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SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1943

Two Big Doses
Government Likes Incentive, Business Hauls Out A Slick

Those who have lightly assumed that the great problem of absenteeism in war plants is solely a product of the hours might remember back to the years before war, when coming disaster had drawn taut the American economy and offered record employment. Even in those times, millions were not at work among them were many who, in lieu of discharging their duty as citizens, were burdening the nation's young social security program. No, there was plentiful evidence that Americans were not so one before progress in peace; the symptoms simply multiplied under war's stress.

Absenteeism may not be explained by wages increasing and production records in more noticeable on or after payday, or as after week-ends. Those are old, here-fore, there were the public headaches of management through its personnel divisions. Now, it has become the concern of us all. Inevitably, many preferred remedies have bobbed up, their sponsors confidently pleading their cases.

We got into a warm frame of mind this week, contemplating the difference in approach between official Washington and private management in nearby business.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Bush, Burt, announced a plan of incentive bonuses to stop inflation. Donald Nelson, struck with the idea, tried to wholesale it to Congress.

A few miles away, plagued with the absence of General K. Martin's big plans plants found another method. Martin simply began firing employees who indulged in frequent and unexplained absenteeism. In one week, 107 lost their jobs and fat envelopes.

We believe there's no need of comparing methods. Secretary Bard, coming from the world and inexperienced in the ways of working men and big industry, might seem his incentives to be exactly the right bait to entice working Americans to new high production figures. We think there's been a slight misreading of the incentive ideology since 1933, and that the idea of firing is the only answer. For those who won't work and do their share, firing is the right medicine. Only that way will the ill be lessened and Americans return to their senses.

Air Pocket

Pan-American and British Open Battle for Supremacy

Now the debate on world air power seems down to cases and the principals are almost through yapping out their belated insults. The issue is in the open, and Americans may drop their cloak of false modesty. They may side up to Anthony Eden these days, same as them, and approach him with a new frankness. The battle is joined between monopolistic Pan-American Airways and everything British that flies; and now American leaders may say to Eden for their people that the squabble must really be settled—but that Americans do not intend to enter the global air age at a disadvantage. The United States, foster mother to the Age of Machines that an astounded Europe bore and could not control, holds firm to her conviction that tomorrow's destiny is largely hers.

There must be no little brushes between allies, no divisive quarrels over goals not yet won; but there must be a settlement, a clarification of aims. In that, Claire Luce, making an eloquent charge into the whispering domain of international whisper, did a great service for the world. For Henry Wallace, she has not flung his ideals to the earth—she has rolled them over to the opposition. There is an insistence, then, that Britain and America look beyond the Beveridge Report and the New Roosevelt Plan and the winning of peace, and speak cogently of how the new century might lie down together for generations.

There is no academic question of whose planes shall be allowed to fly down these skyways; and what nations shall be permitted to own or build planes there is only a question of how the people of the United States, who for a new world they cannot yet see, will allow a great

a great ally. Here, it is only this: the air problem of tomorrow is to be settled soon, and cannot wait for blueprints. Shall Pan-American's resistance to coming British competition generate between allies a new mistrust, and the beginning of a new campaign of empire? As simple as that, will be the air problem. We will pick our choice, Pan-American or the British, and there will be a pattern of the future.

Wrong Number
Both Races Could Co-Operate To End Crowded Bus Problem

We noted without satisfaction the proposal by Dr. J. Nathaniel Tross, the local Negro leader, which was calculated to relieve the war-grown problem of race relations on crowded public conveyances. The suggestion to parcel out seats for Negro and white on a basis of population seems to us eminently impractical, and likely to cause a great deal more irritation between the races than now exists.

There is, after all, only a little unpleasantness in the problem so far as Charlotte is concerned. There was the Negro woman who slapped a white woman, the Negro boy who sat in a white woman's lap. There are doubtless misterings and ill-feelings on both sides at times; surely bus drivers are living through trying times. But the answer to the problem lies in the application of common sense, not in the making of new rules or tricks.

Mark off buses at 50 per cent for the Negro and 70 per cent for the white and the trouble will start; in crowded hours, no such hard and fast rules could be applied. The solution lies in the familiar old direction: Negroes seat in the rear, whites from the front, and those who meet head up under the conditions as best they can. But in the allotment of seats on a per capita basis, we can see no good.

Same Old Ham

Amazing Rep. Fish Wants British Land, Not German

We hope that the latest utterance of Ham Fish, the preposterous apostle of isolationism who now calls himself a "former non-interventionist," will not be misled by the nation at large. Turning up in Boston this week in that city's greatest tragedy since the night club disaster, Ham shouted a few words calculated to scatter new seeds of his old anti-British doctrine in the country. His proposal, if it may be so described, ran like this:

1. The United States must make certain that it got value received for Lend-Lease money and goods. It must guarantee payment by seizing German Britain's bases along our Atlantic coast now. Otherwise, we might be left holding the bag again.

2. If Germany is defeated, the United Nations must not seize the foot of German soil. The Third Reich must not be disturbed, lest the seeds of a third World War be sown.

That's as far as any American needs to go with Brother Fish to realize that he hasn't changed an iota since the war hit America; and that his whole tribe of unabashed home-made Fascists probably still refuses to believe that Pearl Harbor has happened.

The only sure-fire method we can think of to guarantee that we get our money's worth out of Lend-Lease (aside from retaining our national freedom—which is as nothing to Fish and his kind) is to turn over to the British, or some other nation of fighting allies, with the distinct understanding that he is never to be permitted to return. We'd as soon have that deal one-way, all the way.

In our rough draft of a constitution for a Federated Europe, Article 1 to 10 are a Bill of Rights, and Article 11 is an anti-fireworks ordinance. "What are the facts?" bows Goebbels in a broadcast to the multitudes. A crack like that can destroy a communication-writer's whole train of thought.

A famed lyric writer says he never knows what the song is to be about when he begins. It is thus with Congress, as it sits down to compose the

Judge For Peace
A Great Plan Comes

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON
When I find that Owen Roberts, of the United States Supreme Court, thinks it necessary that the United States take the lead in securing order in the world, that carries a good deal of weight with me. Justice Roberts can have no axe to grind.

He is safe for life on the Supreme Court. What Justice Roberts says carries weight with me because I know he could be no crackpot, having been a conservative Republican, a corporation lawyer in Philadelphia, and because since Herbert Hoover appointed him to the Supreme Court his life work has been the study and protection of the American constitution. I know—as everybody in Washington knows—that Justice Roberts is one sure who is inclined to gamble or play carelessly with American institutions.

We don't know what the Senate will permit this country to do toward joining with other nations. The Senate is trying to make up its mind. That makes this the most critical hour since we waited in 1940 to know if Britain would stand, or whether we would have to face the whole Nazi world alone. So I offer Justice Roberts as a witness. Will the Senators give some weight to his views before they take the irreparable step of refusing to permit America to enter other nations?

In Philadelphia the other night, a United Nations meeting was held. Justice Roberts presided. What he had to say was not reported. Important thing before the American people today was the form of the post-war settlement, and that the leaders of the country necessarily must have the backing of a fairly unanimous public opinion or they would not feel a mandate to organize the peace.

Justice Roberts asked a number of questions of the audience, which he said the American people must answer for themselves, such as: could any order, peace, security, economic well-being or liberty exist without law, and if not, how should the law be formulated. Could any such law be formulated

except by the representative of the various peoples represented in the supra-national government? Justice Roberts then put to the audience a number of questions with respect to the powers of such a higher-level international government, and asked if the solution of these questions seemed impossible. He then drew the analogy from the American constitutional convention, which was faced with quite as grave difficulties and managed to overcome them.

Finally, Justice Roberts said there were two essentials to the organization of a world order. First, that the American people must lay aside all partisanship. Second, that in seeking unity on a plan, there must be some give and take. Each person must decide himself what was fundamental, and be willing to yield on details that really were non-essential.

Straws show the wind blowing toward action. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and John Foster Dulles, are this week initiating a movement by the Federal Council of Churches in behalf of the same general ends to which Justice Roberts points. The Women's Home Companion reports a panel poll showing 82 per cent of American women in favor of a permanent world congress, and of those, 85 per cent would give the world congress power to enforce its decisions.

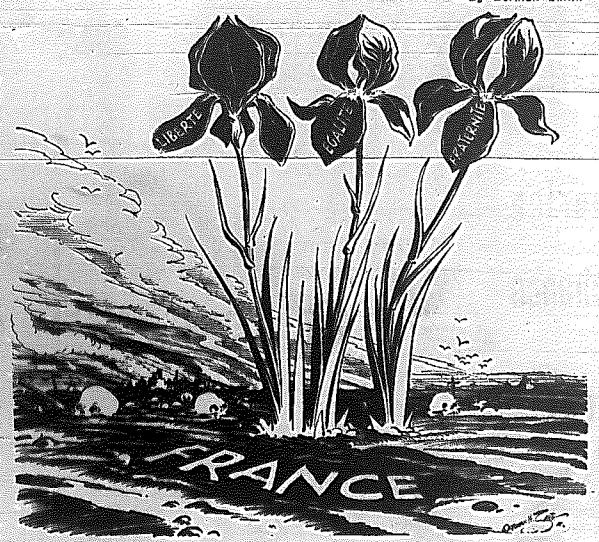
Actually, however, the answer rests with the Senate. Can Senators refuse to pass the Ball-Burton-Wheeler Bill, resolution, or some similar statement favoring American collaboration? Is the Senate going to turn America's back to the world again?

Is the Senate going to decree that we must go through anarchy and end, as twice before in our lifetime, in a world war from which we have no hope of escaping—one which might the next time come to us in the form of 50 Pearl Harbors simultaneously? Is that what the Senators are determining to inflict on us?

I don't believe they will do it knowingly. They won't if the people of this country make it clear this time they, like Justice Roberts, want a joint effort made to avoid a third World War.

Perennials

By Dorman Smith



Faced With Truth

OVI Stutters And Stumbles

By Samuel Crafton

FIVE thousand young Frenchmen have armed themselves somehow and are fighting in the mountains of Haute-Savoie. Mr. Hoover chooses this moment to say that America's campaign of Lend-Lease will stop the lines of keeping more Americans home to raise food for the world.

He says we are going to have a great responsibility after the war, to feed the victims of combat. Please, please, OVI, don't put that news in leaflet form or drop it on the five thousand fighting Frenchmen of Haute-Savoie. Please don't tell them that our concern is lest they raise to their sides right now our big debate. There is still so much that is irrelevant in the American debate that it shakes the very foundations of credibility.

Washington breaks into big noises over the question of whether the world is to have an international police force after the war, to keep order. Not a police expedition now, this minute or at least this year, to go to the rescue of the five thousand fighting Frenchmen of Haute-Savoie. No; like Mr. Hoover and his entourage for the world's sake, the world takes a flying leap through time; and in the week in which the war is resumed in France and in which Charcot fails to the German, it wrangles over the minutiae of how we shall keep order, when, where, there, shall we order again.

Please, OVI, don't tell the fighting Frenchmen, dodging among the dynamited rocks of Haute-Savoie, that our big debate is not about raising to their sides right now our big debate. Incredibly, is about whether it shall be safe for us to stand beside them in one police force after Hitler shall be dead. And Senators who say we cannot join in any United Nations organization just yet, as proposed in the splendid Hill-

Hatch-Burton resolution, because we do not know what Russia wants.

Can there be any doubt by this time of what Russia wants? She wants what de Gaulle wants, what the fighting Frenchmen of Haute-Savoie want. Russia wants a second front. But there is Senator Wheeler, cupping his ear. He cannot make out what Russia wants.

We must step carefully, he hints, because maybe Russia wants to dominate the continent of Europe. For a power which wants to dominate the continent of Europe, Russia is singularly unprepared. Where are her armies involved. In this high, critical moment, with Kharkov, she begs us to come. That, says Mr. Wheeler, proves it: she is trying to keep us out of Europe.

We are building this lowering structure of irrelevancy at a moment when the war makes more sense than at any time since it began. Hitler pulls twelve divisions out of France, for the Eastern front, and instantly, in almost automatic response, the French people move into the military vacuum thus created. Sabotage is noted from Rochefort to Lorient, from Brest to St. Paul and Valence. The German finger lifts far, a second, and the dispersed young men of France congregate into an army again.

Does not pressure in the West lift for us; too, when it lifts for our brothers in France? Where is similar, urgent automatic American response, showing itself at least in a sense of the moment and in words that the right value on the moment? Mr. Hoover, thumbing through his dictionary of irrelevancy, looks up to say dimly that America is a sort of a partly blockaded country, and had better raise more food because it is well known that fighting men eat twice as much as normal.

Side Glances



"I've arranged a job for Wilbur at Tom's farm as soon as school's out—that'll help solve our rationing problem!"

Election News

Golden Silence

By Dick Young

A CAT AND MOUSE game is being played by opposing political factions and a recall of the 1943 municipal campaign has not made a public cheer. With the last day for candidates to file less than a month away, there's been only a single announcement of a candidate for Council. For quietness and calm, this campaign is without precedence. There must be a reason—besides the war.

And that reason is the apparent design of the opposition to keep the Seven Iron-Dukes going. It appears a foregone conclusion that the majority bloc of the current city Hall regime will seek justification of its administration and will ask for reelection. The Dukes have had several well-documented enemies lately and while no talking has been given as to how they managed these get-togethers it may be correctly presumed that the election was the topic of discussion. If the Dukes are going to run again, they haven't come out and said so but neither has anybody else.

Yet, judging from the talk around, there's plenty of opposition and it is known that the opposition is shaping up a ticket. Not only so, word has come from the opposing camp. This group is also active and it looks like the drive for votes will be a quick thrust in a whitening campaign. If the Dukes do come out for re-election and the opposition holds back they'll have nothing to campaign against and that will make the situation uncertain. And evidently that is what the opposition wants.

At long last, official attention is being given to a system of retirement for municipal employees. And it suggests the approaching municipal campaign had something to do with the speed-up. At Wednesday's Council session there was amusing jockeying for position for credit for the move but the fact that Councilman Ward beat the Dukes to the draw with his resolution for establishment of the system and appointment of a committee to make a detailed study. True, there had been a committee drawn from the ranks of the Dukes, to investigate a retirement system but this had been appointed informally and nothing was known of its activities, if any, until the announcement of Mr. Ward's resolution.

Regardless of who elected the credit for initiation of the retirement plan and of who gets the credit, the long-needed and anxiously awaited age security for municipal workers should be complete, and I sincerely hope that the present stir is not just for political purposes with the plan to be forgotten after the votes are counted. If the Dukes are granted to office or if some other group takes their place, the retirement system should be carried to successful conclusion.

Background For Peace

A World Stirs

From Time, March 22

FOR twelve years this spinning earth has carried a burden of war. In most of these years it has carried the burden of defeat and loss. Millions upon millions of young people have grown up in a world where two great worlds were depression and war.

Some time in those bitter years—some time in the past few months the world changed. It is becoming a world anticipating and planning for peace. A generation hatched by depression and war has begun to plan for a future where both will be impossible. In every country there is a mass of plain people, here their own plan, there they want to do after the victory is won. Some of them are reading books and articles. Most of them are talking about the postwar world in their own language. They are the world's best people, and in the broad sweep of history, as they struggle to gain what they want, their hopes and their works outweigh the promises of leaders and the plans of the planners.

The world that has been carrying its burden of war around the sun has carried also the daily routines of the old and ordinary life of these plain people. Before the furnace heat of the Indian fire spread in this pre-monsoon season, the Indian tribes wait in their countless villages for the southwest wind to bring the rains of June. One-sixth of the earth's people, with their 225 languages, their 2,500 castes and 19 religions, are unteachable, not harming the sacred hump-back cattle, not touching the sacred cow, not touching the sacred cow, not touching the sacred cow, not touching the sacred cow.

There is no date to mark the moment when plans for the future rose against the tragic present. The millennium anniversaries of personal, historical, or national events are being observed, but not for the epoch that began when millions acknowledged their truth. Children who were ten when the Japanese shelled their beaches at Midway are 22 now. They are the background of their parents over know, their first loves and their first jobs began; their play ended and their work and their fighting started.

Every great crisis of history there is a common impulse that moves among great masses of people at the same moment and guides their actions with a finality that is beyond the ordering of Governments. There was such a time when millions of European and Chinese and Indian nationalities moved to the New World in a great tidal wave of humanity. There was such a time when the West was settled and thousands of emigrants swept over the Oregon Trail. Now, the great migrations, there is a movement of the mind of man. The plans for the postwar world are beginning to move—slowly, heavily, quietly—no ice breaks up in the northern rivers under the first warm winds of spring. The conflict of national war world was once news of planners, politicians, theoreticians. It is becoming many of the hopes of plain people all over the globe.

To many of the world's plain people, hope has been buried as deeply as their dead. War has meant plague, riot in the darkness of conquered countries, firing squads, assassins, brutality, murder, the stepping away of moral integrity, the surrender to expediency, the abandoning of standards that had been tried in social conduct and exemplified in human life.

Democracy is going down to the tenth. The need for world fellowship, the need for world unity, is furnishing a link between the world. The belief in the dignity of man, of all men, is in itself a primary protection against the perils of the war of nerves, a shield against the registration of domination, a shield against life's waste in war. It is the heart behind the drawings of the engineer and the unformed hope of the man in the street; it is the force that overcomes the blinding of allies, the conflict of national prestige; it is the measure of a man's responsibility for the future. It is inseparable. Says Russell Davenport, "Only love is the force that can save the world."

Platform Of The People

Is Beer Intoxicating?

Editors: The News:

The suit filed in Mecklenburg Superior Court by Corporal William R. Dillon of Morris Field in a plea for the annulment of his marriage to a sixteen-year-old Charlotte girl, whom he had known only one hour and after he had consumed eight beers and a half pint of wine leads us to ask the question: Is beer intoxicating? If not then why was its consumption used in support of his plea?

The same day that full page ad from the retail dealer, who had also appeared in The Charlotte Observer, pleading to the public a five-point program for the war, marriage to a sixteen-year-old Charlotte girl, whom he had known only one hour and after he had consumed eight beers and a half pint of wine leads us to ask the question: Is beer intoxicating? If not then why was its consumption used in support of his plea?

Perhaps there is no one, who can read, who is so unintelligent as not to know that it is the alcohol in the drink that makes it intoxicating and not the name of the beverage. But we have never seen the beer

a narcotic and a sufficient quantity of alcohol in the blood stream renders the drinker oblivious to what he is doing. This was evidently the case of the Corporal from Morris Field.

The question is, who is responsible for such a thing as this could happen in this the Queen City of the Carolinas? Let us see how our own leaders have our finger on the finger of intoxication at some one else.