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THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1943

### He Moves!

#### President's Threat Against Labor Is a Sign To Us All

Now, for the first time, Franklin Roosevelt has dared to turn up and declare himself in strong language. Now, the War Labor Board is at last empowered to accomplish the tasks it was born to do. The President has put teeth in the WLB directives. He has thrust sharp weapons against union and union officials who refuse to conform to Government regulations. He has, in this move, made some history.

It is apparent that the President was forced into this act, and that it was in no sense voluntary. Following the usual pattern, he had long put off any action against irresponsible union leadership. Any such act was against his very grain, so strongly does he believe that the chief benefits of the New Deal reign have gone to laboring men. Only the revolt in WLB drove him to take his stand.

This should be welcome to the people of the United States. They can know now that there is at least a law against union leaders hopping up at a time of crisis to defy the might of the nation. A law, full of teeth, which endangers the freedom and very life of unions which dare make a challenge in the future. Here is action such as the country has been expecting from the President for several years. Now that it has come it must not be regarded as a miracle, but only as a strange by-product of the times.

It is a cause for rejoicing on the part of men who have been thinking that the old-fashioned Democracy has been sold out to union leadership. Those who have known now that the next foolhardy move by John L. Lewis will be his last. They can see the wild labor man threatened with the biggest stick. They hear the most eloquent plea for unity, they understand that Franklin Roosevelt has, after so long, resorted to force. And that is good.

Assuming that Wilhelmstrasse sizes them up correctly, it must concede that the old warmongers, Churchill and Roosevelt, are among a nice war.

### An Ancient Sin

#### Juvenile Delinquency Once Included Puffing Cigarettes

Among the forgotten laws of North Carolina is one of the vintage of 1891, dealing with the fearful habit of smoking on the part of minors. In those days, apparently before the coming of the trust had become powerful enough to block such picaresque legislation, the status was doubtless regarded as a bulwark against the advance of nicotine. The young were sheltered, there would be no stunting of growth in North Carolina.

It is, still, a misdemeanor to sell or give cigarettes or cigarette tobacco to anyone under 17. And, if apprehended, a guilty minor must reveal the source of his tobacco, or he himself is guilty of a misdemeanor.

We expect with the revival of the ancient law, to hear of law enforcement officers, sniffing about the very young, on the trail of the pleasant outlaw weed. We have a little fear that America has too long pressed smoking habits to its bosom, for the law of '01 ever to catch up now.

In this changed world, it is the farmer, instead, for farmers to protest to Washington about 40-cent tobacco, rather than that anyone be concerned about the smoking habits of children. But that is not to say that all have forgotten the times, not so long ago, when 12-cent tobacco brought forth no complaints, and the smell of smoke on a contractor's breath meant a trip to the woodshed.

### Two-Way Report

#### Capt. Rickenbacker Can't Make Up His Mind; Long or Short

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker must have learned himself a lesson in public relations when he returned from his miscellaneous ocean rescue a few months ago. He must have learned that one could be too outspoken, that one must not seem so sure of oneself, that the public was not accustomed to being bludgeoned by any one man.

statements sounded strangely unlike anything Rickenbacker ever made public. His statements sound, perhaps, as if Captain Eddie had suddenly gotten religion, or decided to believe in the human race. At any rate, his every remark was tempered. Most of them, we say, were hedged.

The predictions as to the war were most interesting—and there the hedging and double talk was most apparent. Captain said Germany would not crack before the Fall of 1944—barring a miracle. And then he said that he expected a miracle to happen, this Winter or sooner! He added that Germany must be broken from the inside, by air power—and as a rider declared that it was no fanatic belief in air power.

We do not believe that even so astute an observer as Captain Rickenbacker can affect the course of the war by his predictions thereof—but he surely can confuse the thinking of Americans who try so hard to follow his words. We'd like a clarification, or a complete new set of statements. Does the Captain really think Germany would not crack in '44, or does he think that the forthcoming 'miracle' in which he places his faith will crack her by this Winter? We'd feel better about the whole war, just to know what the Captain meant, exactly.

### Time For Talk

#### Europe's Captive People Need Assurance From Us

As the very crisis of the war approaches, perhaps more swiftly than the world realizes, it is well to speak that neither the United States nor Great Britain has made a public declaration of intent to the captive peoples of Europe. Militarily, this is not of importance, for the future balance of power in a smaller world, it may have some all-important. There already develops a one-sided race for the affection of oppressed Europe. Moscow leads, by many lengths.

Note that, in Moscow, there are already well-publicized groups of foreigners: Free Germany, Free Poland, Free Italy. About these groups, Joseph Stalin has said nothing, but he fosters them in his capital. On the other hand, U. S. and British policy has been to frown on all "Free" governments. We have attempted to dissuade the Fighting French. We have been too closely, perhaps, to the line of Unconditional Surrender. It is time that we speak out to tell the world that we have recognized the difference between men of clean hands, and the Fascist rabble. We need to say something new, to Italy.

The courts of the OWI will not be enough. To be sure, we can safely denounce Italy, and win most of it at a nominal cost, whenever we desire. We might do that job more easily, if we spoke a convincing speech on the separation of the sheep and the goats. In North Africa, we think, there was often too much bickering over political differences. Now, as Italy totters and the end faces all the other Axis and Axis-dominated states, we could do with a heart-to-heart talk with our prospective prisoners.

It might be well, before many more days have passed, to present a clarification of the Allied race, the world knows we fight for freedom, but millions of men need to be told that they themselves will not be held guilty in the day of judgment. We need, now, to explain to one and all that we understand how a people can be made the captives of a government, and sold into slavery by dictatorship. We need to reassure the loyal of the lands to be conquered that we will recognize the all-important dividing line.

If we do not give this speech, the people who wait for us may turn themselves to the East, to Moscow, convinced that Joseph Stalin is a man of few promises, but also a man of kept promises. There is a time for holding the tongue, and there is a time for speaking clearly. We have not exactly held our tongue for the watching ones learned much from North Africa, and our treatment of DeGaulle, and the captives of the North African, and that we intend to recognize them, and give Fascism the rough treatment it deserves. The people of Europe are now quite convinced that Britain and the U. S. will recognize a man when they see one, after peace.

The Jap, poor fellow, has no working profanity in his quaint language, though at times of late we imagine you can hear his take-talk for blocks.

If you're looking for the fine print in our policy, Badoglio, you're wasting our time.

### Hitter and Musso

## Shoot The Axis Bosses

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON  
SEVERAL pitiful renegade American journalists who work for the Axis were indicted recently for treason. More to the point would be a warrant for the delivery of Mussolini, dead or alive—preferably dead. The same should be arranged regarding Hitler.

When Italy surrenders, which may not be long now, we shall have the problem of what to do with Mussolini. When Germany surrenders, which is almost certain to occur within the next twelve months, we shall have the problem of what to do with Hitler. It is not too early to decide what we shall do with them. There need be no hair-tearing about this. As a simple, clean-cut way to dispose of one of the lesser problems connected with the end of the war, just shoot them.

No trial is needed. We know they are guilty. They forced war when Chamberlain was begging for peace. Don't allow international law to lay its pained hand on this business. If the international-law experts get into this nothing will ever happen. Why make it complicated? If you try to exile them, you will have their henchmen trying to help them return from Elba. We should always be having to watch them to guard against escape plots. Shooting is so much simpler. They can be found if we want them. J. Edgar Hoover could get them. In fact it is the job that he did on the kidnapping gangsters here in America that suggests to me that the same ruthless extermination should be applied to the gangsters in Europe.

What good will it do? First, it will rid us of the two men who pulled the trigger for this war. Hitler and Mussolini saw that in Munich begging for peace, Hitler and Mussolini wanted to use war as their method, and they must die. There can be no argument about war until this time. It is right there on the heads of two brutal dictators.

Second, it will be wholesome to show for a change that murder by wholesale is just as intoler-

erable to society as murder in individual cases. We have never been able to see this straight. We shot Dillinger, whose crimes were trivial misadventures compared with the crimes of Hitler and Mussolini. Hitler's predecessor, the Kaiser, lost his war, but he moved to Holland, got himself a huxton new wife, and lived out a comfortable old age as a haughty country squire surrounded by luxury and lackeys. Let some kid murder a fellow in a drunken fight and he is executed. When a dictator plans and carries out the murder of hundreds of thousands, he becomes a sacred cow, and you must touch him.

Third, I don't want to see the real problems with which we must deal obscured by a long postwar controversy over what to do with the two head men. We know they will be on our hands, let's decide now what to do with them and dispose of that business quickly. That will simplify also the task of punishing the lesser criminals. There will have to be a list of those—but you may be sure that nothing can be done about them unless the two head men are promptly shot. You can't punish the little fellows while allowing the top men to retire to a life of ease.

I am not in favor of a Carthaginian peace. I came home by air last week with German prisoners, a young Luftwaffe lieutenant. He was a pleasant kid and became quite popular among the American Army officers in the plane. They made him a short Sherrie, I have his signature on my bill. I sat beside him in the plane and pointed out the buildings on the New York skyline. The last I saw of him was a rather touching picture. A young American major, coming home from many months in a combat area, went up to the German prisoner to say good-by. They shook hands, saluted, and parted as old friends might have done.

I believe humanity wants war now less than it has ever wanted it. Wars of aggression can be made impossible. It will be a long and difficult task. I think of no more appropriate beginning than to shoot the two men who began this last one.

### Don't Look Now, But—

—By Dorman Smith



### Publisher's Pickle

## The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON  
THE newspaper PM, which has a healthy influence on Washington, has recently got its owner, Marshall Field III of Chicago, in a most embarrassing spot. PM has been riding the wild side of anyone who ever succumbed to the wiles of Mussolini and received from him a Fascist decoration. Especially PM has been riding Giuseppe Pigo, Italian-born New York newspaper publisher, now ardently anti-Mussolini, because he once accepted a decoration from Il Duce and once gave the Fascist salute before the grave of the Unknown Italian Soldier.

What the editors of PM apparently don't know is that their own financial benefactor and publisher, Marshall Field, himself in 1934 received a Fascist decoration from Mussolini. Mr. Field bears the title "Comendatore," and so far as any public relation of the OWI is concerned, the decoration is Il Duce, Marshall Field went further and was elected president of the Italy-America Society on Jan. 27, 1938, when Mussolini was in his heyday and when the Italy-America Society was considered by many as an adjunct of Fascism.

On Oct. 24, 1931, he was also reported by New York newspapers as being present at a special dinner in honor of Count Dino Grandi, Mussolini's foreign minister and Ambassador to London. On Jan. 26, 1933, Field was re-elected president of the Italy-America Society. After this term expired, he was elected a member of the Executive Committee in 1934.

Even as late as April 21, 1937, after Mussolini had horrified the civilized world with his rape of defenseless Abyssinia, had torn down the peace machinery of the League and was pushing Italy to support a Fascist dictator, Marshall Field continued in concert with Italian Fascists in New York to that date to receive the highest honor at a dinner dance in honor of Italian Ambassador Suvich given by the Italy-America Society. Yet Marshall Field's newspaper now points away almost daily at everyone who ever received a Fascist decoration.

Note: Real fact is that Giuseppe Pigo went to Rome in 1937 at the request of Italo Braschi. Wise to try to dissuade Mussolini from his campaign against the Jews. While there he was invited to be a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and that was the occasion of PM's picture of him giving the Fascist salute.

Lewis Deserts Wilkie  
One of the historic political speeches of the 1940 campaign was John L. Lewis' deserted Roosevelt for the job of president. Lewis, one of the most powerful supporters, had contributed more than \$250,000 in his first political campaign, had voted for the United Mine Workers for his own election. He had received from Roosevelt in return the famous section 14 of the NIRA giving workers the absolute right of collective bargaining. He had secured Roosevelt's blessing for the Cuffey coal act, for the National Relations Board and a dozen other benefits for labor.

NEW YORK  
MARSHAL BADOGLIO's foreign policy is a deliberate quest for am-

He wants Italy's role to be underwritten by a vague, but vague on purpose; he seeks to play a kind of out-of-four part to the war. His goal is an Italy left alone, left out of the conflict by both sides. Badoglio's declaration that Rome has an open city is partial progress toward this aim. He seeks to make Rome a speck of neutrality in the heart of a belligerent Italy. He has tried to seize for Rome the immunity which he would like to obtain for all of Italy. And so he says, preposterously, that Rome is not defended.

But Rome is defended. It is defended by the rest of Italy. It is defended by Italian and German armies. A city is usually declared to be an open city only in the final, desperate stages of land warfare; the customary purpose of such a declaration is to prevent the destruction of a city by abandoning its defenses. The city of Rome has not been abandoned. This in itself is exactly what Badoglio is trying to obtain, in big, for all of Italy; defense against us, yet immunity from us; a dubious state of peace without surrender; security from the war without abandoning the war.

I am for international law as much as the next man. But there is no reason why we should abandon common sense because a dictator has uttered the sacred words. We must remember that this same Badoglio, the Duke of Addis Ababa, who has been enjoying the benefits of international law, once used mustard gas against naked Ethiopians. Now that legality serves his purpose, he is being as legal as he can be. His respect for international law is new, and convenient.

One wonders what the Greeks will think of this sudden Italian respect for international law, and the Albanians also. There is an old axiom of Anglo-Saxon law to the effect that he who asks for equity must do equity. It would be interesting to play this line of equity with asking Italy, through neutral negotiations on the question of Rome, to renounce all claim to Greece and Albania. We might ask that Italy order the immediate return of all Italian troops from both countries where, in accordance with international law, they have no right to be.

Otherwise, we are going to have Rome as an island of law in an ocean of lawlessness. Italian soldiers will be helping to starve and enslave patriotic Greeks in Athens while enjoying the benefits of more civilized conceptions of warfare back at home.

The ultimate decision must be left to Gen. Eisenhower. If he accepts the declaration that Rome is an open city, that decision will be supported by most Americans in the name of international morality. But there is no reason why we should not make the conditions as hard as possible. For example, we might include as one condition a requirement that Italy ship no more American prisoners of war to Germany. We must seek for conditions which will help to knock Italy out of the war.

Badoglio is trying to separate the question of Rome from a question of the war. He is trying to make us think that Rome is an isolated problem, a thing-in-itself. But Rome cannot be separated from the war. Badoglio cannot even utter without affecting the war. He has his move in regard to Rome, but he has the war. It is designed to keep northern Italian unrest from seeping southward. It is designed as the first move toward a bizarre neutrality. It is designed to provide a focus for the propaganda which the House of Savoy may luxuriate while trying to deal with both sides.

### The Voice

## This Sinatra

NOT so many months ago a musical-minded friend assured us that the future of America was safe. There was a definite away from music popular music, toward the more classical, the more symphonic and operatic records, for example, reached a phenomenal figure. The case of jazz, of the monotonous, unimproving little rhythms was gone. Chicago was no longer being treated before a chorus line of life to see the face of that friend today, in the time of Frank Sinatra.

It is in hope that the hopeful lure of the great music of the past has not heard of the stunning Sinatra, somewhere in a foreign war zone. But there is little hope that the low-pitched voice of the little curbed reaches everywhere. If not, the means of the moaning sub-bass must have reached around the globe by now. The drowning of the young ladies in these parts is no cause for alarm; it is happening everywhere.

One can scarcely hear an exultant of music without, soon or late, being exposed to the singing that isn't singing at all, but is, instead, a shrill, screeching, howling into the listening ears of the masses on a matter to the worshipping millions. When Sinatra entered Hollywood in triumph, some 4,000 young girls pressed about him, some fainting with the heat, some fainting with the heat, some fainting with the heat. The audience almost drowned out the sound of his howling. Hollywood couldn't bear it. Here, having conquered the rest of the country, was started to collapse.

Magazine articles, cherished spots on the air, and a career in the movies are the result of the hysterical adoration which, somehow, the young man has stirred in the breast of young America. There are countless theories as to the appeal of his voice; he has a certain way of singing in the such woman in the audience, he makes every female feel motherly; he sings as a departed sweetheart in uniform; he has learned the mystic use of newly-invented tones in radio. There is no end to the burlesque. There is also the mark of a ahead press agent.

It is, however, no concern of our own. Those who do not share in the ecstasy when Sinatra sings are not forced to listen. Long since we have observed such phenomena—"Ode to a Greek Girl" is no heart sickle since the beginning, and with increasing regularity since the day of "I'll Be Home for Christmas." For the sake of music in America, there will certainly come the day when the force of the legged little girl will turn from the soft-sold Sinatra, realizing that what he may be pleasant, but that he's no singer at all.



### Unhappy Enemy

## Vague Badoglio

By Samuel Crafon

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### Waiting At The Gate

Governor Matt Neely of West Virginia has been a familiar figure around the White House for 23 years. Nevertheless, the other day he was kept under suspicion at the White House gates for fifteen minutes. The Governor first served in Congress in 1911. He was one of the original Roosevelt Senators, and has been one of the President's close friends and staunch supporters. So when he arrived at the White House gates the other day, he said:

"I'm Matt Neely. I have an engagement to see the President."

"Sorry, but you'll have to show your identification papers," replied the guard.

Governor Neely fished round in his pockets but could find nothing. In West Virginia almost everyone knows him. He doesn't have to be identified. Finally, Walter "Bill" Hart, editor of the Morcantown, W. Va., Dominion-News, who accompanied the Governor, displayed his press card. It was signed "Matthew Neely, Governor of West Virginia."

This was sufficient to get Hart into the White House. So, since Neely's signature was good, but his name was not, Hart was allowed to enter the Governor standing at the gate. White House receptionist Walter Brinson, hearing Hart's story, came to Governor Neely's aid, and the President's order made for last time.



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