THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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W. C. Dowd Jr., President and General Manager — J. E. Dowd, Vice-President and Editor

● W. C. Dowd, 1865-1937 ●

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1942

Sample

Solomons Engagement Shows What We're Up Against

It was Thursday, Aug. 6 that the Navy began the landing operation in the Solomon Islands. Even now, twelve days later, little has been reported direct from Admiral Ghormley—for reasons that are as good as they are evident. Only in a general way does the Navy's summary of the action disclose what took place.

There were two battles: the landing action and a sea fight. We won them both, and the Marines and the bluejackets have gained their objectives. The Japs were no pushover; to the contrary, the fighting was furious. We have lost warships, and undoubtedly many planes and men. What the enemy has lost probably will never be known, but everybody is hoping that his losses exceed our own.

The attack on the outlying Solomons has been, at any rate, no picnic despite the fact that it was directed against a Jap outpost, the farthest point of his occupation southeastwards. And if the difficulty of the operation be multiplied by the number of his establishments in the Indies and in the Caroline and Marshall Islands, and if the difficulty of the operation be multiplied again by the greater strength of the enemy in his main bases, we begin to have some conception of what we are up against in any campaign to roll the Jap back, stepping stone by stepping stone, from the Pacific territory he has occupied.

The approaches to Tokyo either from "down under" or from the west or by way of the Kuriles offer a sobering prospect, at best. We not only would have to deliver a series of haymakers against a tough adversary, we would have to reach out for him, so to speak—hit from a distance, while he devoted himself to in-fighting. The more he retreated, the more compact his defense would become, and even after he had been driven to a corner, the corner would be an island against which any direct assault would have to be overwhelming to be successful: of the magnitude of a German invasion of England or a British-American invasion of the continent of Europe.

With this set of known factors, the old comfortable theories of how to dispose of Japan in short order are disclosed to have been super optimistic. Sea power, we know now, cannot operate against a land-based enemy without risking terrific punishment in the process. It all suggests that our ultimate strategy will call for licking Japan in the air, annihilating her air strength, before we dare move in for the kill.

B'tl'r Up!

Box Se'res Pres'nt S'me W'drous Abbr'ations

Foreigners who have a hard time understanding American baseball would be totally helpless in translating the names of baseball players as they appear in box scores these days. Doubling those box scores up two to the column, as most papers do, leaves only six pica, an inch-minus, in which the hurrying linotype operator must set the player's name, his position, his times at bat, runs, hits, outs and assists. And if the player's name is anything much longer than Jones, it is up to the linotype operator somehow to cut it down to the space available.

This leads to astonishing combinations of letters which are unintelligible except to the more faithful fans. "B'w'th," for example. Who would guess that this short and unpronounceable explosion of consonants identifies Mr. Jimmy Bloodworth, second sacker for the Detroit Tigers, former Hornet. After Mr. B'w'th in the batting order comes a gentleman whose name looks as though he wanted an ugly word with you—Mr. C'mer. Mr. C'mer, if anybody wants to know, is Mr. Roger Cramer.

On the Washington team there is a twin combination which somehow is more suggestive of a fancy dress ball than a base-ditto: Messrs. C'hinr and C'bell. The two DiMaggios come out variously at the linotypers' hands. The Yanks will be playing a D'M'ggio while his brother on the Red Sox will be shown as anything from D'ggio to plain old DiMag'.

Another pair which could be something hollered out from the stands are Muder'l and A'pling—murder that old apples, boys! The G'ivans, F'klins and K'n'dys are easy enough, but we don't believe that the boys in the sports department themselves have more than a faint idea as to the true identity of Muder'l and C'arat. They sound like what the umpire says when he makes those announcements.

Press Agents

Stimson Assigns New Beats To Public Relations Men

Aftermath of the phony air-markers story, released by some Army man with all the pregnant significance of a good spy round-up, is going to be wholesome. Already Secretary Stimson has issued a re-organization order to his chief of publicity, and a first effect of it will be the re-assignment of 75 public relations officers who are in Washington but are not attached to the Army's regulation Bureau of Public Relations, to duty with troops.

A good deal of satire has been heaped upon the War Department's press agents (not to mention the Navy's Lieutenant Commanders on Stork Club patrol) by the working press. And it is absurd on the face of it, for the department to have scores of public relations officers stationed in Washington and functioning wholly apart from its Bureau of Public Relations. But unless the Army is run differently these days, the fault lies not with these converted reporters and desk men, but the higher-ups who stationed them in Washington. And who, pray, would care to station a public relations officer in Washington except some staff officer who was himself stationed in Washington, and who had need, or thought he had need, of someone to see to his public relations?

Polite Reds

But More Than Manner Assures Their Resolve

Communiques released in Moscow and London yesterday following Churchill's return from a four-day trip to Moscow took pains to say that not only were existing understandings reaffirmed but in an atmosphere of "sincerity and cordiality." This reassuring note was intended, we may be positive, not for the Moscow end of the line, which has long craved the reassurance of action instead of words, but for all those in England and the United States who have worried lest Russia, left pretty much on her own against the Nazis, be plotting an independent peace.

The palpable implication of the communiques is that statesmen who sit down together and in "sincerity and cordiality" go over their common problems would never, never think of double-crossing one another. So far as Joseph Stalin is concerned, this effort to make him out a stout fellow, one with us in the cause, may have the effect intended in England and the United States, but it is ludicrously at variance with his character and the character of the Russian people. Persons who know the Russian manner of thought and the psychology which moves these inscrutable Slavs would never be misled by the exhibition of cordiality and sincerity, nor assume the worst from the lack of it.

The one quality which above all others is important in determining what Russia may do is the intense love of country, beyond the ability of Anglo-Saxons to comprehend, which has been engendered in Red Russia. That fervent patriotism, coupled with an Asiatic contempt for both life and death, explains the heroic battle which the Russians have put up against the Nazi invaders, and it is a guarantee, too, that so long as a single German remains on the mother soil, Russians will fight him.

There need be, we do heartily believe, no fear of Russian treachery as matters now stand. She is not above it ethically, and would be restrained by no pact with or compassion for her allies. Indeed, so far as they are concerned, she would strike her battle flags in a minute, and never give it a second thought. But Russians love Russia and hate Germans, and so long as the ones menace the other, Russia will fight on.

In the world of sport, many a minor league nine is now dipping into the red, and any day we can expect the touch to be put on Congress for baseball farm relief.

Side Glances

"She thinks she's the best plane spotter around here, but she wouldn't last five minute if she didn't bring that kid of hers along to identify them!"

All Quiet

Propaganda Front

By Dorothy Thompson

THERE is one branch of warfare, now being practiced by all the powers, which has proven itself of great potential power. That is the psychological war. That is the campaign by which we attempt to break down the enemy morale, encourage our allies, mobilize guerrillas, convince neutrals that their interests lie with us, and prepare the way not only for winning the war but for winning the peace.

Politically, this is the most important branch of the war. We cannot win the war with it, but we can certainly shorten or prolong the war according to whether our psychological warfare is intelligent or stupid.

No one needs to be convinced of its importance, because we have seen what enormous Axis victories have been won with it. Hitler won all his first strategic victories by politics and propaganda. Mussolini managed to keep the allies bamboozled until the day Italy struck; the Japanese diplomacy and propaganda was thoroughly intelligent—for instance in Malaya. And we are feeling the repercussions of Axis propaganda throughout the world—in India, Arabia, Europe, and even in this country, as our sedition trials now show us.

Our Government knows that this war must be fought with planes and tanks and men, and also with ideas. In fact, there never was a war in which ideas counted for so much. And our Government has set up a bureau to wage war with ideas. We don't call this bureau by its real name. The Office of Psychological Warfare. It has a neutral and nondescript title: The Co-ordinator of Information.

So far our knowledge goes. And there it practically ends.

What are we telling our enemy? What are we offering our allies? What line are we taking? What purpose do we hope to accomplish? What evidence is there of any success? Who is in charge of short-wave broadcasts and other propaganda to, say, Germany? To Italy? To Vichy France? To occupied France? To Japan? To anywhere else on this round globe?

We know that hundreds of scripts are being written, day in and day out. By whom? Do you? Does anyone know? Does the President know?

Nobody knows. I hope the bureau itself knows, but if it does it isn't telling. I, at least, have never been able to find out what the policy is. And who determines the policy is an even darker secret. If and when the time comes to strike at central Europe with armies, I expect to know what Generals are in charge of every operation. But we are striking day by day at Central Europe with ideas, and neither you nor I know who is responsible for them.

I suspect that there is no planned strategy whatsoever. And I suspect it on very good evidence. For I myself am a participant in that warfare. Once a week, for months past, I have broadcast to Germany. Moreover, I have organized and edited other broadcasts to Germany. This has been done at the request of a network and with the consent of the Co-ordinator, whose bureau has passed on every script. But I have found it impossible to ascertain what anybody else is saying to Germany. I am unaware of being part of any planned strategy. Presumably there is strategy and somebody is in charge of it, but I don't—officially—know who he is.

Isolated from the main body of troops (if there is a main body of troops) I am waging a little guerrilla war. It's all very well to wage guerrilla war, if your armies have been scattered by the enemy and there is nothing else to do. But it's a miserable way to begin a war, and even guerrillas try to regain contact and receive instructions.

Our domestic propaganda tells us that this is a peoples' war. If it is not a peoples' war in the field of ideas, where is it a peoples' war? Why should we know what the Axis is telling us—information that is available to anyone who listens to short-wave broadcasts—and be in complete darkness as to what we are telling them?

This war is not a conspiracy. It is an open fight for freedom.

Nominations In Order

Editor, The News:

In my opinion, Tom Jimison in his expose of conditions at the State Hospital at Morganton has rendered a greater service to North Carolina than any other man in the recent past. I nominate him for Man of the Year in North Carolina in 1942 and move that the nominations be closed.

—P. C. WHITLOCK

Charlotte.

P. S.: I am not minimizing what Tim Rewis did, but I am talking about Tom now.—PCW.

More Nominations

From The Richmond County Journal

Governor Broughton's committee which investigated conditions at the State Hospital for the Insane at Morganton found many shortcomings there. In its lengthy and thorough report on its findings, most of the trouble was found to have arisen through a shortage of funds.

This, of course, places the blame upon the trustees and the Legislature. The hospital trustees obviously must have known the conditions at the hospital which were so apparent to the investigating committee. And being aware of them, the trustees should have been duty-bound to have fought for increased funds from the State.

It is shameful the way patients were mistreated. Whether their mistreatment arose through neglect or cruelty is not of the same importance as the fact that they were mistreated. Sometimes the most cruel treatment is simply neglect. No one in all the world requires as much attention as the mentally ill. And when they are neglected at a hospital established by the State for their welfare, it is inexcusable.

We feel certain that Governor Broughton will take steps immediately to rectify these errors of the past. He deserves to be commended by his quick action in appointing the committee, as quickly as the conditions were exposed in the state press.

The Charlotte News comes close to deserving a Pulitzer prize for community service in supporting this expose so vigorously. No newspaper can render any aid of any particular value to the community unless that newspaper is courageous. The Charlotte News repeatedly has proved it fulfills this qualification.

And, of course, Tom Jimison must be given credit. It was his idea in the first place. He sold his idea to The News. Jimison is a colorful character. And in his series of most excellent writings on conditions at Morganton, he rendered valuable service to his state.

So our thanks go out to Tom Jimison, Governor Broughton, The Charlote News and the several other state papers which aided in bringing a halt to the unfortunate conditions at our State Hospital for the Insane at Morganton.

The Slowdown

(Mrs. Theo B. Davis, Zebulon Record.)

My youngest sister told me in her last letter about a colored deacon in her community. He runs a filling station and a dance hall, but has one rule which is strictly enforced. All dancing at his place after midnight on Saturdays must be done to hymn music.

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

There is nothing else trustworthy. *Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.—Jeremiah 17.7.*

Hot Stuff

The Fish-Eye Treatment

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

IF Henry J. Kaiser can build these cargo planes at all, he can build them a whole lot faster if Washington will uncross its fingers and give him wholehearted support.

Instead of doing that, Washington gives him the brushoff. Nobody had the nerve to tell Old Man Kaiser to go back to building ships, which he does faster than anybody else. No, they gave him a nicely runaround. They told him in effect: "If you insist on building cargo planes, go ahead and see how far you get. But don't expect any help from us."

If this cargo idea has anything to it, Washington needs to put the same heart into it that Old Man Kaiser has. I mean the same kind of extra grunt that has enabled him to go into the shipbuilding business cold and beat the record. He didn't do that alone. He did it by having the co-operation of many people. He had engineering help, help in getting materials, help of all kinds. These are not one-man jobs. Old Man Kaiser has that rare pressure of enthusiasm that enables him to produce extra results. But he must have the support and co-operation of many others to do it.

Here, in what a friend of mine calls this arsenal of bureaucracy, they stand around with folded arms, eyeing Old Man Kaiser as if he were some kind of nuisance instead of a possible builder of admittedly needed cargo planes. They ought to welcome him. But instead they are afraid he will upset some neat blueprints, cause somebody's schedule to be revised, or interfere with the war production of brass spittoons. They put him in a sack and set him off on a potato race.

Washington goes on the assumption that there is not an ounce of materials left to be squeezed out of a 40-billion-dollar-a-year war program. They tell Kaiser to go out and rummage around the industrial junkyards of the country and see if he can find any machine tools, any critical materials that are not needed in the war effort.

What a piece of business for Washington! What are all those thousands of people doing around Washington? The War Production Board is jammed with technical men of all kinds. The services of any expert in the nation are at the call of Donald Nelson. With all those thousands of employees, after two years of defense production effort, hasn't WPB the facilities yet for telling Old Man Kaiser where he can go and find machines and materials? Why doesn't WPB know where all the machine tools and the critical materials are? Why doesn't WPB know where some part of the program can be shaved down to divert a portion of the cargo-plane program?

These people haven't been sitting around sharpening lead pencils for two years. They know plenty. They could get in there with Old Man Kaiser and pitch if they wanted to. They don't want to. They give you a mealy story about how they do want to. Why, they just love the old fellow! They would do anything in the world to help him. Then they hand him a rubber-stamp letter saying a lot of nothing.

If they don't think there is something in this idea of Kaiser's, why don't they come out and say so? Why don't they saw it off? I suspect they don't dare to, for the reason that they know in their hearts that something could be done. But it is just too much trouble. It means some arguments, it means some tearing up of neatly typed production schedules and doing a lot of planning all over again. So they pass the buck to the old man and hint off with love and kisses to hustle on his own.

If Old Man Kaiser makes good, then after the cargo planes come rolling out 30,000 Government press agents will tell you what a wonderful job the Government is doing. They'll give Old Man Kaiser an E pennant for excellent performance of what his Government asked him to do. On the other hand, if he falls down on his face it will be no skin off anybody's nose around here, and they'll be able to prove it with that rubber-stamp letter.

Tough Going

—By Herblock

Timely Bounty

The Boys Explain All

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON.

UNANIMOUSLY the House has repealed its restriction delaying payment of five minute arrears allowances to wives, parents and children of fighting men until Nov. 1, two days before the election. The Senate, somewhat reluctantly, likewise has come across.

Thus the injustice, brought to the attention of the public by this column, as published in newspapers of July 15, July 27 and Aug. 11, is likely to be fully rectified — but not without some interesting ramifications.

In a letter to Acting Speaker Bulwinkle, dated Aug. 5, the Acting Navy Secretary, James Forrestal, wrote:

"The making of these payments at once will have a decided effect on morale. The Navy recommends enactment of the proposed legislation."

That did the job.

It is a remarkable matter when the Government openly corrects a mistake, and all who had part in this correction deserve resounding cheers. The easier pattern of official behavior in such matters is to insist that there was no mistake, and to concoct all the excuses and arguments which lawyers can devise to justify a blunder.

Acting Secretary of War Patterson, a brilliant New York judge and attorney, for example, wrote a letter, also dated Aug. 5, to the House Speaker, making two pleas, which contradicted each other, in substantiation of the position which Col. Hughes had led him into.

Mr. Patterson said it would be discrimination against our soldiers overseas, who cannot get the necessary blanks quickly, if he paid the dependents of soldiers in this country first.

This, of course, is a matter of hunger and rent paying. Judge Patterson's argument would have you believe that, when faced with hundreds of thousands of hungry women and children, it is a "discrimination" to feed any of them first.

In a hospital, Judge Patterson, if faced with a hundred dying men, would refuse to treat any until he could get enough doctors to treat all at once and the day before election, presumably.

But the prettiest of all excuses was advanced by Senator Thomas, Democrat, of Utah (he is not up for re-election this year) who blocked the Rankin correction in the Senate last Thursday, because, he said, it was dishonest to hold out hopes to dependents that they might be paid before Nov. 1, because it could not be done.

Apparently he wanted a humane argument to support his inhumane position, but he even strained his own credulity with that one, for a few minutes later he told Senator Tydings, the Nov. 1 date had been adopted for all payments because they did not want the checks which would be ready before that date to go out until all were ready.

That put him on both sides of the argument—that checks both would and could not be prepared before Nov. 1—within the span of a single long breath. Also he was apparently unaware of the Forrestal Navy letter, read earlier that same day in the House, saying the Navy wanted the restriction removed.

The boys certainly got balled up in their alibis.

Visitin' Around

BUG IN HIS EAR

(10 Years Ago Item, Lexington Dispatch)

Buzzing bug flies directly into Chief Deputy Raymond Bowers' right ear while he is on the liquor raid. Had to be rushed to physician, so bootlegger goes free.

LOOK OUT THERE, ED, AIN'T THAT A BEETLE?

(Grape Vine Item, Marshall News-Record)

Mr. Edward Crown is picking beans to sell this week.