

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1942

Jap-Pan A Former Maulinier Corrects Our Accent

Tom Rivelle, The News' dog and field editor, used to live back in the mountains of Graham County. This biographical detail is significant for the reason that one of the subtitled headlines in that area has suddenly been restored into the headlines. The citizens of Japan, North Carolina, are attempting to change the name of their community.

Tom recalls that Japan is one of least colorful of the settlement names in this section, some of the others being Trout, Luck and Bayhook. Moreover, it says, if you pronounce it just plain Japan, you are marked as a further Up there. It is a Jap-pan, with the accent on the first syllable. And he adds, if the proposed change goes through, it will be MAC-Arthur.

Sidelight

Jeese Jones Held His Excuse And Took the Whole Blame

Mr. Jeese Jones, Secretary of Commerce and Federal Loan Administrator, has been catching it from all sides lately. Mr. Jones, they have said, has been more interested in getting the Government's money back than in getting production for war. They say he has favored the large companies to the neglect of the smaller manufacturers. They say Jeese Jones, his home town, has been favored inordinately with defense projects.

But principally they have said of Mr. Jeese Jones that he was slipped up on him and caught him flat-footed. Particularly in the case of facilities for making synthetic rubber was Mr. Jones described as having been lenient and short-sighted.

Some of the things, or all of them, that they are saying about the man may be true. But we have figured all along that the whole story would have to be told before he could be fairly held up to judgment. A sidelight to that story came out at a Senate committee hearing this week.

William L. Batt, Director of Materials for WPB, was testifying. Mr. Batt had headed a committee which as long ago as 1940, made a survey of the rubber situation. He said that the committee, on Sept. 12, 1940, recommended that plants to produce 100,000 tons of synthetic rubber annually be built at once. To this Mr. Jones demurred, probably arguing against the expediency or wisdom of it, and the disagreement was carried to President. The President sided with his Loan Administrator.

It is perfectly clear by now that the committee was dead right, that the President and Mr. Jones are due to divide between them the blame for being wrong. There was an egregious mistake in judgment, but who, in his lesser affairs, has not made an equal one? And to the credit of Mr. Jones let it be said that throughout the storm around him he has refrained from offering the alibi that the President was just as much or more responsible.

Urgency

Fall of Andaman Process India for a Decision

Hanging together like a cluster of grapes in the steaming Bay of Bengal, the Andaman Islands began to ripen for conquest when the Japs took Hongkong. Two days ago the enemy reached for the cluster and it plunged into his palm without a flutter of resistance. With out the loss of a single ship, plane or soldier, the Jap had taken his first slice of Indian territory.

More than that, he had all but cut the vital British supply line to Calcutta. Nearly all of the supplies in the West-pressed British and Chinese forces in upper Burma must be unloaded in Calcutta. With Japanese planes and submarines based on the Andamans—only 350 miles southeast of the great Indian port—it will be only a business getting ships into Calcutta.

shared in no small measure by the British, who now realize their mistake and have sent Sir Stafford Cripps to rectify it.

But there is so little time left, Raymond Clapper reports today that the further east one goes, the greater the urgency becomes. If India decided to fight Japan tomorrow, it would not be a moment too soon. If she puts off her decision, even for a few days, it may be too late.

With every passing hour, the miracle Sir Stafford has been charged to perform assumes greater and greater proportions.

Possibility America Mustn't Overlook Her Southern Defenses

It would be a heck of a note if, in the midst of the speculation over possible German invasion of (1) Sweden, (2) Britain, (3) the Near East, Hitler were to cross us up by moving in on Dakar and striking at South America. It is an almost fantastic notion, we admit. And yet, the Führer has taken greater chances than this and gotten away with them.

In this global war, the greatest single factor has become America's colossal industrial production potential. It is only logical to assume that both our allies and our enemies know that more our factories and their manufacturing production, we shall have planes, ships and tanks enough to supply the greatest military offensive in all history. Thus America—not Britain, or Russia, or China, has become the logical target for an Axis diversion.

That we are most vulnerable to attack through Latin America is a matter of common knowledge. From the coast of Africa to the coast of Brazil it is only a few hours' hop in a modern bombing plane. Add to this the fact that one of the strongest German military organizations anywhere in the world has been formed in Brazil. Add also that the tiny Brazilian army is not only incapable of stalling for an invasion coupled with domestic instruction but that its supreme general and his second in command are known to be pro-Axis leaguers. It is not widely known that both of these generals tendered their resignations in protest against their government's breaking off relations with Germany.

A Nazi move in South America would mean that this country would be involved in a three-front war. It would threaten the Panama Canal and our access to the Atlantic by the Big Ditch. It would mean that our air to Australia, Britain, Russia and China would be all but suspended while we build up our southern defenses.

All of this Adolf Hitler might bring to pass by using only a relatively small number of troops and planes. Once Dakar in Africa was his, the Brazilian and Argentine fifth columns would go to work. The whole infiltration of Brazil might be accomplished by air and without the use of a single ship. Or even if Axis ships were used—the French fleet, say—the U. S. Navy would have a hard time meeting the naval strength in the South Atlantic to stop a quick thrust.

Certainly this country has problems a plenty on its hands at this critical hour. And we can be sure that the Army and Navy are doing all they can to safeguard South America. But that it would not be enough to dissuade Hitler from moving in that direction. Perhaps the most alarming circumstance is that the German propaganda servants haven't been threatening South America in recent weeks. That, in itself, looks suspicious.

Not now, but a little later, it appears, we shall undertake a grand offensive in the maritime wandering which one of those annihilated Russian armies would charge to haunt Japan.

All the show points in the new emphasis on the shorts in the American set-up to the coming Summer, as they mean a great saving in cloth, besides giving that undesired appearance.

Rat Cheese From Axis

By Paul Mallon

NEW YORK. OFFICIALS were fairly well satisfied with the Axis rat cheese in February. It was not quite up to the President's standards, but it was 17 per cent over last year's production and was expected to be 20 per cent over this year's. Total expenditure for rat cheese last year was \$20,000,000. Lack of sufficient supplies, however, was expected to keep it from being more.

Miss Perkins thought about the only thing she could do in such a situation is that she had to look at what she could do. She had to look at what she could do. She had to look at what she could do. She had to look at what she could do. She had to look at what she could do.

WHAT THE NAZIS SAY ABOUT US. Says the North American: "The North American Continent stands today under the menace of a certain horrid and unrelenting, the cat's paw is Jewish Bolshevism-Communism."

THE REVOLUTION IS NOW. Mr. Nathan said that the type of Axis propaganda to be expected of our production war effort, is the better-intended misinformation circulated by some of our own hair-triggered zealots.

What Happens When a British Worker Quits. The Manchester Guardian. "Two great wars of the third 2000 years ago—one for leaving his job and the other for failing to do it."

Allegation Denied. Equay Spices Independent. Being Cohen felt this one: "It is a little hard in a hospital name to replace, 'Adolf Hitler'."

Today's Bible Thought. If the shoe fits you put it on: "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, lest ye deceive yourselves." James 1:22

Uh Huh. CONFIDENTIALLY, I'M NOT GOING TO START ANYTHING TILL SUMMER! S-U-M-M-E-R! NOT TILL THEN!

Uh Huh

Uh Huh



Soothing Syrup For Mothers

By Dorothy Thompson

THE other day I received seven pamphlets, of around twenty pages each, printed on high quality glossy paper, bound in heavy colored paper covers. The covers, in gray, pink and beige—and an orange that I perfectly blank pages were bound in, just for elegance.

WHAT WOULD GENERAL MACARTHUR SAY? To give a good deal to know whether Secretary of War, ever saw them; or whether General Marshall ever saw them. And, oh, what would I not give for the comments of General MacArthur!

For unadmitted bligs and coy verbiage they surpass anything ever contrived by Alexander's standard. Reading them, that the American Army is some sort of Ye olden Summer Camp for the spoiled and idle children of doing nothing.

What's THIS? IS THE ARMY TRAINING HUSBANDS? The great secret, which I thought up this little rainbow of cheer for American mothers, is that it is a training camp for the boys' sweethearts.

Side Glances. They're the school aristocrats—such happened to own one good line when the rationing...



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Urgency In The East

By Raymond Clapper

NEW DELHI, INDIA. I AM writing this dispatch aboard an American cargo plane as we fly across India. Our plane is loaded with war supplies for China. By the time you read this, these supplies will have been delivered in China. My typewriter is rattling on a crate of poppers from America.

Only by actually traveling it can one appreciate the enormous length of the American supply line, and the heroic job being done to push supplies over it. The line extends all the way across Africa and Asia.

ARMY OFFICERS STATIONED IN CHINA OF PLACES. An dozens of stops along the whole route our plane was greeted by American Army Air Corps officers. I found them at places I never heard of before. They are forwarding supplies and personnel. They are organizing, receiving, storing and training bases for transport and fighter squadrons. Ships come into some ports along the route and unload supplies, which are picked up and forwarded by air.

THIS makes a strange war for the Americans. There is no war of an expeditionary force, or of one solid front, as in the first World War. American troops are scattered in little groups, thousands miles or so from each other, each its own little outpost, cut off from the rest of the world except for planes coming through.

CHINA HAS RECEIVED FEW SUPPLIES AS YET. Though everyone is busy and working hard, it must be said that relatively few supplies have gone into China yet. As one said, "we have been sending dollars rather than bullets."

EVERYONE expects the Japanese, in their Burma drive, to try to hit off eastern India and cut off China. No one thinks there is much time left. New plans must be followed by more, especially because it is extremely difficult to bring in tanks and heavy artillery. Plans must make up for that.

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Visitin' Around

Never Mind All That—Did He Die? (North Wilkesboro Hustler). Miss Reynolds, for many years an employee of the town, and occasionally shoe stitching, was over by Wilkesboro Thursday evening when she was struck by a truck in a kitchen aisle which had burst during a severe cold spell—probably when it yielded zinc hammer, January 11, as printed in these columns last week.

Twenty Years Ago (Lexington Dispatch). J. J. Sherrill, of this city, presenting good eye when he finds four eggs in nest in single day and barely three days before he was struck by a truck in a kitchen aisle which had burst during a severe cold spell—probably when it yielded zinc hammer, January 11, as printed in these columns last week.

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