

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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W. C. Dowd, 1885-1927

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MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1942

Now Or Never

If We Are Doing All We Can It Is Nowhere Near Enough

The greatest naval engagement of the war is history and no amount of second-guessing can obscure the only honest appraisal of battle: the Japs licked us. They met our best ships and our best pilots and they beat them. They could send against them north of Java with head-on force and they beat the hell out of our side. Say that our squadron was outnumbered; that it was fighting a hopeless battle from the first; that it lacked adequate air support. All that may be true, but it doesn't change the score. We were whipped.

And for the first time in the history of modern navies, a cruiser lying under the stars and stripes has gone down under the guns of the enemy.

For the first time in months since Pearl Harbor, the rather vague attitude of the Administration toward the war has been that everything possible was being done—and for heaven's sake, you people stop being apathetic, panicky, talkative, critical, nervous, "I charge," and selfish, and ignorant.

The action off Java teaches us that whatever the Government is doing, it is not enough. It teaches us that if we are to save our skins, we have got to do something quick. We should have known it long ago. The people, frustrated as they are, are not doing it now.

We refuse to believe that this nation, this people and this Government have done all that they can. We refuse to believe that our resourcefulness is at an end, that all the stops in our war effort are pulled.

It is going to be to blame it on lack of time. If this nation is to save itself from continued defeats, it must supply its own time. We must act now as if the enemy were as close to San Francisco as he is to Darwin, Australia. Now is the time to let go with everything we have. This is the hour of crisis. Tomorrow, he may be there in reality.

Sugar & Liquor

The Choice, if Between Them, Is Rather Obvious

Arrival of the first batch of sugar rationing books in Charlotte has set us wondering about the shortage.

After studying a mess of production figures and estimates, consumption figures and estimates, as well as perusing some of the widely divergent conclusions by "expert economists," we still don't exactly understand the situation. For instance, we don't quite grasp the Government's bald statement that practically the whole 1942 Cuban sugar crop must be sent to Europe for military purposes. Indeed? Why, Cuba could grow enough sugar to supply the whole peace-time needs of the Western Hemisphere and most of Europe. Making alcohol for war purposes is a heavy drain on sugar supplies—but certainly not that heavy.

Even more difficult to understand is why the first commodity to be rationed in America is a substance which is still being imported under a tariff-quota system set up to subsidize American beet and cane growers.

Furthermore, if it's commercial alcohol we need to make powder, why not completely convert the nation's great whiskey distilleries to that end? Yes, we'll save statements by the liquor distillers saying their equipment couldn't be converted to produce alcohol of a high enough proof. But then, remember, the auto industrialists said a few months ago that they couldn't possibly convert to war production. They are converting all the same. The Government has ordered a 50 or 60 per cent cut in spirits production. That may help out, but it doesn't seem to help enough.

Unless we're mistaken, one of the first orders Hitler issued to top Germany on a war footing was to stop the production of hard liquor, and use the grain to make commercial alcohol.

It may be that the emergency is so great, the shortage of alcohol so acute,

Mrs. Ford's Suggestion

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON

MR. ROOSEVELT resurrected a lost chord—the fear of inflation—in his farm speech, and Mrs. Roosevelt's column a day or so later said she now is in favor of freezing prices, wages and profits to dissolve that fear.

Such outward manifestations usually reflect inner preparations for action, and this time they seem to forecast an imminent Presidential request to Congress for legislation to freeze the present circumference of our expanding economic bubble.

What has started up this subject, weeks after Congressional and public demand thinned out, is that Mr. Henderson apparently has found he cannot do it his way. Piece-meal restraints on a few "important" prices have not kept the general price level from continuing to rise. Informal price fixing has proved only a sleeve-like deterrent, not a stopper.

LESS AND LESS MONEY, MORE AND MORE MONEY

The country meanwhile is in the midst of a period of plant conversion from the making of people's good to war goods. Less and less goods for the people are going to be available from now on, but the people (as a whole) have more and more money with which to buy goods they cannot get. The tax bill, stiff as it is, and the war-bond-selling program, good as it is, are both intended to absorb all this idle money.

Granularity of official opinion, therefore, is veering to long delayed refrigeration.

Mr. Henderson has been chasing prices with a feather. He has worked this way: When his scouts saw a certain price rising above what they thought it should be, they issued a warning to the industry, say, for example, the wastepaper industry. A meeting was called and an informal agreement to hold various prices was adopted.

If this continued to increase, as did wastepaper, he wrote the industry a letter asking it to freeze. If this did not work, he issued a temporary regulation, good for 60 days.

SEPARATE INVESTIGATIONS FREELY IMPOSSIBLE

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The New Order Tries To Charm India



Doctors Defend Each Other

From The Marshall News-Record

PERHAPS it is well enough for doctors to defend one another in their practice. Naturally it would reflect on one doctor to try to belittle or defame another doctor. In fact it is not becoming in any person to try to belittle or defame anyone else, especially if they are both engaged in the same line of business. Moreover, a great deal of successful medical practice is made so by the confidence the patients have in the attending physician. And to try to undermine that confidence would work a hardship on both patient and doctor. But there are times and circumstances when doctors should not be upheld in their practice, and a group of doctors who endorse the practice of some of their profession, do the profession harm.

NO PROFESSION IS IMMUNE TO ROGUERY

A case in point was the criminal practice of a certain doctor who lived between Asheville and Hendersonville recently. As reported in the Asheville paper, his practice would hardly have been exposed if not for his civil patients had not died. We have not seen any endorsement of his practice by the medical profession, or by any group of doctors. But another case came to our attention by an article in the News & Observer of Raleigh, under date of Feb. 28, which article was headed "Society Sues Hospital Attack."

AT LEAST, THE STATE WAS STRUCK

This was reference to a series of articles written by Tom Jimison and published in The Charlotte News, The Greensboro News, and The Durham Herald. Mr. Jimison's articles were an expose of conditions of the State Hospital for the Insane, at Morganton. Mr. Jimison, a lawyer, minister, and newspaper columnist, was a patient at the Morganton institution for about a year in 1940. Many believe he voluntarily entered

The AP's McDaniel

From Time Magazine

C. YATES MCDANIEL is only 35, but his hair is almost white. It should be. As a Far Eastern correspondent for A.P., he's retreated up the Yangtze with the Chinese Army, has enough narrow escapes to earn many a thread of silver. His experiences of the past fortnight entitled him to a snow-white shock. Yet the rest of his life, for Yates McDaniel

watched the collapse of Singapore at close hand, filed a dispatch that might well have been the last farewell of a crack reporter.

"The roar and crash of cannonade and the burning bombs that are shaking my typewriter, and my hands, which are wet with nervous perspiration, tell me without the need of an official communique that the war... is today in the outskirts of this town of empire."

Don't expect to hear from me for many days, but please inform Mrs. McDaniel... that I have left this land of the living & dying."

35 MEN IN A LAUNCH FOR 15

The next seven and a half days were packed with equally nervous moments. His ship, late to leave Singapore harbor, was bombed with deadly efficiency by the Jap, was soon in flames. Yates McDaniel, propped against a coil of rope, took notes, stopping only to help fight the fires. A jam-packed lifeboat finally carried the out-wary, halting survivors to Bangka Island, five miles away. At dark, the tide so low that lifeboats could not float within a half-mile of the beach, the weary party began wading to deep water and rescuing launches from a near-by rubber plantation. Said Yates McDaniel:

"The next 45 minutes were the worst I ever experienced. Fifty-five men and one plucky girl piled, exhausted and soaked, with their legs bleeding from coral cuts, into a launch licensed to carry fifteen. Forty men gave up the struggle and turned back to the island to wait... If the night on the island was the worst, the one aboard the launch was indescribable. Waves rolled over the deck where we were sprawled wet and shivering, but we were still hoping we'd make Sumatra before dawn brought Japanese bombers."

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT I EVER EXPECT TO SEE"

They did. Across 400 miles of Sumatran jungles the weary party struggled in trucks. From northwest Sumatra to a port of embarkation for Batavia, they traveled in pony carts, spurred on by native tom-toms, pounding out an air-raid warning. At the port, Yates McDaniel saw "the most beautiful sight I ever expect to see—a British destroyer hull down the horizon, steaming full speed toward the harbor."

The destroyer carried them to Batavia, where, for the first time in eleven days, Yates McDaniel could file his story, then crawl into a bed.

The One and Only "Jane's Fighting Ships"

The New Yorker

Many journalists these days work with one eye on the news ticker and one hand on that standard reference book, "Jane's Fighting Ships." Presumably the yellow journalists of Japan are doing likewise. For throughout the world there is no acceptable substitute. Even in the secretive times of war, the publishers of "Jane's" have come pretty close to their aim of presenting statistics on every warship, aircraft, armor, armor-plated speed, beam, weight, number of crew and remarks, such as that the British cruiser Caradoc dips badly in a heavy sea, making her forward guns less useful. Silhouettes, diagrams, and usually photographs of the warcraft are printed. The volume current in the United States is usually priced at \$27.50. This is last year's edition. A new edition is coming out in England at this writing; the pages are being brought over here by the Macmillan Company, which will bind them and get out an American version for the first time in history, to sell for \$19.50 a copy.

Jane, the founder of the enterprise, was born in 1870 and died in 1916. He was the son of the vicar of Upottery, in Devon, and took up the study of warships as a hobby when a child. He collected photographs, diagrams, facts, and figures for several years and, in 1897, brought them out in the first edition of "Fighting Ships," a volume of 200 pages. There has been a new edition every year since, though there was no public sale of "Jane's" during the last part of the first World War; it was on the British "secret list" and was distributed only to certain officers of the Allied forces. To get back to Jane, he turned into a sort of a big-sold Royal Navy but—characteristically—the daughter of an officer, stood for Parliament from Portsmouth as a Liberal in 1906. The shipbuilding industry, wrote naval fiction under titles as "Diak of the Bismarck," "Invincible," and published a game called the Jane Naval War Game, and published a manual on how to play it "How to Play the Jane Naval War Game." He was a full and happy life.

A British naval officer now in New York has told us how "Fighting Ships" is sold at present. The editor is a Londoner named Francis McMurtrie, who is also the London Times' shipping man. He functions in an advisory capacity, most of the detail work on "Fighting Ships" being handled by an assistant.

BANJO SMITH, Sports Editor, The Columbia Record, Columbia, S. C.

Give One Good Reason (Old time)

Lexington Dispatch

The snow flakes are falling fast this morning. Who said there was nothing to ground hog weather anyway? We have had some cold weather and just as we were going to plant some early garden stuff we are visited with cold wind and snow that we are thankful for anyway.

So They Put The Bee on Him

Kewanee (Ill.) Star

KEWANEE, Feb. 10.—Due to a typographical error in a story of the candidacy of Edwin P. Peterson as county treasurer, the Star printed that Peterson was president of the Illinois Barkeepers' Association. It should have read Illinois Beekeepers' Association.

Side Glances



Today's Bible Thought

Tribulations of today will be forgotten in the joy of tomorrow. The former things shall not be remembered, nor come into mind.—Isaiah 65:17

And He Couldn't Have Picked a Better Time

The St. Simon and Sea Island (Ga.) Star

"Is This The End Of The Age?"

A topic that has been discussed both as a fact and as a question, has in recent months been in the mind of more people than ever before. At the Sunday evening service of the Baptist Church, the Rev. J. J. Winburn, who let the Bible answer this question.

Although Pastor Winburn has been preaching for many years, this is only the second time in his career that he has discussed the end of the world.