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SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1943

Climax In Tunisia

The End Cannot Be Far Away Now; Another Great Invasion Is Ready

Today, the end is nigh in Tunisia. The rest of the fighting will be stubborn and bloody, perhaps, but this is the end. Wedged into a small coastal beach, pounded from all sides by big guns and a rain of bombs, the beaten Axis forces have no choice but to surrender or be wiped out to the last man. And the coming of the end arrives sooner than most men of the United Nations dared expect. Within a few days, the desert of Africa may be said to be safe for our cause. But the winning of the victory has exacted a terrible toll of our armies and those of the British.

That the objective was worth the expenditure of thousands of lives and the loss of billions of dollars of arms is not to be questioned. In war, the objective is everything. But American and British youngsters have bought this objective with their lives. They began to pay in the supply of the Eighth Army some two years ago. They are paying yet in the bitter fighting just beyond Tunis and Bizerte. It has been a long, hard, heart-breaking struggle.

For Americans, yesterday marked six months in Africa. It was on Nov. 7 that Washington issued the first official communique which so excited the country, then gloomy over defeat in the Pacific.

United States Army, Navy and Air Forces started landing operations during the hours of darkness tonight at numerous points on the shores of North Africa. The operation was planned and necessary by the increasing Axis menace to this territory. Steps have been taken to give the French people by radio and leaflet first information of the landing. These communique operations of the United States forces were supported by units of the Royal Navy and the Royal

Air Force. Lieut. General Dwight D. Eisenhower of the United States Army is commander-in-chief of the Allied forces.

Since that fateful day of the spreading of the war, the whole conflict has followed the pattern of events in Africa. There was a period of weeks in which Americans died on the beaches and before French towns. There was then French collaboration, and a slowing of military action. There was a rush by Axis troops into the Tunis-Bizerte area, and a gradual closing in by British, French and Americans. At first it was the Eighth Army which bore the brunt of attack and carried the Allied burden of victory and suffering.

American war was new to the ways of modern war, and in the first test, were routed. In the three months following, they learned with a miraculous speed. In almost no time green units were battle-hardened veterans. They carried their own load. And when the weary men of Erwin Rommel came slogging through the corridor of escape toward Tunis, Americans on the flank gave them hell. Big American guns and swift American planes pointed the line after line of great defenses to debris and dust. All the Allied armies eased forward, until finally there was an iron ring—and still the thunder roared from overhead, where the Luftwaffe was disappearing and the Allied air forces were growing.

The end comes to Tunisia at the very height of the crescendo of battle, when the roar was reaching the war's peak. Here there are and have been greater arms and armor in Africa than those used in the campaign. They have been waiting—and now the waiting is almost over. Perhaps even before the last Axis soldiers have been killed or captured on the beaches, the new stroke of invasion will be launched, and with it bring the terrible pride to victory and peace.

off is dangerous, and contrary to all the precepts of good government. Mr. Barbee, as we've mentioned often before, had no background or training for the technical job he has undertaken; there have been numerous complaints from his own Department that he is inefficient—and there is another one now which must be investigated. We will not take up the cudgel for Mr. Bartlett or anyone else in the struggle. But we know that it is to the interests of the people of Charlotte that City Council order a full-scale investigation of conditions within the Department, and bring the constant complaints to an end. Whoever and whatever is right, we are certain that the Department cannot now be functioning at its best. And most of the trouble, simply as a matter of record, may be traced back to the day of the appointment of John Barbee as Superintendent.

The Sanitary Squabble

Most of The Trouble, We Dare Say, Traces Back To The Appointment of John Barbee

There should be no surprise over the most recent squabble in the City Sanitary Department, the new struggle between John Barbee and ex-inspector Ralph Bartlett only emphasizes the need for a thorough investigation of the business and business brought forth. This time, it must be apparent, City Manager Flack will not be able to conciliate the two factions by a hand-shaking ceremony; they are too far apart. We hold no brief for Mr. Bartlett (we hold no brief for Mr. Barbee either), but we believe that the City Council Department for 16 years, having worked his way up through the ranks, but he is apparently not a trouble-making man by habit. We do know that we opposed the appointment of John Barbee as superintendent when it was made, and have opposed him since. His appointment was a grave error, and the subsequent trouble which has erupted in the Department under him is proof of the fact that appointment at political pay-

Planners For A City

Coleman Roberts Gives Them Goals To Shoot For In Local Progress

Coleman Roberts has approached his job as chairman of the Charlotte Planning Committee with characteristic vigor and intelligence. Already he has put before the members of the big Committee a rough outline of the plans which should be made for the community without suggesting a single definite plan. He has staked out the ground to be covered, pointed out how plans should and should not be made. He has, in short, set down a schedule of progress for the City which, if followed, will prove invaluable. We were impressed by his first brochure so much that we think every Charlotte citizen should see it. In fact, addressed Committee members like:

1. Objectives "A": for immediate achievement.
2. Objectives "B": to be achieved in near future.
3. Objectives "C": to meet conditions brought about by demobilization and return of men to civilian life.
4. Objectives "D": long range plans and projects to be accomplished over a period of years. Such objectives would be subject to availability.

able finances, facilities, resources, and manpower.

"To sit by the roadside and smile at the enthusiasm or applaud the conduct of others, is an occupation for ghosts,"—John Erskine in "The Complete Life."

Every city has many such ghosts sitting by the roadside, largely because they cannot see anything to be enthusiastic about in their city. They do not feel a personal interest in the city. They do not take part. They sit by the roadside, generally without enthusiasm or applause. They are waiting for achievements to be proud of.

If Mr. Roberts and his Committee are successful, Charlotte's future will not be spent in frittering away time along marked roads. There will be ghosts by the roadside now as ever, and they will outnumber the workers and planners. Things will not go their way, however, if the Committee has its way. This Planning Committee has a vital meaning for Charlotte. It may become the most important thing that ever happened to the community.

The Surest Way To Hit A Woman's Heart Is To Take Aim—DOUGLAS JERROLD

In The Old Times

Always Mother's Day

By Tom P. Jimison

SUNDAY is Mother's Day. It is' shows how times have changed, for when I was a growing-up every day was mother's day. Sunday she had to cook breakfast, lay out the clean duds for all her men-folks, tell her grown gals what to wear to meetin', then scrub the young brats, especially their necks and behind their ears, put clean clothes on them, and get them off to Sunday school. Then she would put on a Sunday frock and bonnet and take the smallest tots to preaching.

But I would come back and cook a regular Sunday dinner, which meant putting on a side god. Mebbe there would be chicken 'n' dumplin', and always pies and goodies. By the time that was over and she had visited a little with the neighbors who had dropped in, then it would be time to milk the cows, look after the settin' hens and the motherless biddies whose mammy had been caught by a fox or a 'possum, and then it would be time for bed.

Monday was mother's day, for on that day she had to do the family washing. There were no servants and no laundries, and there was none of this you hear about today, she did the wash, she did the laundry, for you. She had to bile her wash in a big pot out in the back yard, then bathe it out on a beetling block before she rubbed it with main strength on a corrugated washboard. And she used lye soap which had been made in a big pot out of fats, meat skins and lye which had been dripped from the ash hopper containing ashes from the fireplace where hickory and oak wood had been burned. In making it she stirred it to the right with a sassafras stick, and the moon had to be jes' right for its manufacture. As a rule it was mother in large goods.

Tuesday was mother's day, for then she had to iron her washing, sew on buttons which had been lost, sew up rents and put patches on garments which were beginning to wear out. I have had the bosom of my britches patched up until it looked like a map of two hemispheres done in variegated colors, for be it remembered that colors to match were out of the question in those unlamented days.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday were all mother's days, because then she had to tend her garden, look after the chickens, do what little shopping there was to be done, cook three meals a day for a household of hard-working, gluttonous field hands. She also had to find time to visit the sick, to brew some camp tea for neighbor's cobby baby, to compound some bitters for a puny woman, and mebbe to act as midwife in some humble abode where a doctor was not available.

Saturday was her day, for then she had to do a lot of her Sunday cooking in order to be able to go to meetin' on Sunday. And she also had to break up the old blue hen, fatten her up in a coop, and let a dominicker hatch the guinea eggs, for she knew the old blue hen would desert the nest at the end of three weeks. Funny how those little blue dames of the barnyard knew so much. They were the flappers of the villatic fowls of the old days, but you seldom see 'em

in these times when experts in poultry are abroad in the land. Reckon they have gone the way of razor-back hogs, scrub cattle, cayuse ponies and Santa Fe mules. But they were noble chickens, as the folks of the Old South was named the Blue Hen State, and everywhere it is considered a great compliment to be known as "one of the old blue hen's chickens." They really had the spizzereinkum, those blue chickens did.

But I am glad that a heap of things have been changed and that mothers nowadays don't have so much work to do. Am also glad that they have a special day apart from the rest of us to do them reverence and honor. Of course we have commercialized it like we have Easter, Thanksgiving, Christmas, religion and everything else, but that failin' seems to sorter run in the blood here in America. The only way we know to honor anybody is to spend money on them.

One thing I dislike about the celebration of the day, and that is we whose mothers have passed into eternity are asked to wear a white flower for them. Well, I don't aim to do it. I can shut my eyes and hear my old mountain mammy a-sayin', "Tom, don't you do no such of a thing. I don't want you a-advertisin' that I'm dead, for I ain't. I am up here in Heaven with your Pa, and we are doing a sight better than we were down on the earth. We got a whole plant of flowers here, some kinds that you never seed, and they are the purtiest blossoms I ever laid my eyes on. I been a-jelipin' the angels take care of 'em, and we help 'em no end."

"Aleck is having a good time, but I think he sorter bores Joshua and Moses with his tales about Stonewall Jackson. He tells all the angels what a terrible whipping they gave the Yankees, but he has made friends with a whole parcel of old Yankee soldiers. They joke each other about the war, and I kinder think they overdo it a notch or two. Aleck is the tallest angel in our community, and he is powerful proud of that."

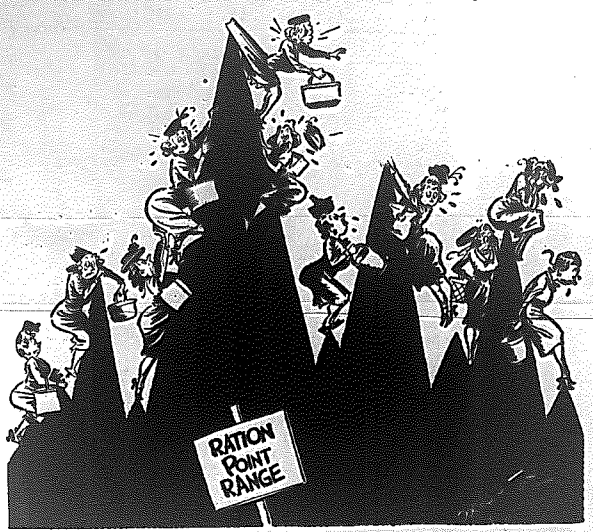
"A whole chance of people you know are here. Jim is with us, and Will Robinson and Manse Gate. Lizzie's youngsters are here, and so are Tull's and Rachel's and Texie's. Eck is here and Sarah, and Rachel's husband, Thomas Murray, got in a few days ago. Grover Bond said he would help git you in when you arrive. But jes' b'ar in mind that I ain't dead."

"Tom, you git you a big red blossom, the kind you allus liked, and wear it 'em on Sunday. If the folks don't like it, let 'em jump it. I didn't raise you to be a-spustin' on dogs, and I'd feel like larping you good if you start it now. I want my youngsters to enjoy life."

Well, Ma ain't dead. Her mortal remains sleep on a high Haywood hill beside the remains of Aleck, my old father, but she is no more dead than Paul or Peter, Calvin or Luther, Wesley or Washington. She still lives here, and my brethren, she lives more abundantly in her Heavenly Home.

To Market—To Market—

—By Dorman Smith



Sweden Under Blockade

By Raymond Clapper

ONE reason for the unpopularity of the Axis in Sweden is Germany's continued refusal to let Sweden resume limited shipments of foodstuffs and other urgent supplies from the outside world. This attitude on the part of Germany does not seem to make much sense, from the Nazi viewpoint, because it is aggravating the anti-Nazi feeling in Sweden without getting Hitler anything in return. The refusal of the Nazis to permit resumption of shipments into Sweden from the outside world is attributed by some to the natural bullying tactics of the Nazis toward their weaker neighbors, but by others to the fact that German officials are unable to agree among themselves, some favoring the Swedish case while others oppose it.

Unless this traffic is resumed soon, Sweden will be compelled to tighten food rationing still more. The present situation, which is tight but not critical, might easily become extremely severe. When the war began Sweden was caught in a double blockade. The Germans and the British both blockaded all traffic. Later, after earnest appeals, the Swedes were allowed to operate a limited number of ships in and out of Gothenburg, under safe conduct, to bring oil cake, cotton, wool, leather, coffee, tea and vitamin concentrates. Early this year Germany suspended this agreement. No ships are now permitted to come in from outside. Thus Sweden's

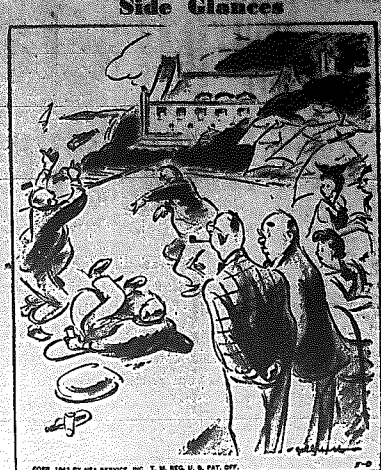
only source of outside supply is now through Germany, which is unable to supply much. She does get some oranges from Spain, some fertilizer nitrates from Germany, and some oil cake from Rumania.

Minister of Supply Axel Gjares says that unless the Gothenburg safe-conduct shipping is resumed Sweden must cut her food rations. I saw in his office the food supply that is allowed to one adult per week. It was laid out on a small plate—a piece of sausage about the size of a hot dog, two strips of bacon, a piece of steak smaller than your hand, a couple of slices of baloney.

People are switching to a milk diet. Consumption of milk has doubled since the war started, although the number of cattle has declined fifteen per cent. The supply of drinking milk has been increased by cutting cheese and butter production and abolishing cream production. Vitamins are badly needed. The Government is going into a big program of producing vitamins from carrots. This product, called carrotine, will be mixed with butter.

Cellulose from wood pulp is going into everything. It is used for fodder, although the Swedish pig refuse to eat the stuff, and you can't blame them, because it looks and tastes like shredded blotting paper. Cellulose and leather scraps are being mixed for synthetic leather, which will be on the market in two months. This can be used for soles of shoes, of which a person can now buy only one pair in eighteen months.

Side Glances



"It's just the difference between nature and man—God gave this club its beautiful setting, but He can't control the membership committee!"

New Council

Harmony Needed

By Dick Young

PROSPECTS for an enviable record are bright for the new municipal administration which will take over the City on Monday morning. And now that the election is over, the bitterness and animosity created during the heat of the campaign should be forgotten. Both sides really won. The Citizens Group lost its mayor but gained majority control of the Council. The People's Party elected its mayor and took the minority place with four seats on the eleven-man Council.

Eight of the incoming Council have worked together for the last two years and an approach to harmony was made in the waning days of the present administration. At least the line of demarcation between the Beren Fur Dukes and the Four Blackies was not so pronounced in the latter days as it was at the beginning of the regime. These eight with just three new members (two from the Citizens Group and one from the Peoples) ought not to find it very difficult to get along for the next two years and I believe the seed of co-operation, already planted, can be made to grow under the guidance and leadership of Mayor-elect Baxter into a rich harvest that will serve the city well.

This harmony and co-operation can stem from a "give and take" on both sides and I believe it will be possible. The Citizens Group, with its majority, will have to bear the brunt of the giving but concessions can be made easily always with no impairment of principle or position. The victor, of course, always holds the whip but that responsibility can rest graciously upon the shoulders of those who can win and still not be arrogant. I am confident that in this instance, the victors will not ride roughshod over the vanquished and even though the campaign stirred up plenty of antagonism those unpleasant incidents can be forgotten and forgiven. Representatives of both sides are thoroughly capable of forgiving and, if they do forget and forgive the government will be the better for it.

Mayor-elect Baxter, in his initial pronouncement after the election made a plea for harmony and co-operative effort and with that idea as his guiding star he and his administration should be able to ease the citizens of Charlotte who can win and still not effort give the people an administration that will do credit to both.

If the members of the Council really appreciate their responsibility as the people's representatives they will not let themselves become embroiled in personal squabbles. The people's business, as reflected in the conduct of the municipal government, is a peculiar institution—unlike the business of an individual or a corporation. Government is everybody's business and the Council represents the citizens of North Carolina as much as the people of Myers Park. The whole of Charlotte centers at the City Hall, and the Council is the embodiment of the people. Faithful to that trust, Councilmen will not get off a tangent and go romping away into some personal disturbance that will disrupt the smooth functioning of the people's business.

More than a majority of the new Council are experienced. They have been schooled for at least two years in the government's affairs and this experience will be of value and benefit to the Council and to the City.

These several factors lead me to believe that the 1943-45 Council will show a co-operative attitude and will work together for the common good. And when the biennium ends I am sure its members can look back on those two years with pride and satisfaction.

First Pressure

Second Front

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK—In a sense, the European story is now out of Hitler's hands. He has taken over France. But the result, by the way, is not what you might expect. Hitler can't fool none of them.

And the nervous Germans are trying to intern 400,000 former members of the Netherlands army. They cannot afford to leave these trained Dutch soldiers free to act, free to help the Allies, during the coming invasion. So like characters in a tragedy, Hitler's Germans are forced to try to intern Dutch service men, though that means bitter resistance throughout Holland, and resistance throughout Holland is just what the Germans wanted.

"Die Weltwoche" of Zurich, tells us of consternation among the small shopkeepers of Germany because of the recent order closing 300,000 stores as a final coming-out of manpower for the victory. German newspapers artfully tell us that the order is a change in temporary. Germany's small businessmen feel it is permanent.

If the Nazi revolution was anything, it was a shopkeeper's revolution, driven by a frustrated middle-class. Hitler finds himself compelled to liquidate his first and strongest supporters. He doesn't want to do it. He doesn't want to fight the shopkeepers of Germany. But it is in his hands. War makes contradictions. The contradictions are accumulating.

And that is the answer to those who would have us ease our military pressure for the sake of other parts of Europe. Hitler finds himself compelled to liquidate his first and strongest supporters. He doesn't want to do it. He doesn't want to fight the shopkeepers of Germany. But it is in his hands. War makes contradictions. The contradictions are accumulating.

Nazi make speeches saying that the German Luftwaffe will answer air attacks, blow for blow. But in Russia, our soldiers have discovered German air force personnel, including mechanics and ground staff, fighting with German infantry. Are planes so available that Luftwaffe people must be used as ground troops? Hitler can make no speech to those particular members of the Luftwaffe, boasting of his air power. They know better. So do their friends.

The thing is out of Hitler's hands. The contradictions are accumulating. Strange economic manifestations break out in occupied Europe from time to time. The price of soap falls, suddenly, sharply, in France, that means the black market. The black market is everywhere, but coins disappear; those who still have value, after the invasion, so they are tightly held. Our pressure acts up one dislocating current of fear after another.

Europe is a sensitive, live body. It is not just an inert mass, sitting there waiting. It responds to what we do. It reacts, also, the campaign of a few influential publicists to tear our attention from the European front. If that campaign should succeed, Europe would respond accordingly. Even the people of Russia, who are supposed not to need anything, are cheered enormously by fresh signs of our determination to win the second front. That, too, is part of the big story. A change in these signs would mean a change in Russia. And Europeans continue to flout. Sometimes they place dynamite on railroad tracks. And sometimes (as in Norway) they delay the requisition of workers by filling out employment blanks wrong. And illegally, and then having to do it again and again and again.