

# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle



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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1943

## Surprise!

### Food Rationing To Bring U. S. Eating Down To Earth

The startling announcement of point rationing, coming just in time to make amateur garden converts of new thousands, is enough to give the nation the final shiver needed to make it completely aware of the scope of our war. Though it may be, as reported, that housewives who have been hoarding food have the advantage over poor or patriotic neighbors, it may be seen from the new rationing schedule that all of heavy-eating America is going to pay a fearful price at the table.

A typical month's rations, for instance, will consist of a can of peas and a can of tomato juice. These, in addition to the few staples, will be the final staples of our rationing. Though a great many types of food remain unrationed, there is little doubt that all will sooner or later come under rigid control—and no doubt at all that the era of our ridding waste is at its temporary end. The smart shopper and housewife will no longer be concerned with getting the most for her money and setting the bountiful table with never a repeater. Almost every family will be looking with dismay at many a can of vegetables, come back for the second, third or fourth time.

It might be well to reflect, however, though eating America has been cut to about half of its normal consumption of many staples, that our limited food still seems a great treasure to most of the fighting nations, and that we can get along as well on short rations as with overeating and wasting. And, the real point is, our allies and fighting men are fighting so much better. Whatever the future holds in victory or defeat, one may watch for Americans to become more and more concerned with the war. That will be the influence of the faint threat of hunger, hovering over us.

## Three R's War Education Skips "General" Learning: A Sad Precedent?

In whatever light one holds American education—whether as the world's greatest system, or a potentially perfect one bogged down in the little pitfalls of national life—it must be agreed that it will never again be the same when this war is over. The Army and Navy have seen to that, by appearing on hundreds of campuses to undertake the wartime training of young men who, in normal times, might blithely skip through a general education or, perhaps, never see college at all.

The times have stamped upon education a new design. Aside from the waste in which it has been administered, the training of these days, for military purposes, shows a great change in that it simply sloughs off generations of previously collegiate legend. There is, for example, no place for the venerated old course of college life. Liberal Arts. The military has always sniffed around it suspiciously, as if it might breed softness—or even foreign-born isms. But now they simply scorn it. This time it's war for technicians and mechanics.

And all that suits us, so far as it goes. If ships and planes must sail and fly, and if armored columns must slash and big guns clear the way—then we want technical men, and the more the better. But if the military in whisking its stiff new broom over American education succeeds in brushing away the last vestige of belief in old Liberal Arts, then we see only ruin. We share with the University of Chicago's President Hutchins a certain dismay that of a sudden, a man who can fix a carburetor is of vastly more importance than a man who has walked the halls of learning, and learned to lead by example of the patriarchy.

Not that we think there's any possible substitute for the man-who-can-linker that carburetor back into shape. It's just that we shudder to face a future in which men are tinkers, and not one in a million is a thinker.

## Good Old Days An Old Resident Maintains That Progress Is Ruinous

The other day an Old Resident cornered us, and he was in a petulant mood. He wore an accusing gleam in his eye, almost a reincarnation from the old days of pistol-toting relations between editors and enraged subscribers.

He opened, in lieu of nothing at all, like this:

"Well, it might be change, but it ain't progress. It's just a change. It's just all their modern notions-on, and I hope they're satisfied. But back in the days when I was a youngster we got along all right. Maybe we didn't have the mar-ble like you have now, but we had all the real things. I've been thinking about 'em a lot."

"You can't remember the Little Gem Cafe, I guess. It stood on the East side of South Tryon in the first block, about where there's a hot dog place now. Well, in the old days the Little Gem never had hot dogs. When a hungry newspaper man wanted to step across the street for a bit late at night, he'd go there and get quail on toast, because that was the specialty of the house. I can remember little get-togethers they used to have there, when three or four men would eat a whole pot of birds just as folks now eat a hot dog or hamburger. That's a poor substitute, hot dogs for quail."

"And you won't remember the third block of East Fourth back in the old days. I can, and it makes me feel funny to see a little joint standing where my grandmother's house was—and next door is a sort of tumbledown garage. Back in my day that space was a big, old-fashioned yard of green grass and brick walks, and simply full of old-time flowers. Almost any sunny day you could see a little white-haired lady out there, putting around. Seems to me that's another poor trade, and it certainly isn't progress. Lots of old progress is just a change for the worse."

That was the minority report, about all of it, and we parted with the Old Resident peacefully, having convinced him that we, after all, were not to blame for the changing times. And, after living in some length through the Little Gem and its piece de resistance, we fell to wondering if there wasn't a way to keep the wonders of our progressive age, and eat a little quail on toast on the side, too.

## Ninth Strike Appetite Is All Gandhi Works Up In New Fast

If little Mohandas K. Gandhi, the revered Indian political bandit, is accomplishing nothing else with his hunger strike, he is creating a new kind of unity between the United Nations. For the crisis in India now, unlike that of a year ago, has called forth no American attempts at intervention. If the 73-year-old trouble-maker who is apparently still the spiritual leader of many Indian millions wants to fast, let him fast. Britain has stated her position clearly: she takes no responsibility for the health of any political prisoner during a fast. To Americans, that makes sense.

The Mahatma and his unique system of blackmail seem of lesser importance today than in the days when the world was falling apart before the waves of Jap aggression. The performance given by Gandhi in the days of the Cripps Mission to India and afterward put him in a new light in the eyes of the Allied World. Because he was ready to make a calm trade with the Jap restlessness on the border, men of other nations came to see him as the British have always seen him, as a statesman, a politician rather than a great statesman of an oppressed people. Gandhi revealed himself, unwittingly, that his India was not at all ready for freedom.

As he undertakes his ninth fast, his method of achieving his aims through starvation may be worthy of some review. Often Gandhi has defeated the Indian Government by fasting. In 1932 and '33 he broke out of jail by that method. Earlier he has fasted in protest of violence used by his followers for the reconciliation of Hindu and Moslem. Once, in 1934, the fast was used against him. When he resigned from the Indian Congress a number of his disciples went into hunger strike, and Gandhi, ever one to dull the edge of his own weapon, changed his mind.

Regardless of the consequences, most Americans probably hope the English will hold to her ground, and hold Gandhi in prison, fast or no fast. Otherwise there may be no end to the tragedy-comedy of India.

Mr. Willy, this "most system" of meat rationing doesn't mean indicating the latest chop with the index finger and saying, "I'll take that."

# The Thompson Conscience Airwoman Luce Couldn't Be Lucid

By Dorothy Thompson

I HAD a odd conscience after commenting on Clare Boothe Luce's maiden speech to Congress from reading merely the excerpts in the press. So I read it entire in the Congressional Record. Now, I must confess that I don't know who she was talking about. I don't know what she means by "freedom of the skies" and "sovereignty of the skies." Though she debates in behalf of the latter against the former, she debates without definitions, and her descriptions, in lieu of definitions, are entirely misleading.

Mrs. Luce describes "sovereignty of the skies" as "the policy adopted by most nations at the Versailles conference... sovereignty over a nation's own territory and denial to free access to its airports."

The denial of "free access" does not mean the denial of "access." That would be patent nonsense. If our planes did not have access to airports situated in other countries, how could we fly anywhere? It means that we have access under certain regulations, as others have access to us under certain regulations. By the nature of things, nations strive to bring the various regulations into conformity under international law. To prevent air piracy in the air, such regulations need to be reciprocal and universal.

"Sovereignty of the air" is therefore a limited concept that applies to the postage planes over national territories and to the use of national airports.

"Freedom of the air" is not incompatible with this concept of "sovereignty." It applies to that portion of the air which is international highway—the air over which which constitute nine-tenths of the globe's surface.

Freedom of the seas means the right of all nations to traverse the high seas on equal terms. Freedom of the air over the seas means exactly the same thing. It is freedom of international highway.

Now, it is Mrs. Luce's intention deliberately to confuse these two concepts and present them as incompatible with each other, one can only wonder what her purpose may have been. If her speech filled some with a certain degree of alarm, it was because she seemed to mix up in it still a different concept of "sovereignty of the air"—different from the one described above and expressed in existing international rules. That was apparently the idea of American sovereignty, or supremacy in the air over the globe.

Mrs. Luce said: "We beg them (the Army and Navy) not to fritter away our best chance of winning the peace—which is post-war civilian, as well as military control of the air." Whose air? Our own over the USA in the sense described above? When and by whom has that ever been challenged? By no one, ever. But Mrs. Luce says: "We have invested hundreds of millions of dollars via Lend-Lease in terminal facilities, communications, weather control, and air-transport craft in foreign countries."

Mrs. Luce does not state outright what her meaning is in referring to this fact. But the context of her speech certainly implies, if it implies anything, that these facilities, built for the United Nations, as part of a common effort to defeat a common enemy, must be retained by us to give an unquestionable commercial and military competitive advantage over our present ally until the war is over. She points out that the Axis powers would

doubtless be completely knocked out of any competition by legal disarmament. Including the right to manufacture civilian planes. That leaves Britain, America, and Russia in the field, and America must have the advantage, otherwise, we shall have lost the peace.

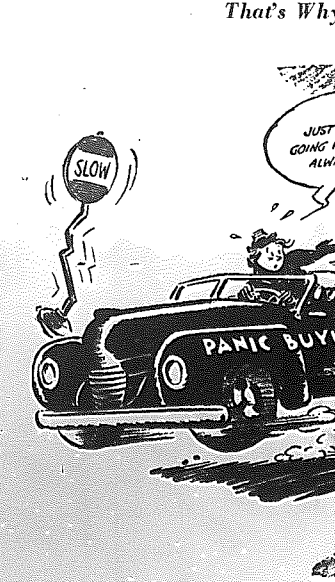
If any program for wholesale Big Business competition for supremacy in the global air is followed, either by Britain or us, we shall certainly have that World War III to which Mrs. Luce also refers. For Mrs. Luce is correct about one thing: "An air commerce program complementary to and co-ordinated with military defense is vital for the future." No one can disentangle commercial and military aviation. That is why, as H. C. Wells was one of the first to see, the federal and co-operative control of the air, under global rules, is essential if we are of firm intention not to have that next war in the world horror series.

Mrs. Luce's speech is not in the least clear, and she can easily challenge J. W. Fulbright, Congressman from Arkansas, to "give a precise quote in which I said America must control the skies of any other nation." There is no precise quote. It is not a precise speech, but a lot of American Central doubtless. But if Mrs. Luce wants to be taken seriously she ought to make a precise statement of what she does mean. The function of words is to convey meaning.

I like Mrs. Luce and supported her candidacy for Congress. But I didn't support Mr. Sam Prior who first brought her name forward; played an active role behind the scenes in her campaign; and a vice-president of the anti-American Y. I would say to Mrs. Luce: Care, be yourself.

## A Treaty Now Without A Fight

By Samuel Grafton



—By Herblock

## Tools For War Our Navy Leads The World

By Raymond Clapper

I TOOK time off this week to see some of the tools the Navy uses—its fighting planes. Its torpedo planes, and especially its battleships. You get tired of words around here.

First of all, when you begin to climb around these tools of war, you realize that modern war is a gigantic industrial operation. Only a handful of large industrial nations can wage it. If a small country fights, it is only as a pawn with arms supplied by a big country.

Can you imagine a small country such as Uruguay building a battleship like the Iowa, which I climbed around in Brooklyn Navy Yard this week? So far as we know, this is the biggest fighting machine ever produced. It has been two and a half years building thus far, and that is at such pace that has cut the usual time by months. They used 45 tons of grease to slide her down the ways at the launching.

This is the first of our 45,000-ton battle monsters. We are air-minded. We also know that when other nations have battleships we should have them too. We are building six of these of the Iowa type. I saw the Missouri partly finished at Brooklyn. The New Jersey was launched in December. The Wisconsin and Illinois are building at Philadelphia, and the Kentucky at Norfolk. They have one another but released any official data regarding these ships, they are reportedly 800 feet long—which is 200 feet shorter than the Normandie. They have one and a half acres of deck and platform space. Climbing up to the top of the control tower is like climbing halfway up the Washington Monument. Only a few nations with large industrial facilities could build half a dozen of these titans at one time.

In construction the Iowa has been modified

lme and again to take advantage of lessons learned in the Pacific fighting. Nine of the sixteen-inch guns and twenty of the five-inch guns give her the top navywide caliber. She bristles all over with Bofors and Oerlikon anti-aircraft guns. I remember about ten years ago going on the shake-down cruise of the Atlantic which was sunk at Pearl Harbor. She had just been modernized to meet demands of air warfare as it was then known. The new Iowa bears little resemblance to that modernized job of ten years ago.

Two of these 45,000-tonners and a number of smaller ships are being built or overhauled in Brooklyn Navy Yard. That is a gigantic industrial community itself, employing many thousand people filled with high buildings, and cluttered with enormous swinging cranes.

The heavy armor-plate turret, as big as a house and filled with complicated machinery, can't be moved except in enormous steel works. The driving machinery, the shafts and turbines are the products of great industrial organizations.

It is the same on land. Only a big nation can make the artillery, the tanks, the motorized equipment that modern armies must have. The brave little Fins, the brave Norwegians, the brave Dutch, these brave little people are just brave little people unless they can get the war tools in large quantity from some big nations.

THE opposition to the Administration has a set of war aims. They are more specific than those of the Administration. The opposition wants permanent possession of the air and naval bases leased from Great Britain. It wants compulsory military training for all Americans, and it wants some form of union control to dominate the commercial air lines of the world; it wants friendly relations with Latin America but (like George III in another case) no development of Latin American industry. These are war aims so hard you could crack a tooth on them.

New opposition items has been added. The opposition wants Congress to take the entire field of post-war planning away from the Administration and do it itself. This idea was first broached in the Scripps-Howard page. Senator Byrd has taken it up. The theory has a certain winning plausibility; Congress is the people's branch of the Government; the people ought to do their own planning, etc. But the theory lacks substance and collapses under even a tentative touch of the thumb.

There is no such animal as "Congress," in the agency sense, in the sense of a working body to do a specific, creative job. There are two major political parties. Each ought to have a post-war plan. The two plans should be presented to the public at the next election. The party which wins the public endorsement, and therefore the majority power in Congress, should then carry out its plan, under the mandate thus given.

In the absence of such a presentation of clear alternatives to the people, the proposal to have an agency called "Congress" do the planning, as distinct from an agency called "Administration" is, simply and precisely, meaningless.

Yet it is a kind of meaningful meaningless, for the men making the proposal that Congress do the planning are, by and large, opponents of economic planning. Senator Byrd has long snuffed at the "planners" and "planning," and has been too busy working the Scripps-Howard newspapers; they have got off some of their best anti-administration jokes on this theme. When, therefore, those who are not, by and large, fond of planning suddenly propose that Congress do it, are we not entitled to ask whether that proposal does not lead us up the garden path, away from planning toward non-planning?

When, instead of a clear choice between plans, we are offered an obscure choice between agencies, we must ask whether the effort is not designed to stop long-range planning. And, in fact, the effort to stop long-range planning is actually one of the opposition's plans, it is implied in the word "globe-trotting"; it is inherent in the jobs about milk for Hotentots.

The important thing is to note how firm the opposition's program now is. It has matured more rapidly than the Administration's program. It distrusts planning and it has found a device (let Congress do it) by means of which to express that distrust. It distrusts international reciprocity, and has found a number of methods for expressing that distrust, as a quill about its program may not be good, but it is clear; and where it is unclear, it is brilliantly unclear.

Against all this, the Administration has offered little that is definite. The unfinished state of its post-war planning allows raising the irrelevant issue of whether Congress or the Administration ought to do the planning; whereas if the plans were finished, and known, then we would be debating the plans, and not the methodology.

## This 'N That

One of the many new etymographers in Washington, a Midwesterner, grew whole to her parents that she was doing liaison work for several Government officials. Uncertain as to the exact meaning of the word, the parents looked it up in a dictionary—and sized their daughter to return home immediately. Among the several definitions of the word they had found this: "Liaison—An intimacy, esp. illicit, between a man and a woman."

## Side Glances



"I'll put my money back next week sure! Tell her I'm a little short because of the Victory tax—that'll appeal to her patriotism!"

## Platform Of The People Grafton Is A Favorite

Editors, The News:  
Just a few lines to let you know how much one of your readers enjoys your weekly required column, Samuel Grafton. No matter how long it is, it is a gem—please leave us Mr. Grafton.

The brilliant Dorothy Thompson is one of our favorites, she at times she does a bit too high-brow for the average reader. Raymond Clapper writes in a way that is interesting to us. We like him also. But Samuel Grafton, of whom we have read for many years, has been suddenly and unexpectedly to appear in The News a few weeks ago. It is our favorite.

His mind is brilliant, his manner of writing arresting, his conclusions sound. His writing quality is also possessed by Mr. Clapper—and there is no more like him in any other paper. Perhaps our liking for Mr. Grafton arose from the fact that he has something interesting to say, but from the unique way he has of saying it.

MRS. EDNA C. HENDRICKS  
Charlotte.

## The Danger Of Suspicion

Editors, The News:  
I believe that when an editor writes worthy editorials the public should appreciate them. But when such an editor shows considerable acumen. Recently, in your editorial on the subject of German propaganda. You appear to be doing all you can to see that they are not allowed to divide the Allies and again snatch Victory from defeat. But of all things, it is the American people may be trusted to adopt just such European lines of thought as they choose of their own accord; and that they will not allow themselves to be stampeded by the propaganda of any foreign country.

More strongly to your arm, I.

say. Keep it up, for we must be sure that this vicious anti-Semitic propaganda from Russia and Great Britain shall be strangled at its birth. There are many people in our country who are easily influenced by suspicion.

Dillon, S. C. —JOE P. LANE

A Note From The YMCA  
Editors, The News:  
On behalf of the YMCA, its staff and all who are connected with it, we are glad to acknowledge to you and The News.  
Through 1942 the interest which you have always shown in the YMCA's objectives and services has been maintained and intensified, and remains one of the reasons for our continued progress and usefulness. We are grateful to you and proud of The News.  
Charlotte YMCA  
—H. F. KINNEY.