THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by The News Publishing Company, Inc.
W. G. Dowd Jr., President and General Manager — J. E. Dowd, Vice-President and Editor

● W. G. Dowd, 1855-1937 ●

The Daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1888. The Evening edition (established in 1903) was purchased by and consolidated with The Chronicle (The News May 8, 1916.

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

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

	By Carrier	By Mail
One Month	$ .65	$ .65
Three Months	1.95	1.95
Six Months	3.90	3.75
One Year	7.80	7.20

15 cents per week by carrier

THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1941

Kept Promise

At Long Last, Mr. Roosevelt Does Up To An Old One

In the rush of news about the war it went nearly unnoticed, but Mr. Roosevelt has finally made good on that old promise—remember it?—candidly to admit the failure of experiments. That is, he has made good by confessing the failure of just one experiment.

There was never much real excuse for uproar about that setting back of Thanksgiving by a week, to be sure.

Nevertheless, there was no real reason to change it, either. The excuse given by the President, that the merchants wanted a longer holiday season and that it would increase business and prosperity, always seemed hollow and more than a little puerile.

On the other hand, it should have been plain that the change would be resented on by the Roosevelt-haters as another proof of the President's liking for change just for change's sake, one more reason for dismiss.

Still, the thing did perform the feat of making the President confess to a mistake for once. And if it would set a precedent for more of that spirit, well, this particular experiment would have been quite justified.

Gas Attack

England Might Do Well To Take Initiative In This

One commentator with a great deal of first-hand knowledge of this war raises the question as to whether the Germans will eventually resort to gas in the effort to beat England, and afterward the United States, to her knees. He answers it in the affirmative: she will.

The most likely scheme will be the strewing of arsenic powder over England and then waiting for the first rain in that rainy land, or even the constant heavy mists, to do the work of killing off the population by wholesale. Arsenic forms a deadly gas when it comes into contact with moisture, and what is worse gas masks are of very little avail against it.

There is nothing improbable about this horrifying story. The 70 million malignant Huns have stolen the whole liquid wealth of France, are now engaged in stealing all its movable wealth, have corrupted the French mind into economic acceptance, have told the French that if ever Britain and the United States force them out of France they will destroy it systematically as they have murdered two million Poles, emasculated a million more, have literally enslaved the rest, etc., etc., etc.

But a question must inevitably arise: with this prospect before them, why doesn't the British wait to be struck first?

Bum Steer

It All Worked Out Fine Until the Last Chapter

The romance of Mr. Earl Lee Archer, sophomore at the University of Arkansas, seems to be definitely over. And it appears that he has a legitimate complaint against the movies for having misled him. After all, it is asking too much of a sophomore to ask him not to take the movies seriously.

You've seen those pictures. Our hero gets a glimpse of a cutie in a train or as she leaves a ship, wisecracks at her in a ticketbooth or in Central Park, and therefore goes pursuing her with energy and devotion, always getting slapped every time he catches up with her, but in the end getting the gal to the altar.

That was what Mr. Archer took seriously. Leaving the Kentucky Derby on his motorcycle he caught sight of Miss Helen Linger, of Kansas City, as she was also leaving Churchill Downs in her papa's big automobile. And after that in the best movie style dashed Mr. Archer, all the way to KC, where the cops locked him up for annoying the girl. Then the girl's papa came along and got him sprung on the stern terms of going on home.

All this was, of course, strictly according to Hoyle, and Mr. Archer was entitled in hoping for a good end to romance still. But now it develops that Miss Linger is going to marry a guy named Saint West.

Even so, Mr. Archer might still cling to hope, since it is established law of the movies that our hero always gets the girl just as she is about to marry the other guy. But here's the hitch. In the movies that other guy is always "a laggard in love and a dastard in war"—whom our hero can dispose of by one good sock in the jaw.

But alas and alack, in real life that fellow West is former boxing champion of Stanford University. It looks like the movies sold Mr. Archer down the river.

Our Quandary

Martinique Suddenly Brings War to Our Front Door

Yesterday the French (Nazi) airplane carrier and cruiser which have been lying at Martinique since the fall of France last June steamed out to sea on what was called a "test run." The action followed the appearance on the island of many German "technicians"—whose appearance anywhere has so far been the invariable forerunner of a new Nazi grab.

Perhaps the ships were simply being tuned up for a dash into the Atlantic, to join the French (Nazi) navy at Dakar or in the Mediterranean and, or, to begin preying on shipping from the United States to Britain.

But perhaps it was in preparation for beginning to operate against British shipping from Martinique as a base—a bold effort to challenge and break the Monroe Doctrine at a stroke. Or a testing out of the possible reaction of the United States. And perhaps it was intended as a threat against any attempt by the United States to interfere and seize the island.

This is borne out by the report of the Nazi-controlled newspaper in Paris, *Le Matin*, that Vichy had issued orders to Martinique to prepare for attack from the United States and to resist to the bitter end.

In any case, the peril for the United States is definite and great. At Martinique are something over a hundred American-made planes already—halted there on their way to aid France last Summer because she had already fallen. Quite conceivably, the carrier operating at night in conjunction with these planes could cripple the Panama Canal in a sudden blow, cut off the fleet in the Pacific. And the presence of a Nazi base in the heart of the Antilles and off the coast of South America is intolerable from many other viewpoints.

But Washington is plainly hesitant. Why? The answer seems to be that we are in a most dangerous pickle.

To treat Martinique apart from the west coast of Africa, the Azores, the Canaries, and the Cape Verdes would not be very realistic, for it is just one stepping stone in a long series. To seize it would make us immediately more secure, certainly. But if that precipitated hostilities, it would bring on the problem of seizing these other positions before Hitler got them.

The navy is rumored to favor occupying them all at once—and now.

But the isolationists will not hear of that, though some of them are willing to take Martinique, regardless of the risks. And in the Middle West the isolationists still hold sway over public opinion. The President naturally hesitates to act in defiance of the wishes of so great a segment of the people, located strategically in the heart of the nation. If war came and the isolationists kept on whipping up dissension in the Middle West, the consequences might be catastrophic.

Moreover, there is very grave doubt that the United States has the forces successfully to occupy all these positions. The number of trained marines is only about 30,000. The regular army is scattered widely and is needed desperately to train the new army. To send the latter against the Nazis at the present, even if they were adequately trained, would be useless murder. And there is no sufficient air force to cope with the air attack the Nazis would surely launch.

There is the navy, of course. And the British have many soldiers, equipped and trained. Together, the landing might be made in these positions. But the British hesitate to weaken the defenses of the United Kingdom, with reason.

And then there is Japan, which both the United States and Britain must bear in mind.

It is an ugly quandary. But it is clear that, unless the course of events changes quickly, a minimum decision with regard to Martinique at least cannot wait long.

Zerbeziehen Faces

By Dorothy Thompson

When I opened the paper and saw the photographs I recognized them immediately. Members of the "British American Ambulance Corps Unit" on the Estonia.

When I saw them last they were members of a French-American ambulance corps unit. They were on the S.S. Manhattan, a year ago last March, and they were en route to France.

It was easy enough to see what sort of young men they were; they were exceptionally fine young men, and well-educated and well-bred. Most of them had had exceptional privileges. They were graduates of fine schools and colleges. None of them looked as though he had any reason for running away from anything. When it came to handing around jobs in America, these boys would have been among the first to be considered, and some of them had left good jobs.

It was harder to find out why they were setting out on this dangerous expedition, to serve a country not their own, to enter a war for which they had not been drafted. Certainly nobody had pushed them into it.

THEY WERE NOT VICTIMS OF HYSTERIA

They were allergic to heroics and on the defensive. I got the impression that a great many people had asked them the same question before they embarked for France "Why do you have to go and stick your necks out?" Certainly nobody had sent them off under the taunt of "slacker."

Nor were they, for the most part, earnest young men anxious to do good in the world, or fanatically devoted to the cause of saving the world. I remember what Charlie McCarthy said when I asked him why he had enlisted. "What would you do if your name was Charlie McCarthy?" he asked ironically. At first they all wise-cracked like that.

But I got to be friends with three or four of them and eventually they inked about the whys and wherefores of finding it their business to help the French.

They hedged away from idealism as from hot stoves. They were realistic, undilusioned, candid and straightforward. I did not hear one of them talk about saving the world for democracy. In fact what they thought about democracy in some of its present manifestations sounded like the sort of critique I had heard from young Nazis a decade ago in Germany.

THEY HAD NO ILLUSIONS ABOUT DEMOCRACY

They thought most democratic politicians were "fatheads"; they thought there was something rotten about a social system that couldn't solve the question of unemployment; they weren't highly pleased with their own education; they loathed "Heds" and thought less than nothing of the results of the last war.

Yet, there they were, going over to get into another, via the ambulance corps. To help, says Frenchmen from Germany. None of them disliked Germans or Germany.

Furthermore, they were highly critical of French policy, and not exaggeratedly pro-British. They also had no illusions about war. "We've been told about the horrors of the last war all our lives," they said.

SOME OF THEIR REASONS ARE SET DOWN

I wrote down some of the answers:

"It's hooey to say this is not our war. America couldn't live in a world run by the Axis Powers. We'd have to go Nazi. We are going to go into the war eventually anyhow. We want to start from the outset."

"I don't hate Germany, but I loathe Nazism. It's silly and barbaric. The only thing I'd fight for is the right to a private life. If you can't have a private life, what's the use of having any?"

"The United States could have prevented this war if the politicians had had more guts. Why don't any of them tell the people what they really think?"

"All the extremists are on the Nazi side. I hate extremism. Only a moderate world is tolerable."

I heard about them afterward in Paris. The authorities said they were wonderful. Two of them got the Croix de Guerre. Vichy would have dismissed them with that honor. If it were adventure they were after they could have quit.

But they didn't. They came home, reorganized under the British, and went out again.

The QUEEN CITY'S HOPE CHEST

No. 1 — An Uptown Theater-Auditorium
No. 2 — A Separate Court District
No. 3 — An Uptown Rest Room
No. 4 — Street-Widening

"Was It for This We Laid Down Our Arms?"

By Berryman

Letters to the Editor:

Urges Postal Clerk Raise

Dear Sir:

I wonder if by any chance you know that there is a group of men in this land of ours that have not been allowed, by law, to have an increase in pay in the last sixteen years. Back during the depression they were cut as close as possible, but there has been no hue nor cry to have the pay of these same fellows raised when, as an example, Representative Crawford of Michigan recently told the House Post Office and Post Roads committee that general household expenses during the month of March were five and a quarter per cent higher than they were in February this year.

There is a bill in Congress (HR 1057) and an identical one in the Senate (S 220) which will give the postal worker a one hundred dollar per annum increase in pay after ten years' service. This will amount to about one dollar, ninety cents a week. These bills will grant another increase after each additional five years' service up to thirty years. Service after thirty years will not be computed in these salary increases.

May I say that a post office worker is a specialist. The work that he does in the post office is not of value to him in any other field. He has to study "schemes" which are constantly changing, to keep his work up to standard and if he changes jobs this study does not mean a thing to him.

Also, these bills are not for the benefit of the drifter nor of the high school boy who just wants something to tide him over until he finds himself, nor will it help the politicos's friends who expect to stay in the service only as long as the Administration is favorable to him. It will affect only those who have as much as ten years in the service.

May I ask you to give your consideration to these bills as an influential paper which finds that the post office does give service that should be recognized. Look, please, to your own policy. Does not a man who has been with you ten, fifteen or twenty years make more than a fellow who has just finished his apprenticeship? Also in other fields of endeavor you will find it the same.

I know that I will and I believe that the other 65,000 post office clerks throughout the country will appreciate any favorable comment that you will make in effort to help them to maintain some standard of living near that which the servants of this nation of ours should be entitled.

Thank you.

—WILLIAM H. MOON,
Post Office Clerk.
625 E. Tremont Avenue, Charlotte.

P. S. We all believe that this is a much better means than "striking."

What Fixes Boundary Of a Hemisphere?

New York Herald-Tribune

The recent agreement by which the United States undertook the protection of Greenland, thereby tacitly including that island in the hemisphere, brings up again the question of hemisphere boundaries. One of the most interesting commentaries in this subject was contributed by Vihjalmur Stefansson in a recent issue of "Foreign Affairs." He pointed out that there was no boundary meridian which would include all of Greenland in the Western Hemisphere and yet not also include Cape Verde Islands, the Azores and a 1,000-mile slice of Africa's west coast. A meridian cannot, therefore, he argued, serve as a militarily defensible Atlantic boundary between hemispheres. Nor can such a division be upheld on grounds of geography.

If Greenland is in the Western Hemisphere—and our Government obviously considers that it is—what of Iceland? Iceland is much closer to Greenland than to Europe; it is 185 miles from Greenland, but 300 miles from the Faroe Islands, 500 miles from Scotland. Moreover a meridian which puts all of Greenland in this hemisphere also puts Iceland there. (Mercator maps, which are most commonly reproduced, deceive the eye on these points)

Mr. Stefansson suggests a common-sense boundary which would place Greenland and Iceland in the Western Hemisphere but which would leave the Azores, the Cape Verdes and Africa's west coast in the Eastern. The boundary line would be the middle of the widest channel between the American continents on the one hand and the European and African continents on the other. As part of the continents he would include the large islands adjacent to them, such as Svalbard, Greenland, Iceland, the British Isles, Newfoundland and the Greater Antilles, but not minor groups such as the Faroes, Azores, Cape Verdes and Bermuda. This middle-of-the-channel line, curving to conform to the general contours of the land on either side would probably best conform to what is practicable both from a political and a geographical point of view.

The decision regarding this problem of hemisphere boundaries may have to be made soon. This nation has just re-affirmed the Monroe Doctrine. It has prohibited the use of certain of our armed forces outside the Western Hemisphere. It has not tacitly included Greenland in it. Mr. Stefansson's middle-of-the-channel boundary deserves to be considered as a possible answer to the problem on the Atlantic side. As pointed out here recently, a meridian boundary would be almost as difficult to fix on the Pacific side. There the international date line, also a zigzagged line, satisfies a roughly satisfactory division between the hemispheres.

Sure, They've All Got Hallucinations

Fayetteville Observer

Nazis are claiming that Rudolf Hess was suffering from hallucinations when he fled Germany for England.

Hallucinations are a chronic complaint of the German ruling class.

One of their most common and most unfortunate hallucinations is that they can whip old man Sam's little nephew.

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him.— I Kings 18:21.

Side Glances

"Seven doors slammed in our faces, five women yelled 'No thanks!' behind locked doors—and now I've got to go home and hear my wife beef about not making enough money!"

A Man For The Hour

By Raymond Clapper

Washington, D. C., May [illegible] — [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] we are [illegible] national defense [illegible] new confidence [illegible] new determination [illegible] the month that gone work done.

President Roosevelt is trying to do too much himself. He is tired and jittery. He is in doubt. There is panic, crisis and tossed down in confusion. The jigsaw pieces are tangled in a web of their own spinning. Able men, absorbed but their work is chopped up into small pieces. They are pattering at a gigantic jig-saw puzzle and the missing pieces are held at the White House by President Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins. Sometimes the pieces get lost under the bed. Sometimes everyone is too busy to look for them.

President Roosevelt needs a fresh right arm.

THE LITTLE FLOWER IS BEST MAN FOR JOB

For this job, which is bigger than a civilian defense ballyhoo job, the best man I can think of is Mayor LaGuardia of New York.

Wendell Willkie has many of the qualifications but Mr. Roosevelt doesn't like him. It wouldn't work to bring Mr. Willkie in. There would be a steady runaround Mr. Willkie to get to Harry Hopkins or the President.

When the details of war production became too heavy for Woodrow Wilson, he put Bernard M. Baruch in full charge of the economic and industrial management, served notice that there would be no appeal over Mr. Baruch's head to the White House, and then devoted his own effort to the intricate diplomatic management of the war. Mr. Roosevelt is trying, with the aid of Harry Hopkins in a bedroom across the hall, to run the whole show, to sit at the switchboard himself. Administration never has been his strong point, yet he persists in trying to be the super-administrator.

CHAOS OVERTAKES TIRED MR. ROOSEVELT

Mr. Roosevelt is neglecting his relations with Congress at a time when the closest relations are necessary. Inflation is sneaking up on him. Congress rolled through the farm price parity grab. Mr. Roosevelt was too busy to take time out to check this disastrous inflationary legislation. Now he must either swallow it or veto it at the risk of being overridden. Never before was it so important that the White House and Congress work hand in glove.

Mr. Roosevelt has parcelled out activity among a large number of Government organizations. But he has scattered bits of power instead of delegating it in an effective lump.

Tank production is in a muddle. Army ordnance is struggling to introduce elaborate changes. The British clamor to have their ideas incorporated. OPM is trying to hold the technicians within limits so that production will not be further delayed by changes. Tanks were shoved down on the priority list some time back and now when the British are desperate for them, they are not available. This may be a sorry story when it comes fully to light. If there had been a real boss it might have been different.

LABOR SITUATION WILL GROW WORSE SOON

Bombers are coming slowly. Nobody insisted upon moving in strongly upon the automobile industry for parts. Steel capacity is inadequate because there was no driver to insist upon early action. The same is true of aluminum. Stockpiles are painfully low because nobody insisted upon tightening civilian consumption.

Neglect of the labor situation has been disgraceful. Mr. Roosevelt and John Lewis carry on their political feud. Labor is being pacified now by a series of 10 per cent raises but that cycle will soon run out. Then what?

Men do not work by blue-prints alone. They work also by the inspiration of a leader. Personal leadership is as necessary in this defense team as it is on a football team. We haven't got it now.

Mr. Roosevelt needs an executive officer, a man with the personal force, the enthusiasm, the high spirit, the toughness and the goodwill of LaGuardia. He needs such a man badly, very badly, and he needs him now.

Visitin' Around

Baltimore Here Comes Bill!
(Marshville Home)

Bill Marsh went to Baltimore, Md., Monday where he expects employment.

All Present And Accounted For
(North Wilkesboro Hustler)

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Caldwell of Boomer and six-year-old son were in North Wilkesboro Tuesday morning. A visitor to one of their neighbors from Henderson, Vance County, came with them going to the Wilkes Hospital where one of her kinsfolk is a patient.