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MONDAY, APRIL 12, 1943

More Bonds

They're Vital To Finance And Money Control For War

To Americans who do not yet know the meaning of their war, the second great bond drive is a message. The cold figure of \$15,000,000,000 with mean nothing to the little man who is doing his best to pay increasing living costs and do his part with bigger taxes.

In the advance talk from the Congressional tax parleys there is also a message. When the vague outline of tomorrow's device becomes apparent, men will come to know for the first time that they must suffer at home.

The great and growing problem is to drain off the unwieldy and dangerous surplus money in the country, but it must be done in such a way that the already-crippled white collar worker will not suffer more than his share.

It has been put into graphic terms: Every day, by June, the war effort will be costing as much as the Panama Canal—and that project was ten years building.

Attention

Too Many Issues Are Not Getting It In Charlotte

Before Charlotte's voters become involved in consideration of political promises kept, spoken and broken, it may be well to reflect upon a number of items political and otherwise, which have not received the prompt attention of the community to which they are entitled.

Where, for example, has the City's Planning Commission gone? It was appointed long weeks ago a list of about 100 leading citizens—to tackle the job of planning for the community's post-war times.

Why, again, has not the successor to the late Max Kahn been appointed to the Welfare Board? The appointment was due by April 1, but has not been made. It should be forthcoming, immediately.

'And what's to become of the comprehensive report made by the Mecklenburg Advisory Committee to Juvenile Courts on Feb. 27? As far as we know, it has not been accepted, nor rejected, nor even noted by County or City Government.

The Finale

Tunisia Struggle Enters Last Phase; New One Opens

The pace of war quickens as the armies drive forward in Tunisia, and the great weight of assembled Allied power makes itself felt in the first meeting of German and American staffs in Rome.

almost shoulder to shoulder, the very weight of numbers and weapons will not force surrender. In an ever-narrowing territory, as they press the enemy, they will shape an ever-more perfect target for the planes and the big guns.

It must be known that the heroic efforts of Americans and British in Africa have consumed great quantities of the production of both nations. Other theaters have become secondary, and material has flowed into the area at great cost.

The coming of the end for Hitler in Africa marks the coming of a new phase of the war, not only geographically, but also strategically. With an outpost, he must make all future attempts from behind Europe's walls, knowing that the months cannot be long before great armies break camp all at some unknown spot.

Trial By Error
Hitler, Not Rommel, Made Errors Of African Defeat

A Tunisian dispatch last week got down to brass tacks with American readers, and it is a good thing that Rommel had made two tactical errors in battle, and was thus suffering major defeats.

we believe errors were made, perhaps even by Rommel; but it has been perfectly apparent for months now that the Axis forces in Africa were doomed as soon as a preponderance of men and weapons could be brought against them.

Be that as it may, the sending of tanks against the Amisians at the flank while the British Eighth attacked in force was probably not an error at all; at that stage of the game, the harried fox likely had to accept the lesser of two evils, had to do a little bit where a great deal was required.

The discovery that termities are eating court records in New Jersey suggests that here a creature that lives on ration coupons alone.

If an army plan flies for another 2,000 miles, after the time for it, it must be that there are good grem-lins too.

They say the foremost alienist in all Sweden has been called to Berlin, and you can pick up the rumor from there.

Heritage of America
THE GOLDEN MOMENTS, QUICK TO HASTE

(Donald Culross Peattie, too often dismissed by fellow Americans as a "nature writer", may well come to be remembered as a classicist for his setting down of the natural glories of his country—for he is naturalist as well as a writer. This selection is from a comparatively little-known work, "A Book of Hours", and is a complete essay dedicated to "Five Ant Meridian". He has selected it among his favorite passages of his own work.—The Editors.)

ITS enormous bulk forever leaving out of the ether darkness, the earth is turning toward the sun. The leaf, the flower, the thought, the granite back of the continent, the systolic and diastolic oceans, face another day.

A thousand miles an hour, day flies the Atlantic. It finds the tossing lightship, and picks up the white signal numbers on its gray flanks. It gives back to stately driftwood, prophetic of land, and to sargasso of red reef floating lazy and succulent, their existent shapes.

Light finds the great port. It smiles glory from the black of the empty towers, striking on stone and steel and glass, that catch the day while the bottom of the street is still in night.

For the moment, the hive is cleanly. The day is babe innocent. Not a coin has clinked, not an armpit poured sweat, not a harlot has combed her hair, not a newspaper has been read, not a scale has been fiddled, not a scheme hatched.

Now here the star called sun in risen, first a red crescent, then an opening eye, then half a sphere, and at the last, quitting the horizon, it gives the illusion of clearing earthily contact with a visible bound. Light, direct and ruddy, sweeps down the tree boles of the coastal forests.

Everywhere there is a secret withdrawal, a folding up and putting away of nocturnal things. The children of darkness take themselves off to hideout, den and home. The moth goes to the under side of the leaf, and spreading serene gray wings, becomes invisible shadow.

Out of the pit files the night shift of miners with empty pails. Women in gray wait for them, with arms still hugging only themselves and their fear.

Westward, the mirror of Ontario picks up the reflection of the zenith streamers, then almost Erie catches the gleam like humor in a long eye, then woman Huron, with its bays like arms flung open, then the purple pendant drop of Michigan, and last Superior, high and deep and ocean-cold.



Side Glances

"Tough luck, Joe! That's one of the blessings of working in an essential industry—I don't have to take time off to help the wife clean house!"

Press Wins Battle Food Parley Open

By Raymond Clapper

FINALLY it has been settled that the United Nations Food Conference will be open to newspaper correspondents in the manner that has traditionally been accorded the free press in democratic countries.

No body could complain about that procedure at such a complete military conference as Casablanca. But when Mr. Roosevelt began to map out the first United Nations conference, he thought it would be a grand idea to follow the method used at Casablanca. A complete military blackout was maintained until the end when reporters were flown in for a staged news conference at which no questions could be asked.

That was the original idea. Just a few days ago a newspaper correspondent representing one of the United Nations asked for hotel accommodations in the hotel at Hot Springs and was informed that the Government had commandeered it beginning April 23.

Elmer Davis and the whole OWI had been strongly opposed to keeping the Food Conference closed. Mr. Davis has had several discussions about it at the White House. He was having trouble getting the conference opened up, but that a major barrier objection would be made by the press, if the plan were carried through, finally caused the White House to agree to allow the press to cover the conference in the way that hundreds of correspondents have been reported in the past have been reported.

There is no reason why this conference should be held in secret. Newspapers want nothing more than has been customary in all conferences. Of course closest sessions of committees will be necessary. Everybody recognizes that in discussions on these there must be executive sessions so that everyone can talk it out without having a gallery listening in. But the newspapers do want the annual opportunity to talk with delegates and to report independently on what is going on.

Some high OWI people felt strongly that it would have been a terrible mistake to close up this first United Nations conference. Reasons offered to justify closing this conference could have been cited with equal logic to justify exclusion from subsequent non-military conferences.

The issue is fortunately settled now in a completely satisfactory way. It is disturbing that it was ever raised—but perhaps it was better that it should have been raised at all. It is most anxious, as he should be and as most of us are, that the United Nations get off to a satisfactory start in its first conference.

A dangerous precedent has fortunately been avoided. We can hope now that traditional free press coverage will obtain at the American United Nations conference that are to come—for many years, I hope.

We have insisted upon the free press being allowed to continue to function as usual where no requirements of security make secrecy necessary. But having no insisted, we are under even more obligation than usual to justify that independence and free freedom by responsible and understanding reporting and comment, and to avoid malicious and trouble-making activity. The old distinction between liberty and license is very much to the point in this instance.

Energy's Judgment Age Is Unjust

Richmond County Journal

A LOT of preachers, editors and social workers have recently been delivering long and learned dissertations on the alleged delinquency of youth. They point to cigarettes and beer, roug, hot music, late hours, slippy dress, disobedience, pilfering and the various salatorial sins which lead straight to perdition.

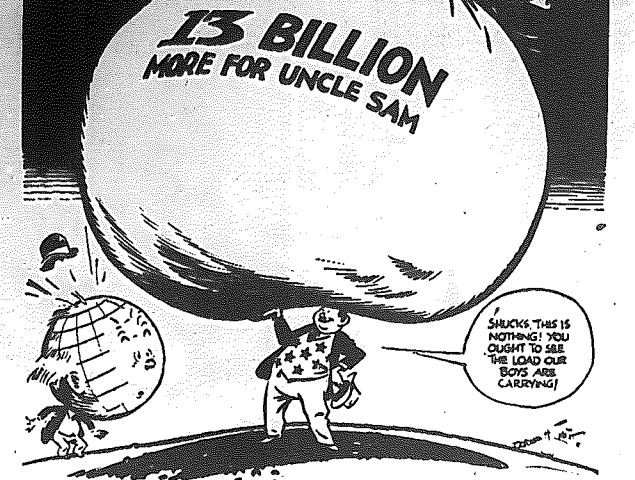
We claim to be the possessors of an supernal wisdom, but would like to point out to two or three makers which the reformers, in their haste to do good, may have overlooked. To begin with, youth has never been delinquent. It long for adventure, it craves to pace the decks of every outgoing ship. Old age wants to remain safely in port, all by the hearth in comfortable slippers, and at ease in mind and body. Perhaps this is the way of youth, but we oldsters look no medals for respecting the wishes of our parents, and we should not get too excited if our youngsters sometimes disobey us.

Another thing is that this generation has a lot of rules which had never been heard of when the greyhairs of today were growing up. We didn't have so many laws that they took a dozen judges to interpret them, and we didn't have bureaucrats always and forever issuing "directives" about something ancient which they knew nothing, and didn't have a bunch of well-to-do officials glibly about "delinquency" when they could not define the words to save their souls. We didn't have hirelings to talk to us about "groups" and "contacts" and "objectives."

The hard and unpleasant truth is that a great many of us have become arid pretty dry more, hence they get mad because we think they are. A few old women with double chins and creases in their necks decide that it is wrong for young girls to pleasure themselves. They are merely more because nobody notices them. Their spirit of reform is really born of envy.

Give a Litt to the New War Loan

By Dorman Smith



Hard Lesson Democracy For Germans

By Samuel Crafton

THE German people will learn democracy when they realize that nothing else will save them. They will not learn it sooner. They will not learn it any other way, except by the way of their own teachers. They will not learn it from our books. They will learn it from their own troubles, or they will learn it from the way in which Americans are leaving that isolation does not work. A people learns a truth when it puts its head into a stone wall while living with it.

The approach of which we have heard so much lately, that we send teachers over, who will teach democracy to the Germans with lantern-slide and pointer, is an incredible fantasy. It will make every spiritual thrower in Germany a patriot and the Germans with lantern-slide and pointer, is an incredible fantasy. It will make every spiritual thrower in Germany a patriot and the Germans with lantern-slide and pointer, is an incredible fantasy.

The plan also supposes that we have no history, either. What will our teachers teach? Will they denounce Franco? Will they say Hitler was to have friendly relations with him? But we have friendly relations with him now, and we might have them after the war. One of the bright boys in the class might ask a question which would send teacher wincing frantically to the State Department for further instructions.

No, let us get the problem out of the beautiful, pure world of Greek columns, out of the timeless void of academic space, in which we have so casually placed it. Actually, the problem of educating Germany is a practical one. It is placed right in the setting, which is precisely the sweating, blistering world of 1943 and 1944, in all its feverish and intricate details.