



Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by The News Publishing Company, Inc. W. C. Dord, Jr., President. J. E. Dord, Vice-President and General Manager. W. C. Dord, 1865-1927. W. C. Dord, 1865-1927. The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1886. The Evening Edition (established 1901) was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News on May 6, 1918. 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. The Associated Press is entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not credited to this paper, and also the local news published herein. Headed in second-hand matter at the Post Office at Charlotte, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By Mail: One month, \$5 cents; three months, \$12.50; six months, \$22.50; one year, \$42.50. By carrier in the city of Charlotte: 15 cents a week; one month, \$5 cents; three months, \$12.50; six months, \$22.50; one year, \$42.50. For home-delivered rates outside the city of Charlotte, see your local carrier.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1941

Guns, Sure-And Gadgets

Washington Appears Ready To Demand Sacrifices of Tax-payers but to Keep the Handouts Going Full Blast

The people of this country, realizing how drastically expensive defense is going to be, are credited with full willingness to pay any taxes which Congress and the Administration in their wisdom think it necessary to impose. In this attitude they have been so indisputable that in ordinary times would be grating over the prospect of higher taxes, have already been stoically to put aside good spending cash against next March 1st. Among those uninitiated to the intricate task, a beautiful Congress's tentative lowering of exemptions to take in whole new classes of taxpayers occasions no momentary indignation. The country, we think it may be said with confidence, is ready to put its shoulders to the tax mill in whatever way and whatever amounts Congress and the Administration may deem advisable. The people understand that to rearm a possible nation until it bristles with power and simultaneously to serve as the backbone of a great defense system in Germany, Italy and Japan will require a supreme effort to which all other pursuits must be subordinated. The people understand also that when they pay for arms as they go, in addition to a certain consequence. But how about Congress and the Administration? Do they, whose prime responsibility it is, comprehend the grave nature of the case? Is their reluctance to levy taxes comparable to our war effort? Is their petting national conservatism or their own petty political considerations?

Not only of all, do Congress and the Administration recognize that this war business of paying for defense must be accompanied by sacrifices not only by the people but by the Government in Washington as well? There are disquieting signs to the contrary. The whole weight of the evidence

Implication

The Japanese Offer Us What We Never Asked For

Loaded to capacity with high-test aviation gasoline, an American tanker is speeding across the Pacific today toward Vladivostok. Within two weeks it is expected to dock at the Russian port, where her cargo will be turned over to the Soviet Union. This tanker is the forerunner of a projected wave of assistance to Russia in her fight against Germany. Japanese spokesmen have howled the clock around to protesting the shipment of American munitions to Russia through the Pacific. They openly suspect that most of all of such supplies might very well remain in the hands of the Soviet Far Eastern Army and be used against Japan's Siberian forces. Some Japanese hotheads, probably those most under the malignant influence of the German "ambassadors" and "consultants," have in the past threatened to sink all American ships ferrying munitions to Russia. But Japanese are flustered and flaps at intervals often lasting no longer than a few hours. The unfortunate little country's leaders infuriate or calm themselves at will, depending upon what they are trying to put over at the moment. At this moment it appears that the Japanese pushed the button marked "generosity and good will." According to the latest report from Tokyo, the government has decided to "tolerate temporarily" the shipment of American supplies to Vladivostok. They have no ulterior motive, we are told, other than using this permission of passage (which they have felt obliged to ask in the first place) as a lever to persuade America and Britain to relax the economic blockade of Japan.

The implication, we gather, is that if Britain and the United States do not relax their economic blockade, Japan will use her navy to keep American ships from reaching Vladivostok. So far, all the diversion Japan has been able to create (on order from Berlin) has bounced back in her face. With continuing injury to themselves, America and Britain have blighted Japan's economic life. Either is sure to demand new fireworks in the Pacific. This nation is in the remarkably comfortable position of knowing that whatever Japan does, it is bound to be more painful to her than to us.

Military Obedience

By Hugh S. Johnson

THIS column is unpleasant to write and almost sure to be misunderstood. Nevertheless, since I must have announced that it is a military sentence passed by a court-martial at Fort Bragg on Dr. James H. Doolittle, I feel it my duty to write it.

As a result from treason, the two who did not die with the rest of the military officers in the "direct disobedience of the orders of a commissioned officer." In hoodlum fashion, especially in the case of the enemy, the possible penalty for either is death.

Added from all sentences, considerations, you can build an army on any primary provisions for the most part. No respect to the department "management" can be very convincing in view of the fact that the military is a discipline and a regulation mandates stress this point. The truth is that this emergency situation at this time, the department is justifiably under fire for low morale and discipline.

INEXPERIENCED OFFICERS ARE THE HARDEST This is not at all to say that I approve the handling of the Hahnke case. In the first place, experienced officers are the hardest with enlisted men. In the second, inexperienced courts-martial are the most apt to assess charges and to make recommendations. No one has yet asserted, that this punishment exceeded the maximum laid down in the book for this offense, except to say that its execution was a civilian peccadillo.

As a civilian peccadillo, it is not a military crime, it is a legal—and even that is doubtful. The fault here was in some whippersnapper down the line, who did not sit down with this poor, uniformed and reckless kid in his own quarters, make it clear to him what was up and explain to him why it had to be done in this incident, altogether. That is exactly what the sergeant in New York in similar circumstances, and see what he turned out to be.

AN OLD MEMORY COMES BACK TO HAINKE LITTLE Over the other day to one of my own most poignant memories from my shavelined days. One of the boys, kid in New York in similar circumstances, and see what he turned out to be.

SAFETY OF EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON OBEDIENCE But this question is a puzzle, especially at the beginning of the formation of an army. The safety and success of everything depends on unquestioning obedience of deliberate orders, even if they mean death. An officer must feel that his orders are unquestioning obedience. Obedience must be second nature.

Refugees From A Big Wind Claxton, Ga., Enterprise The crowd in town Tuesday morning was merely busy staying away from Meteor. (Note: A nearby Ga. town—Buda) until after midnight got through his speaking.

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

How's This—Better?



Letters to the Editor: The Spirit Of Plymouth Hoe

Editors, Tex News: When I grow weak and weary over the blind stupidity of the isolationists of the spalling ignorance and apathy of too many Americans with respect to the things which confront us and of the years that must elapse before we can "repent," Robert R. von Draken's article in your issue of dropping spirits with the strong red meat of your editorial page, excellent as that prime intellectual stichin cut has ever been, none could say that your editorial menu lacks balance. Recently, I find it truly Lucullan—embracing as it does so many nourishing elements and with the infrequent seasoning with the mordant sauce of wit.

The opening paragraph of Dorothy Thompson's column (from Plymouth, England) in your issue of Aug. 14th appended heretofore is a case in point. "I will think of the city where it was leveled to the ground by the people—young and old—came out upon this lovely hoe (Note: What hoe?—Editors, Tex News) overlooking the harbor and each day at dusk listened to music and danced together."

There you go, getting Purkitch again. What hoe, quotha? Probably not the one that man leered upon with the barrel of his gun on his back and the emptiness of ages in his face. What hoe, indeed? (Glad to see Pelham Greenville Wodehouse!) In this case, Messieurs, it must be Plymouth Hoe. (Mr. Messrs. Purkitch & Wodehouse: hoe (n) obs—a cliff, promontory, headland.) In this connection, you will doubtless recall those lusty lines from Henry Newbolt's Draken's Drum:

Draken, he was a Devon man, (Capt'n, art the sleepin' there below) Roarin' at his death fell, he went wit' his heart at sea, An' dreamin' art the time o' Plymouth Hoe, "Take me down to England, hang me at the shore, Strike it when your powder's runnin' low!" If the Devon sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven, An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

I would suggest that you print Newbolt's stirring poem in its entirety. It might serve to help the people of this country to see their danger. After all, as I see it, many American communities might conceivably be the same fate as Plymouth. Our present choice, therefore, would seem to be very clear. Shall we wait before it is too late to safeguard our hard-won liberty for ourselves and our hard-won glory or shall all our

Drake he's in his hammock and a thousand mile away (Capt'n, art the sleepin' there below) Sing strown the round sheet in Mombasa (Note: Pursuant to Mr. Taylor's timely request, we are glad to reprint the first and third stanzas already has quoted the second of Henry Newbolt's stirring poem, "Drake's Drum."—Editors, Tex News.)

Drake he's in his hammock and a thousand mile away (Capt'n, art the sleepin' there below) Sing strown the round sheet in Mombasa (Note: Pursuant to Mr. Taylor's timely request, we are glad to reprint the first and third stanzas already has quoted the second of Henry Newbolt's stirring poem, "Drake's Drum."—Editors, Tex News.)

Drake he's in his hammock and a thousand mile away (Capt'n, art the sleepin' there below) Sing strown the round sheet in Mombasa (Note: Pursuant to Mr. Taylor's timely request, we are glad to reprint the first and third stanzas already has quoted the second of Henry Newbolt's stirring poem, "Drake's Drum."—Editors, Tex News.)

Drake he's in his hammock and a thousand mile away (Capt'n, art the sleepin' there below) Sing strown the round sheet in Mombasa (Note: Pursuant to Mr. Taylor's timely request, we are glad to reprint the first and third stanzas already has quoted the second of Henry Newbolt's stirring poem, "Drake's Drum."—Editors, Tex News.)

Drake he's in his hammock and a thousand mile away (Capt'n, art the sleepin' there below) Sing strown the round sheet in Mombasa (Note: Pursuant to Mr. Taylor's timely request, we are glad to reprint the first and third stanzas already has quoted the second of Henry Newbolt's stirring poem, "Drake's Drum."—Editors, Tex News.)

for a city manager, was it only luck or chance that we voters ever found and selected them? That inquiry reminds us of how rapidly the basic idea of local self-government is vanishing and like the legitimate offspring, the necessity of minding our own business and assets for our own support, development and protection. Perhaps London or Leningrad would study "leave" or "and" us a good city manager. THADDEUS A. ADAMS, Charlotte.

What Did They Do With the Meat? R. E. Carmichael in Winston-Salem Sentinel Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Jackson some time ago purchased a pony for each of their two popular daughters. Several days ago one of the small animals managed to break out of the lot or pasture and ran out in the highway. A passing automobile ran into it and broke one of its legs. A veterinarian was summoned. After examining the injury he discovered that the animal could never be able to use the limb and advised that the pony be killed. However, it died within a few hours. The family had it hauled out to the farm owned by the parents and given a nice burial for an animal. In the meantime the father, mother and daughter decided to have the pony skinned and the hide tanned, then it will be converted into a cloak for the daughter who owned the pony.

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT Not what we say but what we do: Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.—Matthew 5:16.

Side Glances The United States is the world's greatest source of potential air strength, in the future, to prevent the present menace from every developing again. For as you look across this narrow channel—once the broad moat that restricted England and now only a narrow ditch—you realize that the Atlantic also is narrowing, being rapidly bridged by the airplane.

Visitin' Around Just Picked A Tent, Hey? (Chester Reporter) Mr. and Mrs. John Crosby have returned from a delightful outing at Miami Beach, Fla. A Nickel Apple—And Who Dropped In These Two Cents Extra? (Antioch Times) Morganton News-Herald There were 84 percent of 8, 8, Sunday and the collection was \$122.

