

# The Clinton Chronicle

Established 1900

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Published Every Thursday By  
THE CHRONICLE PUBLISHING COMPANYSubscription Rate (Payable In Advance):  
One Year \$1.50; Six Months 75 cents; Three Months 50 cents

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Post Office at Clinton, S. C.

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CLINTON, S. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1943

## It Can't Be Done

Congress is proposing crack-pot schemes, and struggling with the problem of how to make collection of tremendous taxes easy on the taxpayer. The answer is simple, it can't be done any more than a major operation can be made a minor affair.

## A Vast Difference

It is one thing for government to broaden individual opportunity and provide care for the needy. It is quite a different thing to build up government to where it dictates to the individual in the commonest affairs of life. The first type of government is what our boys are fighting to preserve. The second type is what they think they are fighting to prevent coming to America.

## No Time for Dreaming

Every day one reads of interest by the President and others in a social security plan for after the war. We ought not be spending our time on such schemes. The most important social security need of the day is that of winning the war.

It is difficult to hazard a guess as to what conditions will be like in this country during the post-war. Your guess is probably just as good as the other fellow's, even though he belongs to the so-called Washington experts. We could have a great business depression that would wipe us out or we could have an era of prosperity which would give us the highest standard of living ever known to man. It is a gamble to tell what will happen when we pass into this reconstruction period. Certainly which we have can depend to a large extent on what the government and business men do about it now.

But it should be kept clear in everybody's mind that the execution of any post-war plan is entirely contingent on winning a complete victory. At present post-war planning can be compared with an individual's working out how he can spend a fortune when he makes it.

We still have a long hard job to do to win the war. Let's not get sidetracked in our thinking or planning by spending too much time dreaming about what we'll do when it is over.

## A Call For Gardens

The winning of this war will require an abundance of food as well as bullets. There must be food for our army, for our Allies, for the hungry people of nations invaded and ravaged by the enemy.

All of us therefore have a personal obligation to do our bit by planning Victory gardens to help meet the new demands for food. The department of agriculture has set a goal of 12,000,000 town and city gardens this year. It is calling on these gardeners to do a real job of growing food.

Few of us realize how much food can be grown by 12,000,000 determined gardeners. If these gardens average 30 by 50 feet—and this is the goal set by the department program—it is possible for this army of fighters on the home front to produce more than 6,000,000 tons of food.

This means that every garden spot and vacant lot in our community should be converted into a garden. We will have the satisfaction of raising food for our own table and at the same time every ton of food produced by home gardeners releases a ton for the fighting front. This shows how important it is that we all get into a campaign to "garden for victory."

## Over The Top

It should be a source of gratification to every citizen of this community that the recent campaign to raise \$8,000 by the Clinton Red Cross branch for the war fund was a success. The quota was more than subscribed. A similar fine record was made by the Laurens chapter with a quota of the same amount.

The Red Cross faces the greatest wartime program in history since it is now largely a war agency administering to our armed forces as its chief function. We heard Capt. Willard Jones, now at home on furlough from North Africa, speak in the highest terms of a few nights ago of the Red Cross in action in England and Africa. Our boys in far-off Australia, in a Pacific island jungle, or on a North African desert have a real friend and helper in this great humanitarian organization, he said. This is the testimony of all in the service.

When this organization called upon us, as well as all parts of the nation, there came a quick, liberal response which is a tribute to our community. Ours was a performance of which all who gave may be proud.

The canvassers made an intensive effort and the people responded in a wonderful spirit, as the financial

statement in last week's paper showed. To Mrs. J. B. Townsend, the campaign chairman, and to all associated with her in the city, textile centers and rural areas—the heartiest thanks and appreciation are due. And our people were alive to a great responsibility.

## Our Food Problem

The farmer is confronted today with a problem he cannot solve unless given relief. He is told not to cut his acreage, to raise more food or be penalized. In reply, he asks, How in the name of high heaven can I increase production with my help gone?

This means that government officials have yet to perfect an increased food production and distribution program. It means that farmers and merchants, are struggling desperately in a maze of red tape with a steadily diminishing labor force to feed and clothe the nation, to say nothing of our expanding armed services. They are asked to fight a total war against the Axis, and at the same time are obliged to fight for survival in the insane Washington war of bureaucrats. It is an appalling situation.

A National Food association has warned that American consumers will go hungry this year unless the government moves promptly to solve the pressing manpower and supply problems confronting the food industry. It says: "The situation already has reached the stage where it is creating a serious problem of getting an adequate supply of food distributed to communities and to individual consumers."

Accepting these statements as accurate, unless corrective measures are taken without delay, there is danger in the not distant future of hunger and food riots.

Something must be done if chaos is to be averted.

## Kill the Octopus

Down in Columbia a big show is on, with the Colleton-Barnwell county kingfish—Jefferies and Brown, as the chief actors.

The plot is to push through the senate and house, if possible, a bill authorizing the Santee-Cooper authority to purchase two utility properties in Columbia at a cost of \$40,000,000. Should the high-handed effort succeed the cost of this New Deal experiment will be \$93,000,000.

As was to be expected, the No. 1 floor leader in the senate for the bill is Senator R. M. Jefferies, former governor and Santee-Cooper general counsel. He is the gentleman who appointed William C. Johnston, brother of Governor Johnston, as a member of the Santee-Cooper board of directors just on the eve of leaving office. Not a word has been publicly uttered by Governor Johnston, pro or con, on the proposal since he assumed office. Politics makes strange bed-fellows. Jefferies is also the gentleman, it will be remembered, who some time ago presented a bill to the Santee-Cooper authority for about \$180,000 for legal services. Not able to save its face, the Authority then headed by Maybank as chairman (a U. S. senate aspirant) reduced it by about \$130,000. The status of this contested amount is still pending, Chairman Pearce stated some time ago. Our guess is that eventually it will be paid by the Washington spenders. In addition to this special "service" claim, Mr. Jefferies received \$10,000 annually as general counsel until he resigned to become governor last year.

It will be remembered that when Santee-Cooper was under hot fire its promoters made a feeble defense (absurd) a while back that it is a defense or military project. That pretense is no longer heard because the public knows it is nonsense.

It should also be remembered that when Santee-Cooper got the green light from the President a few years ago it was stated in a syndicated article that the project was approved to help re-elect Byrnes to the senate and Maybank as governor. Not one word do we hear now from these two astute politicians pertaining to Santee-Cooper, once their pet scheme. Maybank used it to ride into the governor's office.

Just exactly who is at the bottom of this continued effort, we may well ask. The Authority so determined to greatly enlarge its original purpose can mean only one or two things. It means that the original plan has not proven to be sound and practical within itself, or that it was the secret design of the promoters from the very beginning to extend its activity far beyond that originally declared.

With the pending bill now up to authorize the Santee-Cooper "promoters" and job-holders to purchase the two Columbia power companies, it is altogether proper that some important questions be asked:

Are you, as a taxpayer, in favor of

the state making a contract with this gigantic power combine?

Would you, as a business man, invest a dollar in the project? We wouldn't.

Do you know anything about Santee-Cooper? If you have studied it you must realize that it is saturated throughout with politics. If doubled in size it will be more interested in economic and political control of the state than now.

Who will put up the \$40,000,000?

Why should the state lose \$273,000 a year in taxes (as it will) if Santee-Cooper buys the Columbia properties?

Why should the state run the power business? Would you think it capable of operating your cotton mill, bank, farm or store? Would not such a power trust of ninety to a hundred million dollars swallow the whole state? Once the Columbia properties are obtained, is it not to be expected that the next move will be to own and control every utility corporation in the state?

What happened to South Carolina under its rotten dispensary system? Was not every man in public life expected to declare his allegiance to that disgraceful venture. The same may be expected once a power monopoly is set up. That dispensary business was just a little piker-business in comparison with the business of selling all the power used in this state. And the result would inevitably be the same sooner or later. Such far-reaching political control would make Santee-Cooper the football of politicians and a snare and a delusion to all the rest of us.

How many jobs have already been promised if the expansion goes through? When the bill barely missed passage a year ago it was reported in Columbia that it gained strength in the house through the promise of fat jobs to members of that body. The same tactics, no doubt, will be skillfully used during the next few weeks until the powers that be are ready for the issue to come to a vote.

If the proposal goes through, where will the forty million come from? Taxpayers are already so heavily loaded down they can hardly survive. What commissions are to be paid if the deal goes through—and to whom?

These are only a few of many pertinent questions taxpayers had better be asking and aroused over before it is too late. Taxpayers should make their views known to their senators and house representatives. The issue should be faced out in the open and killed. The people back home should demand to know how their representatives stand. When the final test of strength comes there should be a published record vote of how every member in the general assembly casts his ballot.

It is our opinion that senators and house members who vote for this magnified, political, aggrandized scheme to make Santee-Cooper a state power monopoly should be promptly retired to private life by taxpayers.

## NOBODY'S BUSINESS

By GEE McGEE

### Woe Is Me

We have the funniest automobile at our house you ever saw. First, it has an "A" card attached to it. Second, it won't start if the weather is cloudy. Third, it won't start if the weather is damp. Fourth, it won't start if the weather is cold. Fifth, it won't start if you are in a hurry. Sixth, if you ever get it started and swing around a curve, it stops. Seventh, it won't stay fixed over 30 minutes if the temperature changes. Eighth, it consumes a week's religion if you happen to want to go to church and find that you have to walk because the old huzzy won't start.

We have had this car pushed off and pulled off. We have had it worked on by the best (so-called) mechanics in town. It starts all right after he fetches it back with a repair bill affixed to it, but as soon as he gets out of sight and the frost or dew falls on the punkin vine, she balks again. The only way we can be sure of being able to use it is to park it on a hill with the radiator pointing downward. When we run the battery down trying to start this "thing," we have it charged, but the man who charges it makes us pay cash.

This is not an old car. As a matter of fact, the last payment wasn't due till January gone. It looks nice. In fact, she reminds us of a beautiful woman, fine dress, pretty hat, rayon hose to match her hide and everything, but she has the leprosy. We don't know what to do about this no-starting trouble. We hate to write the fellow who made the car; he couldn't afford to stop producing cannon and bombs for the purpose of dropping us a line and telling us to adjust the carburetor, pull out the choke, remove trash from the float, throw out gears, and so forth. That's all he would do to help us.

The car is too good to junk. It is too badly needed, if we can get it started, to sell. And further than that, we don't want anybody to have to go "down yonder" because we pawned this bally pile of metal off on him. We will probably just keep it till summer time. By then, we will have 9 or 12 gallons of accumulated

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gas, and if we can get the darned cuss-producer started toward the mountains we will ride till our fuel gives out, then leave the old boat and walk home. This and income taxes have us torn all to pieces.

### From Now On, I Am Going To Be My Age

It was part of my duty to examine the roof of a three-story building the other day. There was no elevator to take me up, so I had to do some climbing. Not having climbed anything much since I was a boy when I climbed trees for the fun of it and for squirrels' and birds' nests and possums. I was exactly 100 per cent out of practice as well as 200 per cent out of trim.

There were three sets of stairs that permitted me to get to the third floor. At that point, a long step-ladder was "histed" and after reaching the top of the said ladder, I squeezed through a little hole in the ceiling that lacked about 500 square inches being large enough for me to get through comfortably. Then I was "up in the loft," and the next several feet to the skylight had to be made by main strength and wiggling and squirming. The exit to the top was also intended for small men, even smaller than I, to use, but I made it OK by shedding some of my clothing.

After I reached the roof, I found that the wind was a-blowing about 50 m.p.h. and each little breeze carried many icicles of its own, but I don't think the temperature was much over 10 degrees below the freezing point. Well, I (and we) examined the roof and found it was more of a sieve than anything else. We decided to replace it as soon as priorities and the necessary funds could be arranged. After getting down on terra firma I didn't feel much the worse for the climbing experience.

I felt a little sore in about 1000 spots after going to bed that night. I woke up about 4:30 the next morning almost completely paralyzed. My left leg was immobile, my back was broke, my toes could not wiggle, my arms were as sore as gumballs, and my spinal column was dumb. I was afraid to try to move or turn over: I knew I would break all to pieces. I didn't know whether to send for a doctor or a plumber or an osteopath or a cow-ropractor. I could not see how any or all of them could possibly save my life, but I finally got up and mosed around an hour or so, and by the next morning I could walk 5 or 6 steps without groaning. I will let the other fellow do my climbing from now on.

## TODAY ... TOMORROW

By Don Robinson

### RUMORS—Influence

As long as the fighting lasts we are going to continue to hear plenty of stories, true and otherwise, which will discourage civilians about co-operating with the war effort.

Here are a few examples:

A woman, in a thoroughly exasperated tone, told me: "A man who has been investigating government waste discovered that the army is throwing tons of tin cans into the ocean from transports—and here they are trying to tell us that it's necessary to turn in the few ounces of cans we collect in our kitchens!"

Another report came from a man who wanted to know why he should be saving his tires when the army recently burned thousands of pairs of rubber galoshes.

A third rumor, which is typical of many which are going the rounds, states that thousands of tons of meat are rotting in government warehouses.

I don't believe any of these stories, but whether they are fact, propaganda or pure fancy—whether we believe them or not—we couldn't possibly win the war if we let them influence us to lay down on the job.

### DISGUST—Waste

Take the tin can story as a case in point.

We all know there is a shortage of tin. We also know that enormous quantities of tin cans must be supplied to pack food for our armed forces all over the world.

Now, for the sake of argument, suppose that the story about the army were true—that tons of tin were being dumped into the ocean. Would that mean that housewives should throw up their hands in disgust and stop saving cans?

It certainly wouldn't. It would mean that more tin than ever must be supplied to replace that waste and at the same time keep the boys fed. If the story were true, naturally something should be done immediately to stop such waste by the army. But meanwhile, no matter how incensed we might be over this waste of a scarce material, it would be a calamity if we expressed our ire by saying that if the army wouldn't help conserve this vital material we wouldn't either. Our attitude must be just the opposite. If the army, the government, or our next door neighbors do something which handicaps the war effort, the rest of us must make up for it.

### ANGER—Strikes

We must be careful, under the ner-

vous strain of war, not to let our criticism of conditions and people go off at wrong tangents. If the OPA pulls a boner on oil rationing, for instance, we should insist that the mistake be corrected but we mustn't let it lead us to ignoring the need for oil conservation.

In the army there are plenty of privates who become enraged over apparent mistakes made by their officers, but to win battles such mistakes simply mean that the soldiers must fight all the harder to win. We'd be in a pretty mess if our soldiers said, "We don't like the way the captain's handling things so we're not going to fight for him anymore."

Yet that is exactly what members of the civilian army are saying when they decide to stop collecting tin because they think the army is wasting it, or stop conserving gasoline because they don't like Mr. Ickes' conservation orders.

In our democracy we all have a perfect right to criticize the activities of government officials and of private individuals, but it is just as bad for us to demonstrate our feelings by going on strike against further participation in the war program as it is for ship builders to delay production by striking for higher pay.

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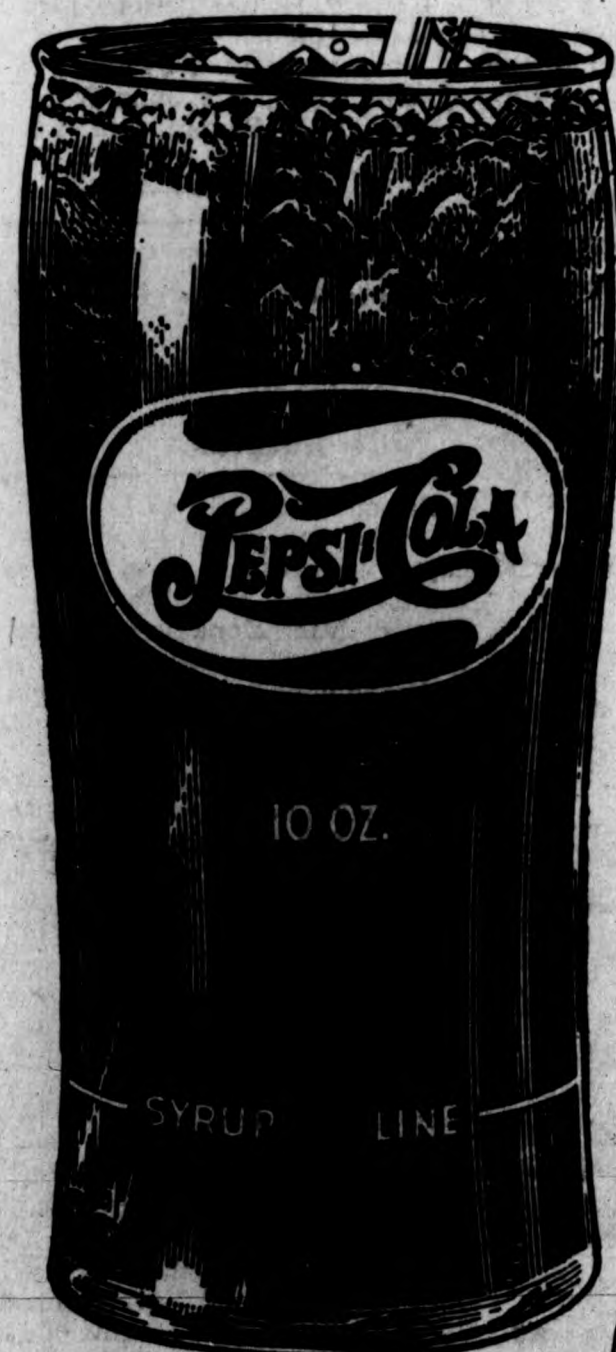


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