

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1942

Sample Solomon Engagement Shows What We're Up Against

It was Thursday, Aug. 6, that the Navy began the landing operation in the Solomon Islands. Even now, twelve days later, little has been reported direct from Admiral Gormley—for reasons that are as good as they are evident. Only in a general way does the Navy's summary of the action disclose what took place.

There were two battles—the landing operation and a sea fight. We won them both, and the Marines and the blue-jackets have gained their objectives. The Japs were no pushover; to the contrary, the fighting was furious. We have lost warships, and undoubtedly many men and women. What the enemy has probably will never be known, but everybody is hoping that his losses exceed those of our own.

The attack on the outlying Solomons has been, at any rate, no picnic despite the fact that it was directed against an outpost, the farthest point of the Japanese island chain. And if the difficulty of the operation be multiplied again by the greater strength of the enemy in main bases, we begin to have some conception of what we are up against. The campaign is a real one, and it is being fought with the same determination as the Pacific territory has been occupied. The approaches to Tokyo either from the west or from the east or from the Kuriles offer a sobering prospect, at best. We not only would have to capture a major Japanese base, but we would have to reach out for him, so to speak, to a distance, while he devoted his effort to in-fighting. The more he fought, the more compact his defenses would become, and even after he had been driven to the rear, the corner would be an island against which any attempt to assault would have to be over-coming to be successful: of the magnitude of a German invasion of England or a British-American invasion of the continent of Europe.

Some of the known factors, the comfortable theories of how the war of Japan in short order are destined to have been super optimistic. We know now, cannot over-estimate a land-based enemy without being terrific punishment in the process. It suggests that our ultimate strategy will all for kicking Japan in the rear, annihilating her air strength, and we dare move in for the kill.

'Up! Sox Sees Front S'me V'drous Abrasions

Foreigners who have a hard time understanding American baseball would do better to get into the game. The Sox is playing a game with the Yankees, and the Sox is playing a game with the Yankees. The Sox is playing a game with the Yankees, and the Sox is playing a game with the Yankees.

The Washington team there is a combination of the Sox and the Yankees. The Sox is playing a game with the Yankees, and the Sox is playing a game with the Yankees.

Kind's are easy enough, but we don't believe that the boys in the sports department themselves have more than a faint idea as to the true identity of Muder and C'arat. They sound like what the umpire says when he makes those announcements.

Press Agents Stimson Assigns New Beats To Public Relations Men

Stimson Assigns New Beats To Public Relations Men. Aftermath of the phony air-markers story, released by some Army man with all the pregnant significance of a good spy round-up, is going to be wholesome. Already Secretary Stimson has issued a re-organization order to his chief of public relations, and a first effect of it will be the re-assignment of 75 public relations officers, who are in Washington but are not attached to the Army's regulation Bureau of Public Relations, to duty with troops.

A good deal of satire has been heaped upon the War Department's press agents (not to mention the Navy's Lieutenant Commanders on Stork Club board) by the working press. And it is absurd, on the face of it, for the department to have scores of public relations officers stationed in Washington and functioning wholly apart from its Bureau of Public Relations. But unless the Army is run differently these days, the fault lies not with these converted reporters and desk men, but with the clerks who stationed them in Washington. And who, pray, would care to station a public relations officer in Washington except some staff officer who was himself stationed in Washington, and who has need, or thought he had need, of someone to see to his public relations?

Polite Reds But More Than Man Assures Their Resolve

Communiques released in Moscow and London yesterday following Churchill's return from a four-day trip to Moscow look plain to say that not only were existing understandings reaffirmed but in an atmosphere of "sincerity and cordiality." This reassuring note was intended, we may be positive, not for the Moscow end of the line, which has long craved the reassurance of action from the words, but for all those in England and the United States who have worried lest Russia, left pretty much on her own against the Nazis, be plotting an independent peace.

The palpable implication of the communiques is that statesmen who sit down together and in "sincerity and cordiality" talk over their common problems would never, never think of double-crossing one another. So far as Joseph Stalin is concerned, this effort to make him out a stout fellow, one with us in the cause, may have the effect intended in England and the United States. It is in his hands, and in the hands of the Russian people, who know the Russian manner of thought and the psychology which moves these inscrutable Slavs would never be misled by the exhibition of cordiality and sincerity, nor would they be misled by the more faithful fact.

The one quality which above all others is important in determining what Russia may do is the intense love of country, beyond the ability of Anglo-Saxons to comprehend, which has been engendered in Red Russia. That fervent patriotism, coupled with an Asiatic contempt for the life and death of the individual, explains the heroic battle which the Russians have put up against the Nazi invaders, and it is a guarantee, too, that so long as a single German remains on the mother soil, Russians will fight him.

There need be, we do heartily believe, no fear of Russian treachery as matters now stand. They are not over the top, and would be restrained by the fact of our compassion for her allies. Indeed, so far as they are concerned, she would strike her battle flags in a minute, and never give it a second thought. But Russia loves Russia and hate Germans, and so long as a single German remains on the mother soil, Russians will fight him.

In the world of sport, many a minor league line is now popping into the air, and any day we can expect the touch to be put on Congress for baseball farm relief.

Side Glances



"She thinks she's the best plane spotter around here, but she wouldn't last five minutes if she didn't bring that kid of hers along to identify them!"

All Quiet Propaganda Front

By Dorothy Thompson

THERE is one branch of warfare, now being practiced by all the powers, which has proven itself of great importance, but is the psychological war. That is the campaign by which we attempt to break down the enemy morale, encourage our allies, mobilize guerrillas, convince neutrals that their interests lie with us, and prepare the way not only for winning the war but for winning the peace. Politically, this is the most important branch of the war. We cannot win the war with it, but we can certainly shorten or prolong the war, according to whether our psychological warfare is intelligent or stupid.

One needs to be convinced of its importance, because we have seen what enormous Axis victories have been won by Hitler since all his first strategic victories by politics and propaganda. Mussolini had the allies bamboozled until the day Italy struck; the Japanese diplomacy and propaganda was thoroughly intelligent, for instance in Malaya. And we are feeling the repercussions of Axis propaganda throughout the world—in India, Arabia, Europe, and even in this country, as our edition trials now show us. Our Government knows that this war must be fought with planes and tanks and men, and also with ideas. In fact, there never was a war in which ideas counted for so much. And our Government has set up a bureau to wage war with ideas. We don't call this bureau by its real name: The Office of Psychological Warfare. It has a neutral-sounding nondescript title: The Office of Information.

So far our knowledge goes. And there it practically ends. What are we telling our enemies? What are we offering our allies? What line are we taking? What purpose do we hope to accomplish? What evidence is there of an success? Who is in charge of short-wave broadcasts and other propaganda to say, Germany? To Italy? To Vichy France? To occupied France? To Japan? To anywhere else on this round globe? We know that hundreds of scripts are being written, day in and day out, and whom? Do you know? Does anyone know? Does the President know? Nobody knows. I hope the bureau itself knows, but if it does it isn't telling. I, at least, have never been able to find out what the policy is. And who determines the policy is an even bigger secret. If and when the time comes to strike at central Europe with armies, I expect to know what Generals are in charge of every operation. But we are talking only by day at Central Europe with ideas, and neither you nor I know who is responsible for them.

I suspect that there is no planned strategy whatsoever. And I suspect it on very good evidence. For I myself am a participant in Germany. Moreover, I have organized and edited other broadcasts to Germany. This has been done at the request of the bureau and with the consent of the Co-ordinator, whose bureau has access to all the script. But I have found it impossible to ascertain what anybody else is doing in Germany. I am in a measure in charge of my own strategy. Presumably there is strategy and somebody is in charge of it, but I don't—officially—know who he is. I am waging a little guerrilla war (there is a main body of troops) I am waging a little guerrilla war. It is all very well to wage guerrilla war, if your forces are scattered by the enemy and there is nothing to do. But it is a miserable way to begin a war, and even guerrillas try to win control and receive instruction. Our domestic propaganda tells us that this is a peoples' war. If it is not a peoples' war in the field of ideas, where is it a peoples' war? Why should we know anything about it? Why should we know that is available to anyone who listens to short-wave broadcasts and be in complete darkness as to what we are telling them? This war is not a conspiracy. It is an open fight for freedom.

There is nothing else trustworthy. Blessed is the man that trusts in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.—Jeremiah 17:7.

Hot Stuff The Fish-Eye Treatment

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON. If Henry J. Kaiser can build these cargo planes at all, he can build them a whole lot faster if Washington will uncross its fingers and give him wholehearted support. Instead of doing that, Washington gives him the brushoff. Nobody had the nerve to tell Old Man Kaiser to get back to building ships, which he does faster than anybody else. No, they gave him a mealy roundabout. They told him in effect: "If you insist on building cargo planes, go ahead and see how far you get. But don't expect any help from us."

If this cargo idea has anything to it, Washington needs to put the same heart into it that Old Man Kaiser has. I mean the same kind of extra grunt that has enabled him to go into the shipbuilding business cold and beat the record. He didn't do that alone. He did it by having the co-operation of many people. He had engineering help, help in getting materials, help of all kinds. These are not one-man jobs. Old Man Kaiser has that rare pressure of enthusiasm that enables him to produce extra results. But he must have the support and co-operation of many others to do it.

Here, in what a friend of mine calls this "crucial bureaucracy," they stand around with folded arms, eyeing Old Man Kaiser as if he were some kind of menace instead of a possible builder of admittedly needed cargo planes. They ought to welcome him. But instead they are afraid he will upset some neat blueprint, cause somebody's schedule to be revised, or interfere with the war production of brass spitons. They put him in a sack and set him off on a polecat race.

Washington goes on the assumption that there is not an ounce of materials left to be squeezed out of a 40-billion-dollar-a-year war program. They tell Kaiser to go out and rummage around the in-

ustrial junkyards of the country and see if he can find any machine tools, any critical materials that are not needed in the war effort.

Want a piece of business for Washington? Want any expert in the nation are at the call of Don Washington? The War Production Board is jammed with technical men of all kinds. The services of any expert in the nation are at the call of Don Washington. With all those thousands of employees, after two years of defense production effort, hasn't the facilities yet for telling Old Man Kaiser where he can go and find machines and materials? Why doesn't WPB know where all the machine tools and the critical materials are? Why doesn't WPB know where some part of the program can be shaved down to divert a portion of the cargo-plane program?

These people haven't been sitting around sharpening lead pencils for two years. They know plenty. They could get in there with Old Man Kaiser and pick it if they wanted to. They don't want to. They give you a mealy story about how they do want to. They just love the old fellow. They'll give you anything in the world to help him. When they hand him a rubber-stamp letter saying a lot of nothing.

If they don't think there is something in this idea of Kaiser's, why don't they come out and say so? Why don't they say it off? I suspect they don't dare to do so because they know in their hearts that something could be done. But it is just too much trouble. It means some arguments, it means some tearing up of neatly typed production schedules and doing a lot of planning all over again. So they pass the buck to the old man, send him off with love and kisses to his own shipyard, and let him sweat it out on his own.

If Old Man Kaiser makes good, then after the cargo planes come rolling out 30,000 Government press agents will tell you what a wonderful job the Government is doing. They'll give Old Man Kaiser an E pennant for excellent performance of what his Government asked him to do. On the other hand, if he falls down on his face, they'll no skin off anybody's nose around here, and they'll be able to prove it with that rubber-stamp letter.

Tough Going

By Herblock



WASHINGTON. UNANIMOUSLY the House has repealed its restriction, delaying payment of five months arrears allowances to wives, parents and children of fighting men until Nov. 1. This action, somewhat reluctantly, like- wise has come across. The measure, brought to the attention of the public by this column, as published in newspapers on July 15, July 27 and Aug. 11, is likely to be fully reauthorized by the House on July 27 and Aug. 11, but not without some interesting ramifications. In a letter to Acting Speaker Bulwinkle, dated Aug. 5, the Acting Navy Secretary, James Forrestal, wrote: "The making of these payments at once will have a decided effect on morale. The Navy recommends enactment of the proposed legislation."

That did the job. It is a remarkable matter when the Government openly corrects a mistake, and all who had part in this correction deserve resounding cheers. The earlier pattern of official behavior in such matters is to insist that there was no mistake, and to conceal all the excuses and arguments which lawyers can devise to justify a blunder. Acting Secretary of War Patterson, a brilliant New York judge and attorney, for example, wrote a letter, also dated Aug. 5, to the House Speaker, making two pleas, which contradicted each other, had led him into it. Mr. Patterson said it would be discrimination against our soldiers overseas, who cannot get in this correction deserve resounding cheers. The earlier pattern of official behavior in such matters is to insist that there was no mistake, and to conceal all the excuses and arguments which lawyers can devise to justify a blunder.

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Nominations In Order

Editors, The News: In my opinion, Tom Jimison in his exposure of conditions at the State Hospital at Morganton has rendered a greater service to North Carolina than any other man of the recent past. I nominate him for Man of the Year in North Carolina for 1942 and I hope that the nominations be closed. —P. C. WHITELOCK.

P. C. I am not minimizing what Tom Jimison did, but I am talking about Tom now.—PCW.

More Nominations

From The Richmond County Journal. Governor Broughton's committee which investigated conditions at the State Hospital for the insane at Morganton found many shortcomings there. In its lengthy and thorough report on its findings, one of the most of the trouble was found to have arisen through a shortage of funds. This, of course, places the blame upon the trustees and the Legislature. The hospital trustees obviously must have known the conditions at the hospital which were commended and being aware of them, the trustees should have been bound to have fought for increased funds from the State.

It is shameful the way patients were mistreated. The cause of mistreatment arose through neglect or cruelty is not of the same importance as the fact that they

Timely Bounty

The Boys Explain All

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON. A "discrimination" to feed any of them first. In a hospital, Judge Patterson, if faced with a hundred dying men, would refuse to treat any until he could get enough doctors to treat all at once—and the day before election, presumably. But the prettiness of all excuses was advanced by Senator Thomas, Democrat, of Utah (he is not up for re-election this year, who blocked the Rankin correction in the Senate last Thursday, because, he said, it was dishonest to hold out hopes to dependents that they might be paid before Nov. 1, because it could not be done. Apparently he wanted a humane argument to support his summer position, but he even strained his own credulity with that one, for a few minutes later he told Senator Tydings, the Nov. 1 date had been adopted for all payments because they did not want the checks which would be ready before that date to go out until all were ready.

That put Jim on both sides of the argument before Nov. 1—within the span of a single long breath. Also he was apparently unaware of the Forrestal Navy letter, read earlier that same day by the House, saying the Navy wanted the restriction removed. The boys certainly got hauled up in their alibi.

Visitin' Around

BUG IN HIS EAR (10 Years Ago Item, Lexington Dispatch) Buzzing bug files directly into Chief Deputy Raymond Bowers' right ear while he is on the liquor stand. Said to be related to physician, as bootlegger goes free.

LOOK OUT THERE, ED, AIN'T THAT A BKEKLEY (Grade Vine Item, Marshall News) BKEKLEY (Mr. Edward C. BKEKLEY is picking beans to all the week.

The Slowdown

Mrs. Theo B. Davis. My youngest sister told me in her last letter about a colored man running a filling station and a dance hall, but has one rule which is strictly enforced: no dancing on Saturdays after midnight. On Saturdays must be done on Bay music.