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And Evening Chronicle

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W. C. Dowd, 1863-1927

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1943

26 Miles

Final Step

U. S. Radio Engineering Deal Death From Afar to Jean Bart

Morganton Must Be Freed of Present Administration Now

While General George Patton's men were standing off Casablanca, waiting impatiently to be at the task of invasion, the great French battleship *Jean Bart* blocked the way, thundering her defiance with big guns. To the very end, she would resist. Her career was short, the finish came like a stroke of lightning. And it was radio engineering that won that victory, that sent the *Jean Bart* reeling at a finger's snap, and turned Patton's men loose on Casablanca.

The details of conquest were left to a New York meeting of engineers last week. In an address from Admiral Stanford Hooper, America's technicians back home heard the story. It was one of a new kind of warfare, and for the public a revelation:

As the *Jean Bart* lay off Casablanca, an American battleship, steaming in at a distance of 26 miles, picked up the Frenchman with its radio equipment, and by radar (radio location) fired its guns. The first salvo blasted the *Jean Bart's* decks, but did not cripple her. From an observation plane droning nearby, went back the message: a slight change in elevation would do the job. The next salvo, striking on the water line, crippled the enemy vessel beyond repair, and put an end to resistance.

The miracle of radar, now used by all belligerents on ships, planes and even in ground firing, is a brand-new. It has traced through the course of the war from the beginning. But it was for Americans off the African coast to show the world how simply the genius of U. S. radio engineering could bring victory. Heretofore, were the weapons of this war in land, sea and air. That same engineering genius, no American monopoly, but a peculiar American gift, will work new miracles in the battles to come, and shorten the way to victory and peace.

Pay-As-We-Talk

Congress and Treasury Admire Ruml Plan—All but One Item

When Beardsley Ruml appeared in Washington to speak for his current-heals plan of tax payment, he told Congress and the Treasury nothing new, because there was nothing new to tell. No man has denied his statements that Americans need relief from the present burden of income taxes, or that defaults in tax payment, or that the system now in force amounts to a form of penance.

No, the Treasury and Congressman Bob Doughton are not fighting pay-as-you-go plans; they would give taxpayers relief, but not on the Ruml plan. For some reason both disaster victims with other tax authorities on cancellation of 1942 taxes. Both paint a picture of big taxpayers escaping their obligations, and the Treasury suffering great losses.

From what we can gather from the bombardment of explanatory material, Ruml's plan would not rob the Treasury, would not allow the passage of a single day without tax payment—and, more important, would flood revenue into Washington such as has never before been collected. If there is agreement on every side that the taxpayer should be relieved by shifting him to a pay-weekly basis, then there should be less bickering over the methods to be used.

We do not hold with the suspicious critics who have charged Bob Doughton and others with attempting to shield big incomes, but we do fail to understand their savage opposition to the plan. They say, in effect, we agree with the principle, but the method so infuriates us that we'll have nothing whatever to do with it.

Meanwhile, with March 15 creeping up on them, the millions of prospective taxpayers squirm, and pray fervently that Treasury, Ways and Means and Ruml get together, soon. It's already too late for one payment, and further delay will amount to ruin for countless thousands.

Done Won't Quit

Commentators who have been stating that the Russian Communists were not represented at the Casablanca conference seem to have overlooked the fact that Harry Hopkins was among those who participated—David Clark, in the *Triangle Bulletin*.

The next important step facing the General Assembly in its consideration of State Hospital problems is not the final trimming of appropriations, but action on the single, all-powerful board of control over all North Carolina mental institutions. In the creation of such a board, the State may right the wrongs committed these many years at Morganton and elsewhere, assure itself of new administrations, and solve the vexing problems of personnel.

As we have so often said before, money is neither guarantee of nor substitute for humane and understanding treatment of patients. And until the present Morganton administration, shown to be guilty of carelessness or wilful neglect, has been changed, wrongs at that State Hospital will not have been righted.

Immediately after the Morganton investigation, it will be remembered, Dr. P. B. Watkins and his thoroughly cooperative Directors made the amazing suggestion that the powers that should remain in power—and continue as in the past, with more money to spend. Such a course, obviously, would mean failure of the Morganton campaign. On the basis of the Tom Jimlison revelations and the subsequent hearings, the present management must be removed.

Dr. Watkins will reach retirement age in April, and we have it from a reliable, but unofficial, source, that he plans to step down and ask for retirement under the General State Employees Retirement Act at that time. His resignation should be accepted. And the members of the central board, upon their appointment, will see to it that the old regime is not perpetuated.

The promotion of Dr. J. R. Saunders to assistant superintendent at Morganton was apparently a move to place Tom Jimlison's "Crown Prince" in line of succession, and that move must be blocked. Morganton must have a complete change, and the new board, probably to be charged with responsibility for administration and personnel, must see to that.

Little Lobby

Fireworks Dealer's Spokesman Will Get No Support From Us

To lobbyists, those safeguards of government by pressure and interference, many Americans wish no good. Particularly in North Carolina, where the people have often suffered under government by lobby, this political necessity is eyed ingratiatingly. There's no hard and fast rule, to be sure, for many of the State's great gains have come in this way. The heavy pressure brought by a minority for the public good is a complete change, and the new board, probably to be charged with responsibility for administration and personnel, must see to that.

But because the instrument is most effective in the hands of corporations or groups of common commercial interests, it is not always to be admired. We chanced upon the record of a small lobby this week, for example, to which we wish the best of misfortune.

From Charlotte, Attorney Paul Erwin registered with the Secretary of State last week, as lobbyist representing a local grocer and dealer in fireworks, wholesale and retail. He is to represent his client "in all matters pertaining to the sale of fireworks."

From that record, we gather that the purpose of the lobby is to raise protests against a current bill to restrict the sale of fireworks in North Carolina; and if that is true, and the lobby should be successful, a worthy cause will have met defeat.

The pleasure to be derived from fireworks (including those gorgeous pyrotechnical displays during fair week and on holidays) is not worth the price exacted in the very first death or injury. Even in normal times, the sale of fireworks in the State is to be deplored, and in wartime when all available explosives are so badly needed, every tiny pop of a firecracker seems to echo of foolish waste.

Gob Humor

From the U. S. Coast Guard Magazine

The heavy sugar daddy and a new chorus girl were enjoying a little dinner in a private room at roadhouse. As the meal neared its finish he cleared his throat and said, "Er—er, how about a little dem-tasse now, dear?" "I knew it! I knew it!" exploded the girl. "I knew you weren't treating me this nice for nothing."

The Voice Of Freedom

Verdi's Music Thunders Challenge To Italy

By Dorothy Thompson

IN HIS preface to the 1855 edition of *Leaves of Grass*, Walt Whitman wrote an essay on the function of the poet. "In him," he says, "past and future are not disjointed, but joined. The greatest poet forms the consistency of what is to be from what has been, and is. He drags the dead out of their coffins and stands them again on their feet."

It is this great essay that Walt Whitman declares that the function of the poet is "to cheer up slaves and horridly despots." "Liberty," he says, "takes no advantage of heroes whether men and women exist but never from the rest more than from the poets. They are the voice and exposition of liberty."

For "poet" write "artist"—the medium who ever distills in music, picture, or words, the emotions, sensibilities, and yearnings of his age. His instinct is infallible. "He supplies what wants supplying; he checks what wants checking; peace is the routine, out of him speaks the spirit of peace. . . . In war he is the most deadly force of the war. Who recruits him recruits home and foot."

So it has always been. And so it is today. This is what gave to Toscanini's Sunday program of Verdi's enormous significance. Rebroadcast to Italy, the great choruses uttered more vivid than any words that could be spoken by script writers. The man who swung the baton is one of Italy's most beloved sons, and the man who wrote the music the very embodiment of Whitman's "poet."

Verdi, like Toscanini, was a political figure without political ambition. His age spoke through him. It was a revolu-

tionary age—the age of the Italian risorgimento. Italy groaned under the oppression of the Hapsburgs and under the reactionary kings of the Holy Alliance.

The National Revolution of Italy was international, at the same time. It was a call to free men everywhere. Its greatest philosophers, Mazzini and Gioberti, saw in the nation but one segment of human society. What they desired for Italy they desired for all nations.

Verdi became the expression for the people of that revolution—the most popular form of Italian art of that period: the opera. His "Nabucco" was a political event of the first magnitude. Its chorus of the Hebrew slaves became, immediately, the song of his peoples' liberty. Franz Werfel, in his preface to Verdi's Letters, recalls that the day after Nabucco opened people were singing the song in the street, and that "it became the anthem of revolt against foreign rule and oppression." The followers of Mazzini and Garibaldi chanted on the white walls of Italy then "Viva Verdi."

So when Toscanini choosing from the vast works of Italy's greatest operatic composer, those long familiar passages that once stirred the Italian masses to their depths, he was "forming the consistency of what is to be from what has been," and "dragging the dead out of their graves to stand them again on their feet."

His timing was perfect. He put Verdi on his feet to call to the people of Italy again, in a moment when a despot grasping for new empire has lost the Empire of his predecessors, and the arch-enemies of the Italian risorgimento occupy the whole of Verdi's land.

An Expert in That Kind of Work

—By Herblock



Our Globe Still Shrinks

The Flight Of FDR

By Raymond Clapper

WHEN Woodrow Wilson left the country to go to the Paris peace conference, a holy howl went up. Some of the brethren wanted to declare the Presidential office vacant and shove the Vice-President into it permanently.

We used to think there was some impropriety in an American President leaving America sell—some idea that one who did was thinking that America wasn't good enough for him and why couldn't wherever he wanted to see come to America? We made our Presidents prisoners within our territorial limits. Cleveland was careful when he went fishing in the ocean not to get across the thirty-line. McKinley's day it would have been political suicide to even step across the international bridge at El Paso. We finally weakened and Taft went and lost at our own Panama Canal, without inviting too much criticism.

We have changed our minds gradually about that sort of thing and have taken on more cosmopolitan attitudes, so that now President Roosevelt jumps to Africa and back and receives only acclaim for his enterprise.

And why not? Why shouldn't the airplane, which you have here to there in hours instead of days, change the habits of Presidents since it is changing all other habits in this world? Why shouldn't President Roosevelt take advantage of this easy and swift mode of travel to go out for first-hand handling of what needs to be handled?

You could not hear President Roosevelt describe his African trip at his press conference this week without him astonished at what the airplane does. Mr. Roosevelt spent his first day out of Washington reaching Miami by train. From there on it was a matter of a few hours to get to Brazil on the third, and Bathurst on the coast of Africa, near Dakar, on the fourth day out of Washington. On the afternoon of the fifth day Mr. Roosevelt was in Casablanca.

Coming back he left Africa the night of Jan. 27

and was in Natal, on the hump of Brazil, the next morning. He spent the next night in Trinidad, and reached Miami the next day. It was a trip of 19,665 miles—and the traveling time in each direction was about five days. It can be done in much less than that.

An unbelievable amount of transportation in this war is now being handled by air. The New Guinea campaign was mainly an airplane job and General MacArthur was so impressed with what could be done by planes that he issued a long statement saying that a new form of campaign had been developed. General MacArthur made it clear that the Pacific warfare from now on will find the airplane in a variety of roles adapted to the difficulties of a campaign in mountainous jungle country.

The volume of air traffic from America to the fighting fronts in both directions is likely to expand rapidly.

This places additional strain on facilities for producing and transporting gasoline. The use of cargo planes does not eliminate the need of shipping gasoline. As bombing raids increase the demand for big raiders—for thousand-plane operations—is obvious. A whole tanker load might be needed to fuel a Cologne raid.

So the President's flying trip in Africa has dramatized again the speed and comparative ease of travel, and the uses to which the airplane can be put. It should stimulate interest also in the uses to which the airplane can be put after the war, in developed and policing.

It has become just about our most useful gadget, and has in his best years of development still ahead with new tricks and more horsepower per weight and new instruments.

Did Mr. Roosevelt, flying back overnight from Africa to the Western Hemisphere, reach some new conclusion about the new place in world affairs that must be made for the airplane?

Where's The Law?

Our Drinking Children

Winston-Salem Journal

WATSON KIMEL, the sixteen-year-old Winston-Salem high school boy, facing a serious charge in criminal court here, said he was drunk when he committed the offense.

In a statement later to a newspaper reporter, he declared: "A majority of high school youth are intemperate freely." These, he said, include students of all ages, even thirteen- and fourteen-year-old freshmen.

On the witness stand in Superior Court, young Kimel testified that he and one of his high school friends had been drinking beer and wine at a place on Fourth St. and drank a quart of beer. And after they were drunk they went to a party where they gave him a half a glass of brandy. He said he didn't remember much after that.

By the North Carolina Code of 1929, Section 4453 and 4456, "if any dealer in intoxicating drinks or liquors

sell, or in any manner part with, for a compensation thereof, either directly or indirectly, or give away such drinks or liquors, to any unmarried person under the age of twenty-one years, knowing such person to be under the age of twenty-one years he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; and such sale or giving away shall be prima facie evidence of such knowledge."

"If any person shall give intoxicating drinks or liquors to any minor under the age of seventeen years; or if any person shall aid, assist or abet any other person in giving such drinks or liquors to any minor; or if any person shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be punished by a fine or imprisonment in the discretion of the court."

Are these laws dead? If not, why are they not being enforced? If they are dead, when the first job for the Legislature now in session, in dealing with this beer and wine problem, is not to create a new office of Wine Controller, but to resurrect these laws.

No More Time

Plan Now

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

THEY say we have little time for planning the world of the future. I would amend that. We have none. None whatever. If you do not immediately put de Gaulle in the vacant chair at the desk, the chair will not remain vacant. Next time you look, a Peyrouton will be sitting in it.

Nov. 8, when we invaded North Africa, it was a mere space, a thing, a blank. Now look at it. It is a country. It has a name. General Clark calls it "Overseas France." And it has policies, internal and external. Look at it. It thinks officials who associated with Vichy should not be dismissed. It thinks America should provide it with more arms. It thinks its Jews should wait patiently for liberation at a later date. Three months ago, it was nothing. Now it speaks. It croaks. "Racial laws are an internal matter," says General. "The rest of the world is not concerned."

So, the decision not to decide just yet about North Africa turns out to have been a decision to establish a new country, a curious new country, without father or mother.

What was in the mind of our North African Minister, Robert Murphy, when he decided to do this? He was a man who, in anti-democratic France, if they were seemingly pro-Alled, and see, he has created a whole country in the image of this thought, a country that is anti-democratic, even if pro-Alled. He has created a country, while we thought he was merely waiting.

We have no time for planning the future, none whatever. The future starts with each tick of the clock. There is a splendid American dream about China. "After all, China shall have its renaissance. Right now China is having a shocking inflation, and a sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. Did you hear Mr. Wellington Koo, the other day, telling of China's \$2.36 and \$10 cotton cloth and of China's desperate empty hunger for American goods? That is the future which China has arrived at. While we've been dreaming of another one. Futures are self-starting. They do not wait for signals.

The fond notion that we can delay is the most overbearing of all our vanities in the field of foreign affairs. Actually, an act of delay is an act of abdication. The decision not to help China fully is a decision to let inflation and dismay hurt her. The decision not to do the right thing, just yet, is a decision to let the wrong thing happen. There are no vacuums in politics, and there is not time.

Our hesitant decision not to free the pro-Alled prisoners in North Africa just yet, has turned out actually to be a decision to put more pro-Alled prisoners in jail, as has happened since our invasion.

That is never all. We did not sweep out the African jails on Nov. 9. On Dec. 29 a new roundup swept into jail Frenchmen who had helped our landing. Have you read the letters from the French African underground, released in Washington by the "Fighting French"? They tell you what delay means. The decision not to take a democrat out of jail is a warrant to put his brother in.

It is only in the diplomatic branch of our war effort that difficulty is accepted as an excuse, and postponement recognized as a policy.

And after a while it all comes to seem muzzily sensible. How can we stay in now and free the democrats of North Africa? That would be interfering with Giraud. That is what we built while we thought we were merely waiting for history's street-car.

What Sacrifice?

Raleigh News & Observer

WHEN Uncle Sam's fighting men in faroff places, facing disease and enemy bullets, read of profiteering and strikes at home, they feel like Sergeant Anderson of Turburo, who wrote to his father from Guadalcanal as follows:

We don't have very much recreation down here, but we do manage to get the news from the States every night. It is very encouraging most of the time, except when we hear of the money-grabbers are pulling, while down in the South Pacific guys are fighting and dying for those poor people back home who have having such a hard time because they can't get a much sugar as they want, or because gasoline has been rationed, and just because the expense of living has gone up they have the nerve to threaten a strike.

Damn! don't they realize that we are fighting a war down here? All over the world, good American men are risking their necks every day. Why in the hell can't people back there give up a few luxuries without griping?

Side Glances



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