concern. Perhaps because they were so little spectacular, so remote from the traditional dramatic, they failed to win the audience they merited. An invaluable service is performed by Mrs. Bennett in reminding us again of Virginia Woolf's extraordinary talents.

In important respects the author of "Jacob's Room," "Mrs. Dalloway," "The Waves," "Orlando" (which oddly Mrs. Bennett apparently does not regard as a novel) is the most contemporary of her sisters, for she was extremely, even painfully sensitive to present-day problems. But she too saw them through the eyes of her characters, and war and peace, instead of being subject, are the essential background of her stories.

Mrs. Bennett's study will send you back to Virginia Woolf better equipped to appreciate her; if she merely sends you back, she will receive my thanks.

TAKE IT EASY—THE ART OF CONQUERING YOUR NERVES, by Arthur Guy Matthews (Sheridan House; \$3.75).

You can wish a lot of ills on yourself, this author charges, and he says a lot of you do. Worry about job, pay, wife, mother-in-law, or worry about sickness may bring sickness.

Matthews gives interesting case histories and suggests remedies. It's a kind of Coue cure: "Every day in every way I am getting better and better." In just the field in which common sense seems to indicate it might work.

Unemployment In N. C. Declining

RALEIGH, Oct. 8.—(AP)—A gradual decline in unemployment throughout North Carolina is being mapped, and yesterday, the State Unemployment Compensation commission said there had been fewer claimants for jobsless pay each week since the middle of September.

Col. A. L. Fletcher, UCC chairman, said the largest number of unemployed workers receiving jobless pay at any one time was last Sept., when 7,161 workers drew checks. Of these, 5,725 were women.

Last week the number dropped to 6,711 unemployed, of whom 5,104 were women claimants.

Fletcher emphasized that none of the claimants being paid benefits are connected with strikes. Under the unemployment compensation law, no person engaging in a strike can draw benefits.

The average person is estimated to walk 18,098 steps or 7 7-8 miles a day.

Merry-Go-Round

Navy To Speed Discharges As King Deposed

By DREW PEARSON
 (Lt. Col. Robert S. Allen Now On Active Service With the Army)

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Navy insiders are hoping for a new deal regarding discharges, recognition of reserves and other navy injustices, following the shake-up of the navy's bureau of personnel and the impending exit of navy czar Adm. Ernest King. In fact, some fresh air already has blown into the navy department.

To get the full picture of what's happening, it's necessary to realize that for about five years the secretary of the navy has chiefly been the performing puppet of hard-boiled, high-handed Adm. Ernest King. The late Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox was at sword's points with King most of the time. The admirals would meet in formal session with him, show him a few routine cables and then adjourn.

Later, King and his close associates would handle the really important cables, neither King nor Under Secretary James Forrestal knew existed.

Admiral King pulled his own Annapolis classmates all around him. He formed the most powerful clique the navy has ever seen, with no one able to penetrate it, least of all the secretary of the navy. The older men of King's time at Annapolis (he is 65) got the chief plums, and the younger men bore the brunt of the fighting. Antagonism against King was especially bitter among Annapolis men between the classes of 1897 and 1933.

NAVY STORM BREAKS
 With the end of the war, however, the storm broke. Reserve officers and regular navy officers found strict censorship lifted and began to speak out.

Long before this, however, some of the younger officers on Secretary Forrestal's staff had tipped him off as to what was going on. They told him that the important telegrams were not being shown him. They suggested that he go up to the communications room himself and look them over. Forrestal did, and, from that time on, he had more to say about running the navy.

The man who handled promotions, transfers and discharges for King was Adm. Randall Jacobs, chief of the bureau of naval personnel or "BUPERS." You can pretty much dominate the navy officers' minds, King and Jacobs did.

But the end of the war caught both King and Jacobs completely off-guard. They had never expected it so soon.

In fact they were making all preparations for a full-scale invasion of Japan this fall. Furthermore, King did not want to see the navy reduced to anywhere near its peacetime size, so he wanted men to want to speed naval discharges.

FORRESTAL GETS TOUGH
 It was at about this point that Jim Forrestal, for the most part a meek and mild little man, began to get tough. Though he had been used to King for a long time, he had been handicapped by the fact that King was the special pet of FDR, and the late President considered it his job to run the navy. Forrestal was almost helpless.

With Truman, however, it was different. Truman not only believes in each cabinet member being responsible for his own department, but he also knew something about the way Admiral King had ridden rough-shod over the civilian secretaries of the navy. So the first move made by Secretary Forrestal was to remove Adm. Jacobs, the man with the key to promotions, transfers and discharges. Jacobs never wanted to go. He had a fine house at the Naval hospital supplied him by the government, together with a couple of Filipino servants. However he had no choice in the matter.

At first a special job was created for Jacobs. He was to be a full admiral with the magnificent title of "Inspector General of the Pacific."

By this time, however, Forrestal was really feeling his oats. He was determined to run the navy himself. And public criticism against Jacobs' slow discharge system strengthened Forrestal's hand. He took away the glittering job in the Pacific and reduced Jacobs to the humdrum chore of running the Bremerton Naval base near Seattle, Washington.

Furthermore, Forrestal brought into the navy a man who does not play on Admiral King's team, Adm. Lou Denfeld, and made him chief of personnel. King kicked out of the room.

THE NAVY'S EISENHOWER
 Then, to make matters worse, Forrestal brought in as Denfeld's assistant, Capt. John Gingrich, another man who does not play on King's team.

Gingrich's career, in a way, might be compared to that of



Behind The FRONT PAGE

By HOLT McPHERSON
 Managing Editor

M/Sgt. Kays Gary, home from two years and a half overseas during which he served in headquarters communication zone of the European Theatre of Operations, writes today's column by request as guest editor.—HM.

By M/SGT. KAYS GARY

I HAVE BEEN AT HOME NOW FOR ALMOST THREE WEEKS. IN that time there have been many questions asked, few answers given. There is little this writer can say of war, of terror and blood and the nightmares it breeds. I have no story or words that could adequately tell of it. The full story has never been told effectively. The men who would tell it do not know and those who know cannot tell. Those who know lie still and quiet or have returned with minds and lips sealed. To these our tributes must be paid quietly but eternally and with more than lip service sympathy. Today, we paused beneath the statue on the court square and read chiseled on the memorial there, "LEST WE FORGET". It is ironic that after the last war many were forgotten. Our first character impression was that of a man in our community who had been gassed and because of some quirk or misunderstanding in discharge procedure was not pensioned, lived in suffering, died in suffering, poverty and hunger, forgotten by those he served. . . . Forgotten during the depression when others were too busy feeding themselves. He never begged. He was given a military burial. We wonder if he or his children were impressed. The monument there in the court square, great, but not enough. The monuments must be built in the hearts of men who can give jobs or make jobs where there are none; who will work and plan to make the breaks for the men who need them. Ten to one it will pay off, for the combat man is anxious to prove to himself as well as the world that he can still do a job well without a gun. Don't forget him. . . . not even in 1965.

NO, THIS WRITER SAW NO COMBAT; NOT ENOUGH TO MENTION, but in the 2½ years overseas he saw enough to make him love the U. S. with a passion that will be understood only by another who had been away so long. There comes a time when every man overseas believes that he is alienated from home forever. From that time on, his bitterness becomes more and more marked. Perhaps that is why this writer came to see the weaker, more disagreeable side of foreign peoples. Bitterness, however, turned to pity and then an honest effort to justify those weaknesses or determine their causes.

In the case of the French people it seems that the national weakness arises from the inferiority complex, the temperament and immorality of the French individual. But each Frenchman, it must be remembered, should be treated as a battle-shocked veteran. For four years he was treated as swine, scoffed at, mocked and plundered by the predatory Nazi. His pride and confidence in himself certainly must have suffered. His was the only major power to fall to the Nazi and he was beaten. Thoroughly beaten.

When we entered France there was nothing. There was no food, no government, no individual feeling of responsibility once freedom was won. There was distrust, for many had offered themselves to collaboration when it was apparent that France would never arise again. In summation, there was hunger and chaos moral and political, individual and national. The people of France had survived only through patronizing the black market, which, devised by the Nazis, bled France white. Such patronage was without shame. It was a necessity to life. It still flourishes, but now not so much out of necessity as out of habit and a means toward a higher standard of living for the individual. The individual aspiration to return immediately to pre-war prosperity is defeating the national purpose.

And who, now, can condemn France for syning sharply to the left? It is the opinion of many Frenchmen that Communism is more democratic than the Republic they once trusted. Betrayed by Laval and by Petain, its greatest national hero, France believes itself the victim of a weak governmental system. Clever propagandists emphasize the weakness of France's state as it existed under democracy, prescribe Communism and equalization of the power of the individual as a means of recovery. There is another reason for the sharp turn to Communism. Every Frenchman is politically conscious from the time he begins to walk. A young-

See BEHIND Page 9

General Eisenhower. Like Eisenhower, he is the product of the Kansas prairies. Born in Dodge City, Kan., he graduated from Annapolis and did a great job in the war as commander of the cruiser Pittsburgh. It was Gingrich who largely towed the flaming carrier Franklin out of danger, incidentally covering up some glaring mistakes by other commanders which have never leaked out.

It was Gingrich who nursed the Pittsburgh all the way across the Pacific when 100 feet of her bow was torn off by a typhoon—once again covering up some faulty construction which the navy didn't want advertised.

But, somewhat like Eisenhower, who was fired by General MacArthur when they served together in Manila in 1938, Gingrich was "fired" by Admiral King. As a



"Sure, your way is shorter. But we'll see more of the country my way!"

You may as well give up, Mister. But here's help! Before you start, take your Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto or Chrysler to your dealer. Do that regularly and you needn't fear long journeys. And when you insist on MOPAR, you get parts engineered especially for your car or truck, Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto, Chrysler. Service is Good Service. Tune in Andre Kostelanetz. Thursdays, CBS, 9 P.M., EST.

Need a LAXATIVE?



Black-Draught is 1-Usually prompt 2-Usually thorough 3-Always economical 25 to 40 doses only 25¢.