THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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● W. C. Dowd, 1865-1927 ●

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1942

Men Behind The Milestones

For Its Commercial Development Charlotte Has More Than a Happen-So To Thank

This city's confidence that its industrial growth and commercial development were its heritages by manifest destiny must have received something of a shock in WPA's report on unoccupied dwelling units. Between November 1941, when a survey had been made and the first week of June 1942, when this last survey was made, some 250 dwelling units had been vacated. The total vacancy in habitable white dwelling units was 672. Moreover, it was estimated that 1 100 rooms in occupied dwellings were for rent—all this mind you despite the additional demands for housing by the personnel of the Air Base and Quartermaster Depot.

Charlotte, plain to see, was suffering from the industrial dislocations of the war, and not receiving any direct impetus from war-production. It was losing population—still may be for that matter. But we think it will not be for long.

It's as good a time as any to point out that while the accidents of geography and physical resources may play a large part in the exploitation of a community so blessed commercial progress in an ordinary city cannot be safely left to chance. Go back only two or three years and pick out exhibits in Charlotte's economic advancement and you will find that most of them did not simply happen. The forethought and energy and civic aggressiveness of Charlotteans made them happen.

The Air Base? Ben Douglas virtually hauled it here. The same goes for the Quartermaster Depot, with valuable assistance from citizens who still prefer not to be identified with it. Our 100,000 population—still may be for that matter. But we think it will not be for long.

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The Decorators

Department of Interior Holds Up War Business

In the throes of whelping a war machine, we had thought, our Congress might be more than a little preoccupied. Too much, indeed, was our idea, to attend to business-as-usual in more than a perfunctory manner. Obviously, we were mistaken. As a passing instance:

Last week, The House looked at the 1943 Department of Interior appropriation bill for the second time. It passed the House originally at something over $62 million dollars. It came back from the Senate pumped up to almost 137 millions—a difference of some 24 millions, which was noted in the House.

In all, the bill (which dealt with Indian schools, arts crafts, Soil Moisture Conservation, Bituminous Coal Division, Information Division, among other items) had suffered 297 amendments to be tacked on to it in the Senate. Speakers in the House said that Senate steersmen had "hypnotized" House conferees in joint hearings. They must have.

The debate went on indefinitely with talk of public millions bandied about without care. Finally Rep. Dirksen of Illinois called attention to the fact that the 24 extra millions were not chicken feed, certainly not in Illinois, and begged for a maximum of effort on military bills—and a serious attempt to hold down other costs of Government.

For Mr. Dirksen we were ready to cheer. Then Rep. Jones of Ohio had an idea. The bill, he said, was too much like juggling for him in the e times. An information bureau for the Interior, costing over two million yearly, was a big item for him to swallow. He understood from experts, he said, that the whole Government needed less money for information bureaus than that.

In the long arguments there was a good deal of the political kind of the highly-regarded Representatives who spoke seemed to realize that they were fiddling while a world burned. The majority wanted to keep down social costs. We considered that admirable, but aware, if we ever had the chance, to cast a vote for a certain Rep. Rich of Pennsylvania, who had an answer for the whole shebang.

When asked if the War Production Board had not recommended a certain item in the bill, he said in what should be immortal words: "There is always somebody recommending something."

Applying for state unemployment insurance, a westerner was offered a job. He could only say no, as it would upset the continuity.

No Hurry

Next Police Chief Ought To Be Carefully Selected

If Chief Joyner of the much-neglected Police Department is on the way out, as they say he is, then the time has come for all good citizens to implore the City Council to replace him at begone and not in haste. Without wanting to kick a man when he is down, we are obliged to observe, for the purposes of this argument, that Joyner never should have been elected Chief of Police. His service record alone should have compelled the Council to pass him over, however regretfully.

In sharp contrast to the election of Joyner a year and a half ago was the naming of Linberger to be Chief of the County Police. This was done by the County Civil Service Commission only after the fullest consideration. The FBI was consulted, a number of candidates for the job were interviewed, the most thorough investigation was made by the diligent, responsible men on the commission. And as a result of pains taken in the first place, the sequel has been that the County department has operated ever since with a minimum of trouble and a maximum of efficiency.

At the time Joyner was elected the law was that the chief had to come from the department. That had the effect of severely limiting the field of eligibles and postponing the reorganization which the department so plainly needed then and still needs. But the law is no longer on the books. The next chief may come from Charlotte or from Cherokee.

And where he comes from is of no importance at all. What matters is the man himself.

The watch on the House is being given the works.

Soldiers are large numbers will vote this year, and an admiring Congress moves to raise their pay. Any resemblance here to a coincidence is entirely accidental.

"The supply of drama on Broadway," says a review of the past, unsatisfactory season, "is far below the demand." They can't say, though, that La Guardia didn't try.

Congressmen want gas masks, and one can hardly blame the fellows, trapped as they often are in a closed chamber with an orator running.

We Still Have Hope

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON

SOME disappointment is evident in women's clubs and among citizen groups unfamiliar with military factors particularly on the Pacific Coast against the Roosevelt-Churchill conduct of the war.

The failure of their joint statement to promise anything very definite coming after the Dutch Harbor raid and the occupation of two remote isles in the Aleutian Islands, plus the weak, dismal British failure in Libya seems to be starting another wave of impatience, not shared by persons in possession of the facts.

Enough truly bad news is probably coming along to let the faint-hearted indulge themselves fully, without conjuring imaginary dangers.

Fall of Sevastopol has been counted here as likely for the past two weeks. When that Russian naval base goes, about 20 good Nazi divisions will be released for the delayed "spring" drive in the Donets Basin.

The equally important part of the Halfa Nazi occupation of Sevastopol, would not only clear the Crimea but give the Germans an excellent Black Sea port into which to pour supplies by boat from Rumania via the Danube and from Constanza.

The Egyptian situation has recently been judged as serious, but not hopeless by the British. They have a good line, if they can hold it.

The sands there are loose and difficult for tanks. Trucks and supply trains cannot pass. There are no camel trains.

The southern flank is protected further by waterless depth of a different type. Camels can get through, but mechanized equipment would have to go a long way around.

Not bragging statement from Messrs. Roosevelt and Churchill, therefore, would have been unlikely and might have a shortlived effect.

Impatient persons should face facts. Everyone wants a second front in Europe but the decision to launch that front should be made on a military, not a political basis. The military leaders must decide when they have enough men and material to win.

The Dutch Harbor raid was a sideshow and the occupation of the Aleutian Islands (we are Japan from Midway Island) is a matter of so no importance.

You cannot blame Mr. Roosevelt for Libya. The British were so confident there, they had taken little interest in getting our lend-lease material there for three months past. They had all they wanted or needed—except a clever fighting general like MacArthur.

Churchill and the British will have to answer for that one alone.

THE SUGAR MESS SWEETENS UP

The Government is coming clean on sugar, at least moderately clean. While exact figures of sugar stocks like those of gasoline are suppressed by censorship (not the voluntary kind), the Henderson office has announced stocks are only 20 per cent below last year.

Government officials privately claim that these stories you read about warehouses bulging everywhere with sugar, are circulated by political forces who want to kill the Sugar Act.

Apparently South coast storage houses are overflowing, because they are not accustomed to handling as large a portion of the supply as has pointed in upon them lately. Also a Texas factory said it was going to shut down because it had no storage space left.

The country as a whole has no surplus sugar, although the question of how much rationing is justified is still open.

Into the Dungeon Of Delight

Henry R. Guild
In "The Best I Know."

Mr. Guild decided one day to get some golf in his golf. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at the course and there was only one caddy left—a little fellow. And he asked whether the lad would go round with him.

"I've never caddied before," the youngster said.

"That's all right," Guild replied, "that will make it about a fifty-fifty proposition."

So they started off. On and off the first tee-box the caddy got considerable exhilaration as the golfer used practically every club in the bag. Finally he got about three yards off the green. At this point he had a sort of Bobby Jones complex, so that when he hit the ball it rolled across the green and dropped into the cup. The little fellow ran up to the flag, pulled it out, looked down into the hole, and then with a look of utter despair he turned to Mr. Guild and said, "Say boy, you are sure in a hell of a fix now."

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

Every life soon or late needs better faith. Such faith has been justified in God's people: *When thou passest through the water, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.*—Isaiah 43:2.

Save Now To Avoid That Two-Front Problem

—By Herblock

Under Darkness And Censorship

Another AEF Embarks

By Raymond Clapper

A U S ARMY PORT OF EMBARKATION.

THROUGH the courtesy of the War Department, I recently had an opportunity to see how American troops are moving out of the country in large numbers to foreign fighting fronts.

It was late at night and I was standing with several Army officers at the foot of the gangplank. For more than an hour I watched a single file of soldiers, each carrying his full war equipment, walk up the gangplank to be checked into the transport. That went on for hours.

The layman has little idea of the enormous amount of preparation that leads up to such scenes as this. Sometimes as much as six months is required to work out and meet the many streams of supplies and services that make it possible within a space of 24 hours or so to assemble thousands of men from different camps and thousands of tons of food, trucks, spare parts, and carefully concealed fighting equipment, all of it put aboard at pre-arranged places on the ship without lost motion or confusion.

Shortly before dusk we drove to where the troop trains were converging. They came from both north and south, a number of them arriving in the switch yards within five minutes of each other, all loaded with soldiers, black and white, whose laughing faces were sticking out of the windows as the trains pulled in. Within the same period a string of buses arrived from a few distant point, also loaded with troops. Red Cross ladies in uniform were standing by rows of coffee urns and huge containers of doughnuts. For a few minutes the soldiers were allowed out of the trains to stretch their legs. Some outfits had not previously been equipped with the new service helmets. These lined up to exchange their old tin hats for the new model headgear.

We went back to the port of embarkation and at frequent intervals the troop trains came into the enormous terminal warehouse and drew alongside platforms. The men were lined up on the platform and checked in by their officers. Then they were allowed to sit down on the platform while waiting to move on the gangplank.

Inside the ship the men were stowed away in berths stacked in tiers of three and four. These filled every corner of the ship's parlors and much of the deck space. One little corner of the promenade deck was left clear for shuffleboard. Otherwise, the promenade deck had been boarded in and filled with bunks.

Orders were that each man should lie down on his bunk immediately upon locating it and there they remained until the ship was ready to move a few hours later on in the night.

All this is carried on with the greatest secrecy. The troop trains are shunted around the city outskirts and brought in to the terminal after dark. Only persons pledged to secrecy are allowed in the stations.

Usually troops are brought in and held incommunicado for several days at staging camps near the port embarkation. In an unusually large movement this is not possible. However, the staging camps here had been filled up, and earlier in the day I saw officers making their final check of equipment. Every article that each soldier carries is checked over. Sometimes small items of equipment are missing and these must be supplied. The officers discovered that one soldier had somehow swaped his medical shots and he was given typhoid, smallpox and several other shots all together. That should have been done weeks ago. But one purpose of this staging camp is to correct such oversights.

Once in the staging camp no officer or soldier is allowed to telephone to the outside world. All mail is censored. So we said farewell to America.

If you go back of these scenes you discover that former tailored officials now serving as Army officers in the Services of Supply had arranged special train service long in advance. Railroads had to be given detailed orders in time to assemble special equipment and reconsider train schedules so that these special troop trains could move through. Arrangements had to be made for feeding the men en route and for assembling periodically all the cost of embarkation food to carry them on their voyage and to supply them on the other side until additional shipments would arrive.

Platform Of The People

Streamline The Dollar

Editors, The News:

With war authorizations by Congress already beyond the two hundred billion dollar mark, the people this Summer have the opportunity of their voting careers to send back to Congress only men who will pledge themselves unreservedly to restore to the Congress its constitutional right to create its own money for national defense spending thus eliminating borrowings and interest debt.

Article 1, Section 8, part 5 of the Constitution of the United States decrees that Congress shall have the power to coin (print) money and to regulate the value thereof. That mandate has never been repealed, amended or modified by the people at the polls.

Ecclesiastes, Chapter 10, verse 19, has this to say about money: "A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry: but money answereth all things."

Therefore, it behooves the U.S.A. to streamline its money system if we are to win the war and carry top weight in presenting the Atlantic Charter at the peace table. Broke nations, like broke individuals, have few friends and little influence.

W. R. Howard,
4401 Vinson St.
Fort Worth, Texas.

Many a Reader Will Miss Averill

Editors, The News:

I note that Henry Averill, Raleigh correspondent and columnist of "Capital Parade," is discontinuing his feature and is going into the armed forces. I had the pleasure of knowing him back in 1932 and have regretted my friendly acquaintance with him from time to time. He is a good father and husband, an accurate and entertaining reporter and Great American.

We fall of his readers and admirers shall miss his daily column, although it is men like him who are needed to turn the tide of victory. Let us hope that "Capital Parade" will return in due season and on a better day.

Sincerely yours,
MERCER A. BLANKENSHIP.
Charlotte, N. C.

Side Glances

"Funny how you can dance all night in those shoes, but can't walk five blocks in them!"

A. Hitler, Nazi Victim

By HOWARD NORTON
In The Baltimore Sun

THERE is growing evidence that Hitler doesn't know what's going on inside Germany, because his own party won't tell him.

Der Fuhrer, it appears, is on the way to godlike isolation that is gradually tutoring him into a German Mikado.

Already, it is said reliably, he is so far removed from the masses that he doesn't hear the complaints. And this fact itself has caused more complaints than any other in recent months.

Now the primary purpose of the many minor fuhrers is to convince their chief that they are doing an excellent job, and thus insure their rise in the Nazi hierarchy. Combined with this purpose is the inner circle's realization that Hitler is a moody man and does not take bad news gracefully.

So the complaints are carefully filtered out before they reach the Fuhrer. And when Hitler confidently talks of German unity and German happiness, observers here believe he probably is sincere.

This fact is affirmed by Louis P. Lochner, the American correspondent, who watched Hitler for years from a vantage point in Berlin.

"It is clear that Hitler is shielded from the complaints," says Lochner.

It is also affirmed by the shortwave listening posts that tune in nightly on the secret broadcasts inside Germany or occupied territory. And these sources add the suggestion that a rift between the party and the army may be developing as a result of the party's policy of protecting Hitler from the complaints.

One of the secret stations in particular—it calls itself "Station Gustav Siegfried I"—violently assails the Gestapo and the Nazi party, along with the "British swine" and the Soviet Union.

Because this station comes on the air regularly—seven minutes before the hour, twenty-four hours a day—and because it has been on the air for month after month, unmolested except by some official radio jamming, the Allied listeners believe that it has the concert approval of the German army.

Their belief is strengthened by the fact the Station Gustav Siegfried I has nothing but the highest praise for the German army as contrasted with the party.

The broadcast always lasts exactly seven minutes. Then ends with the words: "The chief has spoken."

What he calls the Nazi party and the Nazis in general is unpleasant.

But he also has some rare names for the "British swine" and the Bolsheviks.

In his broadcast on May 10 the "chief" declared: "The time has not yet come when it will be self-evident where I am and who I am. We are fighting with all the good Germans for the victory of the right, for a state in which law and justice are the foundations of order and not a monopoly of a small clique of parsons and bribed SS hangmen."

In other broadcasts he has charged:

1. That 1,500,000 healthy party men are exempt from army service just to watch over morale at home and guarantee the party's political leadership, while German women are being forced into factories.

2. That men born between 1910 and 1913 are exempted from army service in order to help "defend the situation at home."

3. That Erich Koch, Gauleiter for the Ukraine, looted all the Russian church treasures that were kept in the "Godless Museum" at Kiev and had them taken to Koch's own estate near Koenigsberg by truck "at a time when our comrades on the Russian front had no Luftwaffe protection because of a shortage of fuel."

4. That Otto Abetz, German Ambassador in Paris, is paying more attention to the French actress Corinne Luchaire than to his duties.

Listeners say it is impossible to tell where the station is located. They doubt that it is in Switzerland because the Swiss are so afraid of displeasing the Germans.

They are convinced, however, that Station Gustav Siegfried I represents a growing group of Germans who are discontented over the fact that only party men can get audiences with Hitler.

And they believe that Hitler's growing isolation is the most potent source of trouble in Germany today.

Visitin' Around

Hey, You Guys On That Ladder—Here Comes Reid!

(Silver Hill Item,
Lexington Dispatch)

Reid Parks, who graduated from Brevard College some two weeks ago, got employment at Lexington right away and is working every day. You can't lie anything with a good boy or girl who wants to keep their chin up.

Just A Couple Of Brass Hats

(Big Branch Item,
Marshall News-Record)

Rear Admiral E. B. Fabe, salesman of Charlotte, N. C., passed through Mars Hill recently and passed while to enjoy the invigorating mountain air and see some friends. He was accompanied by General Simmons.