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WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

By Roger Shaw

Nazi Long Range Guns and Bombers Blast Southeast Coast of Great Britain; Mussolini Seeks Greek Naval Bases; Japan Pushes English Out of Shanghai

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)
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Pictured above is the United States representation on the joint Canadian-American defense board now meeting in Ottawa and working out preliminary steps in planning hemisphere defense measures. This photo was taken as the board met with President Roosevelt before proceeding to Canada. Members of the group (reading left to right) are: (Back row) Capt. Harry W. Hill, Lieut. Col. Joseph T. McNarney; Capt. Forrest F. Sherman; Lieut. Gen. Stanley D. Embick, John D. Hickerson. (Front) Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia of New York City, chairman of the board, and President Roosevelt, seated.

THE WAR:

Long Range

Long-range German guns, posted in France along the channel shore, banged away at England, not so many miles away. These were the famous Big Berthas of song and story, but they failed at first to prove much. They shot at ship convoys, but their bore wore out quickly, and they were clumsy and expensive. In the last war, the famous German "Paris gun" was a waste of time, and these promised to be the same. Their objective, of course, was to cut across the channel, and close it tight as a drum. This maneuver failed to worry the increasingly cheerful British.

In their first air attack on Berlin, British bombers swooped out of a night sky directly over the heart of the city, were driven off by anti-aircraft fire and dropped their explosives on the city's outskirts.

The German aerial losses had been terrific, well over 1,000 planes, and maybe many more of them. The land invasion threat appeared to be "out"—for dictators cannot risk the chance of a bloody setback or repulse, especially one of so spectacular a nature. It seemed that the so quick-acting Germans were just a bit puzzled about what to do next. They continued to tighten their blockade of the British Isles by land and sea and air.

The British banged back, by bombing the Heinkel, Messerschmitt, Junkers and Dornier airplane works, and the Zeppelin works on Lake Constance, where the famous Mercedes-Benz air motors are manufactured. Other big industrial plants, in the Germanies, "got" it too, and German nerves (like those of the Americans) are nowhere near as good as stolid Britannic neurology. It began to look like a much longer war, which did not help Willie's chances for the presidency any.

Italics

The Italians continued to bully the Greeks, in quest of Greek naval bases to use against England in the Eastern Mediterranean. Greece was tied to Turkey, Russia, and England in one way or another, and all three of them expressed interest and sympathy. Would the war spread still further, the critics wondered? Would Greece turn into an Italic Finland? Meanwhile, the Italians took British Somaliland on the Red sea, in an effort to cut the ocean route between England and her treasure-house of India. The British garrison got away, by flight and skill, as it had done already at Narvik, Dunkirk, and elsewhere. They said it was another "moral victory" for the Bullmen. All England had had in Somaliland was some South Africans, the local camel corps (partly mechanized, partly cammelled, partly horsed), and a section of the ubiquitous royal air force. The R. A. F., as usual, gave a good account of itself. Not so, the cammellaries. The Italians-in-Africa didn't look so good either, although they were in there fighting and making the usual big noise (so the critics declared, en masse).

CAMPAIGN:

Squabbles?

Willkie found that his ardent supporters consisted of two groups: the independent Willkie clubs, and the dissident Willkie Democrats. His less ardent supporters were a good deal more basic. They consisted of the Republican party regulars, in and out of congress. The regulars were grumbling like Napoleon's Old Guard before Moscow.

Willkie himself is an ex-Democrat and very independent of the regulars in his ways and habits. He is disinclined to lean on the Old Guard, although the Old Guard begs to be leaned against. Old Guardists complained that the candidate was too casual about consulting—and obeying—them. Then again, many of the O. G. are isolation-minded, while the independents and Democratic refugees are inclined, like Willkie himself, to be interventionists. Despite all the Hoosier getup, Willkie definitely, they said, has an eastern outlook (and, maybe he has).

Some of the regulars, too, thought that "their man" Willkie was too New Dealish. He did not denounce many of the Roosevelt reforms, but adopted them in principle. He merely promised to "improve" the administration of what the regulars thought was a racket. In fact, the New Dealers said that Willkie was, substantially, "their man," too. This made the regulars—the O. G.—huffer than ever.

F. D. Bonaparte

F. D. Roosevelt-Bonaparte found himself in the same position as Napoleon, in the decisive year 1815. Bonaparte proper had then served two terms, and he wanted a third one. His first term had lasted for 14 years. Then came Elba. His second term lasted 100 days. Then came Waterloo. But the point was this:

Bonaparte (like Roosevelt) depended on the proletariat, as against the economic royalists and Bourbons. The French proletariat hated the Napoleonic conscription like poison, and many American proletarians dislike the prospect of conscription, too. But regardless of their anti-conscription attitude, the French plebs rallied round Napoleon, because they feared the Bourbons would repeal all the Napoleonic social reforms. The American plebs, against conscription though they may be, have the same attitude. They fear that if the "Bourbons" recapture the White House, even though they would scrap conscription, they might also scrap the Roosevelt reformation. Hence, the man in the street is for Roosevelt-Bonaparte.

DEAD:

R. I. P.

They died like flies, the bigshots did. Sir Oliver Lodge of England was one of them. He was the great scientist, mental telepathist, and spiritualist. He was 89, and much beloved by everybody in all countries. Then there was Leon Trotsky, or Comrade Braunstein. He was the organizer of the Red army, the brilliant author, the mortal foe of Stalin, Hitler, Churchill and others.

Doleful Duo



These seven-year-old twin refugees from Brussels, Belgium, Johannes and Francis De Baat Doleman, sit and survey the future after landing at Jersey City, N. J., from the child refugee ship the S. S. Exeter. Their trip from Europe was only the first leg of their journey as they expect to continue on to Java in the Dutch East Indies. Many refugee children from Europe are finding homes in the United States.

WHAT THEN?

If and How

People began to wonder whether Russia might eventually enter the war on the British imperial side. Critics thought it may be likely, if the war dragged on long enough—and it might. Stalin fears Hitler and Mussolini in the Balkans, and wants to keep his rich Ukrainian province, the No. 2 Russian federal state. But if the Soviets helped England, whither America? It became a moot question.

For strong American business groups hated the communism of Russia, while even stronger religious groups hated the Soviet atheism. Would these people co-operate with an England that boasted a red, red ally. That was the point. Or, if Russia became an English ally, would we start to pamper the American Communists, who would also be the allies of Mr. Churchill?

Spain, Too

Then again—it appeared extremely probable that General Franco's Spain might go in on the German side. What then? Franco is the idol of the ruling class in Spanish America because he saved the Spanish church and crushed the Spanish reds. If our state department started to razz Franco, the ally of Hitler, the South Americans would be infuriated. Then, what would happen to Secretary Hull's "good neighbor" policy? Franco is also a special favorite of the Vatican.

If Franco joined the Germans, what effect would that have on the American faithful? Would they not become increasingly isolationist? They would still dislike Hitler, of course, but they could hardly help but admire the great Spanish crusader of 1936-39—the conqueror of Moscow-in-Barcelona. The whole subject was worth detailed American pondering: From Washington to Wala Wala and Yonkers.

POLAND:

Tyranny

There was more German tyranny in conquered Poland. The iron military heel was crushing down old Polish customs and ways of life. There came a new decree, of an unheard-of nature. It rocked the steppes, the towns, the metropolis. It was this:

Every taxicab driver in Warsaw and Cracow, Poland's No. 1 and No. 2 cities, must shave at least every other day. The edict declared that it was just as important for cab-drivers to curry themselves-as for these cabbies to curry and groom the good old dobbies. Here was an example of the usual combination: German oppression and German cleanliness.

BIG:

Bomber

The biggest airplane ever built is nearly finished. It will be the property of the army air corps. The Douglas air factory, near Santa Monica, Calif., has been at work on it for four years. The whole project is astonishing.

This giant plane can fly from New York to Europe, back to New York again, and then out to California—a all non-stop. It will have four 2,000 horsepower engines, a wing spread of 212 feet, and 112 feet long.

Washington Digest

Britain Likely to Get Destroyers; Both Parties Disown Isolationists

Roosevelt-Willkie Debate on Any Issue Improbable; Icke's Speech Ignores Conditions at Time of Munich Conference.

By CARTER FIELD
WASHINGTON.—Best opinion in Washington now is that Britain will get those 50 old World War destroyers for which Gen. John J. Pershing made a radio appeal recently. The big question is whether Britain will get them in time to do any good. The point is that the Battle of Britain may be decided before delivery. Wendell Willkie properly ignored the destroyer episode in his acceptance speech. But while he did not mention them, he left no doubt in any administration quarter that there would be no attack by him if the government decided to give this sorely needed aid to Britain. There would have been no point in his mentioning the destroyers, because there is nothing Willkie can do about them. Even if he is elected, the Battle of Britain will have been won or lost before he assumes office. As a matter of fact, it will probably have been won or lost six weeks before election day.

September 15, for some reason, has been the German "deadline." It will be recalled that German representatives, negotiating with U. S. business men, proposed deliveries after that date, though they were unwilling to discuss why this date was picked. They merely said that the military establishment in Berlin informed them that the war would be over by September 15, with Britain conquered.

By the time this magical date arrives, fall weather will have set in on the English channel, with fogs and storms, which might result in Dame Nature saving England again as she did at the time of the Spanish Armada. Of course no one knows what the new "surprise weapon" is that the Nazis have been talking so much about, and about which correspondents with the German army on the Belgian and French coasts have been hinting.

It is possible, of course, that the Germans have figured out a way to land an army in Britain, after pulverizing by bombing attacks the country right behind the coast on which they propose to land, which would make it possible regardless of weather conditions. This seems highly unlikely, but it is unwise to dismiss any possibility.

The general picture remains that, at the moment, the odds are slightly against Britain. The picture remains, however, that if she is able to hold out until the fogs and storms come, those 50 old destroyers would be a tremendous help. It also appears to be a fact, if the recent published polls are correct, that a large majority of the American people are in favor of letting the British have them, on the theory that the longer Britain is able to fight, the longer America has to get ready.

The isolationists, headed by Sen. Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, are fighting this, screaming at William C. Bullitt for his speech urging more aid to Britain promptly, and doing everything they dare to prevent further aid. But politically they have no place to go. Neither Roosevelt nor Willkie gives them any chance, since the Willkie acceptance speech, to play the one against the other. Every indication is that even the Middle Western states are gradually moving, though slowly, toward the position taken by both major candidates.

So it seems more of a certainty that Britain will get the destroyers. It's just a question of whether it will be soon enough.

It is rather strange that none of the comments on the recent speech of Harold Ickes, supposedly replying to Wendell Willkie for President Roosevelt, have taken issue with Ickes' criticisms of former Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain. Apparently it is not fashionable to defend Chamberlain for anything he did, though there was plenty of approval at the time.

Mr. Ickes said: "Mr. Willkie criticizes the Blum government in France and holds it responsible for the defeat of France. Has he no criticism of England's pro-Munich government, with its policy of appeasement?"

Let's take a quick look back at the Munich conference, what the situation was then, and what Mr. Ickes' chief, President Roosevelt, for whom he was answering Willkie, had to do with it.

The facts are that, up to Munich, and for a short period thereafter, no charge could be made that Adolf Hitler had ever broken a treaty. He had said he was going to do things, and he had done them. So far as the Rhineland is concerned, or so

far as Austria is concerned, he had made no pretense that he had any intention of paying heed to the terms of the Versailles treaty.

So when Chamberlain went to Munich, there was no reason to doubt that whatever terms to preserve peace might be obtained would be lived up to.

Far more important, Britain was in no position to fight at the moment. Britain was woefully unprepared. This might have been partly the responsibility of Chamberlain, but obviously it was much more the fault of the preceding administrations, headed among others by Stanley Baldwin and Ramsay McDonald.

So Chamberlain knew he HAD to appease. But more important, from the standpoint of Mr. Ickes' slurring at the former premier, is the fact that President Roosevelt appealed to both Hitler and Chamberlain, urging that the differences be adjusted without war. He also appealed to Mussolini to use his good offices to bring about the same result.

At least, during the years which preceded Munich, Britain kept up its navy. It was under the delusion, just as were military experts in virtually every other government including our own, that the French had "the best army in the world."

Meanwhile the United States had not completed a new battleship since 1920, and was actually without an adequate supply of ammunition. Nearly two years ago Bernard M. Baruch, on the appeal of Louis Johnson, then Roosevelt's assistant secretary of war, personally guaranteed a \$3,000,000 contract for powder-making machinery for which not only congress had not appropriated, but the need for which had not been revealed to congress by the administration.

Franklin Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie on the same platform—at the same time—answering each other! Can you imagine it? Yes, but you don't expect it, and neither does anyone else. But it was a good idea, and would be even better if there were any chance of FDR's taking Willkie up on his challenge.

But the facts are that President Roosevelt does not want any part of a debate with Willkie on ANY issue. Least of all, curiously enough, on the electric power issue which Roosevelt has made so important, and which he hopes will prove a great handicap to Willkie.

The truth is that the New Dealers are just a little bit shell-shocked whenever they think of ANY debate with Willkie since that time the then Commonwealth & Southern president polished off Robert H. Jackson in a debate on the New Deal, before the Town Hall in New York city.

To appreciate this, one must know what the New Dealers in general, and Roosevelt in particular, think of Jackson. Even FDR thinks Jackson is the second best statesman in the world today, and there are a good many New Dealers reasonable enough to think that Jackson is really No. 1.

So when Willkie virtually knocked the No. 1 champion (certainly after FDR himself) of the New Dealers into a cocked hat in a public debate, and on issues not so dissimilar from those to be argued in this campaign, the impression was pretty nearly indelible. Certainly it is still clearly legible. And it says: "Don't let Willkie get you into a debate even if you name the judges. He'll steal 'em from you."

Remember how timid Dave Lillenthal was when Willkie offered to let the SEC itself referee his company's dispute with TVA? And there are New Dealers who think Dave was gyped when Willkie virtually let Lillenthal himself referee the negotiations!

But even if FDR were willing to debate with Willkie on other subjects, he would not debate with him on the public ownership thesis. Not this fall! There are several signs that the New Dealers do not want any more referenda on that subject, particularly in politically strategic locations.

For instance, there is San Francisco. The city has given a good many indications of getting fed up on the New Deal's public power ideas. Back in 1913, congress approved the Hetch Hetchy project, with a proviso that never should this power be distributed by privately owned agencies. San Francisco paid no attention to this. It sold the power to the old private company, took a nice profit on the sale, and let the company sell to its citizens.



Washington, D. C.
WALTER CHRYSLER
"Wherever the McGregor sits is the head of the table."

During his prime that could well have been said of Walter Chrysler by the whole automobile industry—excepting Henry Ford. Now Walter Chrysler is gone. He was one of the industrial giants of the magic period of expansion beginning with the World War. Industry isn't producing men of that type today.

Maybe the new crop is a better type. It certainly is a more polished type but it lacks the sturdiness, initiative and drive of the generation that started working with its hands and knew—in addition to business strategy and tactics acquired later—every operation in the shop.

Eager to Do His Bit

I have worked with or across the table with him on many occasions in the past 22 years. His going wrenches me, as I think it does everyone who knew him well—like the loss of an old army messmate. The first time I met him was in the old industrial relations days of the World War. Those were not unlike those of NRA, in which we were very close.

With a reputation for being about the toughest trooper in the industry, he was really a complete softy on the sentimental side. One evening when the going was toughest in NRA—literally working 18 to 20 hours a day—he asked me to go to dinner with the heads of his industry. When I complained that I didn't have time, he carried me off almost bodily on a compromise that it would only be an hour.

With the coffee, he pushed his chair back and said: "I want to take a minute to tell you about an experience of my early youth. It started off innocently enough about a prospecting trip in the Rocky mountains with an old sourdough named Deadeye Dick. In about five minutes he had that bunch of hard-shells either rocking with laughter or dizzy with astonishment. It was a masterpiece of old-time frontier lying that would have made Mark Twain green with envy. It went on and on with never a flagging of interest, a pause for breath or a failure of each succeeding whopper to top the earlier ones with fantastic imagery. When he stopped I suddenly awoke to the fact that it was after midnight and I swore fluently in the language we both understood so well.

"Aw shut up," he said gently. "You needed that letting-down to keep from blowing up. That was the only way I could think of to get you to take it."

Shouldered Too Much.

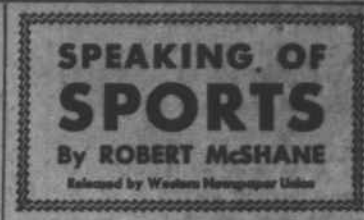
But he never learned to take his own medicine. Like Franklin Roosevelt and like Wendell Willkie—I fear—he insisted, until recent years, on doing everything important himself, delegating little or no responsibility and driving himself without mercy. I sadly believe that if Walter Chrysler had himself done more letting down to keep from blowing up, I wouldn't be writing this piece for many years and his country would have had the services in this crisis of one of the greatest masters of industrial production the world has seen. He was only 65.

MUST BE MORE DEFINITE

Mr. Willkie has a right and duty to make one last utterance in general terms. He has used that privilege up in his acceptance. Now he must be definite.

Considering all the difficulties of the times and the circumstances, his opener was a good job. It reads better than it sounded. But these sympathetic qualifications won't do the candidate any good except with people who are for him anyway. It was his job to win over the independents, the lukewarm and some opponents. None of these will make excuses for anything less than perfection as each individual voter measures perfection.

With all its textual excellence there were two deadly but correctable slips, possibly resulting from an effort to condense. Mr. Willkie neglected specifically to guarantee labor against "employer" interference with collective bargaining. On agriculture he slipped back as far as Harding, Coolidge and Hoover into a generality offensive to farmers because it was used to fool them for 12 years. In these two fields certain words and short phrases have become symbols of whole economic essays and Mr. Willkie, new to this kind of language, adopted poisonous phrasing. That error can be retrieved in his speeches on these issues. I feel sure that his thinking there is straight.



TED WILLIAMS, the long, skinny 22-year-old youngster with the Boston Red Sox, probably is the unhappiest player in big league baseball.

All too often these days he reads in the sports pages that he is a swell-head, a popoff and a spoiled kid.

Ted seems to have gone out of the way to furnish ammunition to sports writers—and most of that ammunition has backfired. It wasn't so long ago that he told one writer he would much rather be a fireman than a big league ball player. And just a short time ago he followed up with a declaration that he was fed up with Boston. He wasn't making enough money, he said, and wanted to be traded.

Boston fans were more or less aghast over the latter interview. After all, how many 22-year-old kids were earning \$12,500 a year—Williams' salary? The Back Bay journal carried the story just as Williams gave it to the reporter, and irate citizens still are writing letters for the public opinion columns of newspapers.

A Liking for Brooklyn

If Ted had his way it is likely he would be with the Brooklyn Dodgers. His preference for Brooklyn was expressed last spring after Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis had chopped 93 players from Detroit's farm system. Asked where he would go if he was a free agent, Ted replied, "Brooklyn. They'd like me up there."

Brooklyn, being in the National League, couldn't get him for half the club with Ebbets field thrown in on the trade. It is understood that he would just as soon move to Detroit, or failing that, to the Yankees. Possibilities of such a maneuver being realized appear to be exceedingly slim.

Unquestionably there is more than one reason for Ted's present morose state. Some of them are personal and others are the result of a move or less misguided move effort on the part of the Boston club. That misguided effort was the decision of club officials to move the right field fence forward some 20 feet in order to facilitate Williams' home run production. He had been banging the balls out there regularly.

A Plan Goes Wrong

Similar artifices to help veterans with years of experience had failed in both major leagues. Eddie Collins of the Red Sox decided to experiment even though his subject was only a second-year player. Even Ted's temperament didn't deter him.

With that shortened distance in right field the fans expected far too much from him. Ted felt that he was depended on to drive a homer every time he went to bat. Things just didn't work out that way. Boston saw its hoped-for pennant and its promised return of a second Babe Ruth fail to materialize. Williams became a target for the disgruntled, and being only 22 years old, hasn't yet the balance with which to take it.

Worth Appeasing

With Red Sox Owner Tom Yawkey rests much of the responsibility for Williams' future. Young enough to be a trifle unstable emotionally, there is little wrong with Ted that sympathetic, tolerant handling won't cure. Yawkey is a young man himself, and is smart enough to know it would be an extremely difficult job to replace a player of Williams' caliber.

A rookie last year, Ted led the American league in runs batted in, clubbing out a 327 mark, including 31 home runs, 44 doubles and 11 triples. In right field for 149 games, he knocked 145 runs across the plate, 19 more than Joe DiMaggio. The Yankee ace, however, played in 126 games. On a proportionate basis, DiMaggio batted in 1.05 runs per game and Williams 0.97 per game.

It is virtually certain that Ted will have to learn to like Boston. He's too good to let go.

And you can be sure that all of Tom Yawkey's appeasement powers will be called upon for double duty.

Donie Bush of Minneapolis knew just how to handle Williams. During the midseason of 1933, Ted was reported to have walked into Bush's office with the announcement that he was going back to San Diego. He wasn't playing up to par and he was homesick.

"All right, Ted, I'll see that you get your tickets by tonight," replied Bush casually, seemingly wholly unconcerned. Williams stayed in Minneapolis.