THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by The News Publishing Company, Inc
W. C. Dowd Jr., President and General Manager — J. E. Dowd, Vice-President and Editor
● W. C. Dowd, 1865-1927 ●

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1888. The Evening Chronicle (established 1903) was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 5, 1914.

The News desires to be notified promptly of errors in any of its reports that proper correction may be made at once.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Charlotte N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier: 20 cents a week; one month, 87 cents. By mail: One month, 87 cents; three months, $2.60; six months, $5.20; one year, $10.40.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1942

Mutual Assistance Pact

If Nations Find It Practical To Unite for Common Protection, Surely a Community Will

For individuals who may come upon hard times or calamities, there are many helpful agencies provided. If a man loses his job he may go to the U. S. employment office. If he can't get a job, there is always WPA. If he is having trouble making ends meet, the Family Service will counsel with him. If he reaches the end of his rope, the Welfare will take care of him.

Of individual hardship there will always be a sufficient supply, in good times and bad, to keep all these agencies flourishing. But in the times immediately ahead of us in this community and in others like it over the land, we are likely to encounter an entirely new form of distress: the distress, through no fault of their own, arising unavoidably out of circumstances beyond their control, of businesses, of businesses large and small.

• • •

A characteristic of the American business man is that by ordinary he asks and expects no special consideration. All he wants is to stand on his own two feet and punch it out with his competitors. If in the process he makes money, that's what he was after in the first place. If he loses his shirt, it was his shirt, wasn't it?

• • •

But in times like these there is something more bruising than competition for many businesses to face. The nation's war effort is having, and more and more is going to have, a dual and absolutely contrasting impact on business. In the production of war supplies and in the production and sale of supplies which do not interfere with war production, business is having to meet only that challenge which it welcomes beyond all others—the challenge to put on full steam ahead. But in other lines, where the war exigency has raised itself to shut off, suddenly and understandably, the whole supply of products on which these businesses depend, the challenge is to make bricks, so to speak, without straw.

The stakes are grim. They come down in many instances to survival or extinction.

For Charlotte the scarcity problem has a peculiar disadvantage. The business structure of our city is by its very nature founded on the distribution and marketing of goods—consumer goods and manufacturers' supplies. Charlotte has industries too, but in general they are not defense industries nor are they generally endowed with an immunity from the consequences of shifting to an all-out war economy. Because the majority of Charlotte business men are dependent to a large extent on the city's remaining a distributing center, and because the entire American system of peace-time distribution is threatened with severe curtailment and disruption, Charlotte is exceptionally vulnerable.

• • •

There is a good deal of ingenuity and resourcefulness in your Charlotte business man, and those qualities are being exercised even now. A tire dealer, finding himself limited in tires and his sales force inactive, began to sell washing machines, but they too became scarce. An electrical-appliance distributor has put in a line of phonograph records. Automobile dealers are stressing service to replace in part the sales on which they depended.

• • •

All around us is to be seen evidence of the resourcefulness and fortitude with which business men adversely affected by the nation's conversion to production for war are meeting the disruption, and they are not whimpering. Nor would they think to ask for charity. Simply, they are preparing to fight for their lives and the existence of their businesses.

On their own account as individuals, they are worth the community's thought. On their account as businesses, the enterprises which have made this city commercially the thriving place that it has become and will with care remain, they are worth extraordinary and selfish consideration.

There are several forms which that consideration may take. Friendly encouragement is one of them, and that will help intangibly. Banking policy is another, and by recognizing that the primary ingredient of credit is confidence based on experience, our banks could and undoubtedly will be of real assistance.

But it is the business community as a whole, rather than exposed segments of it, which is particularly fitted to render the greatest assistance of all. The agency which represents the business community is the Chamber of Commerce. For the Chamber of Commerce to function in this time as it has never functioned before, two things must happen.

First, the Chamber must be able to command the wholehearted and unstinted services of the best and most successful business men, members and non-members, in the city.

Second, this panel of executives should function as a counsel, advisory in the main but a little more than advisory, to business men who may find themselves in distress, to bring many minds to bear on problems which will arise, to suggest, devise, intercede, encourage, even to lending indirect assistance, and in general to labor to preserve units in the business structure upon which, in so large a measure, the whole business structure rests.

• • •

Someone on the panel might know of a lead or two. Others might have heard what has been done elsewhere under the same situations, as in New York City, where autoless dealers were signing up as beer distributors. Someone else might know of special dispensations which had been made in Washington, and were available. In any case, many minds are better than one.

• • •

Impractical? It is impractical *if* helpfulness be impractical. It is impractical *if* intelligence be impractical. It is impractical *if* stout resistance to adversity be impractical.

It is not only as practical as business itself is practical; it or something like it may determine the manner in which all of us endure the severe trials that stretch before us. In any case, let us prepare now to meet them as a community, not to let them attack us one by one.

Up To Us

Defense of Singapore Becomes America's Job

The Japs are within about eighteen miles of Singapore Island. Whether they take the great naval base sooner or later—or perhaps not at all—it will remain of little positive use to the defenders while it is within easy reach of Jap bomber and fighter aircraft. In fact, just about the only strategic value to the United Nations of a besieged Singapore is that it cannot be used by the Japs. That and the fact that tens of thousands of Nipponese soldiers must be tied up in siege operations until the stronghold falls or is relieved.

It was undoubtedly this paralysis of Singapore by Jap air power that made it necessary for the Allied supreme command to be centered at Batavia, Java.

But what's done is done and the question to be decided is what it is worth to the ABCD powers to keep the Japs out of the place. It would appear to be worth a great deal. Japan has no really first-class naval base south of Hong Kong. As long as MacArthur holds, she cannot use Manila harbor effectively. The battle of Macassar Strait has taught Japan the danger of trying to reach out too far. If that particular Japanese armada had started from Singapore, the Rising Sun flag might now be flying over Batavia.

The time element is all-important. And the responsibility is largely America's. Britain has a re-inforced General Rommel to deal with in Africa. It's up to us. Somehow we can't help wishing that those "several thousand" American soldiers encamped in North Ireland were fighting in South Malaya.

Bound To Rise

From Campaign Manager to Supreme Court Is the Route

It is lucky for the State that the Governor's campaign manager happened, in this instance, to be a good lawyer and a man of standing. Mr. Denny will be at ease, we suppose, on the State Supreme Court. But it's a bad practice, this of appointing your political first friend to the highest office within your disposal.

It is a practice that does not become the appointee who accepts it any more than it becomes the Governor who bestows the robe.

It stands to reason that the campaign manager is not always the best man for the Supreme Court. Indeed, the only way by which the successful candidate for the governorship could assure such a happy quality would be by selecting for his campaign manager the best man available for the Supreme Court. Good as our governors may have been, they are seldom quite that foresighted.

The Fox Of Batan

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON

GENERAL MacArthur's losing defense of the Philippines will live forever as one of the most skillful strategic maneuvers of history. There was nothing defective in the Jap scheme of attack. It was smart. Only thing wrong with it was that MacArthur was smarter.

The Japs have thrown 225,000 troops into Luzon. They had everything, a tank division, control of the ocean which was undisputed except feebly from the air, land-based bombers from Formosa which could be shuttled against the Philippines one day and Malay the next. 165 is the largest number they sent over MacArthur in any one batch). On the last narrow mountain fighting front across Batan Peninsula they outnumber the American jungle fox 10 to 1.

HE REMAINS, CHASED BUT NOT CAUGHT

In seven weeks of clever warfare, they have surrounded, hunted him, even defeated him, but they have not caught him. The corner they have him in, on Batan is a corner he chose. And at his back is the island fortress of Corregidor where he can expect to hole in if chased again.

The Japs started by feinting at the far northern coastal points of Aparri and Vigan, primarily they wanted to draw MacArthur's Army north, so they could slip in behind him from the sea, halfway down toward Manila at Lingayen Bay, and cut him off from the capital. The fox did not bite. He sent nothing north except his few planes (one of those planes sank the first Jap battleship Haruna off Aparri).

MacArthur always expected the main attack at Lingayen and was ready when the Japs tried him there two days after the initial attack in the north. With well-placed artillery along the south shore, he sunk two of their 12 transports and prevented the landing. Ten days passed before they came back with 80,000 men and 60 transports. This time they tried the north shore. The bay is large, 100 miles around the shoreline. MacArthur could not cover all landing spots. Yet he repulsed them at every point except one—Agoo. This landing cut off some of his north shore troops, but all fought their way back to his main line facing Agoo from the north.

MANILA WAS GONE BUT NOT MacARTHUR

Slickest of the Jap strokes came 24 hours earlier. They slipped possibly 20,000 men ashore from twenty transports southeast of Manila at Attimonan on Lamon Bay (landing also at Legaspi and other southern points.)

This meant Manila was gone. MacArthur did not have enough troops to defend it on all new fronts. The Jap plan was now clear. From all sides, with overwhelming numbers they were to drive him back into Manila where they could bomb him into surrender. With such superiority, how could they fail?

The Jungle fox showed them. He also had a plan just a little smarter. He drew in his forces slowly from the south (with a skillful delaying defense of narrow land strips on both sides of Laguna Lake) not only to Manila, but passed it. He let the rely trap go. He himself withdrew slowly from the Agoo front down to San Fernando.

The Japs moved in ready for the kill. Their southern forces took Manila almost unopposed and slammed the lower jaw of their trap shut upon the Americans. The jaws merely scraped MacArthur's ear as he was stepping into the little 30-miles square area of Batan.

There, on mountains protected from air attack by bamboo forests and underbrush (now often had he ridden horseback through these wilds in pervious years planning this bitter success) he set his 155mm artillery upon the front and said: "Come and get me." He had a good road on the bay side for supplies from Corregidor and the Jap tanks were useless in the wild woods. But the Japs came several times, first on the right flank, then on the center and finally on the weaker left.

WHEN IN DOUBT HE ATTACKED

Under cover of the guns of their fleet, they forced finally a landing on the west shore, expecting to cut in behind MacArthur. Again they swarm on the verge of victory. The attack could not be stopped. MacArthur could not get his troops over from the front lines to that side in time. Faced with retreat, he decided to attack.

Figuring the Japs must have diminished their forces in his front to man such a formidable left flank attack, he hit them where he could reach them in the front, right between the eyes. There he found the amazed Jap troops lolling around waiting to march victoriously over him after their flankers had defeated him. Their confusion was so great, that the Jap General Homma had to abandon his success on the left and retire to think up something else.

Senator Soaper Says:

Already, Mr. Eden and others are planning on how to dispose of the Fuhrer when his number is up, and they don't mean social security.

Like the Axis, the Old West had a tendency to canonize its bad men. But it hanged them first.

If need be, of course, Winston Churchill can get into his "siren suit" in less than two minutes. That's over the cigar.

Where the Japs Move In

—By Herblock

Red Tape, Empty Ships

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

NOBODY ever will be able to add up the terrible cost that is resulting not from bad decisions, but from just plain red tape, delay in paper work, lost messages and orders, and other causes growing out of sloppy administration.

These are the needless defeats we are suffering.

For instance, the War Department decides it must have a special munitions plant. It selects a location in Ohio and goes to the White House for approval. But at the White House the Army is tipped off that one of the Kentucky Senators is after that plant and the matter must be looked into. Six months later the Army gets the plant in Kentucky. By that time it needs two plants, so it gets the Ohio plant as well. But six months' time has been lost.

FIVE MONTHS OF TIME-KILLING HAGGLING

A copper company is asked to expand its output. The haggling begins in Washington. But the company is impressed with the need of speed and starts work, although the deal is not closed until three months later. Five months of haggling and time-killing before the aluminum expansion program is begun—and now we are paying for it. Every bit of aluminum has just been reserved for war use, and even so it may be that airplane production will be delayed by shortage of sheets.

The Truman report gives some appalling instances of such delays on the desks in Washington. Clerks around here could tell many stories about important papers being lost, about whole desks full of mislaid priority orders. Some of the Lend-Lease routines took six weeks and involved passing papers through more than twenty desks. The simple matter of distributing copies and obtaining the necessary initialing has in one branch of Lend-Lease come almost to the point of breakdown.

FULL STORY TOO HOT TO REVEAL

No one can know the full damage that such sloppy office work is causing. But even from the outside enough can be observed to make your hair curl.

We wouldn't dare reveal the full story of the delays and runarounds in connection with getting material out to the Southwest Pacific, the stories of empty ships waiting for planes that are available but held up because the right official can't be found to sign the releases.

So it was a relief to get out of Washington the other day and spend a few hours around one of the largest airplane-engine plants in the world—Pratt & Whitney.

ONE PLANT'S PRODUCTION EXCEEDS ENGLAND'S

As of several months ago—and it is permissible to use such figures because they go back to last October—this one plant was producing as many airplane engines as all of England. Under this one roof were being produced last Fall half as many engines as Germany was turning out. Remember also that three of the Wright plant, too, producing about the same amount as Pratt & Whitney. Also there is Allison, with perhaps half as much as either of these plants, and coming up now is the big Ford engine plant, and to follow that toward the end of the year the Buick and Chevrolet plants. So if last Fall Pratt & Whitney and Wright were producing double England's engine output and the approximate equal of Germany's, it is clear that by the end of this year in plane engines we shall have an enormous edge over Axis output.

Coming out in quantity now on the assembly line is a new airplane engine—unmatched in power anywhere else in the world. This is not a blueprint. I saw literally scores of these big engines in the final assembly and in the crating lines. Many of these engines will go into a new plane which, if it is as advanced as the engine that will power it, should live up to the high expectations heard everywhere.

The men running this industry saw no limit to what could be produced, provided—they always added—they could get the materials. That is the Government's job. In the end that will be the bottleneck. Which is what disturbs one in view of the countless little defeats we are suffering daily because of needless delays on the desks in Washington.

—HERBERT DAVES SR.

Cane Broad Oaks Sanatorium, Morganton.

Letters to the Editor:

'Out Of The Night' Is Right

Editors, THE NEWS:

"Out of the Night" is emphatically right.

Any human who has the ability to come out of the night of Morganton and pursue anything resembling a normal course of life, shd so vividly reproduce in written experiences while in the State hospital as Mr. Jimison has done, deserves considerable credit. And the papers publishing these authentic articles are rendering to humanity a most worthy service.

Those patients are shunted into another world that the public has not tried to understand, and the lack of understanding on the part of the public accounts for the archaic methods in the treatment of our mentally sick people.

One reader remarked, "I like Mr. Jimison's writing, but he exaggerates." Many other readers may try to excuse themselves of their own responsibility to their State institutions by some such gesture. But to one who knows the institution, Mr. Jimison appears to modify his statements in order to give you a chance to believe the truth.

The truth about the system is unbelievable to an outsider. It's a prison—not a hospital of the type such a great state as North Carolina should maintain.

Having been committed to the "night" four times under the most discouraging darkness, I spent a total of three years at Morganton with very little benefit. First in 1923, then three times in succession in 1929, 1930, 1931. You had just about as well throw a man in jail and sentence him to the penitentiary for rheumatism and then give the patient a dose of politics. His advantages on his release from prison would be the benefit of his parole supervisors and he would not be so readily ostracized from social and business opportunities as when released from the State Hospital.

For years, while we patients clamored for improvement of methods, the public was told by the management, "Look who is telling you." Then after many years of efforts, our pleas gained public notice, and the management retaliated by informing the public that these conditions existed years ago but are now improved. Let's see:

My diary of eleven years ago says that a very unkempt patient with the flu and nose continually dripping, worked in the kitchen, persistently cleared his throat and spit in a can of soft soap that was used three times a day to wash dishes. And it required about 30 days reporting to every authority in sight and then the only remedy was to move the soap can. The patient would spit in some other useful container.

On one ward I was forced to eat my meals directly across the table from a patient with half of his face eaten away with raw, virulent cancer. His jawbone was exposed, without a sign of a bandage—a deathly hideous sight.

Generally, I had a good record as a patient throughout all four commitments. But unlike Mr. Jimison, through disgust, I finally turned out to be a non-conformist and an adventurer in the darkness, and had a burning desire to break nearly every rule of the institution . . . I even had a vague desire to tear the institution down and have a better one, and as a symbol, once led a few patients around the building and knocked a decaying brick from a crumbling corner with head uncovered and with all the pretended ceremony of a cornerstone laying.

Your series of articles proves that there has been but little improvement in the system. What may be referred to as improvement is only groundwork for better. Now is the time to keep it rolling.

Prejudice and a measure of conservatism will have to go before we stop wasting the taxpayers' money on the improvement of patients instead of teaching them how to get well and stay well. At this stage, the medical profession has just about progressed to the point where they know what is the matter with a patient but know comparatively little about speeding his recovery. They are wonderful on diagnosis, but short on remedy. Their progress is highly commendable. Now they can and will supply the remedy.

—ROBERT HARRELL.

Route 2, Shelby.

Abuse? The Very Idea!

Editors, THE NEWS:

I trust that no one will take it for granted that I am attacking Tom Jimison's letters, "Out of the Night of Morganton," as have appeared in series in the Charlotte News. On the other hand, I would not have one believe that I am trying to sweeten the public on the State Hospital at Morganton, N. C.

Whether or not he intended it so to be, thousands of people in North Carolina and other states have been made extremely unhappy by Tom's letters. It must be remembered that when one becomes hopelessly insane and is committed to the care of the State, all the heartaches and sorrows do not remain behind the walls of the institution.

Back in the home where there was once happiness, the family circle has been broken and tragedy and sorrow have stalked their midst.

I was in the employ of that institution approximately thirteen years. My duties took me to every quarter of the building, to the attic, the basement, the wards, the work shops, the grounds and in the offices. I am sure that I know the conditions existing there better than the average nurse or attendant.

It was on the evening of Nov. 20, 1928, that I was handed my keys and directed to the ward by the supervisor, a fine old gentleman of 50 years service. As we descended a flight of winding stairs, he stopped abruptly, laid his hand on my arm and said: "We will teach you the work from day to day, the attendants and all of us will be glad to instruct you, but one important thing I shall say now: The hospital requires all employees to be kind to the patients, they need our help, not our abuse."

After he had looked me over as if to see if I had digested what he had most effectively emphasized, he opened the door and introduced me to the attendant in charge. I shall not attempt to tell you what I saw behind the walls. Those who have not seen should not care to know. But kind, my God! Abuse, the very idea! Where can the man be found who is so brutal as to abuse or fail one of those unfortunate beings? I could then understand why the Supervisor had dwelt on that point and I soon learned that the policy of the institution, from the ground sills up, was the consideration of the patient. The first charge is kindness and the eyes of the doctor and supervisors are constantly upon the nurses and attendants, to see to it that they are cared for and made as comfortable as possible. Employees who are inconsiderate and disposed to be unkind are readily discharged and there is no punishment prescribed for patients. If it becomes necessary to seclude or confine one, it is for his protection and for the safety of others and not merely to punish him. Patients are never forced to work.

Please do not understand me to say that irregularities never occur and that things don't happen. Frankly, things do happen but it is invariably with the regrets of the doctors and all concerned and every precaution possible is taken to prevent them.

—HERBERT DAVES SR.

Cane Broad Oaks Sanatorium, Morganton.

Side Glances

"Oh, yes, she wants to help in the war effort, but she's waiting for the organization of some unit with a uniform she likes!"

Visitin' Around

Oh

(North Wilkesboro Hustler)

Mr. Sam Ogilvie of Oakwoods community, has been employed at the Duke Power Company's for a few days —typewriting.

Be Apprised Herewith

(Greers Chapel item, Lexington Dispatch)

The many friends of Mrs. W. W. Michael will learn that she is at home.