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And Evening Chronicle

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Go-Between

U. S. and Russia Have Too Much to Decide For Mr. Eden

It is not at all certain that the visit of Anthony Eden to Washington will result in better relations between the United Nations, or an improvement in British-American co-operation, or any post-war problems. Many observers, indeed, are convinced that Mr. Eden was not here to speak for England at all, but instead for Russia. It has been assumed that his first aim was to bring up a thought in closer harmony with that of the Soviet Union, to allay mutual suspicions and mistrust, and to pave the way for an amiable discussion of general problems.

In presenting his case, Mr. Eden had used of his great gift for tactful diplomacy. There are, even if we hesitate to make the confession, differences in the American and Russian points of view. There has been a great deal of dangerous and foolish posturing about the threat of Communism rising from Russian victories—but it must be admitted that our own course lies apart from Russia's.

The Soviet position, must, of course, be considered as of great importance as our own. And Russia's desires may be summarized in a few words: the Baltic states, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, a slice of Finland to protect Leningrad, a slice of Eastern Poland. America wants to make no commitments on the territorial division of the war-torn map. She wants a satisfactory agreement on the Russian-Japanese question once Hitler's power has been crippled, and she wants the best possible bargain for Finland and Poland—especially Poland.

The U. S. desires a clear, unambiguous settlement of the spoils, and fears another war will result if that course is followed.

The British, already acting as go-betweens, have a complete set of their own desires: They want a strong United States to counter power in Empire matters, and a powerful France standing against a disarmed Germany. They also want increased power in the Mediterranean area, continued sea supremacy, and an ever-growing share in the control of the world of air power.

Having already shaken hands with Russia on post-war policy, Britain must now pull the U. S. into the agreement, and our agreement may not be forthcoming until we know more of the Russian secret. It is hard to know, for example, how far things must go in the European theater before Russian co-operation is given in our war with Japan. We want to know just how far Russia intends to go in the domination of Asia; for one of our great aims is a powerful, growing China.

Strange World

H. G. Wells Rules Out Newspapers and Books

H. G. Wells, seer of our times, has been a remarkable prophet, and we wish to question his newest set of predictions for the future. We may at last deplore the existence of the kind of a world he pictures for our children. We're not opposed to progress, but a world without newspapers, and without books, is a world we do not wish to see. We're not opposed to progress, but a world without newspapers, and without books, is a world we do not wish to see.

The article of Britain sets that the newspaper will be supplanted by the radio and telephone; he trusts that radio will soon be in the air for hours in the day for radio stations to devote more than an occasional five minutes to giving the news the world must have. Somehow, he dreams that the news, its interpretation, the ventilation of ideas and the dissemination of all can be handled without newspapers.

Muddle, Muddle OWI Goes Backward

By Samuel Grafton

IT MAKES anyone who knows anything about the Office of War Information laugh to hear it referred to as a "haven of draft-dodgers." What happens, most of the time is this: A fellow will be working in OWI, the magazine business, deferred from the draft because of his local board. In a burst of patriotism, he will join the OWI, to lend his talents to the war. He will do exactly the same job he was doing before. But now his local board has called him for induction. The OWI, afraid of Congressional criticism, will refuse to ask for draft-exemption. Wherever he is in the Army, he would be deferred for doing exactly that same job for his own private profit, but we will not stand for having him do it for the public good, so halt the salary.

We do much of our public business with that sort of hang-dog expression. Small wonder we are not ready to participate in a Government of the world. We Americans still think there is something fittingly shameful about governing a country. Thus Representative Harness, Republican of Indiana, thought nothing of sending the charge at a meeting of a House Military Affairs subcommittee the other day, that 746 draft-age men in the OWI had been deferred. It turned out, after Director Elmer Davis had been asked about it, that only 46 had been deferred at OWI request, most of them irrefragable linguists in the foreign branches.

If 700 more have really been deferred, they have been deferred by their own local boards, and those boards have acted on their own initiative. I doubt that these deferrals, if they exist at all, are any more than the standard 3-A's for dependency. Why defer a man for longer and furnish in the Office of War Information than in a riding academy, the witness does not say. But, in our conception, a touch of Government is always tantamount to a touch of the combs of a touch of the slincher.

And since Mr. Harness has broken the subject open for discussion, I should like to ask if he considers it a worth-while war activity to spend an afternoon biling Elmer Davis in the ankle. In fact, now that I am breathing heavily, I should like to raise the whole question of how the draft is spending this critical year of the war.

Under our party system, when a party is out it is all the way out. It is terribly sad, it is sad, that the offices of Government almost as if it were a foreign capital. Its members are given little to do except to become amateur masters of ceremony, perpetually pointing out the mistakes of the Government. They do not do anything but show of Government. They feel hostile and separated. They do not even feel under a compulsion to be friendly. They get and get the facts before they make their charges, though the Office of War Information is obviously the place to go for war information.

Mr. Davis and Mr. Harness get their pay checks from the same treasury, but you would never know they were working by and large for the same firm. Ours we give the opposition a more useful job than that of perpetual critic and hunch-player. Thrower of old shoes at men trying to do their work? The English solve the problem by bringing the opposition into the Government in a war-time coalition. There it makes its pressure felt directly in actual Cabinet meetings. It has to accept the responsibility along with the great blossoms of power. Our Administration has to live the war, while our opposition is entitled to adventure as it pleases, building up a score for the next election, with the one counting the miles.

And it has no real duty except to watch the other side work with an expression that nobody knows what it is to be a mother.

Is Mr. Roosevelt to blame? Should he summon the Republicans closer to the seats of authority? He should be asking the party to set up a formal committee to meet with him on questions of policy, with the understanding that, once approved has been given, the benches would be laid aside? That involves political risks for the Republicans. But the Labor Party accepts these risks in an election, and perhaps better for a party to run a risk than to be inconspicuous at a time like this.

Maybe the fact that two Republican and two Democratic Senators could come together on a foreign policy resolution reflects a hunger for national unity, down below, which could, if allowed, make our war Government seem less like a running game of cowboys and Indians.

Right In The Middle Of A Knotty Problem

By Dorman Smith



Respect The Aged?

Anybody Can Grow Old

By TOM JIMISON

OCCASIONALLY the conductor of this column makes talk of the sprightly young widow who resides at the Rockingham Hotel. She was brought up in a house in Wilmington on the site where the Wilmington Hotel now stands, and they do say she was the belle of all the Cape Fear region. When she smote a smile upon some young squire with his hair tipped up where his dimpled apple ought to be, he returned red in the face and let sputtered when he tried to talk to her.

But by and by a Newell boy came along, and everybody knows that the Newells came straight from the "old sod," that they have the gift of gab, and are never flabbergasted any bit by punny comebacks. Newell can talk the blues off a door when he has a mind to, and he can talk a girl out of her heart before she knows it. It was this young fellow with the smiling eyes that persuaded Miss Taylor to become Mrs. Newell, and they raised seven children.

Mr. Newell died a dozen years ago, but his wife remains with her son, W. H. Newell, Jr. and she is said, although this scribe has been too polite to try to confirm it. She still smiles upon all with whom she comes in contact, and she says, "I am like the noted woman of the Scriptures, 'Her children arise and called her blessed.' She is young in spirit, and doubt will remain so to the end of this earthly pilgrimage.

And that brings me to sum'n I have often thought about. All my life I have heard young folks being exhorted to respect their elders. It is all a lot of foolish hokum. There is no reason on earth why we should respect age unless it is worthy of it. An aged liar, a greying rascal, a bearded hypocrite or a wrinkled hellion?

A whole passel of people talk about age as though it were an accomplishment. Transudation, you reckon?

Still Danger

The Sub Menace

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON GOVERNMENT people here expect heavy losses from submarines during the next several months. What they really mean is that we are going to gain on the submarine very much more than we are breaking every shipbuilding record. All we get out of it is to stay where we are. We gain a little, but not very much. If we come out at the end of the Summer with as much ships as we started with, as we have now, then we will have done about as well as some of our people expect to do.

I saw a tanker launched this week at the Sun Shipbuilding yards in Chester, Pa. That was the first ship I had ever seen launched. She was built to carry 10,000 tons of oil, and she will carry a deep draft out of it. Joseph N. Pew, chairman of the Sun Shipbuilding Co., says he has seen hundreds of ships launched but that all of these years it is still a thrill.

I was standing down under the hull, near where the workmen were sawing through the planks to release this 10,000-ton tanker for the slide down into the water. Workmen had helped put her together and were standing all around, obviously excited and proud. This was just another tanker but one or two of the welders standing near me talked about how neat she was. They all obviously had been asked the honor of helping to save the ship.

This tanker had been some 80 days in building. It is bigger, better compartmented, with heavier bulkheads, and with more protective gun than any previous tanker. Two other tankers were under the water at the same time. These three tankers will be ready to go to sea within a very short time. Each will carry 150,000 barrels of fuel. And there is a good chance that one of the three won't come back from the first trip.

If we published the figures of submarine losses as we ought to do because the enemy knows just about what they are—the country would be in a state of shock. That might dispel some of the happy ideas that we have just about the war because we get some good headlines in the paper.

The Germans know they are losing the air war. They are putting everything they have into the submarine now. They are building far faster than we are sinking them, and far stronger than they were twenty years ago, are able to stay out far longer, have better detection devices, and are being built much faster than our anti-submarine measures have gone.

We are all experimenting. We haven't yet decided the place that the airplanes should be in fighting the submarine, although we may be forced to decide it soon because we simply are not going to have enough escort vessels to do the job this Summer. And we must, may on the airplanes. If we had been on our own, we surely would have gone after those German submarines that were being built before they were put under that heavy concrete protection.

Visitin' Around

Collectin' Or Tryin' To Get Meant? (Route 3 Item, 3-27-43)

Don't Keep Us In Suspense—Did They? (Review Item, 3-27-43)

Nice Way To Put It (Bluff Item, Marshall News-Record)