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And Evening Chronicle

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1942

In Compassion

Evoked by the Ultimate In Human Suffering

Before such a tragedy as that yesterday, when a mother took the life of her adored young daughter while the child slept, the tears that run upon herself, patient persons can only bow their heads in deep compassion. It is not possible to conceive of what horrible and vise-like stress worked in the mind of that young woman which compelled her to do the one thing which tortured her soul beyond human endurance.

No emotion is equal to the utter and ineffable sadness that fell upon this family. That sweet young girl, clearly nurtured by mother love, the anguished mother, mercilessly torn by some overpowering and unanswerable force; the husband and father bereft of everything that was.

We are not given to understand all that is in this our life, but we are given pity, men and women, and we have need to call upon it here.

There They Go

B-17, Says Spaatz, Spells Destruction of the Enemy

An audible grunt of satisfaction will greet Major General Carl Spaatz's pronouncement that the Flying Fortresses are in battle all that in peace time they were represented to be. "Key to the mastery of the air over Europe," Spaatz calls them, and restores magic to the symbol B-17.

War itself is the only certain test of the skill of the men who plan and practice perform tactical missions with downright dash, dashing and swooping and sailing serenely through unoccupied skies, may develop the greatest vulnerability in battle. It can never be told until the telling. That is one prime reason, beside other obvious reasons, why Germany and Italy were so gracious in plucking into Franco's Spanish Civil War. There was a war laboratory.

The United States had the advantage of the RAF's two years of jam-packed experience in designing its warplanes, and seems, by the sum of all authoritative accounts, obviously to have preferred to continue its own multi-model experimentalism in fighter planes, the essential qualities of speed, maneuverability, altitude, armament and firepower apportioned out among them, rather than to copy the Spitfire, which by the way had everything. Certainly American pilots turned loose in Spitfires exult over the experience.

Which is not to say, by any means, that our own fighter planes, pursuits and interceptors, are faulty. Indeed, Republic's P-47, the big fellow, may yet carry off a blue ribbon. The effectiveness with their armor and their armament and their bull's-eye bombardier, the confidence of a country had been reposed. It is good to know, in the opinion of a highly-qualified and trustworthy observer, that they are delivering the goods.

Word-Warrior

Mrs. Thompson Wants It Down in Black and White

The little reader may decide for himself whether he sides with Paul Mallon or Dorothy Thompson today. It so happens that both have addressed themselves to the same theme, which, roughly, is, What 't' hell's this war about, anyhow? But they come out with exactly opposite descriptions.

There's too dogged much radicalism and self-aggrandizement in Washington, declares Mallon. Interferes with war job. Groups and interests vie for control, more to come out on top after the war than to make sure the war's won. Let's win the war first.

What the war lacks is a revolutionary spirit, says Dorothy Thompson. It's not hot to fight for. You can't expect the kids to go out any more and die desperately for democracy. Let's give them something to fight for. Let's examine ourselves and the world and see.

It is difficult to pardon the objection, do nothing of the kind. We've got plenty to fight for without committing ourselves to some hurrly-hurrly set of Atlantic By-Laws to go with the Atlantic Charter. We've got plenty to fight for. We've got freedom to fight for, and if we retain it we may, under its beneficent inspiration,

Side Glances



"I know we haven't called on you for ages, but we take a walk every evening instead of driving and George said, 'Let's drop in on the Joneses—my feet are killing me!'"

Grab Bag War Within A War

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON. WHAT'S the matter with Washington? If the first question asked by everyone who gets off the train here and no doubt by different out in the country, second question is: Is Nelson really capable of doing the job?

The answers have been so obvious in the news dispatches that the country should understand the situation fully by now. The WPB reorganization is being complicated by too many groups and too many people here who are trying to carry on a revolution at the same time as the war.

Look at the headlines of the past few days: "Labor demands Nelson get control of WPB." There is the whole story, told in one of its simplest phrases.

Most of the headlines is not the 50,000,000 workers of the country, but the less than 10,000,000 represented in AFL and CIO. They want control of war production. So the labor leaders, the radical business men, the politicians, the Army, although there are few headlines about their activities, as they are not so brazen in their desires.

No one seems to be shouting for the only thing the country needs is the most efficient possible control, the cessation of all this revolutionary activity by special groups trying to get the upper hand over business. Mr. Nelson is a strong man, possibly not Hercules, but Hercules himself would have trouble in this situation. He told Congressmen he would not accept in return for the unions to have business delivered into their hands, but he indicated he would give the unions added authority.

Obviously this is not to be done because anyone thinks union leaders can run business any better than business men, but because their power is feared.

How strong Mr. Nelson is, will only become known as he works out his reorganization. A complete explanation of the kind of administration this plaything chieftain leads to, is shown in a letter I received from an editor friend in a small town down South. He wrote me about an experience he had with the Government in what he considered to be a small way, but which actually had a minor up to Washington.

This editor's small newspaper plant is in a one-story building, with a section adjoining which was formerly used as a doctor's office. He did not want to ask the doctor to leave, but wanted the space, and planned to take it when the doctor was called to war. But when the doctor left, members of the Local Planning Board came to say hello. My friend said the rent was \$35 a month, but they could have it for whatever they could afford to pay and he would put the money back in War Bonds—if they could pay anything. They moved in, bringing some desks and chairs from him.

Three months later a letter came from the OPA in Atlanta asking the editor to let them know if he was willing to let an office in the Local Planning Board. He wrote back it was quite true. Two weeks later came another letter from Atlanta asking the exact floor space, how many rooms, whether separate toilet facilities were provided men and women.

The staff consisted of three unpaid board members and two girls, so my friend replied with some dignity, that while there was only one bathroom, the men were very highly regarded in the community, but if Atlanta considered it essential he would let them use his.

The climax came just before he wrote me. The Atlanta OPA wrote him a long, scintillating letter asking him to send in monthly invoices for \$35 (sent in triplicate, containing the following signed statement:

"I certify that the above bill is correct and just, that payment therefor has been received; that all statutory requirements as to American production have been met; that the purchase and sale of the goods and services included in the amounts billed."

That, in short, is also what is the matter with Washington.

Quote. Unquote

And who the hell wants to lose a war?
—General Billy Mitchell.
People aren't in the mood for typical war songs.
—Kate Smith, radio singer.
They (smokeless coal campaign) are the finest men I've ever seen in place in the American Republic. I don't see how we can lose. I don't see how we can lose the war with men like these.
—Lieut.-Comm. John D. Bulkeley, Bataan hero.
Riveting is more exciting. You rivet a plane as you bust a dress.
—Walker, designer of aircraft machine tools.
We would be most negligent if we did not have a good thing at bringing Germany to her knees by concentrated use of air power and we intend to give it a full test but we must be prepared to go out, fight and conquer.
—John J. McCloy, Assistant Secretary of War.

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT
This truth, A little wisdom and usefulness would prevent most wars; Wisdom a better; their weapons of war, but one sinner destroyeth much good.—Eccles. 3:18.

Voice Of Youth

Something To Fight For

By Dorothy Thompson

EVERY DAY in the week brings me letters from civilians and from men in the army complaining about the conduct of this war. There is a remarkable unanimity in the complaints. They have to do with the intellectual and spiritual vacuum in which the war is conducted. They express the realization of what is apparently by everyone with any sensibility, that this war is revolutionary in its implications, and that it must be fought around a philosophical concept, or the result of it will be breakdown and chaos.

Let me quote from a letter which has just come in from a corporal in the U. S. Army. It is a three-page, single-spaced letter, written with great literacy, clarity and intelligence by a young patriot with a warm heart. He says:

"Like countless other American boys, I went into the army with high ideals. I believed in this country and in the war and I wanted to get into the fight. I have not lost one of those ideals, but my soldiering has taught me that many of my fellows in arms feel differently. . . . This is no sign that America's men lack patriotism or good, old-fashioned fighting guts. They have both, to a glorious degree. But something is lacking. Many barracks bull sessions have told me that faith in the America of Whitman, Thoreau and Emerson is no longer vital in our youth. The boys are dead of this war; they are dead of the filthy political intrigue; the insecurity of the last two decades and the vagueness of the future have undermined their faith.

"These boys are not cowards. They have proven on a dozen fronts throughout the world that they can fight as well as their fathers, or better. But the difference is that their fathers believed they were fighting a war to end wars and fighting for democracy, and that decency and progress were the life and breath of our cause. Now they are wondering whether the way of life they have seen in their lifetimes is worth fighting for. Yes, they'll fight, but with their tongues in their cheeks. Their instinct tells them that it is either the enemy or us.

"Why are we not given a cause worth it all a pride in our past and a belief in the future. . . . faith that we are taking part in a great movement bringing us closer to the ideal world dreamed of by all the great liberators of mankind. . . . Don't let the American soldier look upon this struggle as just another example of man's incompetence.

"Help us to annihilate the wall of despair smothering the dreams of youth! All the Yankee wants is a cause. Give him that, and he will swim across the ocean; give it to him, and he will die better than a trained machine. Tell him he is not

fighting for the preservation of the old, but for the construction of the new."

This is a typical letter. And I do not quote it to show how bad the spirit among some is in the army, but how marked it is among intellectual youth. This letter—and many like it—fills me with contradictory feelings: Faith in a future built out of such youth; rage at the intellectual and spiritual timidity of the generation leading us; and apprehension that disillusionment in our cause will be the world apart, as it certainly will be.

What is going on in the heads of many of the older generation? They seem to think, calculatingly: We will win the war by sheer force of material and manpower; we will establish another nineteenth century peace of one kind or another, with a few borders reconstructed and our enemies disarmed; then we will have a new period of prosperity. American democracy will go on as it has gone on for the last 40 years, a little more Democratic or Republican according as the elections fall out.

And our boys, proud and satisfied with the victory they will win, come back and fit into the pattern again.

They are wrong. Let them read again—if they have ever read it—Thomas Wolfe's last book before his death: "You Can't Go Home Again."

That is the voice of an America speaking that is going to win. And the only America that can win. For it is an America that has a mission for the world.

There are two ways by which the real cause of this war may emerge. (It will emerge, young man. Have faith; it will emerge.)

One is that we, the older generation, the stock of ourselves of our clothes, our failures; honestly and clearly regard the state of the society in which we live; honestly and purely set about reforming it, appealing to the youth to help us. That is our only chance, because we can thus integrate ourselves in the coming new world, and avoid the tragic break in the generation.

The other is that we keep on mouthing platitudes without translating ideas into realities, and leave our youth to struggle through a chaotic way by the most bitter experience—and turn against us when they have done so.

I believe that Britain, whom we so much criticize, has gone much further in the first direction than we have.

What our youth wants is a revolutionary credo for a twentieth century democracy that takes account of all the revolutionary moments in the world and synthesizes them into the pattern of a future national and international society that makes sense. With that on their banner, they will fight—and win.

What's Our Answer?

—By Herblock



Scrapout

Everybody's Cue

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON. WAR production rests on steel. You can't make steel without using scrap metal. To make steel, you dump pile upon pile of scrap metal into the furnace and then you make it steel.

Go when steel is only two weeks' supply of steel scrap in the hands of the nation's steel mills, that is, when they are worried about it, it is just as bad as if they were going to have a strike in two weeks. No scrap, no steel.

That is why Donald Nelson of WPB called newspaper publishers from all parts of the country to Washington last week. There is enough scrap lying around the country to get us through. But it must be collected, sorted and hauled to the steel mills. It's sorting and hauling will be taken

care of. But the junk must be collected from millions of households, millions of back yards, millions of farms. Hence public assistance is necessary.

The Omaha World-Herald recently conducted a scrap collection campaign throughout Nebraska. The results were so successful that WPB has asked that similar campaigns be conducted throughout the country and the newspapers have agreed to cooperate.

I don't know what the details will be but they will be simple for the householder. All he needs to do at the moment is to go through his basement, his backyard, and around his place, and pile up his metal junk. Within few days his local newspaper will tell him about the pickup. The main thing at the moment is to get the household pile of scrap together, so that collections can move rapidly.

There really isn't any point in going into all this how-come-why-into-it-all-fact, except to emphasize that it has come about as a picture of the results of steel production which has been going on and which eats up half a ton of scrap for every ton of steel manufactured, or something like that. True, we used to send scrap to Japan. But if we kept it here it would have been used up long ago. The overwhelming fact that has made everybody fumble in war planning is that we are trying to run the war job at a pace we never expected to have to make. We are in a race with Hitler and it's a hotter race than we had expected it to be.



Visitin' Round

Down to the Sea in Shipyard
—George Hill, from Lexington Dispatch
Carl Greer has been employed at a shipyard, making big money, and working every day.