THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday By The News Publishing Company, Inc.

W. C. Dowd Jr., President and General Manager — Burke Davis, Editor

Lieut. J. E. Dowd, USNR, Vice President and Editor on leave for the duration

W. C. Dowd, 1855-1927

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1888. The Evening Chronicle (established 1903) was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 8, 1914.

The News desires to be notified promptly of errors in any of its reports that proper correction may be made at once

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AP FEATURES

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited to this paper, and also the local news published herein.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Charlotte, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier: 20 cents a week; one month, 87 cents. By mail: One month 87 cents; three months, $2.60; six months, $5.20; one year, $10.40.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1943

Panacea

Retirement System Will Halt Most Police Dept. Troubles

Ancent the Police Department and its recurring frictions it might be said that Chief Walter Anderson, regardless of his splendid record and his steadfast determination to install a system based upon merit and efficiency, will be severely handicapped until certain fundamental reforms are brought to pass. The Chief has already gained advantages not held by his predecessors, and he has made progress. But the City can have no guarantee of success until our Civil Service System becomes complete—and is entirely removed from the possibility of political influence.

City officials realize, and have said so for some time, that a retirement system for City employees was a necessity, and that its day was coming. For the Police Department, that one step would work wonders. Under such a system, the policeman's job could become an acceptable career, attract suitable men. And, under retirement, the merit system would function with greater ease. It is elementary that men who are shown definite rewards for good work and retirement at the end of the road will make good public servants.

One can only suspect that the older members of the Department at present are none too happy with their lot, facing suspension or expulsion at any time because of advancing age. And the Department has more than its share of elderly officers. With a retirement system in operation, the Civil Service Board appointed by some agency other than the City Council, and the Chief the absolute master of the Department under a comprehensive set of rules, based on the best in modern procedure, our Police troubles would vanish.

This is not to say that we deplore the action of the past week, with a delicate situation arising between Chief Anderson and the new Police union; that the case came to light was likely part of the Chief's campaign to reorganize the Department. But the issues for such conflict must sooner or later be removed. The City may purchase efficiency most reasonably with a long-range program involving a retirement system. The day is coming when action cannot be postponed.

Railroading

McNutt, Perkins, Wickard Hit Congressional Skids

While the House Appropriations Committee was giving a vote of "no confidence" in Paul McNutt and Fanny Perkins, possibly also in Claude Wickard, the Senate Judiciary Committee was moving to give the Senate, in effect, veto power over all important executive appointments. The committee prepared to vote out favorably the McKellar Bill to require Senate approval of most Federal employees receiving $4,500 a year or more. Their posts would automatically become vacant on the coming June 30, and nominations to fill the vacancies would require Senate approval.

In 1942 Congress showed its mistrust of McNutt as War Manpower Commissioner by requiring Senate confirmation of all WMC officials receiving $4,500 a year or over. In recent years similar moves in the Senate to cover other executive offices have been rejected in the House, apt to be restless at not enjoying power over appointments similar to that of the Senate. Now the House has been trying to share in the confirmation power by providing in appropriations bills that none of the money shall be used to pay compensation to certain named individuals. Sometimes the Senate concurs, more often not.

In 1942 Congress showed what it thought of Leon Henderson as Price Administrator by sharply reducing the appropriation for which he had asked. At the end of the year there was talk of giving no appropriation at all to Henderson in 1943; on Dec. 10 he resigned. Until recently Secretary Ickes was similarly under heavy Congressional disfavor; now he seems to be basking, somewhat uneasily, in the sunlight. And although Congress probably has no more love for Rexford G. Tugwell now than in the past, some members have recently seemed to suggest that there may be two sides to the question of his administration in Puerto Rico. On Wednesday Ickes called the fight on Tugwell "politics." In contrast to Perkins, Wickard, Ickes, Henderson, and Tugwell, McNutt has been thought to speak the politicians' own language. Many of the chieftains at the 1940 Democratic convention wanted him for Vice-President, and he might well have received the nomination had not the President intervened in behalf of Wallace. If he can still speak, he'd better be quick about it.

Mid-America

Jap Attack At Least Paid One Dividend

If any good can come out of such tragedies as the fall of the Philippines and Malaya, it is the increasing knowledge that the United States need never again feel totally dependent upon the Far East for essential products. Many commodities—rubber, quinine, cacao and other essential materials—which formerly came from remote and alien quarters, can eventually be raised in near-by Middle America, and there are many present day crops, like the nutritious banana, now serving us.

For the future, take the example of the Hevea rubber tree, the source of 97 per cent of the rubber used by the world. During 1941 about 800,000 tons of this rubber were imported by the U. S. from Far Eastern points now cut off from us by the Japanese. When investigations were made, the original source of Hevea rubber was found in South America! In 1876 an English botanist, Sir Henry Wickham, shipped to London several baskets of wild Hevea seed which had been collected in Brazil. From these seedlings, which were then sent to botanic gardens in the British East, grew the tremendous rubber industry of the Eastern tropics.

Now the process is being reversed and selected Hevea strains are being used for experimental rubber plantings in Middle America. These high-yielding strains can produce an average of 1,200 to 1,900 pounds per acre of crude rubber yearly, as compared to a yield of about 300 pounds per acre from the wild seedlings sent to England by Sir Henry in 1876. The United Fruit Co., which has recently established plantings of Hevea in Central America, plans to pass along the knowledge gained from experimental plantings to citizen farmers of Middle America, in the hopes that eventually our own tropics will become the major source of rubber for all the Americas—for war or peace.

Happy Seer

Ex-Governor Gardner Gives State a Vote of Confidence

Ex-Governor O. Max Gardner, showing the never failing interest in North Carolina industry and agriculture characteristic of his administration, gave a handy guide to the future in his Shelby speech yesterday. For his State, he saw a greater prosperity, a new role in supplying human needs. And he knew, perhaps as well as any other man, just how far North Carolina has come since the early thirties when his Live At Home program was virtually a life-saver for the Tar Heel economy.

The State has every reason to listen to the words of Max Gardner, for without his guidance in a day of great difficulty, it would not have risen as it has to truth place in American industry, to an industrial payroll of almost 600,000. Leadership in textiles, tobacco and cotton, to Mr. Gardner's mind, prepare the State for such leadership as it has never before exhibited. In the years after peace, he sees North Carolina as a dominant Southern state.

As he said, amiable labor relations in the State have made possible industrial development and pointed the way to better days. The absence of strikes, walkouts and lockouts and a "minimum" of absenteeism are proof of harmonious relations between employers and worker in North Carolina—and the performance of Labor since his own days in the Governor's office wins Mr. Gardner's highest praise.

In total he sees his State as prospering on a sort of super Live At Home program, a product of the happy combination of wealth in natural resources and an abundant supply of high-type native labor. His confidence in the North Carolina future reflects the unexpressed opinion that the State will make steady progress, and not come again upon a black time like that of the early thirties — and if the worst does come again, Max Gardner believes his State will ...

Who's To Blame?

Joint & Mutual Muddling

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

MR. ROOSEVELT is getting the old one-two now. The scene is becoming a shambles. Let us trace one of these lines of attack against the President, and one, at random, and see what we find. Take the farm problem. Mr. Roosevelt is accused of muddling it. He has, for example, been charged with letting the farmer purchase too little farm machinery; about one-fifth normal, in fact. That hurts. Who did it? Did Mr. Roosevelt do it?

The picture is of Mr. Roosevelt denying machinery to the farmer, out of sheer bilousness. Let us fade back to Spring, 1941. The steel industry has been asked whether it can meet defense demands, with existing capacity. It reports that is can; it reports that it will even have a surplus. Long, sarcastic editorials, in a dozen places; the bureaucrats want to overbuild the steel industry, when everybody knows we have enough steel. Wheee!! The decision is made, not by bureaucrats, but by private steel experts. No new steel mills.

The President accepts that finding. I quote now, merely as a sample, from an editorial in the New York Times, March 1, 1941: "The announcement should put an end to the demands which were being made by various economic planners for a large expansion of steel capacity. An unnecessary increase in steel plants at this time could only have injured the defense program. . . ." How lofty! How final! These dirty economic planners, they want more steel capacity. These are the same dirty economic planners now charged in many places with callously withholding steel machinery from the farmer. The very same.

One thing leads to another, but you would rarely guess it from some of the stuff that you read.

I do not say the Administration has not muddled. It has muddled often. It muddled, probably, in accepting the Gano Dunn steel report. But figures-you, the noises that would have risen had it rejected it, the hideous clamors that would have been raised to high heaven. All I ask is for a decent humility in discussing these things, and for a little less of that kind of comment which pictures a tired man in the White House as a willful muddler, an ecstatic muddler, as a man who muddles deliberately for an hour each day after lunch, probably with a gleeful smile and his tongue joyously out.

Nobody ever adds up past attitudes, to see what part they played in producing present results.

Actually (surprise! surprise!) this country is still a democracy. The steel decision was a democratic decision, reached after consultation with the industry. The President, and this, too, may surprise you, was absolutely without power, under our way of life, to run counter to the solemn finding of that industry and its journalistic supporters. The ensuing noise would simply have been too sharp, too high. These curbs on the President are as sharp as anything in the Constitution.

But next to no expression is ever given to the obvious truth that a good deal of our muddling is mutual muddling, compulsory muddling; muddling by the whole country, in concert, under non-governmental cheer-leaders. The game is to enter into the democratic process, as we all should, and rip the President out of building an oil pipe line to the East; then to step out of that character when the oil shortage comes, and picture the President as one willful man, denying us oil. The game is to tie up price control in Congress for thirteen months, then to act as if we had nothing to do with it when inflation creeps up.

Side Glances

"Yesterday you loved Joe, today it's Jack, tomorrow it'll be Dick—I know how you feel! I had an awful time making up my mind about your grandpa!"

"Some of Those Guys Downstairs Ain't So Hot, Either"

—By Herblock

The Real Enemy

Subs Still Menace Us

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

THE big enemy remains the submarine.

Secretary Knox says sinkings have been reduced during the last three months. But don't read much significance into that. Bad weather may explain the drop. That's what Secretary Knox thinks. He finds nothing on which to base hopes for early stopping of the submarine menace.

Sinkings are obscured so that the public does not have a forceful picture of the damage they do to our war effort. Lend-Lease officials give the impression in their public statements that the submarine menace is licked as far as supplies for Russia are concerned. Statements about the absence of sinkings may mislead people into thinking the danger is past.

But the danger is far from over. Precious space is obtained for a shipment of some given commodity. Much depends on its prompt arrival. It is sunk on the way. Then comes another struggle to find space for a replacement shipment. Time lost may be as precious as the material lost. That is why there is the saying that a ship saved from the submarine is worth two that may be built to replace it. Time, crews, the cargo, and the bottom itself are all involved.

Literally thousands of suggestions have been made for dealing with submarines. But no magic panacea has been found and amateur assistance at this late date is not likely to produce the answer. In fact there may be no one answer at all.

The submarine is the one weapon that we are unable to engage in combat on its own level. The enemy airplane is attacked by our airplanes. The enemy surface naval ship is attacked by our naval ships. But the submarine comes up in one of our convoys, fires its torpedoes and dives to escape. We have no means of engaging the enemy submarine in its own sphere. We can only drop depth charges. Some kind of ramming craft, fast enough to dive and engage the submarine in combat, would put our submarine warfare on the same level as air and surface warfare.

It is incredible that more was not done to anticipate submarine warfare in the twenty years between the two wars. We have made progress in combat aircraft and mechanized combat vehicles, yet the standard weapon against the submarine continues to be the World War depth charge.

The popular idea is that the place to attack the submarine is when it comes up to torpedo a ship in a convoy. But the submarine may be more vulnerable at some other place. For instance, the factory where the components that go into a submarine are manufactured may be easier to hit than the submarine diving in the midst of a convoy. The assembly plant where the subs are put together may be easier to hit than the sub out in the ocean. The yards adjacent to the pens where the subs come in for overhaul are targets that we have been bombarding by air intensively in such attacks as those on Lorient.

How Reds Are Born

Pop And The Communists

Saturday Evening Post

THERE used to be a lot of talk about schoolteachers being in a plot to turn the country over to the Communists. They were supposed to be indoctrinating the young with the idea that James K. Polk was no better than he should be and that even a businessman is no great shakes when reduced to net chemical terms. Now that we are contemplating sending schoolteachers to Germany to teach the population that the Herrenvolk are greatly exaggerated, less is heard about propaganda being planted in courses on the Lake poets. But fathers who are called on for advice on algebra still suspect the teachers are up to no good.

To boil the thing down to lowest terms in rumor, these fathers say that the teachers are now carrying on subversive activity through homework. Undermining the faith of children in their parents, according to authentic information, is the net effect of homework. A boy approaches his father after supper and says, "Dad, how about a lift with this algebra?"

The father, flattered to have his advice sought after on a sound, practical study like algebra, replies, "Certainly, son; glad to lend a hand."

"Well, here is the problem. The combined age of two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, is one hundred and Nora, and Mike will be thirty-five when——"

"Very good," says the father. "Now the first thing to do is to let x equal Pat's age."

"Mike's age," says the son.

"Always use x to represent the value of the quantity first mentioned—in this case the age of Pat," explains the father patiently.

"That's not the way our teacher tells us to do it. She says make x equal the smaller number, so you won't have to use so many minus signs."

"What in the name of Jeremiah Q. Euclid has that got to do with it? I wasn't born yesterday."

"That's what our teacher says," interrupts the son. "She says that the assistance of parents in homework is practically useless because methods and techniques have changed and been greatly improved since education's pioneer period."

The father is by this time in an ugly mood.

"Go to bed, you little smart aleck, and stay there until it occurs to you that possibly, just conceivably, your father knows as much about the ages of Pat and Mike as some harebrained flibbertiglibet from the normal school, which is filthy with Reds and subversive New Dealers setting child against parents in order to soften up civilization for the wrack and ruin that is sure to follow when a child cannot honor its father and mother ...

Tax Relief?

Gas Rebate

By Dick Young

IF MY genial friend, Representative Ed Tonissen, really wants to do something for the poor down-trodden automobile owner he should try and get back for local use some of the estimated $1,000,000 which Charlotte car owners annually pay to the State in gasoline tax. After years of trying, North Carolina cities now get a teensy-weensy bit of the money paid in gasoline tax to the State and this is used for the maintenance of state highways within corporate limits of the municipalities. Charlotte gets around $49,000, but that's not a drop in the bucket to what is paid to the State by local car owners in gasoline tax.

Mr. Tonissen's bill to eliminate the collection of $1 for a city tag drew the fire of the City Council, which unanimously went on record opposing the proposal. The Mayor was instructed to telegraph the members of the legislative delegation and ask that the bill be killed. As City Manager Flack pointed out the loss of this money, that has been ranging from between $17,000 and $20,000, will simply mean that it will have to be taken up in additional burden on the property owner, the little home owner being the worst sufferer.

Will it be the millennium before our Police Department settles down? It seems there are constant eruptions from one cause or another and the current disturbance appears freighted with serious consequences. I know the citizens of Charlotte must be weary with the recurring disturbances and fervently hope that some day, somehow, the situation will be smoothed out. I know I do. . . . Cy Hood, maintenance superintendent of the city schools, laid down his rule and figuring pencil the other day and essayed the role of luncheon club speaker. He admitted that he suffered the tortures of the damned for 22 minutes, and when I asked why he had taken on so unpleasant an assignment he quickly replied, "Well, I owed the man who asked me to speak $50."

Miss Virginia Ritch, diminutive and energetic assistant in the purchasing department, leaves the municipal service today. On Monday she will assume a position with the local office of the Reconstruction Finance Corp. . . . Fireman Ernest Dixson, recently named secretary of the Fire Department, was among the early volunteers for the local unit of the Civil Air Patrol. . . . Miss Amalie Wallman, stenographic assistant at the Police Department, is undergoing treatment at Memorial Hospital.

Straws are beginning to blow in the political wind and are long the campaign will open up. Some say this year's tussle is going to be fast and furious, with the fur flying seven ways from Sunday, but chances are the war will overshadow our own private battle. The extent of the campaign will largely depend upon the situation in the war zones, I'm thinking.

Here's a little item I ran across in the News Bulletin of the Public Administration Clearing House, which I hope members of the City Council will not miss: "Salt Lake City's anti-smoke ordinance, stringently enforced during the last year, has cut in half the density of the smoke that used to hang over the city, whose surrounding mountains make a natural smoke harbor." If Salt Lake City can overcome a natural obstacle in its smoke abatement, why can't Charlotte successfully battle its so-called unfavorable atmospheric conditions? O, yes, Salt Lake City tried.

It Gets Around

Our Reputation

IN THE last issue of The State Magazine Carl Goerch, the editor, tells this interesting story about Charlotte and one of her citizens:

"Mr. H. I. McDougle is one of the Representatives from Mecklenburg County. A few nights ago, while strolling through the lobby of one of the hotels in Raleigh, he was accosted by a gentleman—a stranger to him—who evidently had had something to drink. The stranger insisted on getting into conversation.

"'My name,' he said, 'is Jackson, and I live in Greensboro. Whash your name?'

"'Mr. McDougle told him.

"'You in the Leshlashure?'

"'Yes, I am.'

"'What bonds do you live?'

"'My home is in Charlotte.'

"'Thash fine. I've been in Charlotte lots of times, and it's a mighty fine town. I got lots of friends in Charlotte. You seem to be a mighty fine fellow. What do you say to going up to my room and let's both of us take a little drink?'

"'No, thank you.'

"'Aw, come on; I got plenty of liquor upstairs.'

"'Much obliged,' said Mr. McDougle, 'but I never take a drink.'

"'You never take a drink?'

"'That's correct.'

"'And you say you live in Charlotte?'

"'Yes, I live in Charlotte.'

"The drunk stepped back a pace or two and regarded Mr. McDougle carefully. Finally he spoke up and said: 'I believe you're a liar, because everybody in Charlotte takes a drink!'

"Mr. McDougle left him without continuing the discussion further."

Quote, Unquote

EVERYTHING is not well with the Germans.

—Josef Stalin.

The American public means business, and will have little patience with any political party which puts partisan advantage above national welfare.

—Vice President Henry Wallace.

It is a hollow promise that these people (in occupied countries) will receive food after the war is over. It means little to a mother who sets her table only to watch ...

Unless some sort of rule or law is passed making it impossible to put nine men on the field, baseball is not dead.

Judge K. M. Landis, baseball commissioner.

I was going along the side of a cliff in the jungle when I noticed a movement in the bushes. I yelled "Get the hell outta there!" A Jap stuck his head up. He had a look of surprise when I shot him dead.

—Pvt. Leland R. Simpson, who tel...