

The Clinton Chronicle

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The Chronicle seeks the cooperation of its subscribers and readers—the publisher will at all times appreciate wise suggestions and kindly advice. The Chronicle will publish letters of general interest when they are not of a defamatory nature. Anonymous communications will not be noticed. This paper is not responsible for the views or opinions of its correspondents.

CLINTON, S. C., THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1943

Melons Are High

Judging from the present price of melons, the heaviest garbage traffic this summer will not be in connection with watermelon rinds.

Headlines For Hitler

Whether or not the villain Hitler had anything to do with the recent race riots in our country, he must have been heartily applauding while they were going on.

In fact, as Hitler has looked over the headlines in our newspapers for several months he must have got a lot of enjoyment from them. The strike in the coal mines was undoubtedly his favorite story and the other strikes and threats of strikes also made juicy tidbits for his reading.

If he has kept up with what is going on in Washington—all the bumbling, confusion, indecision and fighting among high officials—he must also have derived some satisfaction from this ugly spectacle.

Imagine how thrilled Americans would be if we read that all German coal miners had stopped work, or if we read that some of Hitler's prize munition factories had closed down because of strikes or that German munition manufacturing was slowed up because of absenteeism.

It is true that Hitler has had plenty of bad news to read lately, too—headlines about our plans to build 100,000 planes in a year, headlines about Allied victories all over the world.

The bad news he has been forced to confront, the headaches he has experienced are only beginnings of the inevitable that he must face.

To win this war we must give Hitler and his cohorts nothing but bad news. In his present mood of grabbing at every straw, a strike, a riot, a slow-down, or Washington wrangling means new hope and new morale in Germany.

What Production Means

It is a common failing for us to lay more emphasis on that part of the truth which has a peculiar application to ourselves. Most of us put self first, and are selfish, and selfishness is the root cause of the terrible world conditions we are now witnessing.

Those who produce the raw material which springs from the soil are regarded as the backbone of the world. However important their job may be, they are no more necessary for the progress of the race than the factories and the cities which turn raw products into finished goods and provide a market for whatever the farmer has to sell. Either would be in a sorry plight without the other; and neither has a right to claim too much importance in relation to the advancement which the world has made.

The truth is, we are all laboring together in a realm which needs and should appreciate the value of all forms of labor, for the term "production" applies not only to the changing of seed into harvest, but also to those additional changes whereby the factory adapts the raw material to the need of the consumer. The word production proper used, has a far-reaching meaning.

War Brings Changes

Advertising has taken some queer turns under wartime conditions.

We have the strange anomalies of rubber companies spending money to persuade us not to use rubber, gasoline companies running advertisements to teach us how to cut down on the consumption of their products, telephone companies through similar methods begging us not to use their lines except for absolute essentials, and countless well known companies spending large amounts of money to tell us why they can't sell us anything these days. Some of them are telling us of their plans for the after-war period.

This means that advertising is showing us its other face—the face of the educator. Instead of trying to tempt us to buy things, it is being used to teach us how to take care of what we have, how to make things last and how to get along without those many needed items and products which are now "frozen" or impossible to secure because of war conditions and scarcities.

Some people wonder why a company will continue to spend millions of dollars for advertising when it isn't looking for a single customer—now. They are not doing so for philanthropic reasons, we all must know. To the contrary, such million-dollar gestures by many of the nation's most successful corporations are backed by a sound business motive.

In the last war, several big companies busy with war work discontinued advertising altogether. By the time the war ended the public had almost forgotten their names and

many of them were never able again to get back into public favor.

The big, successful companies of today realize that their brand names and company names, built up and respected because of the years of effort they have made to please the public, are their most prized investment and they are not going to let those names die and be forgotten because of lack of goods to sell now. In peacetime they performed a welcomed service with their advertised goods and now, as a means of name insurance for the post-war period, they are eager to perform an equally welcomed service.

War or no war—advertising is still the most economical and valuable medium known to sell merchandise, whether the firm be large or small.

The Advertiser Has A Birthday

We note with interest that our esteemed county contemporary, The Laurens Advertiser, had a birthday the past week—its 59th. That means the turning over of a new leaf, the starting on another milestone during a most difficult period for producing a small town newspaper.

The Advertiser since the day it was founded has been headed by newspaper men of ability and character. Linked closely with the paper has been the Ball family, owners of the paper for a number of years.

Some one has said that it is paradoxical that the older a newspaper becomes the better it should be and the greater its service to the community. That The Advertiser has, and is still doing, and during its more than half a century of service it has adhered to the high and laudable principles and standards established when the paper was first launched. It holds, and deserves, the confidence of the people and may be counted upon to carry on in the future as in the past. It is one of the best weeklies in the state, a credit to South Carolina journalism.

The publisher of The Advertiser, Allison Lee, assumed the management shortly before the writer became associated with The Chronicle. We were associated for a while in a business way. The severing of that connection had no effect upon the ties of friendship between the two publishers. Mr. Lee is one of those sincere, straight sort of individuals who can always be depended upon. His word is his bond. While he hates publicity and has no earmarks of one seeking the headlines, he is a straight, independent thinker, and has a big, kind heart—as those who know him intimately will all testify. He never lets his right hand know what his left hand does.

We extend hearty best wishes to The Advertiser and Publisher Lee. While some contemporaries often work apart and even at times fight one another, no such attitude has ever existed between The Advertiser and The Chronicle. And so long as the papers continue under their present ownership this close tie of co-operation and friendship will exist. We know nothing that can break it.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

By GEE McGEE

Modes of Moods

When you see a man with his neck not shaved, his trousers bagging badly at the knees, and his whiskers about a week old, he has bought a cotton or other contract, and it's gone down on him. Or it could be stocks on margin.

When you meet a guy that says "Good morning," but doesn't see you, he's got a past due note at the bank, and has been called; and he has no idea how he is going to get by, if—

When you come face to face with a girl who is chewing gum at about 250 r.p.m., and only one lip is lip-sticked, and her hair is blowing to the four winds, she and her sweetie have had a falling out.

When you run across a fellow that rolls his eyes like a dying calf, and he mumbles his words, and he asks you twice what you name is . . . but still calls you Bill, he's just getting over a drunk and needs a snort to kind of taper off on.

If he's pulling his ear and looking down at the ground and hasn't laced up his shoes and his tie is catty-wampured and there's gravy on his shirt and his peepers are glassy, the next to the last installment is past due . . . and the "easy payment plan" is just about ready to grab his car.

When he snaps at you for telling him "Howdy," he and his wife have just had a fuss. It might have been burnt toast, or it could have been where he was the night before, and yet—it could have been why she herself stayed out Saturday night till

"Meet the People..."

(Each week in this space will be presented a picture and word portrait of someone whose name is news.)



Col. Florence A. Blanchfield

● The third American woman to hold the rank of a full colonel is Florence A. Blanchfield, new head of the Army Nurse corps. She has been an army nurse for 25 years, and has played a prominent part in the long struggle to develop the streamlined corps which exists today.

● Colonel Blanchfield was born on April 1, 1884, at Shepherdstown, W. Va. She took her nurse's training at the South Side hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., and began her army career in 1917. Her experience includes tours of duty in Panama, the Philippines, and China. She has worked at Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D. C., and during World War I she served at a base hospital in France.

● She is well read on government information and political subjects, likes biographies, scientific works, historic novels, and travel books.

● Small and sandy-haired, she has the firm jaw of a crusader, but the eyes of a woman who understands people and who expects them to be straightforward and sincere with her because that is the way she will be with them.

2:30 a.m. There simply ain't any telling about husbands and wives.

What You Can Do Without Whiskey

The cost of one gallon (8 pints) of so-called good whiskey will buy the following essential items and articles:

- 48 lb. flour.
- 5 lb. lard.
- 10 lb. sugar.
- 10 lb. salt.
- 2 lb. breakfast bacon.
- 8 lb. fat-back meat.
- 12 lb. corn meal.
- 5 lb. rice.
- 10 lb. grits.
- 10 cakes soap.
- 2 packages soda.
- 5 dozen clothes pins.
- 2 cans baking powder.
- 1 gallon molasses.
- 1 gallon vinegar.
- 6 bottles soft drinks.
- 1 plug Brown's Mule.
- 1 box snuff.
- 1 can lye.
- 25 letters to soldiers.
- 10 war stamps.
- 2 prs. shoe strings.
- 1 box toothpicks.
- 1 pair socks.
- 1 tube toothpaste.
- 1 set coffee spoons.
- 2 heads lettuce.
- 1 head cabbage.
- 5 lbs. beans.
- 1 garden hoe.
- 2 gallons gasoline.
- 1 box insect powder.
- 1 dozen pills.
- 1 bottle perfume.
- 2 boxes breakfast food.
- 1 box black pepper.
- 6 lemons.
- 1 lb. coffee.
- 2 cans soup.
- 1 lb. epsom salts.
- 2 dozen bobbie pins (if).
- 1 sifter.
- 2 quarts motor oil.

After you have bought the above merchandise, you'll still have the following left: \$2.00 for your preacher, \$2.00 for your doctor, and \$4.00 spending money. Men who don't drink need not read this, but men who drink and also complain about the HCL, should read it twice and ponder.

TODAY... TOMORROW

By Don Robinson

OPINION — Action

There is one outstanding fact that public opinion polls of the last few years have brought to light, namely, that the collective vision and collective decisions of the people are miles ahead of their political leaders. Given the facts, the people pass a snap judgment which their leaders come around to months or years later.

Take the doings of labor leader John L. Lewis as an example. The people urged legislation even before the war started which would have made such actions impossible. For two years at least, public opinion surveys have shown that the public—including labor itself—favored anti-strike legislation. But the representatives of the people needed to have this fact banged into their heads from a dozen different directions before they took any action—and it is doubtful if they will take as strong action as the people want until they have had a dozen more demonstrations of the vital need for it.

Another recent example was pay-as-you-go taxation. Immediately after it was suggested, every poll made of public opinion showed the people had made up their minds and were overwhelmingly for it—but it took congressmen many months to agree to it and then they did it in a half-hearted way.

PUBLIC — Judgment

Even on questions of warfare, which a lot of us feel should not be decided by parlor generals, public opinion has so far proved to be more nearly right than expert opinion.

The public, for example, was practically convinced over a year ago that Germany might be knocked out of the war if we could muster up sufficient air power to destroy her factories and demoralize her people. But military leaders pooh-poohed that idea as "fantastic"—and not until the last few months have they come around to agreeing that this is now a probability.

For at least four years before Pearl Harbor, according to the polls of the American Institute of Public Opinion,

the public opposed the shipment of scrap iron and oil to Japan. Even then, the people, as a group sensed the fact that this iron and oil was going to be used to fight against us—but it wasn't until shortly before Japanese bombers set out for Pearl Harbor that our government leaders finally put a halt to those shipments.

It is evidence like this which has led Dr. George Gallup, director of the Institute of Public Opinion, who has made more opinion surveys than any man alive, to say of such surveys: "They have served to reaffirm faith in the judgment of the common man. They have provided sound statistical proof to back up the major premise of democracy, which is belief in public opinion."

ANSWERS — Action

Dr. Gallup has an interesting way of demonstrating the soundness of the collective opinion of a group of people. He will draw a line three feet long on a blackboard and ask each person in the room to write on a slip of paper how long they think the line is. Although no one may give the exact figure, the average for a sizeable group invariably is three feet—the right answer.

This accuracy of collective opinion as opposed to individual opinion can be applied to all kinds of things. One man may want pay-as-you-go taxation because he thinks it will have him money. Another may want it because he thinks it will make it easier for the government to collect taxes. Another may want it because he can't seem to save money for taxes. Another may want it because a friend of his, whose opinion he respects, thinks it's a good idea. But when the great majority of people want it—even though each may have a different reason for arriving at the same conclusion—there is little question that it is a sound program.

The public usually gets what it wants eventually in our democracy. But a lot of national headaches could probably be avoided if we could shorten the period between the time the people make up their minds and the time their leaders finally get around to doing something about it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor's note—The Chronicle has received an interesting letter from E. F. Charlesworth, publisher of The Elmer Times, Elmer, New Jersey, parts of which are published below. Mr. Charlesworth writes of his impression of a Clinton boy, Pvt. Raymond Johnson, who recently was a week-end guest in his home. Pvt. Johnson is a son of Mrs. J. B. Johnson of this city, who has seven sons in the service.

The Most Wonderful Mother In the World

Saturday evening, June 26th, my son Pvt. Gene Charlesworth came home from Fort Dix, New Jersey, and brought with him a buddy, Pvt. Raymond Johnson, of Clinton, S. C. This soldier brought so much joy and happiness into my home in his short stay with us, that I am writing to the editor of The Chronicle the following, realizing that one who has made so many friends in his home town, in so short a time, his friends in Clinton must be legion.

Sunday morning the boys were up bright and early, getting their clothes cleaned and pressed for church. As my wife was very busy, Johnson did all the ironing, much to my wife's sorrow, and my boy said "Don't worry, Mom, Johnson likes to iron, and you know I can't bear to wash and iron. I'll do something for him later."

The boys attended the Presbyterian church in the morning, and were received and introduced from the pulpit. Sunday evening they attended the Baptist church and hymn-sing. One could see that the hymn-sing

struck a chord as Johnson said, "I thought I was back home again, singing 'Shall We Gather at the River' and 'When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder I'll Be There'."

Sunday at supper, the meal, country style and plain, but Johnson remarked to my wife, "You cook like my Mother. We don't often have a duck dinner, and it is so good. Down home we go for chicken."

Saturday evening when he opened the home town paper, the Clinton Chronicle I wish you could have watched his face. It was as one viewing a movie. He smiled as he said, "It has arrived," and I wondered if the bank president's wife had had a baby, and he showed me this heading, "Dobbins Has First Cotton Bloom" brought to The Chronicle office, and my mind went back in my newspaper experience of forty years ago when the first strawberries were brought in. As I took the wrapper he handed me from The Chronicle, these words came to my mind: "When the evening meal is over and the dishes put away, and you settle down to store your mind with happenings of the day, there comes a peaceful feeling over you, brushing from your face a frown, as you scan the weekly paper from your own home town. And when I want some pabulum, which nowhere else is found, I unwrap the little paper from my own home town."

Before Johnson left, my wife said, "Auntie, who is in bed upstairs and is 95 years of age, has asked to see you," and he replied, "I would be pleased." My wife informed him that he would find much of "Auntie's" conversation is not of this world. As she took his hand she said, "You are a soldier?" and she said it with much feeling, like my old grandmother used to say "God bless you" and I felt blessed all over. For there's something about a soldier that is fine, fine, fine.

Johnson related of his visit to the "Little Church Around the Corner" in New York City. The preacher asked him to be a witness to one of the weddings. After the ceremony was over the minister entertained Johnson to an evening dinner. This soldier wondered at the speed of the marriages, one every half hour, with two shifts of preachers. Down home, he added, we treat marriage with so much of seriousness and impressiveness, as a sacrament. This solemnity I somehow missed in the "Little Church Around the Corner."

My wife and I pointed with pride to the two service stars in the window and Johnson replied "My mother points to six stars in the flag at my home." My wife answered, "What a mother, with six boys in the service!" And Johnson feelingly said "The most wonderful mother in the world." The incident brought to my mind the morning that Donald's and Gene's mother arose at 4:30 in the morning to bake ginger cake, and I wondered why. She answered, "We may always have ginger cake, but we may not always have Donald and Gene." One batch went to Texas and the other to Georgia.

Sunday evening the boys left by bus for Fort Dix and my wife kissed Gene and she put her arm around Johnson. I turned my head. She may have kissed him too, I hope so, he

was so fine. After they had gone, she asked "Will they ever come back?" and I answered "I hope so." I then remarked, "My, is it not wonderful what the army is doing for young men in their training?" And she replied, "In newspaper work there is always a story back of a story, for whenever you find something worthy of admiration, look for a woman; for you will always find somewhere, at sometime in every soldier boy's life, a sister, a sweetheart, and the greatest sweetheart of them all, just as Johnson said, 'The most wonderful mother in the world'."

—E. F. CHARLESWORTH,
Elmer Times, Elmer, N. J.

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