



## THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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## Fire's Lesson

### Tunisia Battle Teaches Hitler Can't Be Whipped in a Moment

In the rugged interior of Tunisia and on the approaches to the sea, young Americans are learning for the first time the size of the job given them when they went into uniform, sworn to break the military power of Germany. In that country, their heavy weapons still bogged down by the rainy season, the youngsters of the Army of the United States have discovered the meaning of grappling with an army of professional soldiers.

In bloody Faid Pass, in Rabaa, and on the Oades-Sfax line a new generation carries on the sequel to Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Wood and the Marne and the Argonne. And it is learning that the power of Hitler's soldiers is not made of miracles, but of firepower and modern machines. As the final battle for Africa grows in intensity, and patrol action becomes struggle between masses of troops, the nation learns that its soldiers are not invincible.

There is news of a retreat here, a delaying action there, and it is explained that we are out-gunned, or are faced by too many tanks, or simply outnumbered. On the ridges, Hitler's specialists operate against us, backed up by the tank and plane tanks before which Europe fell. It becomes more obvious every day that the Nazis have spared nothing on the Continent to concentrate their finest men and weapons in Tunisia. The enemy grows in numbers, and his resistance is fierce.

In that theater, as in every other, there is only one and the same: British and American soldiers must be flooded into the area, planes and tanks must be rushed into the battle until our superiority is overwhelming. Whatever our efforts, the victory will not be easy, for the German is as much at home in warfare here as ever. He demonstrates his deadly skill in the way he keeps open the narrow lane for the passage of Rommel's beaten troops, coming in from the East.

In the crested on the Mediterranean we will undoubtedly find victory. But if it be long delayed the United Nations schedule will be seriously affected and the end delayed. There is consolation for those who fret over the lengthened battle: so long as Hitler expends a good portion of his strength in Africa, his resistance in the coming battle of Europe will be the less.

## Unveiling

### Ellis Arnall Quickly Proves He's More Than Anti-Talmadge Hack

During the heat of the campaign to elect Gene Talmadge as Governor of Georgia, we held the opinion that the selection of his opponent was of little moment. So long as the challenger was a Georgian, and the South would gain. We looked upon the election of 33-year-old Ellis Arnall as the result of a negative vote, a rebellion against Talmadgeism. About that, we have not changed our minds, but we begin to see that Ellis Arnall is not to be just Ellis Arnall. Already, Georgia makes haste toward the goal of good government under his reign.

Less than three weeks after his Legislature went into session, virtually all of his ten-point campaign program has been enacted into law, and final success with the remaining points seems assured. And the Arnall objectives, unlike those recently imposed upon Georgia, are sharply-defined, concrete, virtual guarantees of stable, honest management of state affairs.

The list of Georgia's recent gains is already impressive.

Abolishment of the old Board of Regents, creation of a new, and bigger one; a constitutional amendment to prevent future interference with Regents or Board of Education; removal of the Governor from all State Boards; two big appropriations bills, the funds already allocated; removal of the Governor's control over the State Auditor, Treasurer and Comptroller General; removal of the Governor from the Finance racket; creation of a State Finance Commission.

If that sounds like Georgia feared Ole Gene would be going back into office, it should be remembered that these be permanent gains, and that the state will benefit immediately. The University System is soon to regain its independence, and this time, it will be a permanent gain.

was so recently only the man who was handy when Talmadge fell, goes forward. Even now, in less than a month of action, he has risen as a man destined to lead.

## Easy, There

### Raises for County Employees Should Be Based on Service

We don't envy Sid McAden and Arnie Cashion their jobs of picking the deserving few among Mecklenburg County employees who should be eligible for raises, but we find ourselves in complete agreement with the County Board of Commissioners for having given the assignment. It would have been unfortunate had the Board decided upon a blanket raise for all County workers, regardless of efficiency, term of office or general worth.

The argument that rising prices in these times made blanket raises advisable is a vicious one. The people of Mecklenburg, most of them caught between fixed income and climbing prices, would have resented such an action. But, though that error has been avoided, it behooves Chairmen McAden and Cashion to go through the books carefully.

Though Mecklenburg's fiscal affairs are in excellent order and the County continues to enjoy the blessings of sound, conservative management in its public affairs, we believe this is no time to be passing around raises of 100 per cent among officials who receive only nominal salaries, and lesser increases among the entire staff. Simply because there is a great press of work in County offices, for instance, is no reason for heavy raises.

It appears that a system of salary increases within the County Government should be based on long-range planning, and not upon the exigencies of passing times. We trust that the recommendations of the McAden-Cashion investigation will be made in view of faithful service and efficiency, and in no way related to the general demand on all sides for ever-greater gains.

## Planner Ben

### Douglas Offers Once More Advice for City's Future

Ben Douglas made a speech this week that was not a speech, but a sagacious utterance meant for all the people of Charlotte. And in its delivery he sounded not like a politician, but like a statesman of local government. What the ex-Mayor wanted was a plan for the City, and an end to Municipal drifting. He spoke for a post-war schedule for Charlotte, to be drawn up now, while the drawing is good.

There he touched directly on a favorite project of *The News*: a City Planning Commission for the future. That Mr. Douglas outlined only the post-war features of the plan was well and good. Though the City has not met all of the City's needs, they do demonstrate clearly the benefits to be gained from putting our house in order now, that the outpouring of Federal blessings might be received quickly when the need arises.

The Douglas aims: An uptown auditorium, new boulevards, expanded city airport facilities, new airlines, more playgrounds, a new railway station and new housing plans. Those are not simply to be desired; they are to be regarded as essentials of the City's development. And if the City Government takes its place in line immediately, those gains can be made at the end of the war. Otherwise, Charlotte must await her turn in the long line with hundreds of other local governments.

The creation of such a Planning Commission represents an extension of the progressive Douglas administration, but it should be set up now, and permanently, to survive changing administrations and become an integral part of Charlotte's government. Planning is the sure key to a well-ordered future. And the time for plans is now.

All foes of regeneration must be elated at this new turn of affairs, as the monotonous perfection of ready-laid broad gives way to the charming irregularity of the home-cult.

Coming across the figure 110,000,000 in a sports final headline, it turns out to be a record for the year 1942.

## The Silent War

# Subs Are The Menace

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON  
THE belief here and in London that Hitler is depending on his submarines to save him from defeat is strengthened by the promotion of Admiral Karl Doenitz, commander of the submarine fleet, to supreme command of the German Navy.

A submarine commander at the head of the German naval service, we may be certain, will fight for top priorities in German manpower and materials for constant expansion of the submarine fleet. Just as we have had the Jeffers-Army-Navy-Nelson priorities struggle here as between synthetic rubber, high-octane gasoline and escort ships, so there may have been a similar struggle in Germany.

Hitler's chief hope now must be to slow down the Allies through submarine operations. His army's strength has been so crippled in Russia that its big offensive days may be over. It must have suffered also a severe loss of prestige and confidence. Likewise the German air force has been losing superiority everywhere, and the American air operations are just beginning, as the first American bombing of Germany last week suggests. Only in submarine warfare could Hitler see any prospect of checking the rising strength of the Allies. So it is natural that he should give submarine construction and operations the right of way now both as to materials and as to manpower.

That, however, is a definitely defensive step. It is an attempt to wear down the Allies by blockade, by choking the Allied supply lines across the Atlantic and in the Mediterranean. This is a delaying measure on the part of Hitler, intended to disorganize the blows that the Allies have to strike this year. Meanwhile, Hitler will go to the side that can hold out a quarter of an hour longer. Hitler will use the submarine to try to get that last quarter-hour.

The Allies have expected that for some time. We have had months of warnings, particularly in the high rate of submarine construction in Germany and the difficulty of breaking it up by bombing. As has been stated by the British Government in Congress, the

highest rate of sinkings in the whole war followed the Allied landings in North Africa.

Subsequent improvement in the sinking rate carried with it no confidence of a basic improvement in the situation, and both ourselves and the British expect some very destructive months ahead. Defensive measures through rapid construction of escort ships, and use of the airplanes, and the combination of all other possible kinds of attack, will be necessary to hold our own. The new German naval commander devised the well-placed tactics, and these are constantly being improved and elaborated.

This is the silent war. All governments surround submarine warfare with extreme reticence. Our officials say the public does not appreciate the danger, but it has not been possible as yet to publish the facts about submarine sinkings that would dramatize the extent of the losses effectively.

Some good reasons exist for withholding the information, although a more liberal compromise might be reached so that the public would become aware of the situation as it was last Winter when submarines were operating savagely along our own East Coast. More detailed information would make clear to the public the heavy pressure of necessity that lies behind restrictions, such as those on oil and gasoline, which are directly connected with the shipbuilding shortage.

The man who has had more experience in anti-submarine warfare than anyone else probably is Admiral Sir Percy Noble, now in Washington as British Naval representative on the Combined Chiefs of Staff Committee. He says there is no royal road to success over the submarine. Numbers of escort ships trained to work in teams with synchronized air patrols are the chief anti-submarine weapons as he sees it. Improved detection devices and increasing skill of crews make these weapons gradually more effective.

This silent war in the Atlantic will do much in the coming months to decide how far the fighting in Africa and Europe will get this year.

## Side Glances



"All I can say is Jane certainly must be building an awful lot of morale, with different soldier or sailor every night!"

# Toesin!

By Struthers Burt

(from Mr. Burt's latest volume of poetry, "War Songs", Scribners, \$1.25)

—By Herblock

CHARGE, Pickett, charge again,  
Lead in the black frost, Washington,  
And where a lighted window stood  
Let the tall shape of Lincoln brood,  
Break out your signals, John Paul Jones,  
The great fleet coming down the wind,  
Flies the same shape the Richard! flew  
When the bright stars were young and few.

Now in the dark of every lane,  
Far as the horizon they come,  
The midnight bands beneath their tread,  
Flag upon flag, drum upon drum:  
Above the tramping of the dead  
The elm tree lifts its shadowy head.

Ride, "Light Horse Harry," ride,  
Wayne and Sheridan at your side,  
And with a red rose in his mouth,  
Stuart, the darling of the South;  
Mifflin, Marion, Greene and Stark,  
Monroeville, Tauler, Morgan, Clark,  
Mead and Jackson; man for man,  
In this grave hour, American.

John Brown's Body! And the treading of the Lord!  
The Bonnie Blue Flag, and Dixie,  
And the terrible hymn the women  
Green Grow The Rushes, O, and the fees  
shrill and snail,  
He wears a feather in his hat, Yankee Doodle  
Dandy!

Now with the heading of the wheel  
And the plumed standing on the grass,  
The new moon shaken by their might,  
Rank upon rank the armies pass;  
Gray horsemen silver in the night,  
The far-flung blue upon the right,  
And that strange cry upon the wind,  
Is Tacos coming, bayonets gleaming,  
And that deep answer is New York  
With rifles held and guidons streaming,  
And those straight men, now pressing on,  
Are the sons who died in the Argonne.

It's a long, long trail a-winding, but the end  
will be the same,  
With the tramping of the raptures in the  
great Jehovah's name;  
The tramping of the vintage, and his terrible  
bright flame.

Hold, Armistead, blinding round on round,  
Where corn-flowers now have healed the  
ground,  
Unconquered as your red slope stood,  
So stood the men of Belleau Wood,  
And so again the men of Wake  
When we press home the vows we take:  
Men of Batton, still patient be,  
The hours ride with Robert Lee.

The colors mass, the standards troop,  
A thousand banners old and new,  
The Rattlesnake—"Don't Tread On Me,"  
The Stars and Bars, the Moultrie Blue,  
And in the dawn across the world,  
The Stripes, the Stars, upheld, unfurled.

Trenton, Yorktown, Monterey,  
Battle Mountain, Mobile Bay,  
Chapultepec and New Orleans,  
Anfield, Compens, Alamo,  
Vicksburg, Bull Run, Tipton;  
The Meuse, St. Quentin, San Juan Hill,  
Manila, Fair Oaks, Chancellorsville,  
The strong voices echo, and the years  
Repeat them like the clash of spears.

And now with dawn there is a thunder,  
The giant brothers, forty-eight,  
Rise in their rage and patient wrath  
And march again, state after state:  
And Oregon calls out to Maine,  
And Maine calls Utah, hill and plain;  
The mountains call; the rivers, clear;  
And the great states answer, "We are here!"

It's a long, long trail a-winding, but we're  
coming millions strong;  
We're coming, "Father Abraham" with our  
lightning and our song;  
Green Grow The Rushes, O, to the glory of

## The Nazis Enter Stalingrad



## Thomas Jefferson

# Back From The Grave

By Samuel Crafton

NEW YORK

SIDNEY KINGSLEY does not hold any public office, unless a kingsley in the Army may be described as such. I suppose most of our Congressmen have never heard of him, though I imagine they have heard of the Dead End kids, whom he invented, and whom some Congressmen sometimes seem inclined to imitate.

Yet by writing "The Patriots," which has just opened on Broadway, Mr. Kingsley has become a political figure of some consequence. You may ask what, precisely, has done to make him so? I answer that he has written an accurate and moving play about Thomas Jefferson. You may then ask, what of it; there is nothing new about Thomas Jefferson. We know about Thomas Jefferson, he wrote the Declaration of Independence and invented the aluminum.

That is not the point. The point is that we have needed Thomas Jefferson's help in discussing our problems, and Thomas was sleeping in the library. Mr. Kingsley has now put him and brought him to life, so that from now on, eight times a week, on Broadway, Thomas Jefferson will be debating the future of America, to the consternation of such men as Mr. Hoffman of Michigan and Mr. Cox of Georgia, who have believed snugly that they would have a quiet time with him. It is a dirty trick on the Hoffmans and Coxes to bring Thomas Jefferson back. They thought they had only Harry Hopkins to contend with. And this dirty trick is the beautiful and inspired dirty trick which artists have always played on politicians.

Mr. Kingsley's play has already driven some of his critics into a frenzy. They do not see why on earth Thomas Jefferson has to come along, at a time like this, and raise the questions of whether one loves the people very much, and what one proposes to do for their futures. They resent this, as an unwarranted interruption of certain grubby little discussions that have been going on, concerning how many civil servants can stand on the point of a needle, and whether bureaucrats have wings.

And some I've heard of whom the intrusion of Thomas Jefferson at a time like this is an irrelevance. What really hurts them, I think, is that Jefferson makes them feel it is they who are irrelevant, whose own little future of mankind at stake, they raise horrid shrill cries over states' rights and the temperature in Mr. Jones' office—at a time like this.

For Mr. Jefferson, through Mr. Kingsley, gives them the worrisome feeling that he is talking about social security, a decent peace, even though his dialogue never steps out of chronological bounds in these haunting and thrilling scenes.

That's an infuriating way for a dead man to be brought back to life.

an agent and a dead man can get together and make a clear voice issue to the country, on Broadway, no less, more than 200 miles from Washington.

No wonder the artist has always been hated. He does not even have to be elected to anything to speak up louder than the pride of any seven back counties. And no wonder the theater has been looked upon with misgiving, too. It can, and in a pinch nearly always does, mobilize the best voice, of the immeasurable past. That is a terrible power to have in a contest with a Cox. To make it worse, that power is fully protected by the Constitution.

What's even more awful, the artist can be interesting; he is not under the fatal handicap of needing to be discreet; he can afford to be bold. And so, in our time, with so many Congressmen agreeing dimly that bureaucracy is the issue, and with so many theater managers agreeing avidly that god shows art, after all, what we need is Mr. Kingsley has issued a two-fingered whistle, as so many artists have done before him, and he has turned them all on their beams.

An Army sergeant and a dead man can have made a miracle, America is said. I had forgotten that all the big voices need not be official. I had forgotten that Jefferson was still with us, in spite of the last election, or the next.

## Anything Goes

The New Yorker  
Suburban mothers with eight-year-old daughters who roam the neighborhood are supposed to be prepared for almost anything, but hardly for the arrival of a truck carrying a full-sized telephone pole. This happened to a mother we know of. First thing she knew, there was the truck parked beside her house, with her daughter directing the activities of two large men who were making ready to unload the pole. "Mummmie, they gave me the telephone pole," the child said, beaming. "Yeah, we give her the pole," one of the men said. "We had just one left over from a job, and it ain't worth the rubber to take it away." "We'll keep it in the back yard," the child said, with authority. That's the way it has worked out, too.

## What's the Use?

A bachelor, whose landlady was supposed to mend his clothes, grew tired of finding his pajamas always without buttons. In despair he pierced the lid of a cocoa tin and