THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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● W. C. Dowd, 1865-1927 ●

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Sad Figures

Already They Contrast With Losses in World War I

If anything were needed to drive home to this country the cold, shocking realization that it is immersed in the barbarism that is war, it should be supplied by the release Saturday of the Navy's summary of casualties for the first four months of war, the release by the Navy of the names which stand for the personalities extinguished in the early stages of the war, and the Army's release of a first and preliminary casualty list of the Philippines.

Already casualties in this war exceed in two respects casualties for the whole fifteen months of World War I. In that earlier struggle Navy losses at sea — killed, died of wounds or missing were a total of 77 officers and 794 men, dead alone, only partly explained by severe losses at Pearl Harbor, the Navy lists for the first four months of this war nearly 3,000 individuals. The number of missing (mainly attributed to disastrous actions in the Battle for Java) is 2,495; and none of the figures above takes into consideration the large loss of life among merchant seamen.

The other respect in which casualties in War II already exceed those of a similar category for the whole of War I is the depressing one of prisoners. The Army has not yet made public a summary of losses on Bataan, but it is a certainty that most of the 35,000 troops there when Bataan fell, about a fifth of them were continental Americans, the rest U. S. Filipinos, were taken prisoner by the Japs. The comparable figure for all of that other war—4,500.

Avoid Bayboro

Nazi Paratroopers Best Select Another Spot

Pamlico County, North Carolina, is almost surrounded by blue water. On two sides of it the Neuse River and the Pamlico River flow into Pamlico Sound, a great body of water, mostly shallow, which lies between the mainland of North Carolina and her famous banks. Bayboro is the name of a village of 500 population in Pamlico. It lies on an inlet on the sound.

One day last week three unidentified parachutists were seen descending to earth near Bayboro. At any rate, they were thought to be seen, and it is likely that they were, because the Marines have a large base down south a ways in Onslow County. But Marines or not, the people of Bayboro were taking no chances.

When the report ran through the inlet town, its 500 people turned out 700 strong, many of them armed with shotguns or other weapons, and began a search of the sandy countryside and its bays. They found no parachutists and no Nazi troopers or Fifth Columnists of any kind, but it is plain to see from their behavior that if they had found any such, somebody would have got hurt.

Let Mr. Hitler and Air Marshall Goering take notice. Parachute troops would do well to pick out some other spot than Bayboro. The same goes, we daresay, for almost any other locality in North Carolina.

That Season

The Dry Weather Brings Out A Few Choice Incunabula

The sun bore down last week, and the atmosphere was sometimes dry and sometimes humid as though it was laboring to deliver rain to a dusty earth. In such weather the eccentricities of that noble being we call man and that exalted order we call civilization always become a little more pronounced, making them say and do things worthy of inclusion in our regular weekly report on the Silly Season.

For example, the weather itself. How does the old jingle go—April showers bring May flowers? In April it rained less than nine-tenths of an inch—.88, to be exact; and for many Victory Gardens it was a case of "N" for No Soap. On the eve of a full-dress blackout and simulated air raid in Charlotte, N. C., with all manner of services on the qui vive to cope with whatever problems arose, including several hundred boys to serve as messengers in case bombs demolished the telephone system, somebody in Civilian Defense happened to think of the child labor laws. A query was dispatched to Raleigh asking if it were against the law. Air raid wardens, auxiliary policemen and firemen are said to be hoping for an affirmative opinion so that they may put in a claim with Civilian Defense for pay and a half on blackout nights.

Also in Charlotte, N. C., a house caught on fire. The alarm was turned in, but when the firemen got there the man of the house fought tooth and toenail to keep them from fighting the flames. Evidently his maxim was that once you had a good fire going, why put it out?

In Washington, D. C., the War Production Board gathered together in full solemnity and issued an order that ice cream makers would have to limit themselves to twenty flavors. All over the land an anguished cry arose—Oh, Mr. Nelson, take away our chocolate and vanilla, if you must, our peach, strawberry and raspberry ice; but oh, Mr. Nelson, please, sir, don't take away our tutti frutti! Not that!

The Silly Season, made a little grimmer by the intrusion of war notes, moved on. Where it would break out next, nobody knew; but that it would break out somewhere was sure.

On The Fence

Mr. Daniels and Sgt. Scott Will Have To Argue This Out

There is nothing Josephus Daniels likes better than to go rip-snorting into something he doesn't like. And so when he suddenly took it into his head that it was undemocratic for Army nurses (who are commissioned officers) not to be allowed to have dates with enlisted men, he sat down and wrote himself a piece and said that this "rotten tradition stinks." And what was more,

> "The bunk that such snobbery promotes discipline is absurd. Off duty, men are equals. On duty, the orders of ranking officers must be obeyed, and all privates are glad to render such obedience. They resent—and so does every red-blooded American—this so-called unwritten law of denial of fundamental rights."

Mr. Daniels tirade, delivered with the accumulated vigor of his 80 crusading years, strikes us as somewhat on the order of all the worrying the country went through a few months ago over the soldier boys' morale. The poor soldier boys, people would say; their morale is so low—(as though they needed a pill or something). And all the time the soldier boys went quietly on doing what they had to do and letting their morale take care of itself until the people started worrying about something else.

So in the no-dates-with-nurses-for-enlisted-men case. That is, who's kicking? The nurses? The enlisted men?

What we suspect has happened is that Mr. Daniels went to see that movie, "To the Shores of Tripoli," and had his notions of democratic behavior offended when a Marine sergeant told off a fresh private for pestering a nurse—and, boy, was she good looking! The Marine sergeant, by the way, was Randolph Scott, an old Charlotte boy, and while the rest of the Marine Corps may be hotly resentful of this no-date tradition, Randolph seemed to think it was a pretty good idea.

Under the circumstances, being torn between respect for Mr. Daniels' views and Randolph's feeling about it, probably the wisest thing for us to do is to express no opinion at all.

The Chinese call the Jap interloper a "dwarf" or "turtle"—deadly insults to the Asiatic way of thought, and no accolade in any language.

An Illinois thief lifts his loot through open windows with a hook and line. To hear him tell of the davenport that got away would be tiresome.

Naturally an inside story on Nazi Europe must be written from the outside, as the insider has to keep on living there.

A thoughtful editor in the prairie country prefers a cow to a saxophone because in addition to making the same noise it gives milk.

In time, no doubt, they will have reduced this new currency to the decimal system, with 100 empty toothpaste tubes equaling a used inner tube.

He Avoided PlainLingo

WASHINGTON.

MR. Roosevelt was disgusted when his civilian defense administrator, Jim Landis, used the phrase "termination of the illumination" to describe what people should do in a black-out. He demanded plain English and changed it to "turn out the lights."

So when the President described his labor purposes to "stabilize the remuneration," a bold reporter at his press conference asked him if he could not also translate that into plain English. The President only told the reporter to listen to a subsequent speech (which afforded no greater clarity about what is to be done).

The President did not direct the War Labor Board to freeze wages. He told it merely to try to stabilize them, case by case, on the basis of the cost of living. That is just about what the Government is supposed to have been doing the last few months, holding down the cost of living and holding down wages without freezing them.

But in the 45 labor cases tried so far by the board, 43 unions have been granted wage increases. Only one of these was directly ordered. The other increases were granted by negotiations under the benevolent influence of the board.

A LITTLE PHRASE SHALL GUIDE THEM

Exactly what the board is now to do further to "stabilize the remuneration" is not yet clear to anybody, including the board. Mr. Roosevelt seems to have handed it a bewildering phrase and a problem, not a solution.

Four important cases are now pending in which specific answers must be found. The workers of Little Steel, General Motors, the Aluminum Co. and Bethlehem Shipbuilding Co. are all asking the board for a dollar a day increase. If the board employs Mr. Roosevelt's formula, it will have to grant much more than the unions asked.

The Little Steel contract was made April 1, a year ago. Since that time, the cost of living has increased 12 per cent. But the dollar a day increase the unions are asking is only a 10 per cent increase, and apparently no official authority believes even this is justified.

All advance off-the-record comment from the board indicates a very small increase is all that will be seriously considered. Thus the policy is obviously not going to be retroactive.

AN ORDER SHOULD HAVE ISSUED

But if Mr. Roosevelt wanted to "stabilize the remuneration," with the cost of living only from now on, he would have frozen wages as of today and instructed the board to handle future cases on that basis.

Such a direct method was proposed in the general economic plan understood to have been submitted to him by his counsellors, Vice-President Wallace and Price-Piece Henderson. The President turned it down.

Now all Board Chairman Davis has said is that he wants to stop the upward wage trend and yet preserve flexibility. This leaves the matter in just about the same confused state as when the President handed it to him.

IT'S GOING TO BE A BUSY BOARD

The final policy must therefore be established by the Board as a whole in individual cases, and probably run toward two general principles:

1—To prevent inequalities in wages, that is, as between competitive manufacturers bidding for skilled workers.

2—To fix standard wage rates so as not to cause further increases in the cost of living.

All this makes one point crystal clear. Before stabilization of the remuneration, there will have to be some stabilization of the remunerators.

A Tip to Hitler From Xerxes

New York Times

When a storm on the Hellespont scattered good King Xerxes' invasion ships, the Persian monarch caused the waters of the Hellespont to be whipped by the court executioners. If the Russian Winter went back on Hitler to the extent of 53 degrees below zero, why didn't the Fuehrer order all the thermometers to be decapitated?

One of Life's Sensations

Marlboro County Herald

If he will own up to it every man will admit that few things have happened to him since he has reached manhood estate that equaled the exquisite pain experienced as a boy when he sat his foot down squarely upon a hedge thorn or a particularly vicious sand burr. The memory of such poignant experiences still lingers with every man who was privileged to go barefooted during vacation as a boy.

Why Not a Passport Photo?

Kinston Free Press

We have been asked several times what one's age, weight, color of eyes or other physical dimensions have to do with sugar rationing. We are still in the dark. We simply cannot conceive of any plausible reason. Evidently there is something in the minds of the powers that be, who are making the rules, that hasn't occurred to the rest of us.

Official "Good Humor Month" in Germany

—By Herblock

A General On The War

By Lieut.-Gen. Brehon Somerville

(Note: Lieut.-Gen. Brehon Somervell is head of the Army's supply services. Recently he took time off to address the workers of the Otis Elevator Co. at Yonkers, N. Y., which he did in so forceful yet so simple a manner that his remarks deserve a continuing audience. We reprint the greater portion of them herewith. — Editors, The News.)

The time has come, I believe, to face facts. There has been too much wishful talking, too much blinking away the truth. I could come here this afternoon and indulge in pleasant generalities, and pat you on the back and praise you for the job you are doing, and praise our soldiers on all fronts for the job they are doing, and we'd all leave here feeling not only happy but secure. I don't intend to do that. There is nothing for us to feel happy about at this stage of the war. There is very little security for freemen in the world today. If we are going to win this war, we must face the truth no matter how it hurts. I intend to give you the truth as I see it.

Our enemies have been preparing for ten years, while we talked about preparedness. Their leaders have played a crafty game; they built great arsenals in secret while they assured us that they wished us no harm. They proclaimed their friendship for us while they planned our destruction. Their envious eyes sized up our wealth while they schemed to strip it from us.

While we followed the ways of peace, while we explored new frontiers of freedom, and while we walked careless and unheeding on new paths of democracy, they were preparing for war.

WHAT IT WILL TAKE TO WIN

They prepared with the vigor and the singleness of purpose which we in America do not yet understand. In Germany and in Japan war preparation means the complete and utter domination of every hour of the time of every man, woman and child by the state. It means self-sacrifice for everyone such as we in America have never known. It means the united effort on the part of industry, management, and the armed forces, such effort as we never have attained, but must attain if we are going to win.

The sacrifices of our soldiers and sailors we take for granted. They are part of the tradition of our fighting men. But in this total war no line is drawn between the sacrifice of the soldier and the worker, the sailor and the farmer. Hitler blasted that line out of the London sky.

TROOPS, TROOPS AND MORE TROOPS

I'm not one of those people who say glibly that American inventiveness will win the war, or that American production will win the war, or that American labor will win the war. They all can help. And they all will have to help to the uttermost of their endurance—but it's the men in the front lines who will win this war.

But they can't win it without the complete, whole-hearted, unselfish co-operation of every American back home. And those of us who are back home — secure because of those others fighting on the fronts—are going to have to give up many of the things that we now take for granted in order that the soldiers and the sailors will have enough with which to fight. The people at home will have to exhibit the same spirit that our fliers in China have made a symbol of valor in the whole East, the same loyalty that our sailors show carrying the arms and the ammunition to Europe and the Eastern sea, the same skill, the same stout-hearted courage that have made Bataan a bright and stirring word on the pages of history.

EVERYONE HAS A JOB TO DO

We must convince ourselves that this job of turning out the arms and ammunition for our fighting forces is not just another job. Unless we do it supremely well, there aren't going to be any jobs at all, as we know jobs; there aren't going to be any closed shops and there aren't going to be any open shops. Hitler and the Japs aren't in the least interested in the 40-hour week or the 50-hour week or the 60-hour week. They're not interested in little business or big business.

I'm not talking to labor only, this afternoon. I'm talking to labor and industry and management—and they will sink or swim together. It is manifestly unfair for management to meet on the golf links this Spring to discuss what it's going to do about labor. And it's unfair for labor to take advantage of these dire times to talk about what it's going to do about management.

I'm telling you this war isn't anybody's "pink tea," and until all of us realize that, we're not going to win.

ON THESE MINUTES LIVES HANG

Remember that, each hour of each day as you labor. Not a single minute dare we waste. I begrudge these minutes lost to production. Lives hang on these minutes, and lives of American soldiers are more important to every one of you than anything else.

As I said in the beginning, I could come in here and wave the flag and send you home feeling fine. But you'd rather have me come here honestly and realistically, bringing you the plain truth. It doesn't pay to wait for miracles either in warfare or in industry. The only miracles we know today are made of brains and brawn, of sweat and blood.

Every time you think that you're on a tough spot, remember the men of Bataan. They were too busy protecting this job of yours to think of profits or wages, overtime or investment or anything else. And all they asked in return was that you make the guns and the shells with which they could fight.

We all, every one of us, must pledge our hands and dedicate our lives to the task of making Bataan a symbol of pride and glory and victory as well as a symbol of sacrifice.

Still Un-Blitzed

Baltimore Evening Sun

The other day we learned that the garrisons of Corregidor and Malta had exchanged greetings. Well they might, for the men who have held the underground galleries of the Mediterranean island and those who have withstood every attack on the subterranean corridors of the fortress in Manila Bay know better than any of us the full measure of the valor and fortitude of such defense.

We all see them, of course, as co-equal symbols of courage and stubborn devotion to duty. What we can also see is that their protracted resistance writes another chapter into that long history of anomalies which this war has already compiled.

Here is a struggle that seems to have overthrown every precept drawn from the conflict of 1914-18 regarding the "advantages" enjoyed by the defense. Nowhere has there been, as yet, any sign of that warfare of trench systems, of "position", which so long seesawed in bloody stalemate nearly a generation ago. Everywhere, or so it seems, the tremendously mobile attack has carried all before it, the strategy of maneuver has smashed and overwhelmed the ponderous fixed defenses. Mountain barriers have been taken with a rush. Great fortifications have fallen with incredible swiftness—the strong harbor forts of Trondheim and Oslo, the Belgians' great works at Eben Emael, the Maginot Line itself and costly, supposedly impregnable, Singapore.

Yet this same fluid war of rapid movement with all its breakthrough instruments and tactics of encirclement and infiltration has produced some extraordinary examples of "stone-walling" by beleaguered forces holding some isolated point, with or without benefit of fortification.

So today Sevastopol stands at the rear of the German armies in the Ukraine, Corregidor still denies the free use of Manila harbor to the Japanese fleet and Malta intervenes between the Axis and Tripolitania. These isolated points of strength and steadfast resistance will not decide the outcome of the war, but what has been accomplished by the men who have held them and who still hold them will assuredly help to influence that decision.

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

But he opens minds and hearts of all: *He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.* —*Mark 7:37.*

Side Glances

"My mother is just recovering from an operation—I suppose it would go pretty hard with her if I didn't pass the sixth grade!"

Intimation At Lashio

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

AS I read the chilling news that the Japanese had taken Lashio, key point on the air line into China, I remembered the tragic conversation I had with General Stilwell at Chungking on April 2.

He had just come back from the defeat at Toungo. It was a bitter moment. A short time before General Stilwell had been made Chief of Staff for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, the first time a foreigner had been placed in charge of Chinese troops. General Stilwell had spent many years in China. He spoke the language, and was loved and trusted by the Chinese. Now they had placed him in command because of their confidence in him and in the strength of the United States standing behind him.

General Stilwell is an old Army man, a tough, rough, iron-gray, outspoken fighter. Uncle Joe is far more at home at the front than in the parlor. He knew what was expected of him, what he wanted to do, and how little he had to do it with. His spirit told him he must win regardless of everything. His military sense told him it was an almost impossible task. He had suffered his first defeat and he had reason to know it might not be his last. He was in Chungking to get support for the next battle he knew was coming.

WORDS HAD TO DO FOR REINFORCEMENTS

General Stilwell got all the support that was available. The available support consisted largely of morale from the Chinese. The Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek and General Stilwell piled into an airplane and flew to Lashio and from there went on down to the front to rally the Chinese forces against the next Japanese attack.

All three of them knew how much depended on it. All three knew the hard facts. They knew that the American Volunteer Group, for all its brilliant success, had been whittled down until it could do no more than harass the Japanese, who had real control of the air. They knew Lashio had already been bombed and was coming fast into the line of fire and that the huge airfield then being made still larger, was practically helpless to defend itself. On the most recent Japanese raid the bombs were dropping before the alarm sounded. The airfield was not hit that time but the Japanese came within a few hundred yards of it. I stood on the airfield on Easter Sunday and saw the situation first hand .It was easy to believe then what I was told about the prospects.

ONLY THEIR FLESH TO BAR THE ENEMY

Down at the front General Stilwell already had almost exhausted his meager supply of heavy artillery in the effort to hold Toungoo. There was no more heavy ammunition to come. He had no anti-tank guns, no anti-aircraft. Japanese tanks could not be stopped. The Chinese troops could only throw hand grenades and then jump into the ditches and hope the Japanese tanks would break down. Two Chinese divisions had to be thrown against one Japanese Division to stand a chance. The Chinese took bayonet wounds because they could not fight without getting up into hand-to-hand combat with the Japanese.

Between these two battles, General Stilwell could only pace the floor and pray that somehow reinforcements would come in. Some American fighter planes did arrive within a day or two. But many more were needed and it would be a few weeks before they could be expected. Could he hold until they arrived?

THEY DESERVED A BETTER FATE

General Stilwell and the Chinese troops deserved better than to have to take these defeats. Yet they knew, as everyone familiar with the conditions knew, that almost insuperable difficulties stood in the way of getting equipment in. Everything was done that could be done. Everyone was giving the best he had, to make up for the lack of weapons.

Our thanks and admiration and understanding are poor substitutes for our inability to deliver, yet they are about all we can offer now to comfort General Stilwell and the Chinese who are suffering with him.

Visitin' Around

They Come to Any Conclusion?

(New Salem Item, Monroe Journal)

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Smith and children spent Sunday in the western part of the state viewing the mountains.

That Much of a Change From What She Was Before That?

(Wall City Item, Lexington Dispatch)

Mrs. A. O. Styers has improved somewhat from what she was some time ago.