

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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W. C. Dowd, 1865-1927

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1942

Hope Springs...

A Healthier Confidence Begins To Replace Despair

At the end of a generally bad week for the United Nations there were signs of hope. British Commando paratroops had raised the coast of France. A second great Japanese invasion armada had been beaten back from Java with heavy losses. Over Burma, American and British pilots were shooting down Jap planes so fast (64) in two days, more than 100 in four days that it was questionable how long the enemy could afford the toll. And, according to a none-too-trustworthy Japanese report, an Allied naval squadron had struck at captured Wake Island.

And the amazing Russians had trapped a whole Nazi army below Leningrad and were gradually chipping it to pieces. Not all fronts, however, had taken a turn for the better. Off the American east coast, U-boats kept up their deadly work—apparently at an accelerated pace. We were losing too many tankers, too many freighters at a time when they were needed desperately. It would have to be stopped, or our whole war effort would be blocked for lack of transportation.

Nevertheless, the week seemed to be ending on a rising note of hope. And the confidence we were regaining was infinitely healthier than the old cocksure bravado that led the whole nation so close to disaster.

Footnote

The President Adds a Lame Proviso to His Challenge

In his fighting message to Congress on Jan. 6, addressed as much to the Axis as to home folks, the President declared:

"The superiority of the United Nations in munitions and ships must be so overwhelming that the Axis nations can be outmaneuvered to the point where they are unable to maintain their superiority. The United States must build planes and tanks and guns and ships to the utmost limit of our national capacity."

At his press conference yesterday the President added a lame footnote to this declaration. We must turn out the war equipment in crushing quantities, yes; but on the 40-hour week.

The little reader will understand that the Wage & Hour Law does not prohibit work in excess of 40 hours a week; not at all. The Wage & Hour Law simply undertakes to make such overtime prohibitive by requiring that after 40 hours the rate of pay shall be 50 per cent greater. And there are in existence a great many labor contracts which stipulate that work in excess of 40 hours or Saturday afternoon shall be made all the more prohibitive by calling for double wages.

We think it is undeniable that a great deal of the agitation for increasing the straight-time work week from 40 hours to 48 springs out of a desire to compel organized labor to eat the same war rations as the rest of the American people. It is also true, as the President pointed out, that lifting the restriction on workers in war production would likewise lift it on workers in purely civilian production, and there is no occasion for that.

Nevertheless, the case against the President, despite all the qualifying arguments, sums up to this: that he puts his cherished labor reforms ahead of our production for war. He is a great President, the President of all the people. But his reluctance to give up his other role as labor's champion.

Granary Steal

Joseph Wouldn't Recognize His Plan for Stabilization

In theory, the ever-normal granary seemed like a good idea. Vice-President Wallace had each of the days when he was Secretary of Agriculture, used to combine it with Joseph's plan for solving the Egyptian grain problem. The adaptation was all very simple. In the years when the production of wheat, corn and other staples exceeded the demand, the Government was to buy the surplus. Later, when there was more demand than supply, the Government would merely begin selling its accumulated surplus to keep prices from skyrocketing and to get its money back.

organized minority stepped in and struck it down in mid-stream.

In this instance the Government got half-way. To the delight of the farmers, it bought up huge grain surpluses and stabilized the price upwards. Then came the war and almost overnight the market changed. The demand for grain suddenly outran the supply—large as it was. The time had come, under the plan, for the Government to begin selling its holdings.

At this moment, the farm lobby went into action. And last week, using every device of pressure politics, this lobby log-rolled through Congress a bill that forbids the Government to sell its surpluses until full "parity" prices have been attained. The bill was pushed through in the face of President Roosevelt's appeal. The political-minded farmers and their agents were out to make a killing.

By this one blow, the ever-normal granary was turned into a one-way plan for subsidizing farmers in hard times and giving them a statutory advantage over the rest of the nation, when the market was high.

Alibis

Charlotte Needs War Industries, Not Excuses

Of the more plausible excuses now being employed to explain why the end of February, 1942, finds Charlotte without a single important war industry we note the following:

- 1. Charlotte citizens wouldn't or couldn't raise sufficient funds to provide for Government money.
2. Charlotte lacked powerful political influence in Washington.
3. The War Department "blacklisted" Charlotte because the airport bond election had failed because the proposed Army camp on Providence Road was blocked.

If there is one thing these alibis have in common, it is that none of them can be supported by tangible evidence. They are opinions based on feeling rather than on fact. It has never been proved, for instance, that a city must put up money before getting a war industry.

The financing is usually handled through one of Jesse Jones' numerous corporations. Did Burlington have to put cash on the line to get its aircraft plant? Did that other southern city (which Government censorship forbids our naming) have to throw out bait for its \$35,000,000 bomb factory?

As for political influence, if we have failed to use it, it is not because it isn't available. Ex-Mayor Ben Douglas did set right the connections that he made on his own hook.

Likewise, it would be hard to prove that the War Department is holding a grudge against Charlotte. The term "War Department" takes in a lot of territory and the whole establishment can't be mad at us.

Putting excuses aside, the fact remains that Charlotte goes into a war period which our most responsible leaders predict will be "long" largely without the kind of industries favored under a priority system. Unless we do set war industries in Charlotte it is going to take the worst financial and industrial licking in its corporate history.

One fact cannot be overemphasized: When the Federal Government negotiates with a city for placement of an industry, it deals directly with local government—with city and county officials. The Federal Government does not pay much attention to Chambers of Commerce and interested citizens. When Uncle Sam talks turkey, he wants to talk to mayors and chairmen of boards of county commissioners.

City Hall Today

By Dick Young

JUDGE PLEES' request to municipalities for better cooperation by city police officers with Mecklenburg Superior Court may have a salutary effect on the city police department. The court complained of the lack of interest and initiative of the police officers and of the difficulty of obtaining information from among city policemen. I don't know anything about the difficulty of locating police officers to testify but I do know that the lack of proper records is one of the weaknesses of the Department.

RECORD BUREAU HAS LONG WAY TO GO. Mecklenburg correspondent writes in marked improvement in this phase of police work in recent years. Since the record bureau was established an effort has been made to secure correct reports on all cases but there is a long distance to be traveled before goal of near-perfection is reached.

Chief Harry M. Joyner readily met the judge's challenge and immediately ordered a series of case summaries and defendant's police record to be attached to each case and sent over to Superior Court. This was one of the things asked by Judge Piles.

In my mind, this charge of carelessness on the part of the city police department is a case of the kettle calling the pot black. I have no reference to Judge Piles' statements because I am sure he was sincere and was making a reasonable request. I refer to the State's representative in the court, to my good friend Solicitor Carpenter, who has always contended is too kindhearted and considerate of others to be a good prosecutor.

And it is estimated that this one piece of legislation will cost the average American family \$33 each, or almost two good-sized war bonds.

And Around the City Hall: At least a couple of City Council members should be informed that the word "audience" is not pronounced "audience." Fred Love, City Hall messenger, who has an unbecoming interest in aviation and has already secured his private pilot's license, has been accepted as an aviator cadet and Judge 28 will report for training at Kelly Field, Happy Landings, but... A case of Confederate relics, moved from the corner of the City Hall, has attracted much attention now that it has been brought to the public view. Many people stop to look at the old guns, sabers, drums, etc., in the museum.

The Sack Of Denmark

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON—How the Nazis are bleeding the conquered nations is shown again in all its fiendish efficiency in an official report smuggled out of Denmark.

Hitler told the Danes he just wanted to be a big brother to the Danes and that (with drawn pistols) percentage of the Danish National Bank to advance to the Danes sums for agricultural exports to Germany. The Nazis collected up these funds to use for anything they wanted in Germany. But every time they ordered anything from Denmark they found it all sold out. The Germans took the Danish cultural products and the Danish National Bank was left holding a sackful of worthless credit.

JUST A MODERATE OCCUPATION FEE. Of course it would cost something for Germany to act as big brother to the Danes and selected new relative—just a minor stipend to pay the cost of German occupation. The stipend they agreed they could 1941 had amounted to \$38,000,000 kronen (about \$7,000,000 at the present rate of exchange). The Danes, who are the proud owners of the total pre-war annual cost of the Danish Government.

Hitler then called for Danish workers to be sent to Germany and about 60,000 went. When they tried to send money home, the Nazis collected the German debt to Denmark.

Enemy Ships Aren't All We Need To Sink

—By Herbert



That Teasing "Damyankee"

By Amy G. Bassett (Our Yankee Correspondent)

(Note: Mrs. Bassett, being our Yankee correspondent writes in answer to the plaintive letter we received last week from a Charlotte lady who felt that her friends were conspiring and discriminating against her and her children because they were "damyankes"—Editors, The News.)

SOUTH BOUND BROOK, N. J. I AM sorry, dear Anonymous, that you have decided to give up your daily reading of The News since you may never see this answer of mine to your recent complaint against southerners for calling you a "Damyankee."

You see I have the honor to write, occasionally, for this very large and foreign newspaper, and strange as it may seem to you, I rather enjoy in the fact that this name is a Southern slur for one who is a Yankee and that they are fit to call me one. If they are fit to call me one, I would have been tickled silly, both from a sense of humor and because I would have known that they were, perhaps, a certain office-tickler in the States. There is one French saying I have always liked, though I forget who said it, "Quand on se bat, on est plus un." This means that when one fights, one is more of one's own race.

THE SOUTH REMAINS ITS TRINITY PREJUDICES. I can answer your question from the South far better than I can from the North. Because I live in the South even though I am a Yankee (excuse me, I mean "damyankee") on all of my records, and my family's record. The only thing Southern about me is my love for Texas, my love for New Orleans, and my love for Tidewater Virginia—all places I know, and whose people I feel are my people because of friendship and association. They can keep their "prejudices" and their "prejudices" and make for force and character and individuality. I am going to keep my friends and use them for good talk, and friendly squabbles, and the fun that comes out of discussion over tradition and American customs.

NON-FIGHTERS KEEP OLD FEUD ALIVE. Some of my family are now living in Richmond and thriving on the air and the hospitality of that town. The last time that I saw my "kin" was at a dinner after the battle at Bull Run when the "damyankes" took the place of the tobacco factory and kept him prisoner for many weary months. Another of my forebears was captured, and by the way, those damyankees seem to have been damn good soldiers in the way they went about capturing my tribe!

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

Make God your constant companion. He will lead you and you will find your peace. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world gives, I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—John 14:27.



and carried this one off to Texas, and he nearly died of that episode in a war-torn country. Yet 25 years later, that same man went back there to Texas and fell so much in love with the whole state that he stayed there the rest of his life. Often he "fit, fought, and bled" the war all over again, in many an after-dinner speech that would have made an Apache Indian grin. Don't you really know, Anonymous, that the only people in America today, who keep the Civil War—the War Between the States—alive, are the women who still wear the blue-gray uniforms and load up their muskets to go after this man Hitler.

Sure, the southerners are different from us here, and if you tell them they are "Yes Mam" and "No Mam" whereas we just grunt, or say "None of your business" and go on chewing gum. Out West they don't say "Yes Mam" but "Yes Marm," and that too sounds grand. And

Miraculous Warm-Up. St. Peter and St. Thomas Aquinas were having a golf game one heavenly day. St. Peter's first drive was right up to the cup for a hole in one. St. Thomas, brandishing his celestial club, striped up to the tee and drove a hole in one, also. "All right," said Peter. "Now let's cut out the miracles and get down to work."

Air Shucks, Editor McKnight. The Mooreville Tribune. (Note: Blushing profusely, we reprint the following item, more certain than ever that Editor Tom McKnight of Mooreville is indeed a man of good taste and able judgment.—Editors, The News.)

The Charlotte News should give some sort of medal for its public services during the past two years. It was first to expose the weakness of the various courts in Charlotte. It has exposed—and obtained results therein—the hideous conditions at the State Hospital at Morganton. Sixteen daily papers, from New York to New Orleans, have read our desk each day, and none of them has grown faint in editorial stature as much as News of the past two years. Today The News, in our opinion, has the strongest editorial page of any paper in the two Carolinas.

Side Glances



He insists that as long as the war makes it possible for his brother to go through college in two and a half years, it's high time somebody did something about the grade schools!

Helpful Criticism

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

WHEN the war is going badly, as it is now, people insist on finding something to complain about. The trouble is that the "whiff" of the criticism, as it shows up in the mail here, is misdirected. Criticism that helps is the kind that helps the kind that Walter Bridges has been running all over town trying to get somebody interested in his idea for sending American long-shoemen abroad to unload American war supplies. Native labor in some places, especially the Middle East is being kept back for that reason. A heavy drum will drain empty and the drum will collapse, allowing the cargo to shift.

Why are not the suggestions of Bridges, even though some people don't like him, listened to more seriously? He is ready to recruit volunteers from his union to go on the most dangerous voyages in order to facilitate unloading.

JESSE HAGGLES OVER - TURKISH OIL. What's the matter with Jesse Jones? For weeks an effort has been going on to get him to buy 300 tons of commercial oil in Turkey. Oil is necessary for morphine, which the Army will need in vast quantities. Our stockpile is not very large. Germany is after the oil. Why does Jesse Jones haggle over the price? Turkey is our principal source of commercial oil yet Jones is letting it slide as he did rubber.

Why doesn't Jones grab that quinine in Java? That is about the only source of quinine. If Java goes we shall have to depend on a synthetic substitute, and nothing has been done to produce that in volume. Yet if our troops are sent into malaria areas in large numbers we will use great quantities of quinine, and we haven't too much on hand.

Who was responsible for loading up a cargo ship headed for the Far East while waiting for a consignment of empty beer bottles to arrive? The Dutch wanted them for breweries in Java. No doubt they would have taken something else in place of the beer bottles.

AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SEA OTTER? What did the Maritime Commission do about the following item, more certain than ever that Editor Tom McKnight of Mooreville is indeed a man of good taste and able judgment.—Editors, The News.)

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The whole picture is full of such situations. The more hammering on them, the more needing, the more turpentine, the better.

But I am getting very tired of hearing the same old yapping about how Roosevelt got us in the war, how the British won't fight, how people don't trust Roosevelt, how nobody is going to do anything until Eleanor does or doesn't do something.

People who are spreading gossip and opinions that shake the morale and the confidence of people are encouraging defeat. God knows there is plenty to criticize in the field that will speed the winning of the war—so much so that when you hear the isolationists preaching their poison, you wonder what they are really driving at.

Visitin' Around

Jim Dandy Second-Handy. We Presume (Ansd.) Lexington (Clapham) E. C. Clodfisher has purchased a jandy truck.

Murkin, or Just Plain (Darker) Heights (Hendersonville Times-News) Mr. Ben Whitaker has returned home from government work in Kentucky and Arkansas. Whitaker was away from home three months during which time he assisted in painting a post-office in Kentucky and a hospital at Little Rock, Ark.