THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 1943

Fateful Day

On This Anningrous Victory Cannot Be Seen as Easily-Won

Cannot Be Seen as Éasily-Won
This day should serve as a solemnily
celebrated anniversary to Americans,
for it is haunted with the memories
of another war, and crowded with the
algas of a thundering destiny. On April
6, 1917, the Republic entered upon a
new Ille; in Washington, the United
States declared that a state of war
existed with Germany. April 6, 1918,
was a day of terrible apprehension for
people back home. Stretching almost
the breadth of France, the Arras-St.
Quentin-Rheims line was straining under devastating attack by the German.
It was touch and go as to whether the
Allied armies could hold. That they
held on April 6 saved the war.
Ludendorff opened his attack on

held on April 6 saved the war.
Ludendorff opened his attack on
March 21, his men coming out of a
heavy fog at daybreak, using for the
first time in heavy combat the tactics
of infiltration. By April 21, disaster
attact the Allies in the face; the fate
of Paris was not of prime concern, for
the complete collapse of the armics
seemed imminent. The title ebbed on
April 6, but three days later another
phase opened with the Allies still in
deadity peril. It was not until August
and the beginning of the fifth year. and the beginning of the fifth year of the war that safety came to our

Those days, though this war is not at Those days, though this war is not at all the war of that generation, are to be remembered endry as Hitter prepares for his hast stand, and charpens his boarded weapons for some final assault. In Tunitia, we make slow progress at great cost, and the end is coming. But Africa is the theater of delay for Germany, to stall attacks upon the under side of the Continent. After that engagement is finished, there must be Allied offensives, or the war will enter a period of stalemate. And when those offensives come they must be launched across water—sea or Channel, and not across land as was Ludendorffs grand-scale attack.

And the Allied thrusts, wherever they

dorff's grand-scale attack.
And the Allied thrusts, wherever they
are struck, will be met by furious resistance; for weeks and months the atlackers may be under grave handicape—though they will surely strike
with the greatest weight of men and
weapona ever assembled. The grim,
degged, deadly, deathly style of flighting in the last war must be remembered even now in the times of the war of movement: now the tasks are so much the greater that the hundreds of thou-sands of men must die, even in a time without trenches.

For Hitler and his Reich the war has For Hitler and his Reich the war has been lost, but for us it has not bern won. The winning will not only be difficult, but bloody, demanding of the manpower of all the Allied nations. The great poundings of the Continent by air hurt the enemy, but do not cripple him. Bomewhere, in hiding for the final desperate plunge, he holds a great army and air force. Against that still-army and air force. Against that stilldearful force, our strength must win the decision. On such a day as April 6,

Americans cannot think that the end

Old Marshal

A Message to Petain as More Americans Strike

More Americans Strike

Yes, Henri Phillipe Petain, we have heard you speak. It was not the first time, old Marshal, but it was the, first time the guttural croakings of your masters drowned out the sound of your voice in the days when it was young and slive. It was not the voice of the Colonel who drove back the overwhelmingly superior forces of the Hun at Charlerot, or led the first Marne, or distinguished himself as a young general at Champing and the first Marne, or distinguished himself as a young seneral at Champing and the first Marne, or distinguished himself as a young seneral at Champing—and continued the first Marne, or distinguished with the first Marne, or distinguished with the first Marne, or distinguished with the first Marne, or distinguished to the the order of the first Marne, or distinguished with the first Marne, which was a warding to the first Marne, which was a marionet on strings, that you eah a marionet on strings, that you eah a marionet on strings, that you each the voice of the Beast in a pathetic little ventriloquish act for the world.

We cannot believe, old soldier near death, that the disease of Naziam has infested your soul, and that you would sell your Republic into the bondage of the New Order with a hope for the future of markind.

It some ways, though, old soldier, you were dead right. The shadows cast by were dead right. The shadows cast by

In some ways, though, old soldier, you were dead right. The shadows cast by Flying Fortresses on the Seine, and over the flat lands of your country do bring

news of more Anglo-British aggression. The Americans have turned against you and those evil shadows clustered behind you. The time is coming when Americans will be with you more and more, and then the end will come. By then, you will either breathe again as a man as you did in your youth, or you will lie in the earth over which the Hun has run at will, with a blessing he forced from you. from you.

High Treason

Hush-Hush Food Conference More Than a Secret Treaty

More I han a Secret Treaty

The old notion that food would win
the war and write the peace may seem
old-fashioned by now, but as the end
of the conflict comes into sight and
men pleture a starving Europe after
peace, it becomes more and more important. And the food conference of
the United Nations to be held in Washington this month—its procedure to be
sent a creaved secret a schmidt ington this month—its procedure to be kept a graveyard screte—is actually the business of the world. America's heart beats in that conference, for our economic, social and political destiny is tangied irretrievably with the coming famine of Europe. What we do about the food hoard at home is certain to shape the course of the international

It is likely that official Washington, realizing that fact and stage-struck by the nearness of great events or their shadows, decided to rope off the inquisitive American press and divide American food amongst the war-weary-nations-to-be without benefit of popular discussion. That decision is a fagrant violation of the freedom of the

for the decision of the forman to all the forman the forman to all the forman matter of setting the policy, though one for experts, deeply concerns Americans. They want to hear the decisions being made, to be told what those decisions mean, and to express their opinions thereone. The three are to the opinions thereone that they are to the deprived and God-given, is a diagnor to the American future and a swing toward top-heavy Government control of the people by the Government and for the Government.

And such a decision, though it seem isolisted and unimportant, brings closer, the day when the Government and the People are not the same thing. Not at all.

Incomplete

Council's Hallhearted Survey Of a Tavern Didn't Do the Job

The recurrence of trouble at the tayern on South Boulevard, once before the object of City Council attention, suggests that, this time, there should be more than a cursory inspection of the place to determine whether its license should be revoked. A free-for-all fight between soldiers is the basis of the newest complaint, but there have been others of an even more serious nature.

nature.

Judge Marion Redd of Juvenile Court, says that he cân trace at least some of the city's juvenile delinguency to the place, and to others like it in other neighborhoods. He reports having seen one beey of young pirts, apparently intoxicated from drinking beer, leaving the place with soldiers. Members of a nearby church, objecting to the revery, brought the first complaint.

We are not fit to judge the merits of the place or state the entire case against the place or state the entire case against it; it only séems to us that, in a question of such an establishment, Gity Council's investigations might be more thorough in the first place, saving time, trouble and, definitely fixing guilt or establishing innocence. The job, it appears, was not half done last Summer.

"People hungry for meat will probably get it," says an unnamed official, "leg-ally or otherwise." It is not to be inter-red from this that the OPA would ever

Auld Lang Syne

Remembering Grover Bond

By Tom P. Jimison

(The late Grover Bond, one of Charlotte's most beloved Churchmen, died suddenly the day offered Christmas. For hundreds, his death was great sheek and a deep loss. It was thus to foun Jimison, an old, admiring, loving freind. We think this tribute, inspired by that long trindship between the two men, la fit to rank rith the best of uniformly fine Jimison work—didters, Tan News).

TOTHER day I had to go up to the Great Smokles to attend the funeral of a kinsman, and I came back through Charlotte to say howdy to the old burg. But it want all there.

urg. But it want all there.

Yes, the sit buildings were there, and I saw a
whole paced of my sold friends. There was Marten
Davis, the merchant, and Tom Leak; the colered
barber. I saw Word Wood and Jim Armstenp,
Rmmett Kerr and Tom Moore, Marvin Ritch and
John Porier, the brethren at Mellon's and the
boys at The News. But sumply had gone wrong
since I sojourned in the Meckienburg metropolis.
Somph was missin' that let' an empty place in
Somph was missin' that let' an empty place in
It was Grover Bond.

my heart and a lonesome place against the sky. It was Grover Bond.

You see Grover and I Joined Holston conference together we were but callow youths. We served actions the served with the server were to the server with the server were the server when a silver dollar was as big as a wagon wheel and a paper one looked like a blanket. We got paid every litree months, iffen our members as wagon wheel have the money and happened to be in these than the server were the server when the server were the shirt was the server when the server were the shirt was the server when the server were the shirt was the server when the server were the server when the server were the server was the server when the server were the server was the server when the server were the server was the server was the server when the server was the serve

for me. When I say that he was a good man I men that he really was.

He thought good things about his fellow human that he really was the say that the say the say that the say the say that the say that the say that the say the say

momits him up. And it could do all that to me.
Grover, if you read this up in Heaven, I want you
to know that Chariotte aint like it used to be, not to
to know that Chariotte aint like it used to be, not to
more little favor I crave at your hands. It can't be
many years until I shall come blundering in up there,
agid I wish you'd sorter hang around the side entrance
agid I wish you'd sorter hang around the side entrance
keep an eye on the back gate, for I fear me that I'm
a-goin' to need a little help-about-getting-in. It
shall want you to speak a word or so in my behalf,
and. Grover, I know you will be glad to do it. And
may the earth lie lightly upon your mortal remains
drawn here till the morning breaks and the darkness
flees away.

Just a Matter of Time

-Bu Dorman Smith



We Was Robbed

Taxes Were Politicked

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON A l.L. parties concerned must bear blane for the a breakdown in tax legislation. This breakdown bear blane as serious reflection on the competency of both our Treasury Department and our Ways and Means Committee. They have between them, booted the tax-pavers around. They have made political footballs of us.

For a year It has been obvious that the ex-tremely high tax rates made necessary by the war required a revision of the 30-year-old method of paying income taxes the year after the income was received. Only theorists and muti-headed prima donnus questioned the practical need of getting on a pay-as-you-carn basis.

It also has been obvious for a year that a danger-senses of purchasing power was coming and that the state of purchasing power was coming and that the state of the state of the state of the tax collection at the source were code. We casary. The country, is, short of goods. We six therefore keep ourselves money-poor, short of day cash.

Nobody is complaining because taxes are high. But the uncertainty at this late date is inexable. Taxpayers are willing to pay, But Washington its unable to decide how and in what man-retaxes shall be paid. So Washington throws up its hands and goes along operating in the Second up to the paid of the paid of the paid of the paid is the paid to be upon the paid of the paid to be under the paid to be income tax and when a handful of millionaires were affected. Now do million people will pay income tax. Many will pay 20, 30, 40 and 50 per cent of their earnings.

In Defense Of Mr. Hull

Chees.

By what right does Mr.

Gration silgmalize our foreign
policy with the activation of
fear?

By what superiority
for the control of
fear?

By what superiority
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have "chosen" Franco? Does
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the Spanish people the torture of more war in amelioradding a little their slow starsaling? Does he actually besaling? Does he actually be-

liere that in joining with General Giraud in North Arica, by all published accounts the best man there, a brave and available French soldier, we available French soldier, we way in breasting the deplerable division of French soldiers. Does he believe he ir rendering a noble service in undermining American contidence in American leaders?

dence in American leaders?

If Mr. Grafton is in possession
of verified facts to support his
charges and insinuations he should
charges and insinuations he should
removal to the control of the control
removal of the control of the control
removal of the Rosevett, guiding lights of our forcign policy.
Possibly Mr. Grafton is so deluded by his own conception of
superior powers that he does not

realize his aid and comfort to the enemy in repeated publications of very personal deductions, tor-tured half truths, and despleable innuendo. "To divide and confuse enemy peoples" is one of Hitler'a most cherished devices.

most cherished devices.

Has Mr. Grafton forgotten

'Mein Kampf' or has he read

it? Is he really innoent of
guile in his attempts to create

the property of the really innoent of

sulfacts of ficials? Or has he

very private and special in
formation that our State De
particult has not and refuses

genius that can pentrate the

veil of events? Or merely a

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—CATHIE MCDONALD.

Southern Pines.

Side Glances

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Poli Pris



"Please pay me the rent now, Mrs. Wilmot-my son has a date with your daughter tonight and with your daughter ! needs his allowance!"

Not Income!

Production Only

By Dorothy Thompson

THERE is nothing more discouraging about the human race than the observation that knowledge is not enough to lead to wise policy.

All men are fallible, and mistakes occur out of ignorance. There was a time when inflation and deflation and all the social and economic was a time when inflation and definition and an the section and efficiency definition of the mentary events, like the eruption of volcances, beyond the power of men to control.

But today every knowledgable person understands the cause and cure of inflation. Senator Bankhead also understands it. Yet that does not prevent Senator Bankhead, and American patiests, and a course which can lead to disaster. The President is correct in a sping that the Bankhead bill is an inflationary measure. He is correct in vetoing it. His arguments as set forth in the statement accompanying his retie are unansverable.

accompanying his veto are unanswerable.

The passage of this bill is the result of pressure group action, who do not know what is in their own long-range interests. Their long-range interests are exactly the same as those of every other group long-range interests are exactly the same as those of every other group in America. The interests of the farmers are inextiteably joined with the interests of workmen, managers, professional men, employees, and merchants. The interest of any American is to bring about economic stabilization during the war. Unless that is brought about, increases in income will be completely epherment. A dollar is worth what it buys, that and nothing more.

The President's figures on the present state of farm income are incontrovertible, as an overall picture. That the picture is not true for every farmer, is admitted by the President. No picture is awhibited securate for everyone. But the Bankhead bill has not been urged by associates of the big farmers, who are certainly as well off, relative to any norm, as any group in the country.

my norm, as any group in the country.

The President points out that except for normally substandard groups, no one can expect to improve his living during this war. No one has a right to profilere on the war. Actually there is a lot of profilering, and the President's attempt to put a ceiling on high incomes was part of this attempt to put a ceiling on high incomes was part of this attempt to put a ceiling on wages. I believe the measure he proposed was not the right one. But all of us know-of persons, executive, and managers, who, on the basis of war orders, have upped their salaries way above what' they carned before the war. Others, in the same category, with lost income as a result of the war. In justice there should be an excess profits tax on personal income, to pect off that part which is a direct result of the war and constitutes a personal profit on it.

is a direct result of the war and constitutes a personal profit on it.

The Congress, which has devised and passed this fantanatic bill, has not found the time and energy to pass, in both house, the agricultural publication of the profit of

of farm laborers, and raising manpower from other sources.

With all the experience of Britian with its highly successful Woman's Land Army, nothing has been done in this direction. The mobilization, selection, per-training placement, and supervision of youth and women should have been started as least last Pail; now it will be started in April, at the earliest, in a nation-wide, planned, and integrated way, and being started so late will be dublously organized and doubtfully successful.

The Farm bloc is not greatly interested in all the measures which have stood the test of experience in other warring nations. They believe everything can be solved by monory—that it to saa, by price. But soaring prices will not help the farmer because they will injure the entire economy, of which the farmer is a part.

will injure the entire cenomy, of which the farmer is a part.

The Government is criticated because it has not stabilized prices with a Congress that systematically undoes everything the Administration is trying, at least, to accomplish. The Administration may be criticized for its lack of energy in these directions. But it cannot be criticized for its objective.

The Bankhead Bill defles the objective.

We must help the farmer in every technical way. We must find labor for him from untapped sources. We must rationalize marketing, more than the stability of the

Man's Worth

What Is Money?

Charlotte Labor Journal

Charlotte Labor Journal

Charlotte Labor Journal

OME man from Mars looks down and watches a terrible fight going

on in the American Congress—a fight against a ceiling of \$25,000 a year asiary set by the President—and the fight wares and waxes with the moon and finally the man from Mars nees that victory has come to the control of the present that the moon and finally the man from Mars nees that victory has come to the control of the present that the control of the present that the control of the present that the present the present that the present the present that the present that the present that the present the present that the present the pr

What are the valuable things in life?

What are the valuable things in life? Saturday Night* never earned more than 3700 a year. Walter Winchell whose miles of column the neighborhood of 1500 early remembering guis somewhat was the second of the column that neighborhood of 1500 early the remembering guis somewhat had the greatest brain ever enceased in a human skull, wrote familet and Lear and Romee and Macbeth and left an estate equivalent to about \$31,000. Westbrook Fegler who will never leave a sentence worth memoriting cets \$31,000 a year or thereabouts.

What is this all about anyway?

Who are the people who have moved this earth? "The Morgans, Rockefellers, the Ohryslers, Fords, etc.?" No, and they never will. Those giants who rise to immortality the moment they are laid in their graves are the men who leave a acrea of people, a poem, and dee, or a SERMON ON THE MOUNT—Things that cannot be used in a pawn shop or in a bar. What is this all about anyway?