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THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1943

City Strike

Sanitary Dept. Walkout
Is Ill-Advised Action

The walkout of City employees in the Sanitary Department is not to be condoned. The men who refused to go to work this morning are striking against the people of Charlotte. They have struck and they prefer not to call it a strike against the advice and pleading of their president and other union officials. They appear to have no effective leadership at all or to be following a fellow that they appear to be the victims of had advice from behind-the-scenes politicians; they have taken a position in which they will find little sympathy.

It is evident that a thorough investigation of all phases of Sanitary Department operations must be made—but it must be made at the proper time. As soon as tempers have cooled, and the striking men have either returned to work or severed connections with the union, a committee must be appointed to get at the bottom of the trouble which has rocked the Department since John Barbee became superintendent. The long continued, unhealthy and unbecoming conditions must be removed, but not under pressure from any group.

It would not be to the best interest of good government to appease the striking workers by firing John Barbee under circumstances charged in large part on personal animosity. With such a method of victory, encouragement would be given to any City employee to strike, crying for the scalp of his superior and a bad precedent set. In most such cases, as Mr. Fleck suggests, investigation of a man's work is the only way to determine whether only a cruel examination of a department head. We believe the workers have worked themselves into this position, and that they have little to complain of except that they do not get their share of the city's money.

Mr. Barbee, in his own words, is the City Manager, takes the view, they think that City Council and City Manager are answerable to a higher calling than checking up on every responsible among employees. He is of the opinion that no striking workers should have a vote in the administrative heads of government into arbitrary action against their will, and he is right. We believe that a thorough investigation of the department from every angle is in order and should be made but after and only after the situation has cooled and settled and the men either back at work or definitely separated from the service.

We continue to hold the view that John Barbee, though he has surprised some of our readers, is not a failure, is not fitted for his job; nonetheless, it is unthinkable that he be dismissed now merely because a number of employees object to him on a basis of personal dislike.

Prescription

Hungry Europe Will Ask
Few Questions of Liberators

Our Dorothy Thompson, whose sentiments are nothing if not alive and sparkling, muses today that the United States is falling in its solemn obligation to paint a picture for the conquered people of Europe, to the end that they may eagerly overthrow Hitler and welcome the armies of liberation. It is her opinion that we have not yet shown to anyone a future so engaging as to enlist the support of whole peoples for our tomorrow. We think our Dorothy is all wet.

So far as we're concerned, all the people of Europe need to be shown or told today is the might of Allied arms, and of the overwhelming victory won over the Hertzeneck in Tunisia. All we need to give a hungry Frenchman, or Dutchman, or even a German, is the news that we're coming, well be there soon, and the whole ghastly tragedy of war is over. That great news will be answered in joy, and not with what we have offered no security of social and governmental structure.

The hungry, suffering people of the world will not feel that American soldiers are not inspired by what they see for the Europe of tomorrow; they will cry tears of sheer happiness that they are being freed from the grip of modern tyrants. They are not times to talk to Europe of plans and guarantees. Europe is hungry and dark and discouraged and beaten and sick. It needs to be held only that times are a-coming, and that each day leads and

light and hope and help in plenty. No, Miss Thompson's concern would not be appreciated by Europe's peoples.

Old House

A Moment From History
Dies With Phifer Home

The clattering sounds of destruction echoing among the magnolias around the old Phifer home are a sign to Charlotte of an age that has gone forever: the demolition of the old landmark does not mark the passing of that age (for it died in '65) but it plunges it into the years of forgetfulness unmarked and unheeded. The ghost of the confederacy have lived in the huge old house more surely than they lived in the inaccurately portrayed plays and semi-histories of the war days. "Gone With The Wind," for example, might much better have been laid to rest in the Phifer home, where chaos and desolation came, and a way of life passed from the South.

All Holland is placed under martial law. The threat is uttered that not a stone will be left standing on a stone in Greece, should we come there. Like a third actor, speaking without conviction, Hitler promises anew more that he will strike the mountains with his rod, and then the flames will issue forth. And a shipping clerk laughs.

The wearers of the shiny boots and the whipcord breeches are hiding in the ruined cellars of the city. The black cavaliers of disorder are running like chickens before the storm. And in the cities of Bizerie and Tunis, the union of humanity with humanity takes place, as the plain people of those torn slave flowers in the path of the plain men who have come to rescue them. He who consumed on a peak in Berchtesgaden with ghosts, feet high and a yard wide is being beaten by ordinary men, raised on bread and butter.

There Lincolnque Jeff Davis passed his last days with a nation in his charge; from that in April of '66, he authorized the last surrender, by Joe Johnston to Sherman. There he bitterly surveyed the wreckage of a cause, there his shaky Cabinet, falling apart, held its last official meeting—though it later fled South and hid in the mountains. There he saw a sassafras tree near Fort Mill. The histories are in disagreement on the old Phifer house; scarce a date is certain.

The most likely story seems to be that it was built from 1848 to 1853, of hand-made brick, a great timber of native hickory, and such choice woods that they are today a miracle of preservation over 75 years later. It was, in the original, not a fancy house, but one of simple, honest, beautiful lines. In remodeling about the century's turn, the great Phifer family, bread were added, and the old lines obscured.

An account alleges that the Cabinet met at the present site of the Morris Plan Bank, but that it adjourned to the Phifer home to be with Secretary of Treasury George Trevelyan, III there. In the West room of the upper story, says the history, the historic meeting was held. There must have been little hope among those men; Federal troops were near, and the Federal Government's storerooms, chaos was setting in, and the armies in the fields were all beaten. The storm was about to break upon the old South, and Jeff Davis and his Cabinet were fleeing before it.

Davis, in his own account, explained that he "murmured I had received sad intelligence" at the news of Lincoln's death; but that some local citizen spread the story that he had chided. Some soldiers, standing nearby, did break into cheers at the death of their arch enemy. That scene was reported on the streets of old Charlotte, but it is part of the Phifer house legend, which was born and died within a few days, but has lived since.

The demolition is somehow sad, and it is unfortunate that the house, closed since about 1915, could not have been preserved. Many a sightseer, poking through its ruins this week while working at the task of eradicating the historic place, has been depressed with the feeling that priceless mementoes of living history are being sold as salvage to the mundane progress of an unfeeling day. On North Tryon, among the great trees, the past is dying.

The Borers

GOP Must Not Be Allowed
To Wreck Trade Pacts

The people of America, if they care at all for the future of the world, should can majority has split into halves over the reciprocal trade pacts. When the GOP opposition came apart, a threat to future greatness of the nation and the future peace of the world was at least temporarily avoided. The Republicans, resisting the majority wishes and Presidential power wily-nilly, without an intelligent question, were busy proving themselves incapable of leadership. They have outlived their times. It is not that this question of reciprocal trade pacts made by the President is above challenge; it is not that the President is incapable of erring, or that the people could be above "pampering and carrying" other nations when the existence of his own is at stake. It is simply that the reciprocal trade pacts have brought America more good than among friends and neighbors than any previous foreign trade policy. It is simply that the Republicans would rather resist a Presidential power and tear down a great work than to remain silent.

Realism Comes

Oh Weary Apocalypse!

By Samuel Crafton

THE Germans are talking of "destroying Greece" should the Allies land there. This is big talk. But the fearsome ghosts who used to work for Hitler are tired. The apocalyptic visions refuse to rise again. The Fuehrer waves his hand, but the thunder does not roll.

Hitler has been crying out to Wolan for months now, but the time is busy. The pagan gods do not answer. The benevolent are being beaten by a pick-up team of democratic lawyers and life insurance agents, clerks and shipping boys, auto mechanics and retail salesmen.

The wave of the future has been stabled in the belly by vacuum cleaner demonstrators and street-planners. Hitler's mystery of blood and soil is being exposed for a fraud by armies of ardent and mighty shopkeepers and bookkeepers, dentists and farmers.

The black cavaliers of disorder are running like chickens before the storm. And in the cities of Bizerie and Tunis, the union of humanity with humanity takes place, as the plain people of those torn slave flowers in the path of the plain men who have come to rescue them. He who consumed on a peak in Berchtesgaden with ghosts, feet high and a yard wide is being beaten by ordinary men, raised on bread and butter.

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Arise, and lumpy youths who used to take their girls to the Roky of a Saturday night, are telling them to come on the hell out of them. Der Fuehrer swears to them that he James his hat on a lightning flash, that he writes his orders on Jove's back, but they are unimpressed. He used to stamp his foot, and the world would see victims of heaps of skulls reaching to the sky, on a great flat heaps of skulls reaching to the sky, on great flat classic plain on which all the shadows were red. But he does it again, today, and no victims come; he is only an angry man in a room.

These are we bringing the Germans back into the fold of humanity. We are clearing their eyes. They see now that when the shells fall on their generals, their generals surrender. When their armies tumble into the water, no miracle happens. They sink. We are giving the necessary first lessons to the people of Germany that all mankind is one and alike. We can love them later.

Der Fuehrer raises his awful hand, but Newton's laws of action and reaction are undisturbed; the bullet does not stop. And Greece will not be destroyed. The Nazis will make a few more loud noises in that country which has heard so much; then there will be silence again, and terror running home, just another frightened schweinehund.

"Wolant! Wolant!" calls Der Fuehrer, but all he gets is a click. The telephone has been disconnected. One wonders whether the frightened German boys, hiding behind the rubble on the Cap Bon Peninsula, can remember the speeches and the apocalyptic visions on which they grew up. Perhaps their eyes close, and they see only a sunny morning, and a slice of bread, in a schoolyard long ago. And they turn and run, pursued by the kids who grew up in Central Park.

"After You, My Dear Fritz"

By Dorman Smith



What's In It? The Future Of Europe

By Dorothy Thompson

THE failure of the United Nations to project a constructive vision of the future of Europe may prolong our brutality. It plays into the hands of the European Axis and gives them their most effective propaganda material. It gives rise to discussion among the Allies, over questions of influence, frontiers, and power.

We are, I think, wasting our intellectual energies trying to find the answers to the wrong questions. Such questions are: What shall we do with defeated Germany? What concessions shall we make to the Poles or to Russia? Or, does Austria belong to the Danubian basin? None of these questions is soluble except in the framework of a European solution. Therefore we must ask ourselves the leading question: What do we wish for Europe?

We are avoiding that question. We are saying, Europe will have to decide that when she is liberated. That is intellectual cowardice. For what will be the status of Europe after liberation? The whole economic and political structure of Europe has been changed by the Nazis. And all the King's horses and all the King's men will not be able to put humpty-dumpty together again, on the pattern of 1939. The questions we must ask ourselves about Europe are: Do we want a strong prosperous Europe or a poor weak Europe? Do we want a modern Europe or a medieval Europe? Do we want a Europe which, in the future as in the past, will be a source of new wars?

If our answer to these questions is that we want a prosperous, modern, peaceful Europe, then we create a new Europe, recognizing certain principles that we ourselves have long since accepted. A prosperous, modern, and peaceful Europe is incompatible with the re-establishment of twenty-odd sovereign states, each with its own army, customs, currency and diplomacy. It was such a Europe that disintegrated in this war, such a Europe will disintegrate again before the first push of a strong power.

The strongest political weapon that Hitler has in his armory is his program for the unification of Europe. Hitler started this war for Germanic Lebensraum and the hegemony of a master nation and for the unification of Europe. He has alienated them. But Hitler will use any slogans for his own end. Today he is using progressive ideas preaching to modern liberals for the past quarter of a century. On the other hand have led the concepts of Mazzini, Romaine Rolland, Kleist, Briand, and even the Christian Church gainsays Hitler. We are supporting an eighteenth century concept for Europe, not a twentieth century one. The United States and Europe are created as human beings, to survive. The historic tendencies, everywhere, are toward the creation of larger units. But, the

great democracies choose reactionary policies, timid, unimaginative, uncreative. Hitler is unifying Europe by sword and fire for the sake of Germanic power. Why should we not protect the unification of Europe for the sake of Europe, and the world?

There is nothing new in this idea. The most illumined spirits of Europe have preached it for half a century. It has been forwarded by examples outside Europe—the United States of America, the emergence of the British Commonwealth out of Empire, and, lastly, as the most modern form of federation, the Union of Socialist and Soviet Republics. Europe is a cultural, economic and historic entity. Its characteristics is that of unity with diversity. Its most truly representative state, and its most stable one is the little confederation of Switzerland. And the greatest honor you can do a Frenchman, Italian, German, Dutchman, Czech or Pole is to call him a good European.

The division of Europe into a score of sovereign states has resulted in two Europe—the highly industrialized and modern western and central states that have lived by exporting goods, and the backward agricultural southern, south-western, and eastern states that have, for generations, exported people. The world has not wanted to accept either the goods or the people, and the destiny of Europe has made it impossible for them to feed and serve each other.

The tyranny of Hitler has broken this spell. Hitler has been forced, by the logic of his own words, to accept a historic act. It is foolish to underestimate it. It is necessary to break the tyranny, but not again to disintegrate Europe. We must Europeanize every nation, re-establish Europe's historic yearnings for freedom and equality; free Europe from the hegemony of a dominant power; and emerge from this war not only as a liberator of the nations, but as the unifier of a free Europe.

If we do we shall be beloved for all time. If we do not we shall be feared by all Europe against us, the day after tomorrow. (To be continued)

Visitin' Around

Yeh? What's Her Name? (Richmond County Journal) John Gore was a caller on serious business in Colquhoun over the week-end. Frab's His Favorite Parents (North Wilkesboro Hustler) Dr. Y. C. Whittington Jr., of Mars Hill College student, spent the Easter holidays with his parents in Wilkesboro, Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Whittington.

Side Glimpse



"These vegetables from our garden are wonderful, dear, just wonderful! But if the war lasts much longer I wonder if we'd have room in our yard for a little livestock?"

We're Behind Swedish Labor

By Raymond Clapper

THERE have been no big strikes here in the year, so most people here find it hard to understand why in the United States the President in the midst of war must take the radio to stop a coal strike. Quite a number have asked me if enemy propaganda was behind the coal strike, as that is the only way people here think so much trouble could be caused.

The labor movement is highly organized in Sweden, and so are our employers. I had a unique experience with other American newspaper editors attending a dinner here given jointly by the General Federation of Swedish Trade Unions and the Swedish Employers Federation. It was at it Lewis, Green and Murray, and officials of the Chamber of Commerce and National Manufacturers Association gave a party together. They were all speaking each other during the dinner. Afterwards the meeting was thrown open to all to ask questions. They were baited around the table by both sides, sometimes arguing, sometimes agreeing, but always friendly and relaxed in the manner of people who understood each other and were doing business with each other on mutually satisfactory terms.

I sat between an iron ore man and a textile man, both large employers. The iron ore producer said no industrialist in Sweden would find it hard to understand why in the United States the President in the midst of war must take the radio to stop a coal strike. Quite a number have asked me if enemy propaganda was behind the coal strike, as that is the only way people here think so much trouble could be caused.

Production has dropped progressively in industries formerly dependent on imported materials. But this is now counter-balanced by the rise of "crustal" industries, such as chemical, burning equipment for automobiles and the heavy cutting of timber for fuel. There is a labor shortage in some fields.

After to prevent repetition of the disastrous inflation of the first war, the Swedish Trade Union Federation took the lead immediately after this war began to check inflationary pressure. For the last eighteen months there has been an agreement by labor and employer organizations banning wage increases.

Periodic adjustments are made to meet any rise in the cost of living index. At first labor got 75 per cent of the rise, but later the percentage was reduced. Now labor obtains only a 60 per cent adjustment for a rise in the cost of living index.

Labor could tie up industry, as there is no anti-strike legislation—only voluntary agreement by both sides. Labor's policy has been to keep the Government out of labor's arrangements with employers. Collective agreements cover 84 per cent of the workers in the ore industries, 90 per cent of the stone quarry industries, 80 per cent of wood industries, 90 per cent in paper and printing, 80 per cent in food, textiles, and chemicals, and 80 per cent in other industries. That must make the mouths of American labor leaders water.

I suspect Labor is so powerful in the show here because it has not abused its great power. Yet long ago it was a hard fight to get the situation, as at Sturtevant, electric utility executive and president of the International Chamber of Commerce, told our dinner party.

Platform Of The People The Negro's View

Editors, The News: I am a Negro in the armed services stationed here in California. Through my mother I've been able to enjoy one of the pleasures of life here at home; reading The News. I have been a constant reader of C. A. Paul's column since I started reading The News—which of course brought me my knowledge of the situation here at home. I'm referring mostly to the stalling problem on the buses.

I've read the opinion of some of your other readers, and also Mr. Paul's. I agree with them, that there is considerable room for improvement. I'm sure Mr. Paul means that for both races, otherwise, I could not agree with him. Of course I'm actually believe any reasonable opinion will solve the problem. I would like to ask a question. What is the difference between the white man there in North Carolina and the one out here in California—or in any of the other states that aren't segregated countries?

I ask that, for out here we ask anywhere we find a soul, every man respects every woman, and the white folks don't push to get on the bus before any of the colored folks, and all seem contented. I'm sure that my people want to be treated as human beings, and to be given the chance to prove that they can do the same for you. If you will notice on the Square where the buses stop, you will find my statement about white women and the crowding of white buses to hold true in Charlotte. —OREN McCULLOUGH, Seaman, Second Class, U.S. Navy, Fort Chicago, Calif.

The Man Lewis

Editors, The News: I enclose herewith a copy of a telegram I sent to President Roosevelt last Sunday. I hope you will publish same and give the readers of your valuable paper an opportunity to join me and other Americans in bringing pressure on the President to settle this serious labor situation here. It gets out of hand. Franklin D. Roosevelt, The White House, Washington, D. C. I repeat my request that John L. Lewis be tried for death while in the same manner as the other men who were hanged by the same means. The Constitution does not allow a man to be tried in treason as giving aid and comfort to the enemy, since this means nothing more than aiding the enemy. This telegram was sent in the name of the newspaper, J. TIPPIN.