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And Evening Chronicle

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1942

The Echo

Only the Opposition Chimed in With Willkie's Fight Appeal

Wendell Willkie, busy breaking a record for outspokenness among unofficial American ambassadors that goes back to Benjamin Franklin, fails to see the difference between speaking his mind at home and abroad. As loudly as he spoke in the Philadelphia convention, he spoke in Moscow for the second front. Because he got his subject no equivocal treatment, it gave attention to the Executive and the Labor Party heads, anxious for another meeting of the Churchill War Cabinet and glad of another opportunity to sue for their Russian friends, made almost all of the noise. The Government itself, confronted by a forthright informal American outburst, was silent. It only called attention to the already opened thirteen fronts involving British soldiers. But the Willkie-raised cry was alive in the island.

For fifteen months, since Germany invaded Russia, there has been a cry for relief. Trickles of supplies helped, but didn't drain off the Nazi hordes. There has been well over a year in which Britain might have prepared. Her strength growing daily, and that of the United States being felt in many theaters, Britain still waits. Russia wants to know why, and in her behalf, apparently, Willkie asked his questions.

Both Roosevelt and Churchill have left the world with the definite optimistic impression that a second front would be opened on the continent—and in 1942. There has been only Dieppe (and lesser raids) and a schedule of bombing. It needs saying again and again that these measures will not relieve the Russian armies or make the way a great deal easier for any coming Allied offensive.

Now that Hitler is at the climax stage on the eastern front there is time and the chance to pour those strengthened forces into the continent under superior air power. Now is the time to force the Luftwaffe's remnants in the West to come up and fight—and be destroyed. The price will be high, tomorrow it will be much higher. The year is growing younger. This should be no diversion for Russia. This should be the final thrust for victory. If postponed, it may become more costly than we can now foresee on then endure.

The Charlotte

A Cruiser So Christened Would Bear a Proud Name

A laudable enterprise is that of Governor Broughton in trying to persuade the Navy to name one of its new cruisers the Charlotte. The city is not without history and tradition, and everybody knows it is as full of fight as a den of wildcats.

It is a stranger to blue water, to be sure, but the prevalence of Baptists in its midst makes it fearless of immersion. And the name Charlotte is a queenly name, and ships, poetically and grammatically, are proud sea creatures. Whether this proposed Charlotte would be a heavy or a light cruiser—whether, that is, she would carry eight-inch or six-inch guns—is of no great consequence, the city has its complement of both big and little shots. The important thing would be that she use with almost fleet equipment which had been allotted her; and that the ship of the town for which this would be namesake.

By all means, if it can be managed, let there be a USS Charlotte. This year a worthy name, which has endured through all the country's wars. She will carry the men and the faith of a staunch community. She will be a heroine's nest which no enemy would be well advised to disturb.

Relief At Last

Mr. Davis Reduces Waste Of Good White Paper

There has already, been, come to think of it, a decided drop in the volume and frequency of the publicity materials sent out of Washington to newspapers. With the dictum of Mr. Davis, Director of War Information, that there must be further curtailment, those 30,000 press agents in Washington are going to be hard put to earn their keep and justify their places on the pay roll.

In this cutting out useless and inap-

propriate publications, Mr. Davis is rendering a distinct service not only to harassed newspaper editors, overloaded post offices and the Public Printer, but to the prestige of the United States Government as well. That gigantic, octopus-like organization has shown itself so incapable of keeping its own premises in order that it has become a standing joke. Washington was running a country, a world and a war, but itself was running ragged.

What the Government needs is someone like Mr. Davis, neither politician nor social worker, level-headed and preferably on the business side, to do for the whole Federal establishment what is being done here for its information agencies. Not only would it save a sack full of money and free a passel of jobholders for war work; it would unbind efficiency from the layers of red tape in which it is now swathed.

First Move

It Belongs to Authority, Not to Volunteers

There will be, we fear, no greater enthusiasm for Leon Henderson's brooding request that automobile-owners voluntarily sell to the Government any tires which they may have in excess of five to the vehicle than there was for Westbrook Pegler's suggestion that front and rear bumpers be contributed to the scrap metal heap, or for Washington Merry-Go-Round's that rubber mats in trunk compartments of automobiles be parted with in the rubber salvage campaign.

Does his unresponsiveness signify a lack of patriotism or a reasonable interest in the country's war needs? If may, but not necessarily. If an Englishman's home is his castle, an American's car is his royal equipage, and any deliberate impairment of its beauty or utility would represent a horrible desecration, something approaching suicide.

Beside, who are these despoilers who would take the tires which, foresightfully, he stored in the attic, the rubber mat which belongs in the car and the bumpers which give it eclat and some little insurance, for its lenders? One of them speaks for the Government, but the other speak only for themselves, and the one who speaks for the Government speaks tentatively and haltingly.

But if the Government, now, wanted and had to have these tires, these mats and these bumpers, let the order come roaring out of Washington, and will be complied with. Moreover, the American auto-owner isn't going to get tough with his car until somebody in authority gets tough with him.

Large Order

Community Chest and War Causes Call for Generosity

At first glance, the figure announced for this year's Community Chest campaign fairly takes the eye away. But a closer examination discloses that a host of new and appealing causes have been placed under the Chest's wing, that even its name has been augmented and given a martial ring. The agency has become, and quite properly and respectably, the War Community Chest. And with its war relief and the greater demands of war upon many institutions, such as the YMCA, it was inevitable that the Chest's minimum requirements, always large in a lump, but modest enough when apportioned out to the participating agencies, would grow to a major sum. We see no point in attempting to play the sum down. If this community, given to raising something like \$100,000 only with a struggle, is to raise something like \$200,000, it is going to have to face the fact that contributions will need to be made on a new scale.

They will have to be increased, moreover, in the face of intensive competition for a citizen's dollars, despite his obligation to continue to purchase War Bonds, despite extraordinary Federal taxes, despite higher living costs. This year's campaign will have a slight of giving to those who have and haven't given generously before.

He who lives by the sword shall perish by the same, and among our plants lately dedicated to the making of arms for the annihilation of Hitler is a wallpaper factory.

Wake Up, Congress

We Are Headed Toward Dictatorship

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON
THIS is something I never expected to write. For the first time since I have been reporting in Washington, I believe we are in danger of going over to dictatorship.

I don't mean the temporary, quasi-dictatorship that war always brings to a brief life. I mean dictatorship.

There can be no immediate return to normal when the fighting stops. If Congress cannot recover its sense of responsibility and its independence from pressure groups like the ravenous farm lobby, it will be no more capable of dealing with reconstruction than it is capable of dealing with war problems.

We are seeing before our eyes this week the breakdown of legislative government. Congress is not legislating, it is carrying out orders of a handful of farm lobbyists who hover around the halls at the Capitol and give their orders. They are the Congress—people you never elected and whose names you probably don't even know. It has been going on a long time. Now it has reached defiance of an urgent need to hold the economy of the country in balance. To see this thing happening at a critical time like this is an appalling event which sends a shudder through your frame if you want to keep this a democracy.

Time and again I have said that dictatorships rise up

out of the decayed ruins of parliamentary government. Time and again I have said that those who accused President Roosevelt of trying to become a dictator were silly. They were silly so long as we had a strong, healthy Congress which did not have to eat out of the hand of one lobby.

I have never seen any danger in delegating power so long as the agency delegating it is in good health. Modern government requires quick decisions and flexibility not easily provided by the legislative process. But strong executive power must be kept in a framework of policy set by the legislative branch. Congress is daring President Roosevelt to put his war powers to the test in a way that will mean White House defiance of Congress on a question in which the public interest is so overwhelmingly on the President's side that he is the likely winner—and democratic machinery the likely loser. Congress is risking destruction of its prestige and influence to a fatal degree.

Weeks ago when I wrote rather bitterly about Congress and its demagoguery, some of my friends in Congress went into it. I understand some of the Congressional ladies took out their hatchets also. Well, maybe I was a little rough, and I pined down, because coming from Baptist parents I always figure that a fellow ought to have a chance to repent. But do we have to wait forever? I doubt if the country will wait forever. No other

country has been able to wait forever. One fine morning after parliamentary government has failed, some loud-mouthed fellow in a uniform gets him up and announces he is boss and that you call him ill Duce or Der Fuehrer and like it, by God.

The odd thing which every one of us ought to keep in mind is that the people like Hitler—first, certainly these Germans and Russians fighting at Hitler's beck and call in Hitler and Uncle Joe. They believe that the strong man knows how to lead them to victory. They are glad that unbelievers were jailed or shot. When government breaks down, people turn to the man they think is strong enough to put them right side up again.

You know how this country turned to Mr. Roosevelt that morning in March, 1933. He looked like the man who could save the country from chaos. He's still around. Some things have occurred recently that suggest he is getting into the mood. Congress, you had better watch this. The people won't save you. They'll let you go down the drain if that's where you insist on going, and they'll lie to Mr. Roosevelt as they did in 1933.

Congress, you are asking for it, and it will be a sorry day for the United States of America if you get it.

Novel Launching

—By Herblock



The Farm Mess

We Need A Shakeup

By Dorothy Thompson

WASHINGTON
ONE thing is certain: The farm problem is not going to be intelligently or responsibly settled in the present atmosphere existing in Washington. It has reached the stage where nobody, on either side, is talking to the point. Instead a sort of class struggle has broken out over the question: How much of the income of the country should be given to farmers, workers, and industrialists?

Everyone is arguing on the point of the "just price"—which does not exist in time of war. At the moment when the net spendable income of each person in the nation must be reduced for everybody who lives above subsistence level, the question is no longer permissible: "What must I get for my work?" What must a soldier get for his life?

The question is not, "What part of the population should get more—or less?" One question is: How can we produce more food and avoid inflation?

Another is: How can we produce the food which we need, educate the people to consume the food of which we have a surplus, and give up eating food of which we have a shortage?

The way the Administration and the Congress have put the question is calculated to sharpen cleavages. Every question of "parity" leads to a fight over "What parity? Why 100—why 110—why 112?" It puts the question on the level of horse trading.

As we have said before, if this question is to be settled intelligently, there can be no use parity for all agricultural prices. The effect of setting one parity will be universal rationing, which will be a mess, prohibition to cultivate certain foods, enforced cultivation of others, and the utterance of an unworkable bureaucracy already cumbersome beyond description.

More chickens cannot be produced without an increase of plant. In the Fall and Winter they do not grow in the open air. If a farmer wants to build a \$1,200 chicken coop for four or five hundred fowl, his usual application to the County War Board, on which all half a dozen representatives of that many agencies are heard is not in continuous session; it meets once a fortnight or once a month.

When its members meet they must assemble from various parts of the county. Agricultural counties are usually large, and every meeting likely to mean the expenditure of several hundred miles of gasoline and tires.

The decision of the six gentlemen on the matter of a \$1,200 chicken coop does not settle the matter. It then goes to the State War Board, where another group of five must consider the application; then there to the Department of Agriculture; then to the WPB, and finally to a construction committee in New York. God, in His infinite wisdom, only knows what the total costs in gas, rubber, tires, and paper to finally get a decision on the chicken coop. But one thing is certain: Weeks or even months pass, before the farmer knows whether he can or cannot raise more chickens.

I know of the case of a farmer whose house-burned down on April 26th, and who on Sept. 15th was still waiting to know whether he could or could not rebuild it. Since the farmer is in Vermont, where the Winter comes early and the temperature resembles that of the Russian front, the question is not whether this farmer will grow more chickens, but whether there will be any farmer.

This is absolutely nonsensical. It means in decision to the point where no farmer can plan in advance or act in an emergency.

It means a freezing of our economy, and frozen economies do not increase production. The Government increases the expenses of every construction by an enormous percentage, and from the viewpoint of the whole economy it is immaterial that this cost is borne by the taxpayers instead of the farmers.

In the country of our enemy, Germany, the matter would be settled by the local "Landrat" in one hour.

Imagine that this kind of bureaucracy is extended to every thing; to what the farmer has to grow; to the rationing of most of his production; to the distribution of manpower. Who is going to be left over to do the work of this nation?

Then the Administration and the Congress can enact a program in the light of reason and realism.

Forget The Party

Win The War

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON
MOST significant political remark of the year was made by Mr. Roosevelt's alter ego, Harry Hopkins, in a New York speech. He said the test in the election of Congressmen this year should not be whether the candidates are Republicans or Democrats, but whether "they want to win the war."

That statement pushed into the ash can the Spring primary campaign that made the test on whether a legislator supported the President's foreign policy before Pearl Harbor, the end of the movement to purge isolationists, or to make domestic political hay out of the war situation.

It put the current Congressional campaign officially on a ground advanced permanently and with precisely the same exact column while the purple flurry was on. It makes the test of loyalty a valid one.

"Do you want to win the war?" The political confusion in the public mind likewise seems to be settling. Reader reaction to the President's recent column and urging political dissenters to get into the war effort anyway, suggests that the great conflicting masses of group opinions (starved, disillusioned, and sometimes hateful at the outset) are getting into the war groove.

While many dissenters are displeased with much recent history, and do not intend to forget their political likes and dislikes, they have adapted themselves to the support of the war effort.

There is no necessity in a war for anyone to sacrifice his political principles. He can still be a Republican, Democrat, pro-Roosevelt, or anti-Roosevelt, and yet contribute his own utmost to a cause which is obviously greater than any of these political acts.

The cause is the survival of the United States—our system, customs, religions and our ideals. To this cause every man owes allegiance, except the Communist or Nazi, whose allegiance is not to this country, but to a foreign system.

Only that sort of politics and criticism which is harmful to the war effort should be tolerated. In essence, both politics and criticism are indispensable helps to duration. Politics of the right sort shows democracy is still functioning, holds out hope to minorities, proves we have not become a one-class or a one-party country.

Criticism corrects mistakes before they become fatal. Both instill confidence. Their absence would encourage suspicion. The criticism that hurts is the hateful, mean, destructive kind. The politics that hurts is the personal, greedy sort. Both inspire only black defeatism, and serve the purpose of the enemy.

But, for Americans, the over-all problem which surmounts all political likes and dislikes, or political or personal hates, is to win the war. You can love Mr. Roosevelt, or hate him. You can deny the mistakes of Government inefficiency, mismanagement, or you can smooth them out. But you cannot get away from the fact that the choice with which this country is now faced is the alternative of victory, or life under the ideologies of Hitler and his days. There is no other way out.

There are many people yet who might be called "unreconstructed rebels," a term used in the South after the Civil War to denote a refusal to meet realistically the terms of peace. The people in this group persist in measuring their political objections as of greater importance than the winning of the war, and are, in varying degrees, refraining from co-operating in it. They openly say no.

But the traitorant group does not seem to be particularly formidable to hinder the war effort in any appreciable respect, and I have no doubt that the current hopeful trend toward realism in popular opinion will be continued, since Mr. Hopkins has indicated it will not be upset by Administration acts.

Side Glances



"If he couldn't use a necktie if he bought it—he's just stalling for a date!"

Visitin' Around

Miss Carrie Gets About (RPD Item, See Dee Advocate)
Mrs. Carrie Quick and Jennings Johnson visited Iva Quick Saturday afternoon.
Mrs. Carrie Quick and Iva Quick visited Mr. and Mrs. Elmore Johnson and family Sunday afternoon.
Mrs. Carrie Quick, Iva Quick and Boyd Johnson visited Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Roberts.