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Lady Ambassador Spreading U. S. Gospel

By Raymond Clapper
WASHINGTON
MRS. ROOSEVELT'S visit to England is not over yet. I don't think it is taking any chances to say that it is bound to be all to the good. It will do the people of England some good and it will do us a whole lot more good.
Through Mrs. Roosevelt, the people of England will feel some of the real warmth of America. What some of us have had to say from time to time in spite of matters such as India, may have given the impression to people in England that we were critical of British general policy. Actually, comments about India have come almost entirely from people in America who have been sympathetic with Britain, from those who from the first have recognized that the survival of Britain was vital to the security of the United States.
But specific criticism of one policy is often taken to imply a generally critical attitude toward everything else. Many in England must feel that we are hard, unappreciative and unsympathetic allies. Mrs. Roosevelt may be too charitable, too moved by her personal warmth and genuine qualities of frankness and sympathy. Mrs. Roosevelt can, if anybody can, do more for the people of England than they are isolated from in their spirit. If there is anyone who knows the spirit of this country and what the bulk of our people are thinking, it is Mrs. Roosevelt. She can, and believe she will, give new heart to the great numbers of weary people in England who are quietly hearing sacrifices that we as yet scarcely dream of.
We are likely to benefit by having the people of England see a woman who embodies the best of the American spirit, almost to a fault. Mrs. Roosevelt, in the distribution of war materiel and her sympathies at times to the point where she is imposed upon. But for all that, she has in the past followed by a man who has been everywhere under the foot of war. Those who still think of us as 'The Shylock' and the world is full of people who think that—cannot

About Face

Congress, Labor's Guardian, Ponders Attack on Petrillo
When the Government, with little hope, sent truth-busting Thurman Arnold to Chicago, it bounced back from a wall of its own building. Judge Barnes, not bothering to hear the music czar's defense after an hour of Arnold oratory, dismissed the case. It was, he said, a plain and simple labor dispute. As such, it could be handled in any form immune from attack in the courts. Meantime, the ban against juke boxes and radio music hung on, and the high-stepping little boss of the American Federation of Musicians, disliked by most of the people, went his triumphant way. The next sound of resistance came from Congress, where Senator Clark proposed a measure designed to get the Petrillo wings for the duration of the war.

Loaf Or Fight

Strikes and Worker-Enlistments Still Handicap War Production
As the weeks hum by we make slow but steady progress, often enough in the wrong direction. Strikes, for example, are not only still with us but, except for a higher all of man-hour. In September, the War Relocation Authority reports, we lost 318,802 man-days as over 266,353 in August. Taken as a big picture, the production scene looks to be in order, for more men are working longer hours than ever before, and the loss in September represent only a minute fraction of the total laboring time.
Nevertheless, a nation dedicated to fighting for its existence and presumably possessed of a full understanding of its war can ill afford to permit 187 strikes involving over 80,000 men in one month. Even if the working U. S. could stand that, it would have to deal with other pressing problems.
There is no way of calculating the man-days lost by the drafting or enlistment of workers in war industry, and few feel the need of investigating. But as the manpower pinch clamps tighter, there is no rejoicing over the fact that more than half of steel workers are already in the armed forces.
Despite even that labor-drafting the industry has managed to increase production and keep abreast of the most pressing needs. That, for the future, won't be enough. Some day soon there must come a definite method of control. One that will hold in check not only transfers of essential war workers, but keep 'em hard at work. Such control of manpower may be, as Senator Capper says, a dangerous short cut. But the time has come that it's the short cut or a long way round.

Happy Birthday

Wall Street's "Technical" Crash Moved Us Nearer to Reality
Thirteen years ago today a giddy, golden age came to an end, and a nation lost in a fairytale of paper profits and songs. October's five black days had rolled in and sunk, and behind they left a sober, strangely impoverished people, hopelessly stunned. On October 29, lest we forget, the debacle of Wall Street rose to its fearful climax, when sixteen million shares of stock were changed from hands that shook to hands that merely trembled.
On the street where the Dutch had once built a wall to protect them from their enemies, where George Washington had made his inaugural address, a way of life had exploded in less than a week, gone forever. Easy-coming millions had melted away in the dread chemical of man's fear; many a speculator, unable to face the catastrophe, took his own life in suicide.
The pillars of the street sat in J. P. Morgan's office, vainly attempting to check the tide. Their statement was simple: a financial empire had crashed because of a technical rather than a fundamental consideration. Sound stocks were selling too low. That was not enough for men who saw fortunes vanishing. Technical or fundamental, the flood was sweeping away their very lives.
The unlucky anniversary of Terrible Tuesday, Americans dangerously near another and no less fatal calamity from which there could be no recovery. The nation, not quite so securely confident and unsuspecting as in '29, is nonetheless vulnerable, has too much to lose. But we may at least paper and not in deed. But we may at least pause in thankfulness to remember that our decks have been cleared these thirteen years. We're readier than we used to be, and fundamentally, maybe.

The Old Bean

War's 35-Cup Necessity Will Grossly Misuse It
By December, to the anguish of the faithful who sit and sip every cup in fact, a great many flavorful words will have temporarily disappeared from the language. Words to be savored and rolled on the tongue: Mocha, Java, Sumatra, from the Santos, Rio, Maracabo, Bogota, Medellin. The offering of fruitful coffee-aria, they are the coffees of the world. Thick and strong, rich and mellow, their redolent nectars, blended and brewed, are the beloved mild stimulants of millions.
No more, rationing orders, to the unhappy initiates, cups of the dead. There are no more 35 cups of coffee to the pound than there are a hundred cents in a New Deal dollar. About 28 is what you'll get, no more. Anything else you turn out of an overworked processor of coffee will not be marginal profit, but total loss, stark and grayish, a saddening memory.
If this sacrifice is to you terribly personal, like robbing you of one of your senses, you must either struggle through the months on a so-so coffee that is partly coffee, or suffer two or three completely coffeeless days. Know, however, that this emergency was not foreseen. One of Noah Webster's full definitions reads exactly like this:
'A drink or substance used as a substitute for coffee.'
Noah must have been a coffee-drinking man. He knew what coffee wasn't. Soon, also, will you.

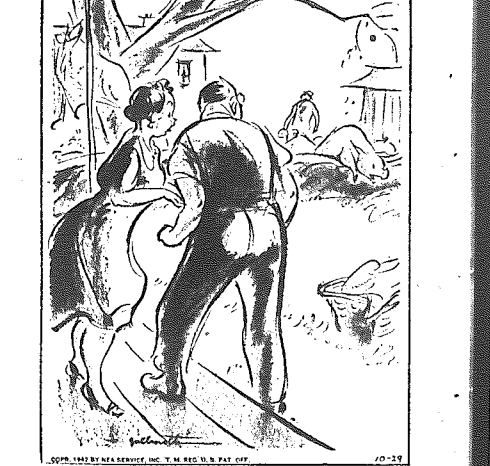
Helpful Hint

Afterthought From London Says Help on Way to the Solomons
Many a news story, we are aware, scatters a concealed gem that sparkles only for the thoughtful, persevering reader. An Ivory Tower bulletin sets them forth under Wordsworth, "A violet with a mossy stem, half hidden from the eye." They are never for headliners, often not really for public notice at all.
There is, for example, yesterday's dispatch, buried in an Associated Press story from London, there was what

All That Glitters

- Silver Scandal
From Silver Users Emergency Committee
1 There's 3,321,000,000 ounces of silver in the Treasury. Of this, 813,200,000 ounces are in the form of coinage, 1,187,500,000 ounces are pledged against silver certificates, 1,350,300,000 are unpledged or free.
2 The Treasury is lending silver in the form of bus bars to the Government controlled plants for non-consumption purposes from the unpledged stock. It is to be returned at the end of the war.
3 Because the silver loaned by the Treasury to Government-controlled plants is still owned, controlled and technically in the possession of the Treasury, the silver so loaned could properly be taken from the stocks pledged as backing for silver certificates. This reserve is now lying idle in Treasury vaults. The unpledged silver could then be sold at current market prices for civilian uses.
4 Precedent for release of Treasury silver stocks was established in World War I when one-fourth of the total silver dollars in the Treasury—200,000,000 ounces—were melted down and sold to Great Britain to bolster India's currency.
5 Not more than a comparatively small amount of silver per year is needed to keep civilian silver using industries in business and thousands of their employees, and hundreds of thousands of dealers at work. At this rate of consumption the unpledged silver stock in the Treasury is sufficient to keep the silver using industries in business for 50 years.
6 The United States this year will import over 100,000,000 ounces of silver from foreign markets. Of this has been designated for war industries. Domestic mines this year will produce more than 60,000,000 ounces. But this amount may soon be needed for war purposes, according to the WPB.
7 Secretary Morgenthau told a House appropriations Subcommittee: "I will be glad to see Congress strike all of the silver legislation out of the books." He advocated selling the Treasury's surplus silver to industry.
8 The Silver Users Emergency Committee has endorsed the Green Bill (S. 2763) which directs the release of the Government silver hoard for use at the discretion of the WPB.

Side Glances



Now don't wag and complain about my keeping pigs in the back yard the way you did last year—if we're nice about it maybe he'll share some pork chops.

In Washington

Complete Bus

From The Christian Science Monitor
NEXT to taxi drivers, bus drivers are Washington's most amusing people.
With buses running in a steady non-hour procession, stragglers asking all kinds of questions, and overcrowding, the Capitol's wartime bus drivers have adopted a "sink-or-swim" kind of humor. Even when they are definitely stumped, it's funny at times.
For instance, there was the driver who was harassed one day by a whole lot of petty annoyances, such as people standing on the rear-door-opening trolley when they didn't want to get off and refusing to heed his "please move along the way to the rear" plea. Finally, when the crowd began to obstruct his vision by not observing the "stand behind the white line" rule, he pulled the bus up to the curb, picked up his cash box, and announced loudly that he was through with bus driving and the folks better find their way home any way they could.
Then there are the street-announcer whiffs. "Compting with the street car conductor who always calls "14th and Pennsylvania Avenue" Internal Revenue Building; get off and pay your income tax," is the bus driver who announces the approach to the 16th and Euclid Street station of the new Government's girls' hotel as "Government Girls' Concentration Camp, all out."
Not so long ago bound for a Watergate concert in a bus that had no sign to tell its destination, we and a whole host of folks had numerous chuckles over the driver's performance.
He would drive up to a bus stop and wait for the pretty young Government stenographer there as usual where his bus would. When he'd say "Watergate" and they began to drive back with a disappointed air, he'd chirp up, "Better come and see again." Nobody took him up on his invitation, but over and over again, he'd lead a singing group of girls behind as he drove off.
Friends of ours vouch for the fact that they have actually ridden with green drivers who had in turn and ask the passengers if they found the bus was supposed to take. Passengers are usually extremely co-operative in pointing out the turns to which they have become so accustomed in their daily comings and goings from the City.
Just as co-operative was the driver of a bus coming in from Alexandria the other day, who, finding himself caught in a hopeless traffic jam, he'd approached the City, dismounted and played the role of a traffic cop until he succeeded in getting the usual unobstructed. And as for equipment—well, with every bit of rolling stock back in use, the driver sometimes has to exercise a bit of mechanical guile to keep going. Last night on the bus, half the overhead lights wouldn't light. The driver came back and gave each of them a good wig with his fist. Most of them went on and the passengers went appreciatively back to their evening papers.

On Tender Toes

Somervell Comes Down Hard

By Paul Mallon
WASHINGTON
BRIG-GEN. BIREHON SOMERVELL has stepped on a couple of important toes which happen to be sensitive. Those of War Production Director Donald Nelson and Man-Power Paul McNutt.
It seems that General Somervell's old tangle with McNutt on the distribution of war materiel, and the various intricacies of unresolved conflicting powers between the War Department and WPB, has been followed by McNutt with Mr. McNutt over the manpower draft policy.
As a matter of fact, Mr. McNutt was none too assertive in his appearance before the Senate committee on the draft policy in itself. Very significantly, he said that he would only present reports to the President, and broadly suggested that he did not propose to speak for the Administration.
His strong views for an arbitrary draft have never been approved by any other authority in the Government, and there is every indication that Mr. Roosevelt will recommend another course, in which case both General Somervell and Mr. McNutt might find their current argument purely academic.
General Somervell is an old associate of Harry Hopkins from WPA days in New York, but Mr. Hopkins has not been seen around up front much lately. Mr. McNutt is the most prominent, if not the only, Presidential candidate for 1944 yet in the field, so far as the front pages are concerned.
Thus, the fate of one of the most prominent personalities of the Administration are involved in the President's impending decision on the critical man-power problem.
New Jap Wrinkle
The Japs seem to be playing some kind of new Oriental fan fan with the Tokyo propaganda lobby. To turn up publicly with eight prisoners from the Cavite raid, seven months after they were captured, seemed a strange circumstance in itself, but to announce that these men had confessed they had orders to bomb non-military objectives, such as schools, churches and hospitals, is an absurdity which

Visitin' Round Bible Thought

Thirty Cent's Worth, Eh?
(North Wilkesboro Hustler)
An addition to the height of the yard wall to the residence of Dr. R. P. Casey was completed Thursday. Thirty cents per hour is the cost of small jobs alike.
Do you think you're too complicated to submit a letter and discipline? Christ get a good example by conforming to happen on John's Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and he baptised of John in Jordan. — Mark 1:2.