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And Evening Chronicle

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● W. C. Dowd, 1855-1937 ●

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Of Tomorrow

Culbertson Sees More Wars On The Way For Mankind

However far Ely Culbertson's plan for World Federation goes in the minds of the world's people, history must mark him down 100 per cent in analysis. Whether his Federation of nations is workable or not, he sees very clearly the stumbling blocks of the past. He sees the old evils which beset our world after the last war as few writing men have seen them, and he does not put them down as politics, or as a class struggle. He merely lists the errors which led us into an encore of chaos. These, he says, are the fallacies which still dog us, even to this day. Therein, he sees more troubles for the future. And he says we must be rid of them, before any world of tomorrow may be set up. The fallacies:

1. *Let's Win the War First.*
2. *Revive The League of Nations.*
3. *Clarence Streit's "Union Now."*
4. *The Long Armistice.*

These enemies of mankind, Mr. Culbertson says (and he has presented the world with such a fine piece of thinking for mankind that he must no longer be thought of as an expert at contract bridge), must be eliminated. There must be free and open discussion, now; there must be new machinery, not something springing from the 18th century; there must be world-wide participation, not just British-American; and there must be a quick, decisive settlement of many, many human problems.

To that point, no man under the sun can, as we see the question, argue with the World Federation's author. The thinking of men approaching the new world which will arrive with a jolt after peace must be cleared up. It cannot be cleared up so long as those listed fallacies are abroad, shaping the thoughts of the people. And, to this moment, as Mr. Culbertson says, we have nothing, we drift. He has some sharp words:

"Thus, the democracies have reached an absurd situation: because no definite and satisfactory master plan for World settlement has been evolved, it is openly advocated that the best plan is not to have any plan. As a result, the world is heading for a new post-war catastrophe which will dwarf the convulsions following the First World War.

"One need not be a prophet to see clearly the sinister shadows of coming events in the post-war world. The time-bombs are already being set to explode in future wars.

"The guests temporarily absent from the banquet table of the victors' post-war settlement will soon return. France—for a thousand years the enfant terrible of Europe and for centuries the soul of the world—will rise again. Spain and Italy, wounded in flesh and humiliated in spirit, will also rise. The hundred and twenty million Latins of the still fructifying Roman Empire cannot, without bloody future wars, be denied the historic place in Europe which is theirs. Germany, even though condemned to become a pariah among the nations, will soon enough find new friends and abettors—if nowhere else, certainly in the inevitable rivalries of the victorious allies, and in the semi-chaos of a Long Armistice. The Balkans once more will seethe in their miniature but tragic whirlpools of internecine warfare."

His claims are truth. The danger is not that we will set up new possibilities of war; the danger is that those possibilities already exist. Our war against future wars must be aggressive and progressive; we must attack, for the ghosts of 1914 and 1939 are already astir, long before the end of this present great conflict. Yes, unless mankind is equal to the terrible challenge of his destiny, war will come again and again, bringing ever-greater horrors. Whether or not the nations are willing to bind themselves into a World Federation, they must give an ear to this first American to picture a great and workable future machine for peace. Right or wrong, he sees the road ahead clearly, and he must be heard.

Burglars in the West, breaking into an insurance company's safe and finding nothing, escaped before anyone got to them with an interesting proposition affecting their future.

Comics At War

Make-Believe Rings True In Funny Page Theater

We don't think our comic pages need boosting these days, but we like to reflect upon them as mirrors of the war and of our times. We have long noted that the leading strips were quick to catch the nation's mood; slang, the jive age, the zoot-suit complex, all were quickly worked into the doings of heroes and villains. With the coming of war, many of them went straight into battle dress, each preserving the flavor of its personality.

So avidly have we followed the course of action by the little people of the black and white world of fancy that we have come to accept a daily perusal of their adventures as a part of the war itself. Somehow, for example, we can imagine ourselves reading up on Tunisia by spending a few moments with Corporal Skeezix Wallet and Private Joe Palooka. For years before we entered the war, of course, Terry and The Pirates was a vivid tale of battling the Japanese.

For those unfortunate civilians who do not have the opportunity of staring upon Milton Caniff's shapely females in the Army-circulated strip "Male Call," the daring deeds of Terry, Skeezix, Cap'n Easy, Joe and their friends are adequate substitutes. We realize, of course, that there are thousands of *News* readers who still follow those strips which have not gone to war. Operating on a half-peace, half-war basis are Dan Dunn, Boots and Superman, for instance. And Red Ryder, Popeye, Li'l Abner and the others go their calm, everyday way as if there were no war at all.

But if you'd like to go to war without diving beneath the front page headlines and browsing through the pictures from the fronts every day, there are three or four active theaters in operation in make-believe. And from what soldiers tell us, they're as close to the real article as anyone at home would want to get.

One of the faster shipyards is building its Naval craft upside down. In this way the night shift is shaken out, instead of being carried seventy-five miles to sea.

Soldier's Worry

Some of Them Are Anxious About Rationing at Home

Food rationing, in effect all over the country, has been greatly expedited by the civilian millions who have supported it and lived by its regulations faithfully. There are a great many Americans who are actually glad, even eager, to endure rationing, so that the fighting men will be assured of a plentiful supply of food. And yet, in almost pathetic contrast, are some of the letters from the front. We don't mean the challenging, laughing letters comparing the soft life at home with the stark, life-or-death realities of battle. There are others, the tender ones.

There was, for instance, one of pathos from a tough top sergeant, sent from an Army air base in the Solomons area. It was dated "Still on the Same Uncivilized Island":

"I didn't think they would ration meat back there! We get fresh beef, pork and mutton every now and then. We finally got our bakery in operation and that fresh bread is really good after all these months. We have two extra special bakers and they can really do some fine baking. We even had pie today!

Then, perhaps as an afterthought, this sergeant major evidently diverted his mind from worries over squadron affairs and allowed himself a feeling of pride: "Imagine a lot of women in the States are doing their bit in helping us to down and drown this pesky Axis."

That soldier wasn't jesting. Somehow, it was hard for him to bear the thought of his homeland, suffering, he thought, from a shortage of food. Instead of jeering, he thought of letting someone know how a soldier felt about it. America would be better off today if there were more civilians at home with that same quick beating, free and easy heart.

In the theatres of war, much that is interesting and perhaps prophetic now goes on. In lively Tunisia the old trouper, Rommel, is bringing back the one-night stand.

Champion Of Champions

A Great U. S. Army Was Born At Mateur

Gerald W. Johnson—In Baltimore Evening Sun

THE British and the Russians won a great victory at Mateur this week.

It may be be true that they didn't have a man on the ground. No mention of either British or Russian troops appears in the dispatches, but they won a victory just the same, and I am not sure that they didn't win the war right then and there.

For it was Mateur that proved to the world that the American army in Africa has something over and above looks and size and equipment. That knowledge is a heavier blow to the Germans than the loss of the town, and a far greater stimulus to our allies than the capture of the town.

Mateur proved that the Americans can fight, but that isn't all of it. The battle showed also that these troops possess not only fighting spirit, but also that infinitely valuable quality, the capacity to stage a comeback. It must not be forgotten that this same Second Corps took a frightful lacing from the Germans only a few weeks ago. At Faid Pass it was knocked for a row of fence posts 65 miles long!

At the time the British gulped, and said in brave, brisk tones that it was only a matter of inexperience, that the Americans were not bad troops, only green troops, and what else could you expect? Hadn't the Eighth Army itself been badly licked a couple of times? So, said the British, we are not worried in the least, ha-ha! no not worried a bit. But it was pretty hollow laughter, hollow as a bass drum, hollow as a Hitler promise.

They were worried. They were worried sick, and who wouldn't be? What they said was true. The Americans were green; but there have been plenty of green troops that never season, and the British couldn't possibly know that ours are not of that type. Not until Mateur. But they know now. It wasn't the capture of the town, it was the fortnight preceeding the capture that proved it. It will be a long time before we know all the details, but enough has come through to give us a general idea.

Once upon a time Firpo hit Dempsey so hard that he sailed through the ropes and landed on the reporters' typewriters at the ringside. Any ordinary fighter would have been finished by that one blow; but what Firpo hit was the champion of the world. Dempsey scrambled back into the ring, and you know the rest.

Something very similar happened to the Second Corps. At Faid Pass Rommel started his swing right from the canvas, and the Second Corps landed among the war correspondents at Tebessa, away over in Algeria. Since John Bull has been betting everything on us to win, it is no wonder that he had to swallow his heart or that his smile was sickly and thin. It is no wonder that the Russians, although they said nothing, began grimly to warn the world that they are fighting their own war in their own way.

But Rommel didn't hit hard enough. The Second Corps is back in the ring, and its round now ending has been just the sort of ding-dong slugging match that sent the giant Firpo first to his knees and then to the floor. If John Bull has lost his hat, and is stamping and dancing on his hat, hasn't he a right to cheer? If Stalin's countenance is split by a slow grin of pleased surprise, what wonder? They won a great victory at Mateur, for there they won the knowledge that the things now arriving coming to their aid includes some championship material! Since that is true, there is no longer any doubt about the outcome, and the end is only a matter of time. This knowledge is worth far more than any scrap of territory, for it will inspire the fighting line all the way from Leningrad to Burma.

I am not certain that the battle of Mateur is as important to Americans as it is to our allies. We knew it all the time. If Faid Pass knocked some of the cockiness out of us, it did not seriously shake our faith that the army has the stuff, so Mateur is really no more than we expected.

At the same time, although we expected it, this is not the sort of operation that is to be taken as a matter of course. It was, in fact, a magnificent job, demonstrating courage, strength and determination in the highest degree, but also demonstrating great skill. The movement of Patton's force from the extreme southern end of the line up to the north seems to have been executed with exemplary speed and smoothness, although such a movement is always a difficult operation. Moreover, the dispatches have commented again and again both on the extreme accuracy of the artillery fire and the extreme mobility of the guns. The toughness and dogged resolution of the infantry are obvious enough, and the mere fact that aviation was used not only to fight but also to bring up food and munitions to the extreme front line is evidence of its complete integration with the other arms.

In other words, we have reason to believe that in this action the Second Corps fought both hard and intelligently. They were good men, well commanded. We thought so all along, but now we know it; and the knowledge justifies civilians in dismissing any worries they may have cherished about the battle front, to concentrate on the job of keeping a magnificent army fully supplied and, if possible, overwhelmed. We know now that if there is any failure, it will be a failure at home, not at the front.

Needless to say, this is no assurance that there will be no more reverses. After all, so far we have only one Second Corps in Africa. We know that the Second Corps is good, but just as good, but even the Second Corps had to be forged and tempered before it demonstrated its quality. That is a painful and distressing process, but it will simply have to be borne, and we may be thankful that we have a philosophically sow that we have seen that it does the work.

Right now, though, such considerations may be postponed, for the thing to do this day is to pay proud and happy tribute to Patton and his men. They have added to the honor of the nation. They have sustained splendidly the tradition of valor and endurance coming down from Valley Forge to the Argonne Forest.

Glory and honor to men of old.
Their sons may copy their virtues bold.

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runs the thundering Soldiers' Chorus that many of us have heard with the feeling that, inspiring as it may be, it is merely a song, with no application to us or to our times. But recite, if you please, the names of the men of old that have done better than ours. "Coming in heart and mind to stand, ready to fight, ready to die, for the Fatherland," they have demolished the nonsensical theory that only a brutal regime can produce heroes.

Out of the workaday cities of America, out of her placid villages, out of her quiet countryside they have come, pledged to the theory that decency is a higher law than statutes or Constitutions, that honor is a thing of any value, even race or blood. Hating war they have come, hating its trappings and accoutrements, hating blister and swaggering arrogance. Mild men, reared under a mild regime, coveting no other nation's territory or possessions and committed to the theory that it is shameful to covet; free men disliking either to give or to take orders; nevertheless, in flame and thunder they have met and beaten the children of Wotan, they have smashed to earth the bloody pagan gods.

Never mind what other lessons may be drawn from the battle of Mateur; the great thing, today, is that it has proved that freemen are still able to hold their own; and surely that is all we need to know.

At Long Last!

—By Dorman Smith

It Gets In His Way

John Lewis Hates War

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

THE whole issue in the coal crisis is whether there shall be equality of sacrifice in fighting the war. Equality of sacrifice does not mean that the miners have to work on an insufficient diet. That is not a meaningful sacrifice. That is merely silly, at a time when the national means for a fairly adequate diet are available. In England, equality of sacrifice has meant the establishment of the so-called "British Restaurants," which provide hot meals for workers at less than cost. So, when the miners ask for enough food, or enough money to buy food at present prices, they are not rejecting equality of sacrifice. They are, rather, enforcing it.

But equality of sacrifice does demand that the coal miners shall stay at work, and depend on the War Labor Board and other Government agencies for the satisfaction of their needs. That involves taking a chance. But the taking of chances is an inescapable part of war. When Mr. John L. Lewis refuses to take this chance, he refuses to share equally in the sacrifices of war.

There are two issues involved. One is whether the miners are to eat as well as everybody else. The second is whether they are to be bound by the same Governmental procedures as everybody else. The answer must be yes, in both cases.

But Mr. Lewis wants it to be yes in one, and no in the other. He says this is war, and therefore the miners are entitled to eat as well as does the rest of the country. Then he adds that though this is war, the miners do not really have to deal with the War Labor Board, as does the rest of the country. It is war when Mr. Lewis wants it to be war, and it is peace when he wants it to be peace.

We ought to remember that conservatives entered the war hating the Government's machinery for dealing with labor quite as much as Mr. Lewis hates it today. There has always been danger that this machinery would be smashed, that there would be a saturnalia of that kind of organized violence at the hands of Government which sometimes passes for order. Many conservatives screamed at the War Labor Board during all the months it was putting wages up the 15 per cent allowed under the Little Steel Formula. They (just like Mr. Lewis now) stated that the Board was biased, that it was extra-legal, intolerable. When the 15 per cent point was reached, conservative opinion left off screaming, and Mr. Lewis began.

But now it is Mr. John L. Lewis himself who is inviting the saturnalia. It almost came to a head in the Senate this week. Senator Connally of Texas, and a number of like-minded statesmen, rubbing their hands, spent a happy morning inventing wonderful amendments to the Connally bill, amendments which would allow the Government to take over this, that and the other plant, and would let the Government put this man and that man and the other man in jail in case of a labor dispute, and so on and so on. The amendments, influenced by the coal crisis, came so thick and fast that half the Senate talked at once, and a major statute began to be written in public on the backs of old envelopes.

In 48 hours a wonderful change occurred. The Senate abruptly cooled off. It passed a much milder bill than the one it first intended to pass. No one could quite understand it. But the only conceivable explanation is that a number of Senators suddenly realized that they were not fighting Lewis at all. They were joining him. They were attacking just what he is attacking, orderly, impartial process. They were substituting brute force for it. That is what Mr. Lewis wants to do. It suddenly came clear that to fight Mr. Lewis, the Senate had to defend the War Labor Board, the same Board so many Senators have hated all Winter.

Mr. Lewis is willing to suspend the war to win his fight. He has almost teased Congress into taking the same position. It turns out that to fight Mr. Lewis, it becomes necessary to support the war and the machinery of the war. That is why Lewis' arrogant attitude has no connection with the concept of equality of sacrifice, during war. It is the exact opposite. It is the denial of the war, and its sacrifices.

Quote, Unquote

TUNISIA will offer the first proving ground of rehabilitating an area actually devastated and plundered by the Germans. What will happen there may determine the pattern of relief efforts in other countries liberated by our forces.
—Dr. Joseph J. Schwartz, chairman European executive council of the Joint Distribution Committee.

Hey, you guys, what's the matter—can't you read? Keep off the grass!
—Soldier to Generals George Marshall, chief of staff, and Henry H. Arnold, Army Air Forces chief, promenading as civilians at Miami Beach, Fla.

When the collapse of Germany comes, it will be quick and it will take us by surprise. The thugs on top in Germany have no liking for the thought of any kind of peace.
—British M. P. Vernon Bartlett.

Bible Thought

But you can help distribute part of what God has entrusted with you: *I will satisfy the poor with bread.—Psalm 132:15.*

The Swastika

Just A Shadow

By Raymond Clapper

STOCKHOLM

ALTHOUGH Sweden is completely walled around by German and Nazi satellites, the visitor here does not have a sense of being in a Nazi-dominated country. I have never felt myself among more sincere friends in my life. It makes a romantic picture to think of Nazi troopers clanking around the streets of Stokholm, but the fact is I haven't seen a single Nazi uniform. It is not customary to wear them in neutral countries. The Nazi flag flies impudently from the German Legation opposite the Royal Palace, but otherwise the Nazis keep their heads down.

I have found some papers in my hotel room disarranged. Whether that was done by a maid or by secret agents I don't know, but such business is never unusual anywhere in Europe, even in peacetime. The only swastikas I have seen were in connection with hospitals. The swastika seems to be a part of their regular insignia. I encountered in the lobby of my hotel a woman German agent who used to be in Washington. In Lisbon several of us who came over on the *Clipper* together found ourselves at the same hotel with Kurt Seff, former correspondent in Washington for the German DNB news agency.

Although we hear German groups talking around us in restaurants, we have not been bothered thus far. The standing of the Nazis is reflected in their newspaper, the Dagsposten, which is frankly pro-Nazi and is subsidized by German money. Other newspapers ignore its comments as its character of course is known everywhere here. The Dagsposten has a trivial circulation, one-tenth that of other newspapers here. Americans are having a good deal of fun reading aloud the Nazi comments about several of us who are new here. Obviously the Nazis are much irritated that American newspaper men have been allowed to visit Sweden, to see for themselves how low the Nazis stand in this part of the world, and to hear the tales of their mass brutality in Norway, which have been ample—even if there were nothing else—to cook their goose with the people of Sweden.

The impression of some in America that Sweden is pro-Nazi might naturally arise from the fact that Sweden's principal trade now is with Germany. At the moment Sweden has no connection with the world outside the Nazi walls except by airplane. Sweden produces no coal and no oil. She must import. Germany is the only present source. Sweden has some leverage on Germany because of her iron ore, which is badly needed by the Nazis.

Sweden is normally heavily dependent on foreign trade, and she lost 65% of her foreign markets when Germany surrounded her by the invasion of Norway. Britain, formerly the largest customer of Sweden, was cut off. Even the safe-conduct ships that were allowed for a while through Gothenburg were far from adequate to keep Sweden supplied. If this safe-conduct trade is resumed soon, as is hoped here, it will help some, but still it won't relieve Sweden of the necessity of doing business with Germany.

Swedish officials are hopeful that the Allies will be more generous in allowing oil and other urgent supplies to come in if the Gothenberg traffic is resumed, and they have their own tankers ready for it. The exchange of goods between Sweden and Germany is considerable. Last year Germany sent in four million tons of coal, 200,000 tons of steel, $30,000,000 worth of chemicals and about the same amounts in textile and machinery, plus $15,000,000 worth of materials. In return, Sweden sent Germany more than 8,000,000 tons of iron ore, some machinery, and considerable supplies of wood.

Side Glances

"You wanted to move to the country to raise vegetables—well, I've seen your friends' wives working in their gardens, and you may as well understand I'm not the gardening type!"