

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS
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On The Sly
Cargo-Plane Production Begins In The Midst of a Squabble

The other day, speaking only to its stockholders, the Kellogg Co. announced that it would soon begin production of huge cargo-carrying planes for the Navy. And because it came in the days following the Washington-Kaiser battle over big planes, it will be at once a surprise and stimulant to the public. Here, under the national scene has been full of Americans battling among themselves on policy, the Navy and an industry have quietly gone about the business of the future.

The public has been allowed to assume that military heads were big bottlenecks in a progressive war program, and that they were hampering all imaginative businessmen. Here is a piece of evidence that the assumption is false. Before the move could be made, the Navy bureau had to see a vision they were traditionally incapable of seeing. They must have accepted war-in-the-air as an actuality.

In truth, many a phase of our war program is going far ahead of criticism, and it is fortunate that cargo-plane development is one of these. Those Nash-Kellogg building for tomorrow and kind, today, the fact that these flying boats are getting into production is important. It may become one of the most important single programs of the war.

When these freighters begin to roll off the lines, precious converted bombers will be saved for their ordained work of destruction; ship bottoms will become less of a problem, more of a blessing; battlefronts will be brought weeks nearer home. This is only the start, but its possibilities can be overestimated.

Well Enough
Form of City Council Cries for No Alterations

The ideal governing body for a municipality would consist of first-rate citizens limited in number for the efficient transaction of business, yet not so limited as to lose the appearance and virtues of an assembly. Since Charlotte gave up its three-man commission government for the council-manager form, it has tried a council of five members and a council of eleven. Neither the larger nor the smaller number prevented hard and fast decisions. Just as the Iron Dukes and the Granites of the present City Council have consistently divided 7 to 4, so did previous five-man bodies line up in a 3-2 formation.

And although the quality of government is an intangible, we think it can be said with some assurance that the city has been better run by its eleven-man Councils than by the quinquennial kind. The fact can be said, in fact, with due allowance for the unbearably spectacular of factionalism and obstructionism which has been allowed to characterize the present City Council, that all along Charlotte has been reasonably well governed, and better so in the past ten years than in the ten before that.

If that is a true statement of the case, and nothing appearing to the contrary, we think that any notion of changing the method of electing or the size of the City Council might well, considering the strenuous and uncertain nature of the times, be deferred. After all, if some getting along well enough, it may be advisable to let well enough alone.

Thin Ice
The Navy Took Its Losses But Came Back Fortified

The AP's recapitulation of U. S. warship losses called forth one large whiff of surprise. Starting with the *Reuben James*, destroyer torpedoed and sunk off Iceland a month and a half before the destruction at Pearl Harbor, 200 Navy vessels aggregating more than 200,000 tons had been lost.

The total tonnage of the U. S. fleet is no longer public property. But the extent of these losses becomes immediately apparent when set beside the total of 1,000,245 tons of fighting ships built since 1934, as announced by a House committee the other day. The two totals are not comparable; nevertheless, they warrant the statement that

in a few short months we lost a fifth as much tonnage as we had built from 1934 through 1941.

The bulk of the damage done, of course, at Pearl Harbor, and included the target ship *U.S.S. Arizona*, which was not properly a fighting ship. And the bulk of the tonnage is accounted for by the *U.S.S. Arizona* and the carriers *Lexington* and *Yorktown*. What's more, the damage done by planes from these carriers in the actions at Coral Sea and Midway left the Japanese staggered, and what's more still, we have only begun to build up our Navy to fighting strength.

These conclusions seem warranted. 1) The small navy we had at the start of the war took severe walloping, but gave a far more severe one in its turn. 2) Our navy in being and in prospect is a mighty thing, potentially an irresistible force.

The Seer
Clapper, Who Knows and Says What He Means, Warns Us

It is our guess that thousands of readers who followed Raymond Clapper's terse warning of the coming American dictatorship yesterday were conscious as they read that his words might well become the most significant of the war days. Clapper, rated by his profession the top Washington correspondent, was writing in dead earnest. Even the most casual could sense that. He made little use of embroidered rhetoric. His plea was simple, his phrases had the impact of bullets.

That a knowing, observant man should lay aside all the complex and pressing matters of the capital in war-time, and take time to show the dangers of a Congress unable or unwilling to declare itself a free agency of free men, was ominous. That he could hang straight to the point that Congress not only failed to reflect the views of the people, but stubbornly opposed them in favor of pressure groups, was indicative of the danger to us all.

He never expected to write such a piece as that, he said. But he could see a dictator around the corner, and not very far away. And, under the present state of conditions, he thought the American people would welcome the change into totalitarianism. And what he meant, and made clear, was that he spoke of no duration-dictatorship, but one for the years. Democracy was failing because its legislative branch was failing.

There was no specific criticism of Congress. Just a bold, clear statement that it was damning itself and the people it was created to represent. That body was leaving no alternative to the President and the people. It was refusing co-operation, and must be whipped with wartime powers. When that whipping comes, Clapper thinks, dictatorship will be on the way.

This man, remember, is no crackpot "expert." He is the most competent man among his contemporaries, a man noted for level-headed, far-sighted rationalism in a city gone wild for these ten years. The only likely conclusion must be that Clapper has seen the truth in the throbbing of a top-heavy bureaucracy, and that the only way out of the maze is one that endangers the American people, all that they are and hope to be. For all of us we hope that his words will not pass unnoted, and that he is not a man alone in his perception of our peril.

Bumper crops of apples are reported in the several growing sections, and let it be borne in mind that one day a week will release the doctor to the armed forces.

To control the fractious child, says a medical writer in the *Lancet*, place it as quickly as possible in a horizontal position. Then let instinct be your guide.

Having blessed Hedy Lamarr and lost your roll, coming out of the daze with a \$25,000 bond isn't bad.

In lively Kansas, a spellbinder's manuscript was carried away by a high wind which many mistook for the speech.



"It was more comfortable to sit in a car and look at the harvest moon—than from the way people talk I suppose in a couple of years we'll think this was fun, too!"

Lobby, Lobby
Congress Chained
By Raymond Clapper

CONGRESS never enough to break the chains that make it a slave of the farm lobby. I believe Congress would leap at the chance to become free again if members were sure the voters would support them.

Members must be acutely unhappy over their slavery. Most of them must realize what a vicious thing it is that a handful of lobbyists call them out into the corridor and give them orders and then sit up the hallway to watch the orders being carried out. That's what's been going on in Congress during this inflation fight.

Congress is a slave to fear. It was like that when the Anti-Saloon League was cracking the whip. Senators and Representatives jumped under the lash of the late Wayne B. Wheeler. He gave them the orders and then sat up in the gallery, behind the clock to see that the orders were carried out. For years Congress crawled around under the threat of the Anti-Saloon League whip. Finally one day everybody woke up and discovered that these prohibitionist dictators were not representing public sentiment. Congress broke its chains, renewed its freedom, and the 18th Amendment went out like a light.

The farm lobby has overplayed its hand. Senators are resentful. A number of them are trying to get released from their commitments to support the Timmons amendment, which was dictated by the farm lobby. They tried to fix up a compromise, Senator McNary, the Republican under duress, pleaded with the farm lobby to relax for the sake of national unity and to avert the danger that would result from creating a situation in which President Roosevelt might attempt to defy the laws of Congress. But would the farm lobby relent? Not on your life. Ed O'Neal of the Farm Bureau Federation and his allies stood pat.

Then Senator Barkley, the Democratic leader, brought in the bill to dis-commissioned the lobbyists. He said a majority of senators favored it. He tried to get it up, but unanimous consent of the Senate was required. At that point Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, the chief lobbyist for the farm lobby, objected. He said his own amendment, which President Roosevelt has made clear he will veto, "is before the Senate at the request of the great farm lobby." This is the nature of the farm lobby. It insists that it be voted on before any compromise should be considered. Its masters, sitting in the gallery, were still in command.

Congress probably would break itself loose from these clutches if members were sure the voters would support them. The trouble in politics is that your enemies go out to get you while your friends are apt to go fishing on election day and forget you. A visitor from across the Atlantic, looking over the crowd, sniffed, then focused his attention on the dejected couple.

Fighting England
Little People

Montreal Gables LONDON
This happened at one of London's more expensive and exclusive dining places. One of the men on the floor wore in uniform. Many of the ladies belonged to the Waifs and the Wrens. The scene was gay but one could guess there was a war on. The place was alive with shawl, Navy and Air Force blue, and decorations.

"You see," the visitor said, "this just goes to prove my point. The British haven't got the right attitude for this blizzard. You wouldn't think there was a war on. Look at that couple. That's what I mean. They're acting like a couple of silly kids—puppy love stuff. That doesn't show the right attitude in a tough war. I suppose he's got a cushy job in the War Office and he fights the war dancing around these places at night. Why doesn't somebody talk to him?"

Somebody did talk to him—and found out this: The soldier has been fighting in Libya for almost two months. He was missing for three months, finally turned up in an Italian field hospital. Still weak, he made his escape by a Londoner took across the desert. That was his first night back in England. And she was the girl he married two years ago—in the day he sailed for the Middle East.

What? No Mamma Yet? Mr. Morley has. Mr. Morley, three weeks of hard work, but he hasn't had but a few dry showers.

They're dancing. They were first on the floor when the band started to play. They had to come off, holding

Hard Times Ahead
Discomfort—Or Nothing
By Dorothy Thompson

WASHINGTON
THE period of "sacrifice" is about to begin in earnest. We are to have nation-wide gas rationing, which we all know, since reading the *Washington Compton report*, should have started at the very outset of the war, in order to save rubber.

Meat is going to be rationed. It also should have been rationed earlier. We need meat to be preserved and stored for our armed forces in areas all over the world where they must fight; we need meat for our British allies who can produce only half their home supply of food; and we need meat for the Russians, who, by their gigantic sacrifices are being crucified for mankind.

I regret that Mr. Wickard does not suggest "meatless days." I would like to see two meatless days per week, one for our armed forces, and one for our allies. I like the idea that twice a week, everybody, together, remembers, at all our tables, our sons and husbands and brothers who are fighting for us; that on another day, we remember, all together, those who have suffered as we have not—those who have fought with their terrible bath of fire and blood our relative immunity. The thought of past years would sweeten a morsel of linctus.

These are discomforts. And there will be others. Wage ceilings and price ceilings are discomforts; the "freezing" and moving of labor, is another, and a great one. But none of them are the "discomforts of the African desert, or of convoys at sea, of escape from the air over one's home, or of the prisoner of war, or Bataan or Corregidor, or of hostages shot against a wall, or of millions of refugees driven like leaves before the wind.

And there is the discomfort of taxes. They have been high and will be higher. Today everyone retreating his salary or wage, or income, must say: Only so much belongs to me—and the rest is taxes. This now concerns millions of people for whom the regular deduction of part of their income is new and strange.

The idea that for a certain period everyone has to work to earn merely his living, without any surplus for luxury, is new in this country. The definition of luxury is new. Having a car was no luxury; buying a new radio set or mechanical refrigerator was no

luxury—to millions. Having more clothes than any other people in the world think they need was no luxury. And throwing away into the garbage cans enough food to feed another small nation was also no luxury.

Today these are luxuries for twentieth century Americans—and they were also luxuries for most eighteenth century Americans. Our ancestors knew that the road to wealth was long and hard; for the well-to-do of our generation it has been short. Yet we know that the interruption is merely an interruption; if we win, hardships will be over soon.

All these things we take as we pay our taxes. Now, our taxes are not only created for the financing of this war. They are a hedge against runaway inflation. With everyone working the turnover of money is immense, while consumers' goods are scarce.

But to a certain degree the Government gives us a choice. We can either have the entire surplus taken away by taxes, giving up money which we will never see again, or we can save it, and get it back after the war. Let us make no mistake: If we miss this opportunity of saving our surplus by buying war bonds, the Government must take the money away—in our own interests. In the interests of the whole society to which each of us belongs, and to the welfare of which the welfare of each is tied.

So buying war bonds can hardly be counted among the discomforts. It is the allowed, and even recommended, individual escape from more taxation. If it is a discomfort to save instead of to spend—a discomfort which Benjamin Franklin would not have regarded as such—then it is a discomfort with a future in the place of a discomfort with no future. At present everybody has a job. But there is still an element of insecurity in life. Will everybody have one after the war is finished—especially in the transition period? How about a personal and collective re-insurance? The investment of millions and millions in war bonds is nothing but canned purchasing power for a canned prosperity to follow the war.

It mightn't to take Hedy Lamarr's kisses to convince an American that today's savings in the clinking will be tomorrow's bread and butter.

America Needs It NOW!
—By Herblock



Guesses Gone Wild
Taylor No Peace-Maker
By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON
IF YOU put two and two together about Myron Taylor's visit to the Vatican, you are apt to get more than is justified. Strongest thing about the little noticed event is that this emissary of Mr. Roosevelt is the only man of the United Nations who has gone through countless lines of press censorship, and that, too, a concession by Mussolini (who is held up by Hitler) are almost unanimous.

The official explanation here is that the Vatican desired to see Mr. Taylor. Insistence that he be granted safe conduct through Italy came upon Mussolini from that source. It seems that the British, French and other anti-Axis nations have had men already lodged on the neutral ground of Vatican City, since the start of the war. The fact probably is that the measure of arranging safe passage for them.

The national implication of this event is that a new peace plan is in the making. But the detached tone assumed by Washington officials also makes it quite plain that peace is not seriously considered, even as a remote possibility here. Semi-official Washington says the Vatican emissaries must therefore be vague and inconspicuous, although the Vatican will get from Mr. Taylor an understanding of our war aims.

Other small feathers from that dove, however, can be seen floating down in European air. A Nazi general broadcast this week their tongues all work on strings from Hitler's headquarters. That the British will be cooling his heels a few days waiting to see Stalin, this newspaper's Fred press, unlike ours, also were on the strings, according to the British and American Governments of desiring to see Communism

fall and said this is why the second front had been delayed.

These sudden, if still feeble, whiffs of news are interesting, but appear to be more in the nature of diplomatic sound-bites than sincere peace floaters. No doubt these Hitler and Mussolini want a peace based on our existing unfavorable military situation. Von Ribbentrop is supposed to be working on it.

But any separate peace by Moscow could only mean extinction of the Russian Communist State in the east (not at Traver). Moscow may be drawing the Nazis out on that subject, but cannot be planning ululation. We are in the same boat as the Russians. You cannot make peace with an enemy who challenges your national civilization. Peace can come for us only through victory or defeat.

Postponement at Home
Bill Green and Phil Murray have been fraternizing like two long lost cousins, but don't build your hearts into peace agreements.

The peculiar make-up of the peace committee is causing labor war men to lay bare odds that CIO and AFL will be apart for a long time to come. No a single representative of a union in competition is on the committee. The AFL committee is made up of Harry Bates, of the bricklayers, Dan Tobin of the teamsters, and Bill Hutchinson of the carpenters. It is in the building trades, and all free of CIO competition since the effort of John Lewis' brother to invade this field. On the CIO side are Philip Murray, president, H. J. Thomas of the auto workers, Julius Wampack of the electrical workers, whose unions are equally safe from AFL competition. Absent from the peace committee are the aircraft workers, machinists, molders, sheet metal workers and the smaller lines in which jurisdictional competition is most active. Anyway, the committee will not meet until Nov. 1, after the convention, and if it finds a formula for jurisdictional disputes, there will have to be settled by the other unions in both major bodies before peace can be effected.