THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by The News Publishing Company, Inc.

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● W. G. Dowd, 1865-1927 ●

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 9, 1914.

The News desires to be notified promptly of errors in any of its reports that proper correction may be made at once.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Charlotte, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier: 20 cents a week; one month, 87 cents. By mail: One month, 87 cents; three months, $2.60; six months, $5.20; one year, $10.40.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19 1942

Head On

The Governor Does His Full Duty in Morganton Case

Governor Broughton has certainly measured up to the obligations of his high office in the Morganton affair. His official and personal interest in it from the beginning of Tom P. Jimison's disclosures has been keen. He was ready even before the full case had been stated to initiate an investigation. He perceived that some other than a State agency properly should make the investigation, inasmuch as the State itself and its Board of Charities & Public Welfare stood charged with contributory negligence.

The committee he appointed was well selected, has shown a disposition to go into the matter energetically and thoroughly. And yesterday the Governor, in outlining to the committee his suggestions of the matters into which it should probe, directed that the charges against the institution should be met head on.

There is no doubt, if conditions at Morganton are a fraction as bad as they have been described, that the inadequacy of the State's appropriation is fundamentally to blame. But the charges against the institution have raised far more serious questions than inadequacy of facilities.

The Governor took it all into account, he told the committee to see—

1) not only to the adequacy of the hospital's physical equipment but to the employment of that equipment and to the hospital routine as it showed consideration or lack of consideration for its patients;

2) not only to the quality of the food but to the preparation and serving of it;

3) not only to the adequacy or inadequacy of the medical staff but whether or not its treatment is calculated to cure or simply to keep alive;

4) not only the adequacy and competency of nurses and attendants, but their attitude toward patients;

5) not only to the administration of the hospital but the further, more searching item of why, if conditions at Morganton turn out to be substantially as represented, the administration permitted such conditions to exist.

It's a thorough-going assignment the Governor has handed his committee. If it is carried out in the same spirit, as we have every reason to believe that it will be, Morganton will be an open book.

The Loser Pays

In Total War Only Winning Nations Continue To Eat

The roast beef was particularly succulent at the luncheon club meeting yesterday. On each plate the waiters brought in there was a great slab of it —rich, tender and juicy. In a moment the membership was at it with knife and fork. Big bites. The United States of America was at war, but by the grace of God there was meat on the table—meat for everybody. Steaks and stews and chops for the men that fight, for those who work with their hands and with their brains. Meat for the women and the children.

Sure; why not? This is the U. S. A.

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In Athens, Greece, they do not take so much for granted. In Athens they have eaten the last of the dogs and at daybreak the bread lines are already long. What are they waiting for, these ragged scarecrows who totter as they shift their weight from one gaunt leg to the other? They are waiting because there is a chance—not much more than an outside one, but a chance—they will get to the head of the line. And if they get to the head of the line before nightfall, they may get four ounces of black bread. Not anything that an American would call bread. A hunk of stony stuff that no self-respecting North Carolina farmer would feed to his hogs. But, you see, it is the difference between clinging to life a few hours longer and of dying before morning.

So, early each day, the authorities come to take away those who did not get to the head of the line. The conquerer must dig the graves, for only he and the traitors whom he favors have the strength to lift a shovel.

The children? They cannot stand in line. In one orphanage there were 317 boys and girls. Now there are seventeen. The others—to any mother who has fed a hungry child, it would be cruel to speak of babies starving.

Not that the Greeks fought less valiantly than the Marines on Wake Island. They licked the Italians. The German Army beat them. And the lesson they teach us is rather timely, just now. Old Metaxas, being a man of few words, would have said, simply: only the nations that win wars eat; those that lose starve.

New Appeal

Drive Slowly; Save a Tire—And Maybe a Life

To say that speed was entirely responsible for yesterday's tragedy on Wilkinson Boulevard would be to oversimplify the seemingly complex causes for the accident. Yet a glance at pictures of the wreckage makes it obvious that speed was involved. Machines don't take such punishment unless one or both of them was whistling along at a pretty rapid clip. And if speed was a factor in the collision, one can't help wondering if the wreck would have occurred at all if those involved had been driving slowly.

But perhaps we labor a much-belabored point. Certainly the highway safety crusaders haven't been able to stop speeding by pointing a bloody finger at the loss of life and limb. For years they have been conducting skilful, carefully planned campaigns. They have used horror and cold reason to impress the public. And speeding has continued apace.

And since all efforts to achieve voluntary co-operation seem to have failed, the only recourse is to legal restraint. The time has come to set a maximum speed well within the margin of highway safety and to see that it is rigidly enforced. It was our understanding that the State Highway Patrol intended to begin arresting speeders right and left several weeks ago. But judging from the number of highway accidents in which speed is involved, either the maximum legal speed is too fast for safety or the Patrol's campaign has gone the way of so many well-intended undertakings.

Shipyard Battle

Craft As Yet Unbuilt Will Decide War in the Pacific

Sooner or later, if not already, the Japs are going to be in a bad way for ships. Their battlefront in the Southwest Pacific is as far from home industries as our own factories are from Britain. And the wholesale destruction of Japanese warships and merchantmen off New Guinea, announced yesterday, didn't help at all. Even the Germans are beginning to wonder how their Aryan ally (sun tan division) is going to handle their supply problem. The Nazi newspaper *Koelnische Zeitung* warns rather pointedly:

"Whether Japan can keep economically what she got by fighting depends on whether she is able to construct a sufficient merchant fleet in time to maintain communications between the motherland and the Pacific territories."

The emphasis, then, is not only on how many ships Japan has, but on how many she can build. There are no completely realiable figures on the maximum potential Jap ship output, but it stands to reason that no matter how many shipyards and skilled workers she may have, her production of shipping is limited by her capacity to produce steel plate. And Japanese steel production is known to be none too large. The bulk of her iron ore and coal must, themselves, be transported to Japanese blast furnaces in ships.

If our planes and submarines can keep sending Jap ships to the bottom at the present rate, the opportunity for an Allied counter-offensive may come much sooner than we had hoped.

But it will be an opportunity which we will have to pass up unless we, too, have ships to supply our own offensive.

In a very real sense, the Battle of the Southwest Pacific is being fought in the shipyards. If we miss our chance to take the offensive against Japan, it is certainly going to be a difficult matter for some labor officials, and yard managements to explain why a number of shipyards are still producing less than 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

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Comes the time for circuses and sideshows, and we're wondering about the India Rubber Man. Will he be drafted by the Army or confiscated by Henderson?

Dividing The Spoils

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON

HITLER'S unamplified promise to return Russia to its "definite" frontiers after he annihilates its army was really a covert reference to a secret agreement supposed to have been reached recently within the Axis for redistribution of the European and Asiatic spoils of war.

"Definitive" frontiers depend only on who does the defining. No natural rivers, lakes or mountains were involved in this one. The Nazis, Italians and Japs merely met with their carving knives and picked out advance slices of the Russian meat. They adopted a new formula to replace the old classic Hitler-Mussolini plan for Fascist dismemberment of Russia.

ITALY'S SHARE SEEMS TO HAVE SHRUNK

The Kola Peninsula and Karelian Isthmus are to go to Finland, Leningrad and territory just south of it are to go to Hitler-dominated Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. White Russia and Poland are to go to Germany as is all the Ukraine extending over the mouth of the Volga, and the Caucasus oil fields to the south. Italy was to have received some territory south of the Caucasus under the old "classic" formula, but that is out now.

A separate Mohammedan state is to be created of all territory between Orenburg (southeast Russia) down to and including the west half of India (Turkestan, Afghanistan, but not Iran or Iraq).

The Japs get the maritime provinces of Russia on the Siberian Pacific Coast, thus bottling up the Reds from any outlet by sea excepting the Arctic. A Mongol republic is promised for central Siberia.

This, then is the pre-vision of the Axis dominated world of Europe and Asia—Japan seizing everything along the Pacific shore and the east half of India. Germany everything from Leningrad to the Caspian, the Mohammedans and Mongols to share the intervening deserts, and the Italians (as befits a worthless ally) to get scraps from other tables elsewhere.

It has its propaganda aspects so far as the Turks, Persians and Egyptians are concerned. They long have sought an Islam state, and they may be too short-sighted to appreciate that the god they would have to worship under such a setup would be Allah Adolf.

HITLER SPOKE ONLY FOR DOMESTIC CONSUMPTION

When Der Fuehrer hinted his Spring offensive will be delayed and the Red Army annihilated this Summer, few authorities here even went to the extent of State Undersecretary Welles in accepting the opposite as probably true. To them, it was only a propaganda answer to Stalin ("We have nothing against the German people, only their Fascist leaders") for domestic consumption and utterly meaningless otherwise.

Reports of extensive preparations Hitler is making on the south Russian front are more trustworthy. A Nazi attack there within a month is confidently expected, unless the Reds get to them first.

RUSSIANS KNOW HOW TO KEEP A SECRET

Only one soldier of the United Nations has gotten near the Russian fighting front since the war began. A British marshal conducted on a Cook's tour by the Reds, but not allowed to get too close.

The Russians thus have kept their military secrets better than any nation. For seven years they are supposed to have been building a second trans-Siberian Railway north of Lake Baikal, but no one outside of Russia yet knows if it has been completed. No one knew they were building a canal from Leningrad to the White Sea until it was finished.

Yet the Reds have a fairly good underground Communist movement still working in Germany, and an excellent one in Yugoslavia and other Balkan states.

Victory on the Home Front

—By Herblock

France Must Be Herself

By Dorothy Thompson

WE who love France would like to avert our eyes from the Riom trials, where one set of "in" Frenchmen have been accusing another set of "out" Frenchmen of responsibility for a national disaster. What can be said about Daladier, Gamelin, and Blum except that they were not great enough for their task? And their accusers—were they great enough?

Yet in this tragic farce not one, not even the collaborationist accusers, is prepared to put upon France the guilt for this war. Some last vestige of national pride on the part of Vichy prevents her from rendering a verdict against France on behalf of Germany. And that is proof that France is still a nation.

DEFEAT CAN BE TURNED INTO VICTORY

The problem of defeat, whether for a person or a nation is the problem of how defeat is digested. Defeat can be turned into the greatest victory in the end if the nation is awakened by it to the will to cast off dross, to begin a new life.

In a defeated nation the spirit that says "Rise Again" is never universal. The re-creation of a defeated nation can, and usually does, start with a very small group. One man can be a nation—one man out of fifty million—if he alone represents what the nation remembers of its past greatness and burningly wishes to become. There was a time when the whole French nation was one woman: Joan of Arc. In the days of Napoleon III the French nation was one man: Victor Hugo. To them the spirit of France repaired.

What is France? Is it the beauty of Paris, that most gracious of cities, so clear, so triumphant, and so homelike—homelike to all the world? Or is it the valley of the Rhone—that continual garden in which men seem to have kissed the soil into blooming? Or is it the valley of the Loire—a visible history of chivalry? Or is it the literature of France? The mordant wit of Voltaire, the humane passion of Hugo, the biting satire of Moliere, the civilized intellectual erotic of Stendhal? Or is it the painting of France? Is it that blooming tenderness that only French painting seems ever wholly to have captured — the civilized gaiety touched with melancholy of Renoir or Manet, Monet or Cezanne?

THESE ARE THE CHARACTERISTICS OF FRANCE

It is not these. These are emanations of the French spirit, emanations of the specifically French civilization. And the characteristics of this civilization are: Humanism—the humanizing of everything, including the very land; clarity, lucidity—the glory of the French language; light—the light of the French sky and the enlightenment of the French mind; wit—the wit that despises cant and sham, and always cuts sharp through it, whenever it speaks; gaiety—the love of love and the love of life; chivalry, which adores the noble and often has broken a lance for a lost cause. And in everything the sense for form, the sense of proportion—nothing too much; everything enough.

So, if we think, who will save France? If we ask, out of what sort of minds will come a French renaissance, we can only answer: He who is French, those who are rhetorious, clear, humane, loving, gallant, and honest, with the peculiar French intellectual honesty. I discern this honesty in the speeches of Leon Blum at his trial. It makes him French.

French is the behavior of countless anonymous Frenchmen who maintain a wity scorn for their conquerors, not admitting that defeat includes the necessity of admiring the top dogs. The quiet pride of those who refuse to hold their hats before their mouths like serfs, or sing the praises of what they loathe.

WE WANT FRANCE TO BE HERSELF

And the test of who is a friend of France is in the answer to the question: What sort of France do you want to see? Is the medieval mysticism that Petain is trying to wrap France in—is that French? Certainly not. Or does the Anglo-Saxon world wish to see a servile France, or an Anglo - Saxonized France? God forbid. Where would we go? We want France to be herself—her best self not a copy of us. We cannot imagine a new and self-possessed world without a renewed and self-possessed France, with the light and clarity, humanism and happiness which are France.

When De Gaulle carried his little legions abroad to fight for France he put upon the banner of a renewed France the cross of Lorraine—symbol of St. Joan. The cross is also the symbol of defeat —and resurrection. No doubt De Gaule remembered that the greatest story in the world did not end upon the cross but in the transfiguration upon the mountain.

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

Christ was the incarnation of divine wisdom: *And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us.—John 1:14.*

Side Glances

"Oh, are you sure your husband lost $26 in the poker game last night? George told me everybody came out even!"

A Virulent Case Of Spring Fever

Pete Ivey in Winston-Salem Sentinel

Spring is here! The draft will be speeded up. The men can live in tents. Barracks room isn't necessary. It's Spring and April will soon be here. April is the month for American action. Americans are always stronger, wilder in April. If the Japanese and German hadn't declared war on us first, we'd have waited until April to declare this time.

They did us a favor by declaring first. Now we can declare war again. We can re-declare war in April.

The flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra la, have nothing to do with the case. But it may be the flowers, or something closely allied with the flowers. For Spring creates vibration and action.

Spring is bright, and Spring is right, and Spring is Spring and time for light. Let's be a sprite, let's have a fight. Let's fly a kite. Does your dog bite?

The luscious Spring is in the air. We'll laugh and sing. And we don't care. Oh! Molly Hare, whatta y're doing there? The weather's fair, and the bear's in his lair—how many?—Four pair.

The old overcoat. Where will it be a thousand years from now? A thousand years may be as far off as six months—now. But Spring is Spring, now and a thousand years from now. We'll throw away the overcoats and all the things of Winter. For Spring is here!

Comfort In Africa

By Raymond Clapper

CAIRO, EGYPT

IF it's not revealing any military secret —and almost everything seems to be a military secret in this part of the world—I should like to report the profound observation that Americans are introducing strange ways of living in darkest Africa.

The Americans are insisting on their conveniences. Natives in the jungle and desert are mystified by modern plumbing installed in place of the buckets and other primitive arrangements that British pioneers seem to be content with. Recently I slept on a Simmons Beauty-Rest bed set up under the stars on the desert sand.

BRITISHERS ARE WILLING TO BEAR DISCOMFORTS

Old British hands in Africa don't mind discomforts if they can have their tea. When I arrived at an RAF camp I found two officers in tin bathtubs under a tree, soaping themselves while natives poured water on them. "Open-air bathing has many advantages over bathrooms," one of them said.

The Britishers seem to be much better at roughing it than the Americans. For years they have put up with living conditions in Africa that Americans won't tolerate. The Americans start by digging wells to get pure water. They bring in refrigerators so they can have fresh meat, vegetables, fruit juice and other energy-producing foods. Next they put in showers and other conveniences, and finally comfortable sleeping quarters.

It may seem like pampering, but the result is that the Americans put in a longer day's work and are therefore able to do construction jobs in an incredibly short time.

MAKING "WHITE MEN'S GRAVEYARDS" HEALTHY

Some parts of Africa that I have just come through are traditionally called white men's graveyards. When our construction forces first arrived, some of the men were hard hit by malaria. But Pan-American Airways brought in a Rockefeller expert on tropical health, and measures were taken that have practically eliminated time lost from such maladies. The day I was at one of these spots, only one man was in the hospital.

Everything possible is being done for the comfort and health of the Americans, and hundreds of young men are having the most exciting adventure of their lives. The traveler feels everywhere the sense of achievement that the builders of the Panama Canal must have felt. In the last analysis it is an attempt to apply all the available knowledge and technology to developing projects buried in depths hardly touched heretofore by civilization. If this can be done for war, it can also be done in peacetime.

I want to emphasize that the work the Americans are doing is based on foundations laid by the British, who did the pioneering. The British would have been unable, because of other demands, to throw in the resources and labor necessary for full-scale development of these projects. Their big contribution was to stake out locations and to establish footholds in the earlier days of their empire. Today these footholds of empire provide the only ground from which the United Nations can operate—a fact we are sometimes inclined to forget. Yet I think the British would be the first to recognize that without American resources it would never be possible to go ahead on the necessary scale. It will take both Britain and America, plus Russia and China, to do the job of breaking up the Axis.

THE JOB IS TOO BIG TO ALLOW BICKERING

If some individual Americans feel that the British are not doing enough, if some of the British feel resentful that we are not content to follow their methods in projects connected with the war, those are superficial irritations, not helpful to the common job which must be done lest all of us lose.

The closer one comes to the war, the harder the job of stopping the Axis seems. We cannot afford to kid ourselves that it will be easy. It will take everything that all of us have. It is a good sign that the start America is now making is being made on a big scale, adequate to carry on for a long time — for it may take a long time to finish the job.

And Then We'll Have Double Daylight Time

The New Yorker

An earnest young mother of our acquaintance determined that the advent of War Time should not be allowed to disrupt her infant's feeding schedule. Early in January she began gradually changing his nursing hours a minute or so a day, so that by February 9 she had painlessly shifted each bottle a full 60 minutes. It was not until she saw her husband setting the clocks ahead that she realized she had made the immemorial error. She had set the infant back instead of forward, with the result that he was two hours off schedule. She figures she'll have him set right by May.

A Commentary On Modern War

Baltimore Evening Sun

Words on modern warfare uttered by a Negro servant who works for a friend of The Evening Sun:

'sure would like one of them old-fashioned wars, where they see what they's 'er doin'. 'Taint nobody gonner drap nuthin' on a baby, does they see him.

Visitin' Around

Yeh, But Bailey & Martin Are Learnin'

(36 Years Ago, Davie Record)

Bailey & Martin bought from Mrs. John H. Koontz, from May to December, 100 pounds of butter. This shows what a business woman Mrs. Koontz is.

Hangover?

(Marshall News-Record)

Mr. William Worley was confined to his home last Sunday on account of a sick headache.