

# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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W. C. Dowd, 1865-1927

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1942

## Down, Periscope We Give Up

### Allies Gain in Sub Fight But Face War-Lang Menace

At least as important as any battle on the globe today is the unending submarine struggle in the Atlantic against the fleets of new Nazi submarines. In August, beyond reasonable doubt, the United Nations won a great victory here. Ship sinkings declined, the subs moved southward, more and more bottoms walked across with priceless cargoes.

It was a battle, however, still far from decision. It was being fought on fronts thousands of miles apart. On the Continent, RAF bombers were fighting it with raids on submarine bases and factories. Off the U. S. coast, submarines, destroyers, blimps and planes were lighting it in patrol and convoy. On the ocean shipping lanes across the Atlantic, the heavy convoys were fighting it. To the South, Brazil was helping the U. S. Navy fight it.

The results last month were an abundance of news about frequent sinkings the total still unannounced, and the use in sinkings of the U-Boats themselves (total also unannounced). Off Great Britain, its shores safer than America's because they are more easily protected with small boats and larger transport planes, the loss of ships became a matter of days.

There is reason for optimism in the war battle. British-American ship-building programs are still making progress undreamed of two years ago; they will, one day, catch up with sinkings. Germany has apparently been forced to scatter her sub factories into small manufacturing plants inland, increasing the difficulties of assembly. Over the sea on both sides, the Allies hold control of the air, and a growing number of planes available for patrol will be at the end of the sub fleet.

But in the months ahead, as bigger convoys into battle zones demand more and more protection by escort, the duel with the sub menace will be intensified. German subs will still sneak out if their bases to shoot for bigger gains. There is a battle in the battle which must be won before big land fronts can be established, but no permanent victory. It will have to be fought by the day and month, through the war.

## Afterthought

### The Solicitor Had To Be Reminded of a "Prayer"

If you, now, were the owner of the place the Negroes had broken into they wrecked property to the value of about \$300, you would have got pretty sore when Superior Court showed no disposition to punish them—indeed, virtually washed its hands of the case.

Or if you were the County cops who had rounded up the two men, a procedure which is not unattended by some risk, you would have got pretty discouraged and said, "What's the use of arresting 'em if the court turns 'em loose?"

Or if you were an Army recruiter and duly proud of the service, and had read in the paper, "Court Press Two Admitted Felons So They Can Join the Army," you would have been mad as well you would have flown up, and you would have sneered, "How many times do we have to tell that court that the Army won't take men with criminal records?"

That they couldn't get into the Army except by some hook or crook Solicitor Carpenter should have known when they were allowed to walk out of court last March after they had pleaded guilty and "prayer for judgment" had been continued until April 13. April 13 came and went; May, June and August, Solicitor Carpenter evidently had dismissed the "prayer for judgment" from his mind, being the record left away with the records of the uncompleted cases in Mecklenburg Superior Court. Finally, on Sept. 1, five and a half months after the original trial, Solicitor Carpenter was moved to take the capsules for the two Negroes. A County Police captain went to him and asked him to.

They were brought into court and the judge presiding, on reviewing the case, sent them to the roads for two years. It is not astonishing, and somewhat a refreshing commentary on the exactness of justice in Mecklenburg County, that an offense which a judge considered worth two years came so near going without any punishment at all?

## We Give Up

### America's Scholars Decide They're All Too Confused

To those who have pondered upon and sought for the source of the world's ills, we bring tidings. We have found the headquarters of Babel in New York's Columbia University, where intellect has at least given up and called for help. It's not really much of a joke.

A hundred genuine scholars (college professors and presidents, high-ranking churchmen and educational directors) met at Columbia for five days in an annual Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion, in "behalf of Democracy." They tried hard, but dispersed with the most discouraging announcement we can remember.

As scholars, they declared, they have learned that efforts to have members think together with a view toward action had shown only that they were incapable of action. There was only "intellectual confusion" prevailing in all branches of knowledge, and they were (to us, was them!) helpless.

Next year, the deep thinkers will try again. Then they will bring help from the prosaic outside world. They want the assistance of "men of affairs," or at least scholars who have become associated with the direction of human affairs. It was a pitiful conclusion. Pure scholarship may still exist, but it confesses its own inability to think, act, or both.

There was what seems to us a slightly involved statement, just before the end.

"There is the probability that what most men have apparently been forced to do is to create a parallel one. The very elements of a parallel civilization in all various fields of creative thought are integrally related and yet autonomous in one which is hard to grasp and transmit."

We not only deplored the sad state of the world. "We belatedly began to wonder if these guys were kidding."

## Dies' Spies

### His 1,121 Dossier Produced Two Subverters

Martin Dies' falling has always been that behind every beard he saw the sinister countenance of a fellow traveler, beneath every close-cropped pate a Bundist. To him every man or woman whose political philosophy veered to the left of John Nance Garner was a radical, a subverter.

Dies has spent many years and much of the people's money on a subversion hunt with little at any time to show for it except headlines. Finally, his cry of wolf became so familiar that it was no longer newsworthy, and it was in a frantic effort to regain Page 1 position that he handed over to the Department of Justice the catalogue of 1,121 Federal employees whom he suspected of radicalism. Yesterday he had a report on that file and it says him the come-uppance which he had long deserved.

We had a good many screwy organizations in the United States before the war, and a good many people belonged to them who should have known better. Some of them, in the earlier days of our isolationism, were but fronts for Nazi propaganda, and some were counter-fronts for Red propaganda. The most of them disappeared instantly war was declared upon us, and only in Martin Dies' files was there any remembrance of their existence.

It would be well, with the beginning of a new epoch, for Dies to throw away his dossiers and start over. It would be better still for him to devote himself to other more timely activities, such as counting of the bell weed and the Mexican bean beetle.

A psychiatrist believes many who disappear do so because they feel they aren't wanted. "This is not what it says at the top of the sheriff's description."

## A Man Named Fish

# An Isolationist's Moment Of Joy

The New Yorker

THE reporter's obligation to a historic moment took us up to Newburgh, New York, last week, on the evening of Primary Day, to observe Representative Hamilton Fish. This was a historic moment, decorated with a pair of moose antlers, in an old building on the main street—and Fish seemed to be feeling fine.

"I feel fine," he told us. "The secret is relaxation. See—I'm relaxed." At this point a Republican acolyte stuck his head in the door and cried, "Dugan says you're running there to one Posthillsdale, Colonel!" "Am I really? Think of that!" Fish said, relaxing a bit more. "I didn't put a nickel in that town, either."

Another report arrived, to the effect that the rural districts were two and a half to one for Fish. "That's the farmers for you—red-blooded Americans, every one of them," Fish said. Somebody mentioned the possible harmful effects of a recent article in Life about Fish, but Fish said he didn't think any harm had been done. "The trouble with Harry Luce is that he's just a rabid interventionist," he added.

Three minutes after the polls had closed, he called up his wife. "Looks like we're carrying two and a half to one, Ma," he said. "He always calls Mr. Fish Ma," a campaign captain told us, behind his hand.

Two local campaign men came in at this point, tearful with emotional strain. "Ham, we only got you one and a half to one in the Fourth Ward," one of them moaned. "They were saying some terrible things about you down there, Ham. Deep in your heart, don't you feel bad when they say them things."



Ham?" "Just remember, boys, they're rabid—" Ham began, but was interrupted by the phone on his desk.

He listened, said "Thanks," hung up, and finished his sentence: "They're rabid interventionists." He then dictated a victory statement to be issued to the press. Soon after he finished it two reporters arrived from the Daily News and congratulated Mr. Fish. "Well, Congressman, looks like we're back in the Constitution," one of them remarked jauntily.

Mr. Brundage, the head of Mr. Fish's Newburgh office, then read out the candidate's victory statement. He had got no further than "Mr. Willkie, or any other interventionist, they Fish stopped him. 'Art, you've left something out,'" he said reprovingly. "I said rabid interventionist." The two News men quickly added this to their copy. Fish seized the telephone and called his wife again. "We're in, Ma," he said. One of the gathering whispered in our ear, "He always calls the wife Ma."

A commissionaire arrived from an outlying district with news that it had gone three and a half to one for Fish. "It renews my faith in the democratic system of government, Mr. Fish," he said, largely. "Now, that's very good, Bill," Fish told him. "Just let me write that down." We glanced over his shoulder as he jotted it on the back of an envelope. "Renews faith, damn, yes, yes."

A delegation now appeared to request Fish's presence in front of the local newspaper office, where a crowd had gathered. The winner picked up his straw hat and left, pausing only to shake hands with a localish old fireman, who was standing under the moose antlers, dissolved in political ecstasy. "I love Mr. Willkie, but I love you more, Ham," he cried after Fish's retreating form.

## Good Earth

—By Herblock



## At Home With Tojo

By Paul Mallon

IT is astonishing that the Japs, with all their artillery and planes, chose to withdraw from Chushin, the largest air field in China—the one we can now use to bomb Tokyo.

The Chinese naturally claim a victory at that point, but their announcements make it clear they are intending to attack Japan. They failed to confront them with formidable forces, and Tokyo claims the retreat was a planned withdrawal.

What then makes this field—so desirable to the Japs last May that they started a new China—unavailable now not worth fighting for? Only one explanation seems plausible.

The Japs must believe we will shortly get air fields which are even closer to Japan. They must be intending to attack us, and open a new theater of operations for themselves and for us. They must be withdrawing from China to strengthen their forces on the Russian border.

Their only successful general, Yamashita, is supposed to be in Manchuria now, looking over the ground. While it may seem to be a little late in the year for major operations so far north, the Jap invasion of Manchukuo was started in the same season (Sept. 18, 1931) and fighting continued through much of the Winter.

All signs add up to the conclusion that the Japs must try a big new counter blow somewhere—if they have a blow left in them. The loss of their advance in the South Seas have been crushed.

In New Guinea, General MacArthur worked a trickier trick on them. Several weeks ago, when all the news men around his headquarters were moaning in anguish, because he had not been furnished with power to do anything, MacArthur was even then building hospitals and bases to support the attack, which, secreted Australian troops delivered with devastating surprise upon Milne Bay, as soon as the Japs occupied it last week.

Tokyo tee-heed in triumph at MacArthur's professed anguish, but his purpose became plain to us then, when the Austies came out of hiding and annihilated their Milne force. It was the first engagement of the Australian troops under MacArthur, and they carried out their duty as well as they have the same thing our men have—the will to win.

MacArthur made it plain the big toe of the Jap advance had been cut off in the Solomons. Every cloud has now been chased away from that engagement, except the extent of military losses.

The first engagement (Aug. 7 to 10) previously has been described in this column. In the second fight (Aug. 23) the Japs were every available vessel they had in that part of the world. Some came from Rabaul, others from nearby bases.

Mr. Roosevelt once idly called the resultant attack only a "reconnaissance" in force, but the Navy Department announced the Japs had transports with them, and no one goes reconnoitering with troops. In fact, MacArthur disclosed a force of 800 was landed on Guadalcanal Island, and all of it met death or capture.

This was clearly an effort by the Japs to recapture the southern Solomons, and it failed, because our bombers knocked out their only two aircraft carriers. The Japs could not proceed without air cover, and they had to withdraw, leaving us in undisputed control.

Any Pacific map will show you our lines of supplies to Australia have been cleared by this Solomons success. Other Jap air bases are now cut off from the steamship route to our continent.

Coupled with the Jap loss of Milne Bay, the Solomons success also makes impossible the invasion of Australia on the populous eastern side. The Japs will have to get New Guinea, or the Solomon, or both, for bases, before invasion can be attempted hereafter through the Coral Sea.

Guiding principles of the Japanese is face-saving. Even the Tokyo broadcasters can see that some of it is required by the touch-keeping they have received.

## All Tangled Up

# Hubbub-On-The-Potomac

By Raymond Clapper

WITHOUT doubt the largest obstacle to the American war effort is the cumbersome, sluggish, bureaucracy here at Washington. It is a disease which afflicts so many other things that it is hard to see how it could look it up if they were interested any longer, which is not likely. Nobody but a historian would care. Yet the detail was stricken out.

Anyone around Washington sees countless instances. An ambassador of one of the United Nations writes himself a patriotic speech and as a courtesy turns it over to one of the Government agencies just to be sure he is in line with policy. He is in line all right but his speech is crisscrossed in several irrelevant details, through a purely mechanical application of rules which in this instance make no sense whatever. The ambassador described the size of the German force which attacked his country in the early part of the war—many, many months ago. It was ancient history. The Germans probably have forgotten what they used in that campaign but they could look it up if they were interested any longer, which is not likely. Nobody but a historian would care. Yet the detail was stricken out.

An American, representing American interests, tells me there is only one office in town where he can get a prompt yes or no answer. This is from the organization run by Secretary Ickes. You may not like some of the things Secretary Ickes says, but he can't give you a wrong answer. He is an interesting rare thing around here.

## Hoboes Live In Danger

Editors, The News: I've been intending to drop you a line and say, "Mucho gracias," for the swell write-up you gave my letter and poem, but I haven't gotten around to it until now. I appreciate the kind words you printed along with the letter and poem.

Incidentally, North Charlotte was the best try I made to hop a "bean" box-car, one day and night, and it almost cost me my life. I reached out and grabbed a handle on the side of the car and, just as it sped out of the yards, I got two handfuls, but one of 'em didn't hold and my foot failed to connect with the hot-box!

The speed of the train slammed me back against the steel side of the box-car, and I was

ning force, whipped me forward, and ducked me between the ends of the cars. There I was, swinging in and out like the pendulum of a clock—and about as rapid. Inadvertently letting one of my long legs swing down too far, the sole of my shoe slid along the rail for a pier!

The hair on my head stood upright in fear until I yanked my foot up. Swinging back and forth with only one hand, my knee suddenly slipped through the iron ring, and the front end ladder, removing all the skin on my thigh, and shlim-bone-oo!—I fell. When I managed to extract it, I climbed up on top—where the pain revived me to some extent. I figured that I'd stand

at Concord—but the engineer had other ideas, and we came through there like the Crescent Limited used to!

Well, I'd had unload as it flew through Kannapolis, where the old depot used to be, and—Impact with Mother Earth ripped the sole clean off my shoe, as though cut with a sharp knife!... When I reached home I was awfully black, green, purple and red—from my shoulder to my ankle!

No, I haven't hopped a train of any kind since. And if I live to be a hundred I'll stick to that! I have wandered in my heart, all right, but the kind I have now well, it ain't scratched via freight trains.

—MR. SHERMAN DAVIS, Kannapolis.

## Visitin' Round

But Can Willen Have Visitors Yet? Mr. Sherman Worley's fine milk cow has been near death, paralyzed from what was said to be something like milk fever. Veterinarians have saved her life. At least it is hoped that the cow has passed the danger period.

## Side Glances



"Why, I'd be afraid to tell my husband I paid that much for the few little repairs you made around the house—he's in a very bad mood this evening!"