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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1943

New England

The Empire Will Play A Great Role in the World After Peace

More and more, by the day, the shape of the new British Empire becomes visible to us through the fog. Most of the obscuring haze has been memory of jolly old England, apple-cheeked land of a well-fed peonage system, land where stout descendants of the old conquerors milked the world. We are told, again and again, that this England is dead, and was dead long before the first Nazi bomb crumpled on English soil.

July, 1776, at a time when every soldier in Washington's Army had good reason to have his fing at cussing. In there a man alive today who can imagine an American commander like General George Patton Jr., for instance, sending word along the Tunisian front, asking the boys to refrain from the use of hard language—him that's the champagne cussor of 'em all. Oh, times are changed.

Paper Relief

Some Americans Want To Help Russia With Letters

Russian War Relief, Inc., an organization engaged in what is unquestionably a worthwhile work, has announced a new movement designed to pull Russia and the United States closer together through common understanding between their peoples. The campaign is designated as "Write To Russia."

The scheme is to ship the millions of letters with relief shipments, along the perilous routes of war commerce, and have them distributed by Russian officials to plain people all over the Soviet Union. It is thought that such correspondence will bring a new understanding between the nations. The date set for the deluge of mail from Russia is June 22—at the Red Army enters their third year of the war.

What we fall to understand is why letters of all things. There has been loud complaint from all sides, and pitiful complaint from Russia itself, that the stream of aid from America has been too thin. Cargo ships have gone through hells of attack from sea and sky on the way to Murmansk, brave men have died, hulls little the bottom of the areas where they are prowled. There is too little space, too few ships, and on the fronts where the Red Army meets the German Army, there is too little ammunition, too few tanks, planes and big guns. But, instead of munitions, we will send letters.

Russia will understand, the Committee has not erred. They will understand that there is still stupidity in America; that the honorary body, including Wendell Willkie, Eleanor Roosevelt, William Green and Philip Murray, know too little of the Russian needs. Letters, indeed! Let our understanding of the Russian problem be realistic. Fewer letters, more guns.

The Big Job

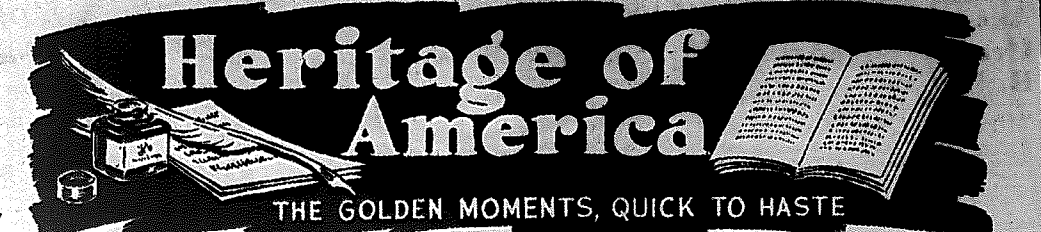
Ninth Month and New Board Can't Force School Attendance

Despite the action of the General Assembly in pressing for the progress of the North Carolina school system, much remains to be done. Though the redefining of the Board of Education brings the State to a new 'era,' the that problems facing us now are likely to remain.

It has been called by the public attention by the University of North Carolina News Letter that though compulsory school attendance has been in vogue in the State for many years, illiteracy and non-attendance still handicap our progress. It has been seriously suggested that the State put some teeth into its compulsory attendance laws—to prevent any future reports like this one from the University:

North Carolina reports 85,414 persons 25 years of age and over who have not completed the first grade, or 3.9 per cent of all people in this age classification. Only nine states have more people with less than one grade of education; the per cent is higher in seven states. North Carolina also reports 337,839 persons 25 years of age and over who have completed one grade but have not gone beyond the fourth grade. Only one of these four states, Georgia, has a smaller total population than North Carolina, slightly more than one-fifth of our population, 25 years of age and over have had from one to four years of schooling. North Carolina ranks 43rd in this respect.

Without a great and basic change in those figures, North Carolina's progress in other respects will be painfully slow, and it will continue through more generations as Old Number 43. They say of the block-buster that, dropped squarely on a dwelling, it's



(Thomas Wolfe won his place in American letters with the publication of his first novel, but the millions of words he left behind for posthumous publication clearly stamp him as one of the great ones, a voice of the South, the nation and mankind. This fragment is chosen from "You Can't Go Home Again," and mirrors clearly the America Tom Wolfe carried in his heart.—The editors.)

GO, seeker, if you will, throughout the land and you will find us burning in the night. There where the hackles of the Rocky Mountains blaze in the blank and naked radiance of the moon, go make your resting stool upon the highest peak. Can you not see us now? The continental wall just sheer and flat, its huge black shadow on the plain, and the plain sweeps out against the East, two thousand miles away. The great snake you see there is the Mississippi River.

Behold the gem-strung towns and cities of the good, green East, flung like star-dust through the field of night. That spreading constellation to the north is called Chicago, and that giant wall that blazes in the moon is the pendant lake that it is built upon. Beyond, close-set and dense as a clenched fist, are all the jeweled cities of the eastern seaboard. There's Boston, ringed with the bracelets of its shining little towers, and all the lights that sparkle on the rocky indentations of New England. Here, southward and a little to the west, and yet still coasted to the sea, is our interest, eye, the splintered firmament of the towered island of Manhattan. Round about her, sown thick as grain, is the glitter of a hundred towns and cities. The long chain of lights there is the necklace of Long Island and the Jersey shore. Southward and inland, by a foot or two, behold the duller glare of Philadelphia. Southward further still, the twin constellations—Baltimore and Washington. Westward, but still within the borders of the good, green East, that nighttime glow and smolder of hell-fire is Pittsburgh. Here, St. Louis, hot and humid in the cornfield belly of the land and bedded on the middle length coil and fringes of the snake. There, at the snake's mouth, southward six hundred miles or so, you see the jewel crescent of old New Orleans. Here, West and South again, you see the gemmy glitter of the cities on the Texas border.

Turn now, seeker, on your resting stool atop the Rocky

Mountains, and look another thousand miles or so across moon-blazing fiend-worlds of the Painted Desert and beyond Sierras' ridge. That magic congeries of lights there to the West, ringed like a ruddled belt around the magic setting of its lovely harbor, is the fabled town of San Francisco. Below it, Los Angeles and all the cities of the California shore. A thousand miles to north and west, the sparkling towns of Oregon and Washington.

Observe the whole of it, survey it as you might survey a field. Make it your garden, seker, or your backyard patch. Be at ease in it. It's your oyster—you're to open it if you will. Don't be frightened, it's not so big now, when your foot-stool is the Rocky Mountains. Reach out and dip a hatful of water from Lake Michigan. Drink it—we've tried it—you'll not find it bad. Take your shoes off and work your toes down in the river oozes of the Mississippi bottom—it's very refreshing on a hot night in summertime. Help yourself to a bunch of Concord grapes up there in northern New York State—they're getting good now. Or raid that watermelon patch down there in Georgia. Or, if you like, you can try the Rockyfords here at your elbow, in Colorado. Just make yourself at home, refresh yourself, get the feel of things, adjust your sights, and get the scale. It's your pasture now and it's not so big—only three thousand miles from East to West, only two thousand miles from North to South—but all between, where ten thousand points of light prick out the cities, towns and villages, there, seker, you will find us burning in the night.

Here, as you pass through the brutal sprawl, the twenty miles of rails and rickets, of the South Chicago slums—here, in an unappointed shack, is a Negro boy, and seker, he is burning in the night. Behind him is a memory of cotton fields, the fat and mournful miles of land barrens of the lost and buried South, and at the fringes of the pine another nigger shack, with mammy and eleven little niggers. Farther still behind, the slave-driver's whip, the slave ship, and, far off, the jungle dirge of Africa. And before him, what? A roped-in ring, a blaze of lights, across from him a white champion, the bell, the opening, and all around the vast sea-roaring of the crowd. Then the lightning feint and stroke, the black panther's paw—the hot, rotating presses, and the rivers of sheeted print! O, seker, where is the slave ship now?

You'd Better Digest It Quickly, Tojo!

—By Dorman Smith



Listen, Germans: Defense Is Hell

By Samuel Crafton

NOTES for a speech to the Germans: Germans! You are now on the defensive. Your Fuehrer has told you so. You are trying to recruit 100,000 Fernrechins to build a wall around the coast of Italy. That will be part of a wall you will try to build around the entire Mediterranean. A "Mittelland" wall from the Turkish frontier around Greece, Italy and the southern shores of France.

But, look here, Germans! Do you really know what it is like to be on the defensive? Well, we know. We, the Allies, have been on the defensive. Let us tell you about it.

It is not good, Germans. It means that you must have enough materials and enough men to defend the points of attack. Oh, Germans, how well you know what it means to be on the defensive! It means that you will never have enough guns over your heads and your backs to defend you from this moment on. The defensive is a hungry strategy. Germans. It absorbs all the goods and all the men that you can supply, and then it cries out ravenously for more.

We know. We lived through it. We wrote and read books about it. One was called "Defense Will Not Win the War." It became a classic in America. It spoke the simple truth taken from your own generals: that those who are on the defensive must scatter their weapons at a hundred points, where they lie rusting uselessly, while those who are on the offensive need only choose the weakest point, and marshal the most of their power there.

You are forced to play the game of the other side, after having completely demonstrated its disadvantages. Germans! Here can I mention to you when it is compelled to give up its own strategy, its conceptions, those on which it was built, and to adopt the strategic conceptions of the very armies it has defeated?

When you defeated those armies, you defeated their ideas. You Germans have talked much of that. You have made a mystic conception of the offensive; you have made it the military expression of the Nazi political idea. But can you hide behind a fence, Germans? Can the lightning be in a box?

Germans! Your generals try to comfort you. They tell you that every town in Europe is a "fort," impregnable, unconquerable. But, Germans, that is the Polish tale of the summer of 1939, that is French talk of early 1940. You, Dr. Albert Speer, building the Mittelwaller Wall, is the Andro Maginot of 1934! Your blitzkrieg has become the blitzkrieg, and you turn for comfort to the philosophy of your own conquerors. They are telling you how wonderful are your weapons.

Oh, Germans, there is so much we could tell you about the defensive, and all of it we learned from you. How the trucks wait and spoil with waiting! How the quarrels break out, how each general, defending his own point, preads each day and all day for more and more supplies, pulling them out of a town and ex-hausted country.

We could tell you how we Americans and Englishmen used to take each other by the arms and say to each other: "This will not do! Get out of here! The defensive means that the other side chooses the battlefield, and naturally, he chooses the one best for him." We used to say to each other: "There are not enough weapons in the whole world for a complete defensive."

And it was all true, and we learned it all from you. And now you speak as we did, and we speak as you did, and the world turns, and the conquerors have not only the right to initiate the conquest, they are telling you how wonderful are your weapons.

Germans! With the blood of your own sons you have proved that the things your leaders say to you today are lies.

Quote, Unquote

I think that Government should plan to withdraw quickly after the war from the operation of all non-utility projects.—Senator Harold Burton of Ohio

There is no use in hiding ourselves into believing that the people as a whole are trying hard to win this war. They are not. If we had a real war-time policy and a willingness to be affected by the public's problem of keeping down the cost of living would be much easier.—Edward C. Welch, OPA associate