



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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Blighted Areas

No. 2 Civic Club Report Shows a Direct Connection

No. 2 in a series of reports on local crime conditions by the Association of Civic Clubs is highly creditable undertaking, incidentally has to do with the effect of slums on crime. The report makes a statement which is not new but which is eminently worth repeating:

Areas of bad housing and areas from which criminals come, and in which crimes of violence largely are committed, coincide very nearly exactly.

That is true, and can be demonstrated in visible form. And as a diagnosis for the guidance of welfare workers and philanthropists, it clearly states a major problem. But we like to think of slums and congested areas as not only posing a problem to the community but as offering a possible opportunity to hard-headed business men and investors.

That day has passed for good, we think, when along with the privileges of a system of more or less free enterprise there go no corresponding obligations to society as a whole. And in the days to come a mammoth undertaking of this nation is going to be the provision of better housing for the lowest one-third of its people.

Whether it comes about by the impetus of governmental subsidy or as a project sought out by private capital depends on the responsiveness of capital to the acute need. We choose to hope that, after the war, private initiative will take it over and preempt the field.

At any rate, the problem is not to be solved without first stating it clearly and repeatedly. The report of the committee on slums and their relation to crime in Charlotte will contribute to that end.

The Gestapo

Behind Any Georgia Tree May Be a Talmadge Agent

In lieu of many a rickety Government agency now holding its place in the Washington parade, we could use one of our own to be simply titled, The Office of Control & Prevention of Typical Symptoms of Talmadgism in Georgia. And unless it be brought quickly into being, a long-suffering people must finally succumb.

Eugene, The Great has often intrigued and nettled us by turns, as he has almost every other newspaper in America. But by now the evidences of his handiwork become monotonous. Talmadgism has come to consider every sign of the Zodiac as his own. Our latest jolt is only a few days old.

Candidate Ellis Arnall, who seems well on his way to whipping Gene, stood before a big audience in Waycross and shouted to the crowd that Gene had kicked his Gestapo on him, that a certain Captain Roper out of the Highway Department shadowed him day and night, followed his every move. "He is somewhere in this crowd right now," he said.

So the crowd looked upon him, trying to find the traitor and cast him out. Finally, though it may read like a fairy tale, Roper was found, hiding behind a tree in some embarrassment. Once apprehended, he departed, to the sound of the crowd's roar. Arnall had outwitted the Gestapo.

Caught between sizzle and grimace, we can draw no moral, uplift no hand in horror, feel no alarm. But where, outside Georgia, and a Georgia under Talmadge, could such things be?

Long Dry Spell

Maryland's Men Suffer Here. In Land of Water Plenty

The Carolinas are showing a black eye in Maryland, where the published report of a maneuver-following correspondent paints a grim picture of soldiers going through their paces in a parched and barren country. His dispatches, they say, are dry and stink.

To the casual eye, that seemed an unfair blow at the country chosen by the Army for its last practice session.

before actual war. We feel only sympathy for the boys out in the open in the heat, rushing pell-mell through man-killing drills. But no one expects conditions in other parts of the world to be any better. There will surely be lack of water and plenty of heat wherever Maryland's Twenty-Ninth is sent.

Just as curiosity dictated, we checked on North Carolina and her water, and balanced the report against water back in Maryland, where the Twenty-Ninth is at home.

North Carolina, about three times the size of Maryland, has 3,600 square miles of sounds and Eastern rivers; 3,500 miles of inland rivers, in addition to myriad lakes and bays. She has probably the greatest sources of natural water power supply in the country. Maryland, on the other hand, has a total of 2,350 square miles of water area.

If there is too little water for the sweltering troops in our midst, it is certainly no fault of Carolina's. They are stationed in a less-blessed land, and they will head, one of these days, for a country which will make the Tar Heel terrain seem heavenly by comparison.

Good-Will Girls

The Prostitutes Who Offer Themselves in Patriotism

The lady welfare workers met in a hot office, cooled only by a brace of busy little electric fans and the living heat that they, as a group, were pressing a winning fight against the oldest problem of mankind. Their week-old fight against prostitution brought to Charlotte by camp-followers had shown flaws in the local system. Police officer and welfare worker were not in complete harmony. Many a case waited too long, was improperly dealt with.

Most of the reports, though made in extremely matter-of-fact manner, were saddening. They had worked only with girls whose lives still might be reclaimed. The police had dealt with the hardened professional prostitutes.

Talk flowed back and forth in the little meeting, from point to point, case to case. Somewhere in the maze, there bobbed up a strange new face of the war. Perhaps it was neither new nor strange, but to us, it seemed so.

"What can we do," a worker asked, "about the girls who are not really prostitutes—but merely give themselves to raise the soldiers' morale? We find cases like that in which girls would accept money. They say they're patriotic. We've had reports from other cities that they are living in garages, or just anywhere, and playing their trade without thinking of accepting money. What can we do with girls like that?"

For that, there was no answer, not even from the little group where most answers were a dime a dozen. There were smiles about that problem, but it wasn't funny, not at all. One may assume that this new-styled morale-building type of patriotic prostitute who is not-a-prostitute infests not only Carolina, but all other sections of the country where Army men are stationed.

No doubt the good-will girl is greatly outnumbered by her more mercenary sisters, but she plies her trade openly, insisting that she is only doing her bit for her country. Her help, of course, Uncle Sam had rather not have at all. And when the emergency is over, the merciful ones will, we are sure, only change their standards and join the great sisterhood of those who come by their bread with the sale of their bodies.

Any resemblance of the original Will Rogers to present candidates of the same name in Oklahoma is entirely unlikely.

Who now remembers when the Government was going to go broke developing Muscle Shoals; and how did it come out?

The Duce has his head shaved to conceal his graying hair. We had supposed it was to make it easier for the phenologist, reading new bumps.

Another mathematical wizard propounds the interesting theory that the sum of the parts may be greater than the whole, as when repacking the picnic dishes.

Riding On The Rails

Charlotte Holds Up A Steel Program

By Burke Davis

THOUGH it seems to be a secret from her people, America has a desperate need for scrap steel. The War Production Board says that there is no more than a fifteen-day supply in any war plant, and that our furnaces are in danger of growing cold, in the midst of plenty. The Carolina, therefore, WPB sent George Robertson, with orders to seek out the treasure and see that it was being the factories.

One of the richest sources of scrap steel lies under the streets of the cities—abandoned street car rails, and in taking out these rails, WPB has been successful for the most part. Only in Charlotte has he been delayed. Contracts must be signed with city governments before Uncle Sam is willing to take the steel. That has been done in New Bern, Greensboro, Goldsboro, Raleigh, High Point, Burlington, Salisbury, Fayetteville, Graham, Spencer, Concord, Wilmington, Spartanburg, Greenville, Rock Hill and Columbia.

In Charlotte, and many cities have been keenly aware of it.

There has been an unprecedented maze of red tape twining about the whole problem. Here, for instance, was the only city known to WPB which asked that the Government issue an insurance policy protecting it against accident and damage while rails were being removed. Here, officials first insisted upon the removal of a nine-foot strip of street in removing rails. Here, when permission was given, only one-third of the underground rails were offered.

When Robertson (who had been called an "impudent Yankee" because he insisted that there was reason for speedy action—what is a Virginian) submitted the Charlotte offer to Washington, it was refused. The U. S. needing those rails that are today more precious than Fort Knox gold, could sign no such contract which gave it one-third the material, held back the rest until it could be cleared by the State Highway Department and the City Council.

Before WPB approached any Carolina town, Robertson had already been assured by Director

Prince of State Highway that he would co-operate completely with every city, as that city desired. The Highway Department itself has already given 2,313 tons of scrap to the program. The nation as a whole is producing 5,000,000 tons per month. Robertson says, contrary to an earlier impression, that the attitude of the Government is not to take all the rails or none at all. There was never a question of taking none—it needs them all, quickly and desperately.

WPB, one of the most powerful Government agencies in existence, might have quickly demanded of any city the right to take its rails; it refused to do so because it considers such action un-American. It wants the complete co-operation of every city.

Robertson has gathered, from his talks with a number of local officials, that Charlotte will give up part of her rails, but will never permit the taking of the last one-third in an area around Independence Square. And that won't do. Officials who know the true situation say that American boys all over the world have died and will die

for lack of steel back home. It is our own opinion that the stream of draftless hearth and home will leave with a far different attitude if they knew the trouble the Government has had fighting for the raw material of arms.

The question, Robertson thinks, may be settled today through a new resolution of the City Council. He insists that Charlotte has been co-operative, that the delay must be his fault because he has failed to impress upon local authorities the urgent need for haste. The method of removal, best available source of re-planting entire streets, is the trench method which leaves streets in good condition. The Government pays the cost of reconditioning.

WPB's cost in removing the rails is from \$25 to \$28 in excess of the open market price of the scrap, but it will pay gladly to keep the stream moving to Independence Square. Under Charlotte's streets, Robertson says, is enough steel to make these arms for our forces.

6148 15-millimeter howitzers or

38,000 3-inch anti-aircraft guns or
128,900 50-caliber machine-guns or
6,044 16-inch Navy shells or
168 Medium tanks or
1,824 2,000-lb. aerial bombs

City Manager Plack says that the whole story, so far as he knows, has been presented in the papers, that there is no new development, and that the city only wanted to protect its streets. He's simply going to offer a telegram from Washington to the Council today.

We hope that the business, dragged out already to a maddening point, will soon be concluded. If it is not, we have found, WPB is prepared to act from Washington, make a requisition that will become a matter of the name of Charlotte. In the past the name made a name for ourselves as the red tape capital of the Carolinas. We think the time has come to relinquish that title, and the rails, and let the nagging little details go hang. It is late, and even if action comes today Charlotte will have lost its talent for petty bickering.

The Royal Flush

Biddle's Dream

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON

THE Army attorneys for those Nazi saboteurs received abusive letters and telegrams from citizens out in the country for taking their case to the Supreme Court.

The public apparently thought Colonel Kenneth S. Biddle and Cassius D. Dowell were doing a little more than necessary of their sworn duty by calling the Supreme Court back from its vacation just to confirm everybody's judgment about seven obvious saboteurs. Up close, however, the case had an entirely different aspect.

Among officials who were far from amused at Colonel Royall and Dowell was Attorney General Biddle. He seemed almost too glad it happened that way.

His courtroom manner suggested that if he had not encouraged the colonels, he certainly relished the opportunity they presented him. He made the argument a great occasion to try to break down the Civil War case of "Ex Parte Milligan" which has restricted Presidential handling of civilians ever since.

Mr. Biddle openly sought to have the court say the President could order Army court-martials for war recalcitrants caught attempting to undermine our cause, not only on the battlefield, in transportation, or actual blowing up of factories, but for those who sabotage "morale" with "propaganda."

Biddle mentioned those two words "morale" and "propaganda" in such a way as to intimate he wanted the Army, rather than civilian courts, to try some of the minor mice in our midst and the intellectual rats. At one point he said:

Every American Acre a Battleground

"The time may now have come when the exigencies of total and global war must force a recognition that every foot of this country is within the theater of military operations. Under modern conditions, warfare by saboteurs and spies imperils the national safety just as much as warfare by tanks and submarines."

The United Presidential powers protecting civilians from trial by military courts have stood for about 20 years since the Milligan decision, which was one of the two great legal landmarks of the Supreme Court, rivaling the famous Marbury vs. Madison.

In "Ex Parte Milligan," an Indiana citizen, Lambdin P. Milligan, was charged with having conspired to free Confederate prisoners in his state. These prisoners were to attack arsenals and seek to obtain guns and ammunition.

A military commission was named to try him. (President Lincoln had suspended the writ of habeas corpus. Milligan was found guilty, sentenced to death and came to the Supreme Court.)

The court ruled no civilian citizen could be tried by a military commission as long as the civil courts were open, and said otherwise, the courts could not be closed except where martial law had been declared based on an actual invasion, making it impossible for the courts to function fairly.

As Indiana had not been invaded, the court ordered Milligan tried by his civilian peers.

Both New Deal Justices Robert H. Jackson and Hugo Black betrayed alarm at Mr. Biddle's effort to change this established law. Their questions suggested they envisioned the possibility of the President gaining power to order some offending newspaper editor tried by a military court.

Mr. Biddle did not want to go that far, in argument. He volunteered that persons, such as Editor William Griffin of the New York Sun, charged with sedition, could not be tried by a military court. He wanted the line drawn somewhere, but did not say where. If he had won his argument, apparently he would have drawn the line anywhere he chose.

Colonel Royall needed Biddle on the point that his contention would allow a military court to try union strikers, but Biddle only agreed this would be possible if the strike was proved to have been promoted by a foreign enemy.

For that, the court seemed to open on Mr. Biddle gently in his decision. It did not go into detail, but quite definitely restrained itself to holding that in this particular case, the President had not exceeded his power in ordering a military trial. It did not overthrow "Ex Parte Milligan."

Bureaucratic Problems

The Younger Set

SOUTH BOUND BROOK, N. J.

A woman now employed in the Home Owners' Loan Corp. in Washington has jotted down and sent me the following excerpts from letters that have actually flowed across her desk in that office. If we are sometimes at a loss to understand what makes America and the Americans act the way they do on the public questions of the day, it might be well to ponder these lines culled from the intelligent minds of our fellow citizens.

1. "I am forwarding my money to the Red Cross."

2. "I am very annoyed to find that you have branded by oldest boy as a traitor. Oh! This is a dirty lie as I married his father a week before he was born."

3. "In accordance with your suggestion I have found out for certain if my husband is dead. The man I am living with now won't say anything or do anything until he knows for sure."

4. "I am very annoyed to find that you have branded by oldest boy as a traitor. Oh! This is a dirty lie as I married his father a week before he was born."

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7. "I have no children. My husband is a big driver and works night and day."

8. "I am glad to say my husband, who has been reported missing, is now deceased."

9. "Unless I get my husband's pay right away, I will be forced to lead an immortal life."

10. "My husband has been put in charge of a pitiless institution—maybe so now do we get our money?"

11. "I am not sure if sick pay, I have six children—can you tell me why this?"

12. "This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?"

13. "You have changed by little boy to a girl—will it make any difference?"

—AMY O. BASSETT
Your Yankee Correspondent.

Visitin' Round

The Inner Man (Brindleton Item, Mountain View, N. C.)

A large crowd was at Silver Creek Sunday for a nice dinner

and a good time was had by all.

"Is That You, Sweetheart?"

—By Herblock



Washington Sobers Up

Fate Rolling The Dice

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

A fellow newspaper correspondent, sent back in anxious Washington after six months' hard work, reports something in the civilian war agencies that he had not observed on previous visits around some of the offices where he has called. He notices now a touch of humility.

Eight months of war have brought us up with some hard bumps. Enough has gone wrong to pry open the mind of any know-it-all around Washington. Building of production facilities has passed expectations only to be set back by shortages in materials. And the second front? Steel production has been our national boast and such a consolation as this is bound to be humiliating. This nation is rich in raw materials but war production is cramped at many points for lack of them. Some plants have had to reduce operations. Through these and numerous other equally painful experiences we are finding out how much we didn't know about planning for war, and the touch of humility which the visiting newspaper correspondent discovers may be the beginning of wisdom. There's no epidemic yet, but this might be a good time for our

Ships are the prime arteries of this war and Allied forces are suffering for lack of them. Yet the Higgins shipbuilding contract had to be canceled and the yards left unfinished because not enough steel could be found. Steel production has been our national boast and such a consolation as this is bound to be humiliating. This nation is rich in raw materials but war production is cramped at many points for lack of them. Some plants have had to reduce operations. Through these and numerous other equally painful experiences we are finding out how much we didn't know about planning for war, and the touch of humility which the visiting newspaper correspondent discovers may be the beginning of wisdom. There's no epidemic yet, but this might be a good time for our

In fact humility "will go very well everywhere behind the right man. Our future is in the hands of fighting men. To a large degree it is in the hands of the Russian soldiers fighting below the Don."

They must fight with what they already have. In their hands. Nothing that we can say, little that we can do, will have any effect on the desperate take over. And the second front? Steel production has been our national boast and such a consolation as this is bound to be humiliating. This nation is rich in raw materials but war production is cramped at many points for lack of them. Some plants have had to reduce operations. Through these and numerous other equally painful experiences we are finding out how much we didn't know about planning for war, and the touch of humility which the visiting newspaper correspondent discovers may be the beginning of wisdom. There's no epidemic yet, but this might be a good time for our

The civilian has to become a kind of sheep in periods such as this. He is in the hands of the military forces. His future depends on their decision. What they need the civilian must supply. When the patient is wheeled into the operating room, the surgeons take over and the relatives can contribute most by keeping out of the way.

Realization of that has sobered many a man in Washington as it should all of us.

simply the rule that obtains in any crisis. Action men must have the right of way.

Also in the business of feeding the front lines the rule of crisis ought to prevail to a large degree. Decisions must be made rapidly, and on the basis of fact rather than argument. The making of soundly decisions in matters of planning raw materials, of providing sufficient meat or eggs, of rationing supplies, depends on public debate than on complete information. The open mind, gathering all the facts, is more likely to see the best decision. Angry political debate only confuses and intimidates. Often when the facts are assembled the decision makes itself.

With the war going as it is, the public is anxious, tense, inclined to bicker, to be over-severe in criticism, and to judge without "knowing the facts."

Neither civilian officials nor the military can do their best work in such an atmosphere, and the people cannot either.

We have had no such crisis as this in this time, when the whole shape of our future is being decided. These weeks and months will pronounce sentence, either upon us or upon our enemies—a sentence that will be inflicted on more than one generation to come.

Realization of that has sobered many a man in Washington as it should all of us.

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

If you want to find peace in a troubled world here is an un-failing formula: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he hath trusted in thee. He will be strong, he will not be afraid, he will not be troubled."