

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle



Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by The News Publishing Company, Inc.
W. C. Dowd Jr., President
J. E. Dowd, Vice-President
and General Manager
W. C. Dowd, 1933-1937

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1888. The Evening Chronicle (established 1903) was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 8, 1916.
The News claims to be entitled promptly of errors in any of its reports that proper correction may be made at once.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited to this paper, and also the local news published herein.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By mail: One month, \$3 cents; three months, \$10; six months, \$17.50; one year, \$30.
By carrier in the city of Charlotte: 15 cents a week; one month, \$5 cents; three months, \$15; six months, \$25; one year, \$45.
For home-delivered rates outside the city of Charlotte, see local carrier.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1941

Sheepish Man

Mr. Eccles Started Something He Can't Begin to Stop

The most sheepish person in the United States today must be Marriner S. Eccles, Federal Reserve head. Mr. Eccles is now endeavoring with might and main to counter the effects of a bad habit he taught the Administration some years back, and which the Administration in turn taught a Congress that was wonderfully quick to catch on.

Mr. Eccles had such a theory. This theory was, in brief, that by the judicious manipulation of its fiscal policies, the Government could level off the peaks of boom times and fill in the valleys of depression. When business languished, the Government's bounden function was to borrow and spend extravagantly for the good effect of it, creating new purchasing power and giving prices a mild shot in the arm.

The President took to the fore part of Mr. Eccles' theory and Congress and the bureau took to the spending role like ducks to a pond sprinkled with grains of corn. They spent and felt virtuous for it. If business got worse, they spent more. If it got better, they spent still more. Altogether, they spent the national debt from about 22 billions up to 45 billions.

So far, Mr. Eccles' theory was, next to an invitation to the White House, the most sought-after thing in Washington. But there was a second half to it. Not only was Government spending to be turned on, it was supposed to be turned off. Okay about filling in the valleys of depression, boys said Mr. Eccles. Now's the time to level off the peaks.

Also, the President has disassociated with other pressing matters. Congress had gorged itself on pork and had cultivated an inordinate capacity for it. As for the alphabetical agencies and independent offices, they were completely awestruck. They kept (1) quiet and (2) spending.

Mr. Eccles is an earnest man, as is shown by the token of anti-inflationary policies which the Federal Reserve is instituting. But these are pitifully ineffectual against the President's absorption in his collection to make history and Congress's attitude of what's a few billions more?

Mr. Eccles' theory, if its second premise had been carried out as wholeheartedly as its first, might have worked. But the poor man can only guess. He will never know for he has never known by now that it had one fatal fault. It left out the political factor.

Super-Spies

Nasis in Tokyo Have Captured Japanese Policy

From Shanghai come additional reports on activities of the bribing, cajoling and terrorizing Nazi gang in Tokyo. Operating behind the flimsy disguise of an "Embassy," the Germans have wormed their way into the circle of military and political advisers. They have made themselves almost indispensable by offering new designs for weapons, technical advice for war industries, expert supervision in the production of planes and the instruction of pilots. They have wired and dined these Japanese warlords, flattered, bribed and bribed a few. But naturally the Germans want something in return.

"That something" turns out to be quite a lot. It is that Japan should open a Pacific war with the United States and the United States into a fight.

Travelers arriving in Shanghai from Tokyo confirmed this design and added a footnote on Baron Hiranuma. The Baron was sitting in his garden on August 13 when a young man came over the wall with a pistol. He opened fire on the Baron, wounding him. The Baron grabbed a pistol and shot back, pursued the assassin and almost ran him down.

The explanation, according to these recent arrivals from Tokyo, is that the Baron had made the mistake of starting an investigation of Nazi penetration of the Japanese government some time ago. Furthermore, he was known as a moderate. Moderates are bad risks in Tokyo.

It is a ghastly spectacle—the capture of the Japanese government by Nazis without the firing of a shot, save those from an assassin's gun.

There you have the explanation for the projected "safety zone" around Japan, a move that would have one and only one purpose: stoppage of American

shipments to Vladivostok. This proposal was promulgated and pressed on Premier Kono by General Hayashi, director of the Asia Development Federation, under pressure from the Nazis. Indeed, it is reported, General Hayashi hangs out at the Nazi "Embassy"—which is in reality a fortified blockhouse—more than at the war office or his own home.

Meanwhile, the helpless population of Tokyo, a city without any effective air raid defenses, is reported panic-stricken at the prospect of an air attack. These little men—and women and children—must be the ones to suffer for the crimes of the extremists who rule them. And far to the west of Tokyo, the tens of thousands of Chungkingers are waiting. They who have sweated and bled through 145 Japanese air raids, now they listen for the echo of the air raid siren in the home of the invader. And for screams of pain and terror that will echo theirs.

Over-Sized

The Army Mails a Piglet In a Most Pretentious Poke

Reposing somewhat self-consciously upon our desk while this is being written is a large manila envelope. It is fifteen inches long and ten inches wide. The paper stock is as tough as a top sergeant's rebuke. To attempt to open the envelope with anything weaker than a bayonet would be dangerous. On it is stamped "War Department" and "Official Business."

It would have been surprising had this envelope contained complete plans and specifications for the long awaited heavy tank, even though there was plenty of room inside for blueprints. But no. Lost in one corner of the container were two mimeographed sheets of about letter-head size. Just for fun we folded the sheets and found that they would fit very comfortably in a standard business envelope. There is a shortage of paper and the Government, Primitive Office, says there is, the War Department could use smaller envelopes. Even if there is no shortage, a taxpayer hates to see his money tossed around so lightly.

Undelivered

Committee Report on Juvenile Court Has Uncertain Status

Prior to the reappointment early in July of F. M. Reed as judge of Domestic Relations and Juvenile Court, committee had been appointed to go into criticisms made of the court's methods. This committee consisted of two City Commissioners, two County Commissioners and four representatives of the Children's Division, Council of Social Agencies.

Several lengthy sessions were held, many witnesses heard. Minutes were taken, so that in the end a comprehensive report on the court had been compiled. The committee's vote was five to three against recommending Judge Reed for reappointment, which the joint board of Commissioners and Councilmen overrode by reappointing him without looking at all into the report.

This committee, mind you, had been duly set up as an examining, fact-finding agency of the two boards. It brought in a recommendation adverse to Judge Reed. Yet the two boards neither read nor received the report on which that majority decision was based.

Now, either the City Council or the County Commissioners ought to have instructions for the report to be turned over to them, to become a part of their Joint Domestic Relations and Juvenile Court file, or they should declare that they have no interest in it and no responsibility for it, in which case, we take it, members of the committee are at liberty to make of it any disposition they choose.

Muslims who play dead and knock off the Nazi as he passes are unpatriotic, according to Berlin and the Marquessa of Shickgruber rules.

Geologists predict that some day the Japanese, although they will disappear suddenly in the sea. We confess it is a solution that had not occurred to us.

Value Of Criticism

By Hugh S. Johnson

A NEW technique seems to be developing among officials under fire for falling short of performance in defense matters. It is to say of those who are in a position to criticize that they are either Nazi-sympathizers or enemies of American defense and are playing Hitler's game by undermining American confidence in our leadership.

This General Ben (Voo-Noo) Lear makes a speech to the army command, broadcast over two networks to the United States and says the people who criticize the quality of army morale are doing that. The acting petroleum director asks whether rather than a series that criticism of the woefully bungled gasoline "shortage" on the eastern seaboard isn't Nazi work. Criticisms of the overhauled organization for industrial mobilization have been similarly condemned by even higher authority.

ANSWERING "JOHN DOE" INDICTMENTS
I can't speak for anybody else, but I have criticized all these things in this column—never. I have a right to know the nature of the accusation. According to the bare terms of these generalized accusations, (that answer nothing) could apply to me. If they are so intended, I have a right to know the nature of the accusation. I am not a Nazi-sympathizer, nor an enemy of American defense. I am a citizen of the United States and I am entitled to the same rights as any other citizen.

Take the one of Lear's about the "shortage" of gasoline. I am not a Nazi-sympathizer, nor an enemy of American defense. I am a citizen of the United States and I am entitled to the same rights as any other citizen. I am not a Nazi-sympathizer, nor an enemy of American defense. I am a citizen of the United States and I am entitled to the same rights as any other citizen.

MORALE AND "FOOD"
MORALE AND "FOOD"
MORALE AND "FOOD"

On the eastern "gas shortage," I am not a Nazi-sympathizer, nor an enemy of American defense. I am a citizen of the United States and I am entitled to the same rights as any other citizen. I am not a Nazi-sympathizer, nor an enemy of American defense. I am a citizen of the United States and I am entitled to the same rights as any other citizen.

For two years I have criticized the industrial mobilization board with specific suggestions for improvement. Today, nearly all of those suggestions are being applied. The best organization plan won't work without competent personnel. On the latter question, I have my fingers crossed, willing to be convinced, but the constructive criticism of organization has borne fruit. Would it be better without criticism—that of others as well as mine? Homebodies!

IS CRITICISM INIMICAL TO DEFENSE?
That brings up the whole question of criticism of method being inimical to defense. This column has been shouting for motorization, mechanization, industrial mobilization, selective service, and a complete defense during its entire life and this will for a longer time. During the last year, these Johnny-come-lately critics didn't know what it was all about or, if they did, didn't have the guts to say what they knew.

That is past history, but if any of them are "allotted" at me, I want them to say so in plain Oklahoma language. If I use this column to take their snoot, they are welcome to use it 820 words to put themselves together again, if they can, which I doubt if they can do.

Damp Weather on The N. C. Coast

Rully Arthur in Greater News & Views
This is about the time of the year for Aycock Brown's annual oration at the University of North Carolina. I was talking about the other day.

The business comes about the time of the year that it gets so wet that life guardsmen have to throw buckets of sand in the faces of folks to revive them.

THE QUEEN CITY'S HOPE CHEST

- No. 1—An Uptown Theater-Auditorium
- No. 2—A Separate Court District
- No. 3—An Uptown Rest Room
- No. 4—Street-Widening

The Nazis have destroyed Soviet plane production for the next five years and founded the Red army. Now, to capture the Boy Scouts.

"Look What We Did for Spain!"

—By Herblock



Our Firecracker Army

The Washington Post

Last Thursday at A. P. Hill Military Reservation in Virginia you could see a column of trucks stream across a rutted field with grim little guns in tow.

Whistles shrill and the trucks scatter and halt, and the men clinging to them leap to the ground and unlimber the guns and the trucks scamper off to cover. Machine-guns appear, flanking the guns, and almost before they are settled in place tanks rumble out from the fringing woods.

A machine gunner stops, applies the end of his cigarette to something in his hand, and suddenly flings what he holds toward the tank. It trails a thin wisp of smoke.

Where it strikes the ground an unearthly popping breaks out and flame and smoke. It is a package of firecrackers. One of the guns men hurl some what larger firecrackers, while their mates go through the motions of loading and firing. A gun considerably faster than its rated twenty rounds a minute. Back toward the rear older guns, big 75-millimeter fellows, point long snouts toward the tanks, and still bigger firecrackers, which are better treated with much respect, boom at intervals.

Still farther back, where three-inch anti-aircraft guns are set up, flashes appear at intervals, flashes without sound or smoke. The battle is joined and the serious business of stopping tanks is underway.

IT LOOKS LIKE A GUN—BUT IT WON'T SHOOT
When it is ended, walk up to the little anti-tank gun whose crew sits back aimlessly waiting for directions. It appears strangely incomplete and you ask the gunner about it.

"It's a dummy, sir," he tells you, and there is an unaccountable light of pride in his eye. "Ain't it a honey, sir? You can tell the difference at a hundred feet."

He twists a wheel and the muzzle rises. "You see, it elevates," he explains another wheel and the gun's long nose smells across the horizon. And it traverses. It's just like a real gun, sir."

But it won't shoot. And if it would your gunner still would fling firecrackers at tanks and manure. There isn't any blank ammunition here, give points and to the business of blowing up a truck carrying a load of food or a load of medicine.

Defense against mechanized attack is a matter so terribly important that it may place in the hands of a few men the lives and

thirties of millions. It is so pressing that the Army has been in unending labor since the summer of 1940, shaping a succession of organizations and ideas to meet it.

THE RECORD ON HOWITZERS IS FAR WORSE
The basic weapon on the anti-tank unit is the 37-millimeter gun, designed for great mobility, to be rushed to the threat of tanks on time, and high muzzle velocity, to stop tanks when it hits them.

The square infantry division is entitled to 84 of these little guns. Of the eighteen square divisions now in Federal service, the first four, induced in September, are high on the "priority list." Of their 84 anti-tank guns, each has 24.

The other fourteen square divisions have none at all. They train with dummies. To back up the 37, the square infantry division is entitled to sixteen anti-tank guns of 75 millimeters. So far, most have four each.

One of the first two anti-tank battalions organized in the Regular Army, an organization that has been in being since last September, is entitled to 36 of the 37-millimeter weapons. It has six, while 20 gun crews still train on dummies.

More than a year ago all the light field artillery regiments of the Army were reorganized around the 105-millimeter howitzer. It was made due to them that the present 75-millimeter gun is inadequate against the field howitzer of the German Army.

Not a regiment is equipped today with the 105 howitzer, though a few are in the hands of troops here and there. Meanwhile, Field Artillery men are training on guns they have been told can be outshot and outgunned in battle. And they know that sooner or later they must learn what they know again on the 105.

You can tell a soldier the threat nation in the world is unable to provide him with equipment. But you can't always make him believe it.

THE AGE OF MONOSYLLABISM
New York Times

Any one who still doubts that the pace of modern life is swift should take a glance—if he can spare time for a glance—at the new magazine titles. Judging by the present appearance of the subway stands, fewer and fewer people must have the leisure, in rushing for their train, to pronounce any such mouthfilling titles as The Ladies' Home Journal or The Saturday Evening Post. They have just time to shout, apparently, something like Being, Swank, Sport, Sport, Grim, Click, Pick, Ooga, Look, Life, Time, Life, Wit or Pic.

breathless ease, surely.

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT
Our bodies are from the earth, they will perish, but our spirits should be joined to God now and eternally; For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Romans 8:14.

Side Glances



"Daddy, he says to tell you he just learned Mussolini played the violin and he's sure you'd rather he took up the bass drum!"

Liar No. 1 [Formerly]

From Baltimore Evening Sun

FOR propaganda purposes, British writers are now proclaiming the world that the king of liars was a German.

That is true, enough, though (as a writer in the London New Economist and Nation points out) "he was a humorous and fabulous liar who aimed at not being believed." Moreover, "he lied for lying's sake, beautifully, lyrically and irresponsibly, his invention being like a child's, his own surprises being no less than that of his hearers at the wild, triumphant logic of his stories. That great liar was, of course, Munchausen. So famous has he become that many people today leading him to be a myth. But Baron Munchausen was no myth, but a real flesh and blood German cavalry officer who served in the Russian Army, fought the Turks in 1740, and later retired to his country place where he achieved a local notoriety for his whoppers.

FIRST TALL STORIES PRINTED IN BERLIN

Eventually, some of his tales got printed in a Berlin publication. Then a scholarly rascal named Raspe made a collection of them; but being wanted by the police for stealing, he fled to England. And, thus the Baron Munchausen stories were first published, in collected form, in English. Here are a few samples:

In Russia he declared he shot a cherry stone into a star anker, and the animal gave a cherry tree out of its head.

It was in Russia also that he was able to preserve the trill of an opera singer in alcohol. He arrived in Petersburg in a conversation with a wolf.

Once, when caught in a snowstorm while riding home, he lay all night in a big drift after dismounting and tending his horse. Next morning the sun had melted the snow and he looked up and saw his horse hanging from a weather vane on top of a high building, to which he had unwittingly led the animal.

THE STORY OF THE INSIDE-OUT WOLF

The two Munchausens we like best are the story of the Baron Munchausen and his dog, who had a wolf's throat until he was able to grasp the creature's tail and so jerk the victim wrong-side-out; and the tale of the fox caught that was bitten by a mad dog—the coat went mad.

Succeeding editions of Munchausen's tales in England were added to by amateur English lairs, until the collection was very extensive. But, asserts the New Statesman and Nation writer, the English have no great gift for imagination, and, consequently there is a noticeable decline in quality at the point where the real Munchausen ends and his imitators take up. "English folklore," he writes, "is not as rich as the German is. In these many imitations, though we have our Edward Lear and our Lilliput whose ancestry is probably Teutonic, if Lear had added chapters to Munchausen he might have followed the gay original vein, but for nonsense more nervous and more true, it is not to be compared to the touch, the obese drollery and butler's shop horror of the German."

ENGLISH FANTASY IS SATIRICAL, NOT POETIC
The Lilliput phase of English fantasy was satirical, not poetic, in its impulse. Swift was careful to give a scientific basis to "Gulliver's Travels." Deane and chapter and verse for his exploding island, and in the Moroccan chapter of "Jonathan Wild" Priding engaged in a little political horseplay at the expense of the literature of travel when he made up the Phoenix and the description of an interloping English seaman marching down the throat of a dragon in order to shoot it in the heart."

He might have added a few English examples of notable English perceptions of literary frauds and hoaxes, including Chatterton, the brilliant young poet who certainly gave—if not a scientific air—an air of authenticity about his forgeries which mystified the important men of letters of his day. The New Statesman and Nation writer draws this conclusion:

"We should be grateful that the honor of producing the king of liars is not ours. It is an honor which would inevitably go to a myth-maker, a poet, a man whose very scholarship and philosophy recognize no bounds of proportion. But this characteristic of the Germans does seem to indicate one thing: that when we try to persuade one another, we should be careful to add a really Teutonic dose of mystification to our words. The success of Shaw in Germany is probably due to the Russian mystification; it seems necessary to set a myth-maker to catch a myth-maker."

Successful Trip (Transylvania Times)
M. O. Thomas and Arthur Thomas visited relatives and friends at Piekens, one day last week. They brought back several bushels of nice peaches.

Yeh, We Know—Gives Us Goose Flesh, Too (Lee County Messenger)
Mrs. Jack Devey, who sustained a fall down steps at Hotel Lee, was carried to McLeod's Infirmary Monday. She received shoulder injury. The Lee County Messenger says she is recovering, but no serious results are expected to follow.

Visitin' Around

Successful Trip (Transylvania Times)
M. O. Thomas and Arthur Thomas visited relatives and friends at Piekens, one day last week. They brought back several bushels of nice peaches.

Yeh, We Know—Gives Us Goose Flesh, Too (Lee County Messenger)
Mrs. Jack Devey, who sustained a fall down steps at Hotel Lee, was carried to McLeod's Infirmary Monday. She received shoulder injury. The Lee County Messenger says she is recovering, but no serious results are expected to follow.

Visitin' Around

Successful Trip (Transylvania Times)
M. O. Thomas and Arthur Thomas visited relatives and friends at Piekens, one day last week. They brought back several bushels of nice peaches.

Yeh, We Know—Gives Us Goose Flesh, Too (Lee County Messenger)
Mrs. Jack Devey, who sustained a fall down steps at Hotel Lee, was carried to McLeod's Infirmary Monday. She received shoulder injury. The Lee County Messenger says she is recovering, but no serious results are expected to follow.

Yeh, We Know—Gives Us Goose Flesh, Too (Lee County Messenger)
Mrs. Jack Devey, who sustained a fall down steps at Hotel Lee, was carried to McLeod's Infirmary Monday. She received shoulder injury. The Lee County Messenger says she is recovering, but no serious results are expected to follow.