



# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1943

## A Community Challenge

### All Agencies, All Citizens, Carry a Burden In the Fight Against Prostitution and Disease

It is an encouraging sign to the people of Charlotte that Chief Walter Anderson has spoken courageously in assuming full responsibility for spearheading the fight against widespread prostitution and venereal disease in the city. It is a brave stand for him to have taken—for obviously the full responsibility is not his, and has not been his. It is well, however, that every citizen of the community, and every agency of local government, take part in the drive, and that all understand that the community has failed miserably in the drive on vice in the past six months—the past year.

The Nazis are heartened by the coming of a fearless, honest and uncompromising drive on the city's brothels. The city needs that kind of a drive, for its own health as well as that of the Army.

But the fact remains, and we think we do not need too rocky benches, raising reminiscence, that neither courts, nor police, nor health departments have done their duty to the people in the past months. Vice has been allowed to flourish, drives were started and allowed to die. We think it is not out of order to ask whose is the responsibility for the inaction of the past?

In carrying out a program of cleaning up the city, police action alone is not enough. The courts have a great responsibility and certain adequate punishment of the guilty is a prerequisite to the success of this undertaking.

Health departments of the City and County also share a large measure of responsibility. It is their duty, plainly stated in the statutes, to segregate sources of venereal infection and see to it that they receive treatment until cured.

The report from Morris Field that the rate of incidence of venereal diseases was four times as great there as in the Army as a whole must be heard by every citizen. It is not simply that Charlotte business will suffer if the city is declared off limits but it is that the reputation and standing and health and well-being of the community are in grave danger. And we will deny no one a quarantined, that "Americanism" is the chief cause of this wave of disease.

Morris Field officers keep very care-

ful records of the cases among its personnel—as at every other Army base. Health in the Army is a fighting asset, and thus only truthful, factual and careful investigation of venereal disease is of benefit. Those records (one for every diseased soldier) are a most revealing of the true Charlotte. There is often mention of girls from private homes—some from the better sections of town (those are the amateurs) and there was even one instance of a soldier driving a girl to a girl's home with her, and becoming infected.

But those amateurs mentioned were in the minority. The names, where possible, and always the addresses, are given. And the great majority of the infected women were professional prostitutes. A surprisingly large number of the boys reported they went with these women to hotels. Many others reported they went to the little brothels dotting the uptown business section. Copies of those reports—every one of them—have been turned over to the local police. The women are known.

When the situation became so acute that the Third Air Force became alarmed (and a similar situation exists at Camp Sutton among soldiers who visit the city), there were conferences between Charlotte officials and agency heads and Army representatives. It is evident that the Army was not satisfied with Charlotte action or promises of action. If the prostitutes are not cleaned up soon, there will be action, and being declared off limits by the Army will seriously affect and be a reflection on the city.

Though there is doubtless a growing threat of delinquency among young girls, and its presence is always shocking, the real trouble lies with the prostitutes themselves. In the hole-in-the-wall hotels, in dingy uptown rooms, in the better hotels, and in houses in the residential sections, are the women who hold such a threat against the Army and against the city. They must be cleaned out, high and low, rich and poor, white and colored, and we maintain that the only way to clean them out is to round them up, detain them under the law, and place them in a quarantine. Quarantine will menace this or some other community's health and progress in war and in peace.

## Breakdown

### Axis Planes, Shot Down Like Sitting Ducks, Point the End

The massacre of German air power over the Sicilian straits is a heart-warming indication of the fact that, once air superiority is attained, gains made in geometric proportion. Now that the Allies have air over Africa, they are able to exact such a fearful price of the enemy as to make him suffer greater losses than anyone thought possible. Not far ahead, if that sort of average slaughter can be maintained, is the complete breakdown of the Axis system in Africa, and the flight into Italy will have begun.

It is probable that the flight has already begun, for the news that German transports were flaming down into the sea and onto the rocky beaches, outbound and laden with troops, is evidence that Hitler is getting many of his valued technicians out of the trap. Rommel is likely taking shock troops from his cell, and squawking that his business would be ruined without the telephone.

Yesterday, we were jolted by the news that prisoners in the state's great white marble penitentiary in the pines near Reidsville were making whisky on the premises. We were cheered to find that the warden and his staff had statively destroyed the stills—and done away with "any whisky found with them."

Two stories developed to be sufficient to turn our thoughts to the prison system of the sovereign state of Georgia, where business opportunity awaits him now. There, you may be juke box king or bootleg king, from manufacturer to retailer. Georgia, for the wayward is the land of opportunity. Things boom, especially behind the bars.

Baseball has never suspended, even in wartime. Any longevity of the office boy's grandmother must be ascribed to other causes.

## Bar None

### Georgia Convicts Make Good; Cells Are the Best Headquarters

If Gene Talmadge is gone for good, that is no proof that Georgia shall not continue to suffer, or, at least, to offer to the outside world entertainment in the best Cracker fashion. Brother Gene will allow anyone anything, you could laugh at; the state's humorous offerings under Ellis Arnall run to desplitters and belly laughs. Georgia stays busy, whether or not it's Arnall's doing.

We were interrupted the other day by the sight of a story reporting that a man in a quarantined, that "Americanism" is the chief cause of this wave of disease.

WASHINGTON  
I was writing up some advance columns to run while I was on the way to Sweden when this letter came to our house from a young soldier in North Africa, who used to tend our rose bushes and our lawn. He wanted to be a scientist, and he prepared for college by attending night school. A few days after Pearl Harbor he enlisted. He is an armorer in the Air Forces in North Africa.

Ernie Fyle could get a good column out of him. Here is what he says:  
"I have just finished reading 'Miracle Hunters' by Paul de Kruif and I am sorry I read it. It made me long for my microscope and the peace of my room where I was surrounded by my books. How I yearn for a chance to go again to the Cosmos Club and hear lectures by men who are fighting nature, trying to make her give up her secrets just as Pasteur and others did."

"I want to go back to college and learn the millions of things I need to know in order to do the experimental work that I have had in mind for so many years. 'Fifteen months I have been in the Army. Why does God allow that blithering idiot to cause such turmoil in this world? I guess this question has been asked time and time again and I cannot see how any mortal can answer it."

"Even here where the rear of planes and the rumble of tanks make one's nerves jump, there is a sort of peace and quiet. I often go up into the hills and look down upon the man-made in-

## What Are You Doing?

# Bill Jones Is Dead

(This is an editorial from the Notre Dame Scholastic, which has been reprinted in at least one other big college paper. We came by it through a Chicago business man whose editor he has had read it, liked it, and sent it to him. He gave it to us with the observation that the expression of such sentiments gave him complete confidence in the younger generation. We agreed, and share his opinion that every American, young and old, should read it.—Editors, The News.)

BILL JONES is dead.  
Bill Jones has just graduated from agricultural college. He was ambitious to put into action all that he had learned about conservation of soil, better breeding of cattle, rotating crops, because his dad's farm was in pretty bad shape. When war came Bill enlisted.

Bill went to the Philippines and the little town where he was billeted was overrun by a horde of Japs. Bill fought, as long as he could, and then under orders surrendered. They tied his hands behind him and three Japs rammed their bayonets into Bill's guts. They tied his hands behind him and three Japs rammed their bayonets into Bill's guts.

This happened about the time you were telling the folks at your house that it was all darned nonsense to ration sugar because cake and candy were certainly no diet for soldiers.  
Bill Jones is dead.

He was a soda jerker in a small town and when the bands blared and the flags fluttered, he signed up for the Navy. They put him on a torpedo boat. He learned to wear his hat on the corner of his head, and to roll when he walked. Then his boat got into a scrap down in the South Seas. Bill stood by his gun and laughed as he fired it. But a shell hit the deck beside Bill. When he tried to put himself to his feet he saw that his right arm was in the scuppers five feet away. He reached for his gun with his left hand, and then things went black. The list of the ship rolled a dead sealisor into the scuppers where his dismembered arm lay. Its extended thumb touched the top of his nose, so that in death as in life, Bill was thumbing his nose at the Jap ship that got him.

This was the same day you were raising

hell because they were rationing gasoline, and for fear you couldn't go fishing every weekend last summer you hid four cans of gasoline in your garage.

Bill Jones is dead.  
Bill was a boy who had inclinations for the military, but when the call came, Bill laid aside his Bible and joined the Marine Corps. Bill wasn't much fun around the blanket where they were shooting craps and he was not so hot at the beer drinking contests in the Japs, but he earned his sergeant's stripes before they sent his young soldiers in one of those new boats which land through the surf. The first full of fighting fools charged a machine gun nest, and Bill had just taken careful aim and let go with a hand grenade when another machine gun caught him. Four bullets hit his head but a Marine has four spears forward and no reverse, and so Bill fell toward the enemy.

This was the afternoon when you were sitting at the golf club with your highball in your hand, telling the other three fellows in your foursome that if income taxes were not reduced, they were going to lift initiative in this country.

Bill Jones is dead.  
Bill was an uneducated clam digger on the New England coast, but he knew about boats. He had only one eye, and the uniformed ranks would not take him, so he shipped on a tanker. His ship was bringing oil up the coast when a German pig boat came up out of the slime and sent a torpedo into the hull amidships. The freighter burst into flames and Bill went over the side into the burning oil. When he came to the surface a machine gun was practicing on the bobbing heads. When the bullets hit Bill's head, it burst open like a dropped egg. His charred bullet-ridden body sank beneath the surface.

That was the night you were telling the folks at your party this war is being run by a lot of old women in Washington, the most mis-managed mess you ever heard of.

Bill Jones is dead.  
When God in his infinite kindness meets Bill Jones at heaven's gate, he is going to say "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

What he is going to say to you God alone knows.

## Side Glances



"Perhaps you'll be on crutches, but I'll be the proudest girl in the Eastern world, walking with you and that hero medal!"

## All Is Confusion

# Bungle & Ballyhoo

By Samuel Crofton

NEW YORK

BALLYHOO: The State Department obviously has buck fever in connection with the coming allied food conference at Hot Springs, Va. Its conference must be viewed as a rehearsal. It is the first "pre-acquainted" meeting of the world of the future. The conference is, actually, little more than ballyhoo for better conferences to come. It should be good ballyhoo.

I can see what the Department fears. It does not fear freedom of the press so much as it fears freedom to make trouble. It fears "anti-global" writers who will come to the sessions with blood in their eyes and under the arms. Colonel McCervey's book of "jokes about milk for the Hottentots." It fears the wandering correspondent, hantobling the vagrant delegate and coming out with a horrid scandal about how America intends to give away all its 2-decker sandwiches to Europe, keeping only 11-decker sandwiches for itself.

May I, as an old antagonist of the State Department, concede that it is quite entitled to have buck fever in these precedents? The Department is putting on a play with an unwritten script, a show that will have to write itself as it goes along. Those of us who are for a more stable world have got to help make this conference a success.

We have got to come down out of the stratosphere of our full-blown visioning of the world of the future, and concentrate on this little specific affair. It must succeed. We have to do some routine day's work for democracy at Hot Springs. We have to insist, with heat and anger if necessary, that this little conference succeed. We must not tolerate for it to fail. This meeting trumpets the brave new world, and it must be a blast, not a squeak.  
But the world is full of trumpets, full of ballyhoo, not all of it good. American troops in Tunisia, under General Patton, are given the unrespectful job of "containment." Rommel's army while the British come up from below and knock out the British. The British bad ballyhoo begins. Our troops have "disappeared"; our troops have "bungled"; "the British want all the glory."

MacArthur indicates he needs more planes, and again the bad ballyhoo starts. The Pacific coast is "a divided command." We are "starving the war in the Far East." We are stumblucumbers. We don't know what we are doing. Similar horrible noises are about to break over the British. The Department knows it. It reads the papers. It knows that some writers are coming to report the facts, humbly and hopefully, and that some are coming as to a fishing trip, to see what juicy things they can catch and fry.

Why dissemble? We know these attitudes exist. I say without fear of successful contradiction that there are some who would rather see a big scandal come out of the conference, than see it actually settle the food problem. The world is too drawn and tense at the moment for us to be able to afford to fool ourselves with myths on these matters.  
The State Department has tried, at the beginning, to solve it by keeping the entire press away, as far as possible. Fearful of trouble, it tried to hide out from both friend and foe. And this dusty answer is, an afraid character. The Department sensed the hideous noise that is gathering, and decided to fight it with silence.

In a scaram or two is not out of place when something new is born.

## In Tunisia

# Another Dunkirk?

GERMANY is reported to be massing a large fleet of ships—Italian and French, perhaps also Greek—in preparation for evacuating Rommel's force.

With German-held Tunisia now reduced to a strip 40 miles wide as some points and less than 100 miles at the maximum; and 225 miles from north to south, it looks like annihilation, surrender, or evacuation for the Afrika Corps. An attempt at evacuation would inevitably recall Dunkirk.

There would be, of course, points of difference. At Dunkirk the British retained control of the sea. From Dunkirk to Dover the distance is about 50 miles; the easternmost point of Tunisia is 100 miles from the westernmost point of Sicily, and the northernmost point of Tunisia is about 125 miles from the southernmost point of Sicily. At Dunkirk the fate of the entire British Expeditionary force, 350,000 men, was at stake. In Tunisia, Germany has only one of her armies on foreign soil, with some 200,000 men, including the Italians.

On May 10, 1940, Germany struck through The Netherlands, then at Belgium; and the British and French moved up across the Belgian frontier. But on May 14 the Germans broke through the French line at Sedan, and the British and French in Belgium fell back as quickly as they could and advanced.

In ten days the Germans were at Amiens, driving between the British and the main French forces the wedge which the German army almost, but not quite, driven in the Spring of 1918. From Amiens the Germans turned toward the English Channel. They captured Boulogne on May 26, and by June 1 were threatening the British from the south as they moved from the north and the west despite a rearguard defense at Calais.

Churchill had succeeded Chamberlain as British Prime Minister on May 31, and several days later ordered a concentration of British ships at Dunkirk. The evacuation from Dunkirk really began on May 26; it was completed by June 5. The British evacuated more than 200 vessels of their Navy and 630 small craft—tramp steamers, fishing trawlers, excursion steamers, tug-boats, even launchers, manned by British sailors. The French helped out with more than 200 vessels of all types. Altogether 335,000 men were evacuated from Dunkirk, including some French.

The evacuation was successful because the British ruled the air at Dunkirk. Several explanations have been advanced. One is that the Germans needed their main force to crush France. Another is that a haze hindered German air operations. Still another explanation is that the Nazis, misunderstanding the British probability, expected Great Britain to surrender after France was defeated.

If the last explanation is the true one, the Nazis may have made peace overtures to London, which the British may have prolonged to a breathtaking spell. Anthony Eden said during his recent visit to the United States that his country had been helpless against any invasion immediately after Dunkirk. At all events, the Germans did not launch their all-out air attack on England until August, bombing London incessantly from Sept. 7 until Nov. 15. Then they shifted to industrial centers, beginning with Coventry, but the Royal Air Force, using men and machines to the utmost, had gained enough time successfully to challenge the German air superiority.—Editorial Research Report.

## Just About Fed Up!

—By Dorman Smith



## The World's Task

# Risk All For Peace

By Raymond Clapper

Editor's Note: Raymond Clapper is on his way to Sweden, on the few neutral "listening posts" left in Europe. He will report his observations there by wireless. The column below is one of several he prepared before leaving Washington.

I was writing up some advance columns to run while I was on the way to Sweden when this letter came to our house from a young soldier in North Africa, who used to tend our rose bushes and our lawn. He wanted to be a scientist, and he prepared for college by attending night school. A few days after Pearl Harbor he enlisted. He is an armorer in the Air Forces in North Africa.

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"Even here where the rear of planes and the rumble of tanks make one's nerves jump, there is a sort of peace and quiet. I often go up into the hills and look down upon the man-made in-

struments of death as they crawl across the landscape. These rolling hills seem to look down with an amused contempt on my fellow men struggling and sweating and sweating as they clean their feet for peace and build roads for the supplies that must go onward and onward. Day after day trucks, tanks and men go rushing forward as if it was the most important work on earth.

"The Romans struggled through here, beating down the shrubs and tramping the flowers underfoot. Just as we are doing. The hills looked down upon them also and smiled. Centuries passed. Little by little the rains washed the soil from these everlasting hills and covered the things that man had strived so hard to build. Flowers bloomed and died, scattering their seed over the soil that year by year covered man's achievement deeper and deeper. Only the mighty sea lords of those days are known to the school children of today. The men are forgotten.

"Why do these things happen? Is humanity like a small boy who busts his britches periodically as he grows? Or maybe he has strayed too far from the path of religion and have to be jerked back as a mad dog is kept in place.

"There sure will be a lot of explaining done in judgment day as to why millions of men, women and children had to suffer and die because of the ambitions of a few men."

Is it or it is not worth taking any risk in trying to build a peace that will free such young men as this from mass murder?  
To do nothing, as some of our politicians advise, is to ask for it again. The baby boys are being born now to provide the fodder for the next war. What possible common-sense objection can there be to taking a risk in going after a peace that will allow the next generation to live.