THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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● W. C. Dowd, 1865-1927 ●

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Do Or Die

Japan's Drive at Solomons Represents Her Full Might

The Jap wasn't fooling when he went ack into the Solomons after the waiting arines. He carried all his biggest weaons of war, carriers, battleships and nen. This was, and evidently still is, major effort. And whether or not he as being beaten off (we still do not now) his latest move must be accepted or what it is—a determined thrust by a ar-wise, hard-hitting enemy.

Americans at home, including at least ome of the experts who influence pubc opinion, made quick work of belittling he counter-offensive. It was, some sugested, only a face-saving tactic by the ap. Apparently we have yet to learn hat ours is a formidable antagonist in he Pacific who has, thus far, been perorming like a first-class military power. o, carriers and battlewagons indicate nything else but a saving-of-face campaign.

From the first bulletin, the wire storsaid plainly that hell was popping the Solomons again, and had been nce Sunday. The Navy said only, in its im, grim fashion, that the attack had een expected, and "was being met." Six ap ships were sunk or damaged. Shoreased and carrier-based American planes ere taking their toll. Even lacking inormation of our own losses, it appeared hat the Jap was taking another licking.

The advantage now would appear to e with U. S. forces, as it had been with he Jap in his days of offensive. Army, Navy and Marines, ready in new posions, must have discovered the big fleet ong before it came within range. Indeed, it swept to the attack from Truk in he Carolines, it had to steam over 1,000 iles of open sea. For the Fortresses, ive bombers and torpedo planes, the arget was made to order.

Beyond doubt, however, the Jap made merican forces suffer as he always has n the past. His challenge may fail, but e made it a real one. The Solomons, he et it be known, were not to be given up o easily. And it is certain to be more f the same when our forces go driving oward Japan itself, across the stepping tones of mandated and conquered lsands. We gain little at home by passing ff the enemy's death-dealing efforts, uccesses or failures, as face-saving. It ouldn't sound right to the boys holding Culagi.

Record And All

South Carolina Voters Know What They Want

Not more than once or twice in many years has South Carolina elected a Governor of whom it had any great reason to be proud. That sovereign state is about as benighted politically as—well, as Col. Billy Ball of The Charleston News & Courier says it is. It has plumb forgot its heritage.

In Olin Johnston and Wyndham Manning it had a reasonably clear choice between a man who had misused the authority of his high office and who had governed without that sure leadership which makes good governors, and a man who offered some promise. It chose the former, record and all, for the reason, evidently, that he is an acknowledged champion of labor and a strictly provincial echo of the New Deal.

There is a good chance that the intervening years have tempered former Governor Johnston's rashness and curbed the impatience which made a fiasco of his first term. It is to be hoped that he will make, this time, a more statesmanlike Governor, who not only preaches democracy but follows democratic procedure, but there is nothing to indicate that his adherents of South Carolina much care what he does so long as they are confident that he is on their side.

Black Days

The Old Party Now Suffers The Final Humiliations

The Grand Old Party is not dead, not quite. Simple jokes about Republicans are still good for laughs in the movie houses. There is still Tom Dewey in the New York gubernatorial race. There is still Wendell Willkie, visiting Russia and the Near East as an emissary. But, with the Old Guard, times have changed. They will probably never be the same again.

In Washington, for example, the wealthy CIO has bought the building less than half a block from the White House which the GOP had been renting for headquarters. The Republicans were thus chased farther up Connecticut Avenue, and plush Labor snuggled up closer to the center of things.

Further, the experts say, the old party is almost broke. They prove it with a grin by showing that it had to choose a Democrat, anti-Roosevelt Sam Pettengill of Indiana, to head its finance committee. And that isn't all.

The men who bear the dwindled Republican burden in the House and Senate proclaim that it would be far easier for Wendell Willkie to obtain the Democratic nomination for President today than it would for him to win it as a Republican. Within his party, his organizational support is crumbling. The only GOP left on the rise is Tom Dewey, and his ceiling is limited.

Changing phases of the New Deal, the coming of war and the forgetfulness of the people have consigned Jumbo to Limbo. All of the humiliation, however, might be borne by the Old Folks as in the past; all of it except the sight of Phil Murray, the workingman's man, leaning out a window to pass the time of day with his partner in the business of running the nation and saving the world.

Twin Giants

Hughes and Kaiser Prepare To Skin the Axis, Alone

Now, despite delays and the still-threatening coils of Washington red tape, incredible America may be ready to take her rightful place in the world of giant planes. In California, where anything can happen, Howard Hughes, the speedster, engineer, millionnaire and movie producer, has become a partner of Henry Kaiser, the master builder of industry. For our times, the union may be something like that of Johnny Appleseed and Paul Bunyan.

For those who put their trust in American legend above all others, the Hughes-Kaiser union promises war-winning action. Because these men are no Government-style experts, because they are without inhibitions, because they believe their job can be done, we will probably soon have those 500 big cargo planes, and ahead of schedule.

The enthusiasm for Kaiser's project, designed to beat the submarine menace by shipping war supplies by air, is felt by the public's laymen rather than unconvinced Washington. It is the public, uneducated to plane-building problems, which will appreciate the California partnership. Only results will count, and no amount of problem-posing, Washington-wise, will suffice this time.

To the task, both these men, the young, rich, gifted Hughes and the rough-riding production boss Kaiser, bring records almost sufficient to guarantee success. The Hughes transcontinental speed record, made in a plane of his own design, still stands. His own aircraft plant, keeping 800 technicians busy, with secret military designs; his tour as a successful pilot in the hazardous movie-making world; his vision in building earlier-model giant planes all point to higher achievement for Hughes.

Almost overnight Kaiser became a national phenomenon, grinding out ships by mass production methods amazing to a land in which mass production was an old story. To Kaiser, and to Hughes as well, obstacles were only to be overcome, not to be babied at conference tables. This union is joined under a good sign.

Even the first aim of the new concern, usually only dream-stuff, passes with us as a reasonable sort of statement: ". . . the most ambitious aviation program the world has ever known." In view of the record of it would seem foolhardy to scoff.

There are 435 members of the House of Representatives and 96 Senators, making a grand total of 531 rubber chemists in Congress.

As it begins to shape up, the dream Europe of Hitler's can be described in full in a one-line epic, as follows: "Hardly a man is now alive."

Never was the citizen afforded so wide a variety of worrying topics, ranging as they do from inflation to a slow leak in the right rear inner tube.

He Wasn't Having Enough Trouble!

—By Herblock

Shh! It's A Secret

But There Is A WAR!

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

THE Administration still is trying to break it gently that there's a war on.

One illustration of this is the delay in moving to draft men of 18 and 19. The Army wants it urgently, but neither in the Administration nor in Congress is there any disposition to raise the issue before election. As a result General Hershey, head of the Selective Service System, turns on some heat by warning that married men, some with dependents, will have to be taken into the Army early this Winter. Younger men are preferred, but unless the age limit is lowered the supply will soon be exhausted.

Another illustration is the delay in dealing with rubber and gasoline. Every informed official here knows that we cannot go on indefinitely with the free-wheeling that continues in most of the country outside of the rationed area in the East.

Deputy Petroleum Co-Ordinator Davies gently advises motorists in some twenty Western states that they should prepare to get along with a little less gasoline than formerly.

Your house is burning down—you ought to throw a quart of water on it. That is Washington's attitude. Nobody's feelings must be hurt. Nobody must be annoyed about the war except the men who have to go out and be killed to win it.

Restriction of automobile driving everywhere was needed months ago to save rubber. No action was taken. Washington waited eight months after Pearl Harbor to put Bernard M. Baruch and his committee to work finding out what might be done. We had not even taken the trouble to find out what Russia had done in manufacture of synthetics. There isn't any argument about the necessity of saving rubber but the question has been booted so long that now, before the Baruch committee dares to make its recommendation, it must prepare a series of fact-sustained arguments to answer all of the confusing doubts that have arisen during the long delay.

Meantime the shortage of fuel in the East is forcing such a heavy diversion of tank cars to the East that some Middle-Western states will be unable to obtain as much gasoline as formerly. That is the reason for the polite warning now that they may have to drive a little less than formerly. Much sterner restriction than that is called for by the rubber shortage, but it is the old case of not worrying about tomorrow if there are four tires on the car today.

Eastern householders have been under notice for weeks that fuel oil for heating will be short. Yet only one person out of a hundred has made any move to change to coal. The Administration still hasn't decided whether to ration fuel oil, although there won't be enough to go around.

Russia is reeling under relentless Nazi blows. Canadians and other Allied troops reeled under the tough Nazi resistance at Dieppe. Washington knows that the signs point to a long war, perhaps continuing for years. But Washington isn't acting with a firm hand. Indecision here is felt by the public, and everybody clings to the comfortable hope that it won't be as bad as it looks.

Yet in places where initiative has been taken, excellent results have been obtained. In Nebraska, The Omaha World-Herald conducted its own campaign for scrap metal and rubber. Collections through that newspaper's campaign amounted to 85 pounds per capita for the whole state. The editor says that by the end of the second week of the drive the state had all the appearances of a Billy Sunday revival.

It provided men, women and children with the first real opportunity to exert themselves in a united undertaking in which they felt they were contributing something to the war. In small towns throughout the state holidays were called, stores closed, and men, women and children searched their neighborhoods. Country bridges that had been swept away by floods and had been buried by debris for years were recovered. Rivalry between two western counties became so hated that each accused the other of picking up scrap across the county line.

Says the editor: "It illustrated what people will do if they know definitely what is wanted. It also supplied that missing something which in the last war was provided by bands, parades and farewell banquets."

Platform Of The People

Plow Under Them Experts

Editors, THE NEWS:

THE NEWS is my delight each day, but doggone it, there is too much war. I don't mean in the news columns, but in the features. It seems to me that everyone has become an Expert, an Analyst, an Authority or a Recognized Authority. If Moses had laid a plague on the land of Egypt Ol' Pharaoh would have let Israel go long before he did. I am no pacifist, but I do not believe that any war should absorb us altogether.

Along about 60 A. D. I reckon that most everybody thought the important happening was the victorious march of Caesar's mighty legions, but now we know that the most important event of that time was the crossing from Asia to Europe of a slight little man named Saul, a man given to "falling spells," and nearly blind. He was shipwrecked at Malta, and he was on his way to Rome to serve jail sentence.

About the middle of the eighteenth century the whole of Europe was engaged in wars of invasion and engrossed with political intrigue. Voltaire was in jail or in hiding at Berlin where he had made friends with Frederick The Great. But he was writing things which were immortal. Franklin was discovering electricity, and many thought that he was crazy. And I believe that it was about then that inoculation for smallpox was first tried.

In 1800 wars held the stage and wise men bowed their heads in sorrow and allowed as how the end of the world was nigh. But in that year both Gladstone and Lincoln were born. What will prove important centuries hence may be in our mongst now, and we may let it pass unnoticed. At any rate we should have a little mental pabulum which is not martial.

Having said this, I now have a mind to become an Expert or an Authority myself. Maybe I shall take up sich weighty matters as When Do a Pup Become a Dog? Or sich as Why Do a Rabbit Wobble His Nose? Ask Paul. I am trying to write a few lines on my biography occasionally. Mebbe it will just be for my own amusement.

—TOM P. JIMISON.

Winston-Salem.

Ode to the Late Balaam Barringer

Editors, THE NEWS:

My mule having just died I wish you would please publish the following ode which while not entirely original is certainly to the point.

While talking to his mule as they plowed along, the farmer said: "Well, Balaam you're just a mule, and the son of a mule, and I'm a man and made in the image of God, but here we work hitched up together year in and year out —and I often wonder if you work for me or I work for you. Anyway, I work as hard as you do, plowing or cultivating. We cover the same distance, but I do it on two legs and you do it on four, so I do twice as much work per leg as you do. Soon we'll be putting in our corn crop. When we harvest the corn, I'll give one-third to the landlord and one-third to you, and the balance is mine. You eat all of yours but the cob. I have to divide mine with my wife and four children and six hogs and 60 hens and two ducks and a bantam rooster and last but not least my banker.

If you and I both need shoes, you get 'em. I don't. Yes, sir, Balaam, you're getting the best of me. I ask you now, is it fair for a mule, the son of a jackass who is without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, to swindle a man, the lord of creation, the most intelligent of all animals? You only help me plow and cultivate, and I must cut, shock and husk the corn while you heehaw at me over the pasture fence.

All year the whole family has to help to scratch enough money together to pay the taxes and the interest for the mortgage on you. And what do you care about mortgages? You ornery old critter, I even have to worry about the mortgage on your tough, ungrateful hide! About the only time I've got anything on you is on election day—I can vote and you can't.

But after election day I realize right away I've been as big a jackass as ever your pa was. And I begin to wonder if politics was made for men or for jackasses—or just to make jackasses out of men. Honest, now Balaam, when you know all these things, how can you keep a straight face and look so dumb and innocent?"

—OSMOND L. BARRINGER.

Beech Nut Farm,
Charlotte.

New Army Cry

Let's Fight

From Yank, the Army Newspaper

"THE TIME has come, we think, to ask a very simple question:

"When do we fight?

"Being soldiers, we have sat around for months now, waiting for that question to be answered for us. It hasn't been.

"Meanwhile, the wounds of the world have been gouged deeper, and salt has been poured into the wounds.

"We came here to fight. Instead, we have listened to sales talk as if someone were trying to sell us the idea of fighting. We have heard lectures and propaganda as if someone were trying to quell the fears of little boys.

"We have heard that production will win the war, and that is all right with us. We have heard of the heroes of the production line, and that is all right with us, too. We have heard of the Home Front and its importance, and that is all right with us. To the heroes of production, we are willing to bequeath all our little shags of copper and brass; we hereby give them the DFC, the DSC, the Congressional Medal of Honor and all the other little trinkets which inherently have been given to the men of war. We even name them in our wills as having the privilege of picking their unknown soldiers after it is all over. And that is all right with us.

"These facts we hold to be self-evident: That we need the planes, the guns, the ordnance, the transport to win this war.

"We know, furthermore, that the world at war is a vast mass of complicated problems in logistics and transport and production, and we know that fronts are hard to open.

"But we know also that we came into this profession of soldiering in all good faith. Many of us came because we were asked and because it was our duty. We came with a common purpose and a common goal:

"We came here to fight.

"We have waited.

"Complex be the world or not, we came here to fight.

"We did not come here to wait.

"Did they wait at Dunkirk for some ministry to build them a fleet of luxury liners to come and take them home? Did they wait at Tobruk for air-conditioned barracks? Or over the channel in September, 1940, did they sit around and wait for a new catalogue of fighter planes to hurl at the enemy?

"The Marines have had their first offensive crack at the enemy in the Solomon Islands. The Navy has had its crack at the Axis all over the world. The Air Force has knocked silly certain of the enemy emplacements. However, their action alone will not win this war, and we know it. The greater burden lies with the Army, and the Army has not had its chance at offensive action.

"We know that only the warrior is the conqueror, and we cannot win this war without fighting.

"It is not easy. It is never going to be easy to open a front or start fighting. But as soldiers, we came here to fight.

"When . . . do we fight?"

Lesson For The Future

DieppeNoSurprise

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON

LOST point in most current discussions of the surprise Commando raid on Dieppe is that it was not a surprise.

That kind of an attack relies for full success, not on overwhelming numbers of superior ferocity, but on catching the defense unaware. The advantages of carefully placed defending guns, protected by concrete, steel and sandbags, generally can be offset only if the defenders are off guard.

In the light of the fact that the expedition was unfortunately disclosed offshore by four Nazi anti-aircraft gunships (flakships), and the Nazis at Dieppe were fully forewarned and in their places ready to receive a storm, the feat of arms becomes doubly remarkable for accomplishing as much as it did.

But that same light casts speculative beams on how much more would have been accomplished with less loss, had our ships not stumbled upon the Nazis unexpectedly in the darkness.

Also this was almost entirely a Canadian show, our participation was restricted to experimental co-operation. Incidentally, the London reports have conveyed an impression that our participants are returning to the United States to act as instructors, suggesting that their experience may not be used again immediately in Commando action.

Only a portion are returning for teaching. The others will lead more raids in which U. S. forces will participate in greater numbers—and with greater secrecy assured.

No more stray flakships will be allowed to discover our purposes and spread an alarm.

Farley Is a Commando

It was truly a daring Commando-like feat of politics when General Jim Farley took control of the President's party in the largest state of the union—although it was not a surprise and may not have the wide repercussions which are commonly forecast.

Overlooked and controlling point of Farley's raid was that everyone expects the Republican Dewey to win the state in November.

Dewey has long seemed to be an odds-on favorite to most politicos here, no matter whether the Democrats split, whether Mead or Bennett was nominated, no matter the American Labor Party. The popular Lehman only beat him by 64,386 votes in 1938 (out of nearly 4,700,000 cast.) The odds would even have been against Lehman if he had run again.

Thus Mr. Farley is apt to wind up with a Democratic Party control in the state, weakened by lack of any kind of pap to sustain it. He cannot get any Federal or New York City patronage, and if Bennett loses he will be without State patronage.

Visitin' Around

ALL SLICKED UP IN SELICA

(37 Years Ago, Transylvania Times)

Plato Scruggs was seen in the Selica section on last Sunday and seemed to be all smiles. It is thought his best girl was somewhere around.

Side Glances

"What if we can't buy new parts for the washing machine? Didn't I make our old flivver run for years with haywire and tape?"