THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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A Note On Peace And Resentment

THE war with Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Finland is over. The treaties have been signed, the new boundaries set, and these five defeated nations are now free to resume their existence as independent, sovereign states.

In Italy the signing of the peace treaty has been greeted with public demonstrations—against the government that accepted it, and against the American and British governments that dictated it. Italy lost all her colonies, some of her continental territory, and a great deal of face. She has become the second-rate power she was before Mussolini succumbed to his expensive delusions of grandeur.

The Italian reaction provides another, timely manifestation of the strange workings of the human mind. There appears to be no bitterness there now toward the Fascist government that led the nation into chaos, no recognition of the average Italian's own responsibility for the rise and fall of Benito Mussolini. Instead there is only the customary bitterness of the conquered for the conquerors—an outraged sense of national pride that wipes out all memory of the years when the puffed-up Italians joined Germany in an unprovoked war against her democratic neighbors.

It is true that the terms of the peace treaty are hard: it is always hard to lose territory, even territory gained by fraud and force. But, by and large, the conquerors have been uncommonly generous. Under precedent established by her own Government in Ethiopia, Italy quite properly might have been reduced to the status of a permanent colony of Britain, America, and France, or divided among them.

Such considerations, let it be noted sadly, have never impressed a conquered people; they did not impress the ex-Confederates in 1865 and they did not impress the Germans in 1918. And, if the peace treaty had been twice as generous as it was, it probably would have made no real difference. The conqueror deals always with wounded pride and shame and the inevitable bitterness of defeat, and these things are far more important than boundaries and reparations and the repatriation of prisoners of war.

So we have acquired in Italy a prefabricated resentment against the United States and Britain, and to lesser degree against Russia. We shall acquire, no matter what we do, a similar resentment in Germany, Japan, Austria and Korea when the really important peace treaties affecting these nations are finally drafted and signed. The seeds of war live long after the last battle is fought, and they have been fertilized by every peace treaty ever drawn. We still have a chance to root them out once and for all in the years ahead — but the Italian demonstrations should remind us of the magnitude and the urgency of the task.

Max Gardner And His Town

WE doubt if any other public figure of our time maintains the relationship with his home town that existed between Max Gardner and Shelby. There was a great deal more to it than the usual sentimental regard a man holds for the place of his birth. And there was a great deal more to it, on the other side, than the usual pride the home folk feel for a local boy who made good.

In his latter years Max Gardner was much away from Shelby, but Webley, his handsome old house there, was never closed. It remained always, in the true sense of that word, home—not a retreat, or a place to spend occasional vacations, or a device to maintain a political foothold in North Carolina, but a house that held his most cherished belongings, and his heart.

It could never be said of Max Gardner that he, like other rich men, assumed the role of patron. It is true that he contributed generously to every worthy cause in Shelby—notably to his church and to Gardner-Webb College. But this was never the grand, empty gesture of the wealthy expatriate. Always, in addition to money, and much more importantly, Max Gardner gave his time. He worked for Shelby in the spirit of the Chamber of Commerce committeeman, and he did so primarily because his own interests were bound up irrevocably with the community's.

The people of Shelby accorded him a special sort of respect that had in it none of the feeling of awe a Governor, Under-Secretary of the Treasury, Ambassador to Great Britain, and millionaire several times over might have been expected to inspire. Until the end of his days he remained Max to his contemporaries, and Mr. Max to younger generations. If they looked up to him—and most of them did—it was because he had earned a high place in Shelby, only incidentally because he also became a powerful influence in Raleigh, Washington and the world at large. They judged him by Shelby's standards and found that he measured up to them, and no honor that ever came to Max Gardner pleased him more.

Thousands of outsiders came to Shelby for his funeral—Cabinet members, railroad presidents, governors, judges, senators, bankers, diplomats and publishers—important men who had come to respect and admire Max Gardner at various stages in his career. There were enough of these to fill the big Baptist Church to overflowing, and Shelby appreciated their coming, recognizing their presence as a final compliment to the town's leading citizen. But these outsiders could not share the feeling that pervaded the church, and the town that stretched away from it; they could only sense it and wonder at it. That was a feeling based on intimacy, and common ideals, and a thousand shared, commonplace experiences. And they knew when they left that Max Gardner and Shelby were one, that they had watched a town bury a part of itself.

The YWCA Has Another Birthday

TO build a fellowship of women and girls devoted to the task of realizing in our common life those ideals of personal and social living to which we are committed by our faith as Christians . . ."

For almost half a century the Young Women's Christian Association in Charlotte has held to that simple creed. The success of its continuing effort to implement it will be reviewed in detail tonight when officials, trustees, members and well-wishers gather at the central YWCA branch for the 45th annual meeting of the Association.

A mere summary of the year's activities requires a closely-typed 14-page report—a record of the activities of a dozen subsidiary clubs maintained for special age and interest groups, of conferences and forums, of Summer camps and field trips, of lectures and religious services, of the dormitory and dining facilities provided in the various buildings. A busy and profitable year certainly, for it was marked by the launching of a joint campaign with the YMCA to raise funds for the building and maintenance of new homes for their Negro branches. Although the drive was not launched until November, $182,546 of the $250,000 goal had been pledged by the end of the year.

"Important as is the securing of this amount of money for long-awaited and much-needed facilities," the annual report states, "other values established justify our saying it is one of the highlights of the YWCA year. The number of hours of real work given by both Branch and Central members, the warm response of the community at large, the co-operation between the YMCA and the YWCA, and the sense of unity . . . created make the Campaign significant."

It is altogether appropriate that the YWCA, entering the 89th year of its existence in the nation, and it 46th in Charlotte, should have such encouraging and concrete evidence of the community's esteem. But it is also appropriate that, as speaker at the annual dinner tonight, the YWCA should have its international representative, Miss Lilace Reid Barnes, making her first appearance since her return from Europe a few days ago. Acquainted as most of us are with the importance of the local phase of the YWCA's work, it is well to be reminded of the expanding scope of its operations overseas. It is now the oldest and largest international women's organization in existence, with affiliates in 69 countries. Thirty of those countries have suffered terribly from the war, and the 435 YWCA organizations in the United States will be called upon this year to support a $2,100,000 Round-The-World Reconstruction Fund.

The world is one, as the YWCA constantly reminds its members. And of all its functions, this, we suspect, may ultimately be the most valuable.

Another Voice

Honey Chile And One World

NO ONE can blame the thirty girls at Agnes Scott College of Decatur, Ga., for wanting to improve their speech. They have set up a "Gab Lab" as a device toward better speaking habits. In particular, they want to overcome "exaggerated Southern drawls."

Of course this only adds fuel to the flames that burn for a one-world, one-tongue philosophy. Perhaps it is a good thing. Someday, through gab-labs, U.N.E.S.C.O., a radio in every flat, shack and cave, and perhaps a few more wars, everybody will be talking pretty much alike. You-all, tu, vous, lei, ennntah, nay, voce, du, yew, yah, yeaouh, and yuh will become "you" the world over.

But until that far-off day most males will retain somewhere in their hearts a soft spot for that inimitable creature, the gal with the Southern drawl. She is the original honey-dripper, the memory of soft lights and softer accents. At her best she has a voice out of Charleston by way of Virginia, clear as mountain spring water. At her worst she twangs like a snagglestringed gittar, scattering vowels from here to yonder. Good or bad as you like it, the world won't be the same place without a Southern accent.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

In The Congressional Waiting Room

Marquis Childs

A Landmark Passes

WASHINGTON

THE tides of history beat so fiercely on this city that the landmarks of the past have little chance of survival. The Capitol and the White House remain out of an older Washington. But everywhere else the white cliffs of Government overwhelm the quiet town of yesterday.

Now another fixed point of reference is to vanish. For 72 years the Secretary of State has occupied the great wedding cake of a building across narrow West Executive Avenue from the White House.

It was built in the days when we imported our architecture from Paris, as women who could afford it imported their dresses. Those were the days when Government was a ceremony rather than a function. The building has the look of an imposing Victorian dowager.

COOL IN SUMMER

In the beginning, it was known as the State, War and Navy Building because it comfortably contained all three departments. Air-conditioning was unknown in that quaint era. But the walls were massive and, even in the dead of Summer, air circulated through the high-ceilinged rooms. What is more, all top officials left the city in the Summer for a more comfortable climate.

State, War and Navy flanked the White House on one side, and Treasury on the other. This was the triumvirate of Government. Across Pennsylvania Avenue was the shady quiet of Jackson Square, and everyone who mattered, or nearly everyone, lived around the square in big comfortable houses.

Directly across from the White House, in adjoining houses, lived Henry Adams and his good friend John Hay, who was Secretary of State under McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. Hay, who had been private secretary to Abraham Lincoln, was one of America's distinguished literary and political figures.

Traditionally, men of distinction have held the No. 1 Cabinet post. James G. Blaine, Elihu Root, William J. Bryan, Robert Lansing, Charles Evans Hughes, Henry L. Stimson, Cordell Hull — all these men have occupied the big ceremonial office that is now to be vacated.

The office of the newest Secretary of State, Gen. George C. Marshall, will be moved while he is attending the Moscow conference. Today the business of the State Department is no longer a ceremony but one of the most important functions of Government.

State has approximately 6,200 Civil Service Employees in Washington. The operations of the Foreign Service, with 11,000 employees, extend all over the globe. They cover phases of activity growing out of new technology.

FITTING SYMBOL

It is fitting that Secretary Marshall should be in command in this period of change. He stands for the values of the past, above all for the kind of integrity and patriotism that we associate with the men who founded this country. At the same time he is keenly aware of the need to bring the whole operation of the State Department up to date.

The new home of the State Department is modern and efficient. It will be a start toward getting the organization under one roof. Today it is distributed through 23 buildings in Washington.

EVOLUTION OCCURRING

A profound evolution is occurring in what might be called the "Department of Peace." James F. Byrnes helped it along. Marshall is continuing it. State, the traditional old lady of the past, is being modernized for the 20th century, if not the 21st.

Perhaps that could never have happened in the stately halls on Pennsylvania Avenue which are now to be taken over by the White House and the Bureau of the Budget. But if there are ghosts in the governmental past, they will certainly haunt the graying pile that has seen so much of our later history.

People's Platform

Taxation And Representation

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

MEMBERS of the Legislature deserve to be commended for voicing their opposition to the newly proposed board governing the funeral directors and embalmers of this state.

It would be a forward step if the General Assembly would eliminate all boards created either by Legislative act or appointed by the Governor that discriminate against citizens because of color. None of these boards has any Negro representation.

There is no representation on either the Beauty or Barber Board. The tax and license fees imposed upon Negroes in these professions are the same as white. It is stated that one reason for segregation in many instances is because many people think that the problem of Negroes is one thing and the problem of white people is another. If that is true it is quite necessary that Negroes have representation on these boards. For example, Negroes on the Beauty and Barber Boards would represent the barbers and beauticians of their race and could do likewise on other boards whether they be under State control or be placed under city or health authorities.

Another forward step for North Carolina would be to place all institutions of learning such as Barber and Beauty Schools and others under the Department of Public Instruction, thereby freeing them of much of the dictatorial powers, prejudices, hardships, incompetence and taxation.

Perhaps if the maintenance expenses of these boards were paid out of public funds there would not be as many of them As long as the State will empower them to collect high license fees from citizens for their own support taxation without representation will continue and discrimination practiced and enforced against citizens because of color.

—W. J. HARRIS.

Reaching Up?

CLINTON

Editors, THE NEWS:

IT IS your privilege to take issue with the doctors of "The Fact-Finding Committee", but to use the language of Yogi Berra, a group headed by Dr. Elias Faison places you among those reaching up to touch bottom.

—JAMES H. REGISTER.

(NOTE: Mr. Register is apparently confused. Our editorial undertook to defend Dr. Faison and his colleagues against The Salisbury Post's charge that they are "conscienceless marplots" acting out of bitterness because the medical college is not to be located in Charlotte. Denying that they are parties to any civic plot we said of them: "They acted as individuals; their sole claim to the public's and the Legislature's attention lies in the fact that they possess medical degrees and are presumed to have more than the usual interest in, and understanding of, the matter under consideration." We called their survey "a masterpiece of oversimplification . . . slanted to show opposition to the medical college." This certainly seems justified in view of the fact that the questionnaires were accompanied by an unsigned letter stating: "This group sees no need at this time for another four-year school for whites, and it is definitely opposed to locating one at Chapel Hill. If one is to be established." But we also said: "However dubious their methods, the dissenting doctors have a right to speak their piece." It is difficult to see how we could have exercised our right to take issue with the "Fact Finders" in any more temperate language.—Eds., THE NEWS).

Blahblahblah

MORGANTON

Editors, THE NEWS:

DON'T let that radio advertising man get you down, O bub, you got film and radio in general dead right. Radio advertising on a whole is obnoxious, malodorous (yeah it even SMELLS, believe it or not) stupid, tiring, exasperating, enraging and in most cases absolutely misleading, and in the sum total, asinine. Some newspaper ads are bad too, but taken far and wide newspapers are so much on a higher plane when it comes to advertising that the comparison is really funny—one can turn a page easily, but when you turn the radio dial you just exchange one dumb blahblahblah, for another just as bad. Stick to your guns, bub, you're right.

—S. R. CHESLOCK.

Negro History

McCOLL, S. C.

Editors, THE NEWS:

THERE is not a more inspiring study for the Negro youth than the true history of his race. Through it he becomes acquainted with great men and women of his race whose struggle to success in spite of odds is sure to give him courage and confidence not only in his own ability but that of his race as a whole.

There is a surprising number of advanced students of our race who cannot trace the history of the race beyond the cotton fields of the South, and who know nothing of the great soldiers, statesmen, and religious leaders our race has produced.

Negro History Week is a good time for the teachers and educators to get together on a program to continue the study of Negro history, not only for the next few weeks but for the entire year.

—THOMAS C. McNEIL.

Samuel Grafton

Freedom In France

PARIS

EACH country has its own kind of freedom like its own kind of bread. French freedom is intensely personal, and takes the form of an immense contest of ingenuity between the individual and the Government. Paris turns off its electricity during daylight hours two days a week to save coal. It has also long been a French custom to charge a much lower rate for electricity consumed late at night, when demand is low, than during the day. The French meet this complicated challenge typically with a household heating invention called the "Cumulateur", a machine which in some fashion stores electricity during the night when rates are cheap and gives it off in the form of heat during the day, including days when the current is out. One hears that the cumulateur will be made illegal, but one feels also that that will be only one more chapter in the serial story.

IN TO LUNCH

It is like the way Parisian traffic policemen go home for lunch, leaving the streets unattended in the busiest time of day; it is not that they do not respect the traffic problem, it is a question of the individual's right to have his lunch. This is a country of very individualistic people. A French apartment house owner will not, for example, pay for hall lights; the cost is apportioned and billed to the tenants. The tenants in turn refuse to pay for lights for who knows who to use; they install an invention which leaves the lights on for exactly three minutes after you push a button, or almost enough time to get to your apartment. The result is that lobbies are dark, and if in an unfamiliar house you can't find the button, that is a tribute to the principle that no one must impose on a Frenchman.

Rationed gasoline here costs 20 francs a litre; the black market price, without ration tickets, is about 50 francs. The Government, joining the battle of wits, is considering establishing a "double sector" of gasoline prices; it may allow motorists to buy extra tickets above normal rations at 30 francs each. This, plus 20 francs for the gas, would allow legal gas to compete with illegal, and bring in some revenue. But the whisper along the boulevards is that the black market will craftily cut its prices to 40 francs, and undersell the Government.

EVERYBODY'S FREE

It must not be supposed that all this makes the French cold; they have an exhilarating respect for each other, and it is heartwarming to watch a conversation between, say, a professional man and a workman. It reminds one of life in a small American town; there is a kind of equality, an organic lack of difference, certainly no difference at all on the level of ideas. But this passion of individualism makes it hard for the Government to ration goods or interfere in the relation between storekeeper and customer. The Government is trying in a dendpan way to linesup by asking the storekeepers' own associations to police the controls; but the associations don't run their members. Nobody runs anybody.

And so good food flows to those with money and in a side street not far from where I live, a German bakery owner asks her customers for their surplus bread tickets and there is a poor young man in the neighborhood who explains, he has been living on nothing but bread for two weeks, and she wants to help him by giving him more bread. There are other such stories in Paris. And suddenly something happens; the taste of freedom changes, and French newspapers break out with nervous appeals to Frenchmen to moderate themselves and resist their impulses lest inflation involve the country and starve the poor. And one thinks of the English, who feed their poor, and have so bottled themselves with restrictions in doing so that they may not paint a house or build a hen roost or nail two sticks together without permission.

PRICE OF WAR

And here one knows somehow what the chief price is which has been exacted by war in a disorganized world. It has made it a luxury for men and nations to be what they were. What they were was very good. But there is a kind of organic price to be paid for the war; almost it calls, like some biological cataclysm, for a change of species. Men pay not only with what they have but with what they are; and the account for having allowed the world to become disorganized has only begun to be rendered.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Airfield Incident Sold Truman On Merger

WASHINGTON

NAVY'S big brass, nettled over President Truman's insistence that the U. S. land, sea and air forces be united under one head, may find that big oaks from little acorns grow and that their troubles stem back to an incident of 1940.

Harry Truman, then Senator Truman, was a member of a joint Senate-House group inspecting U. S. air bases, and traveling in an Army plane.

On the schedule was a stop at San Diego, Calif., where the Navy had a complete air base, including paved runways and fine landing facilities. Nearby was an Army field, then being enlarged and its landing strips torn up. To add to difficulties, a heavy rainfall had given the field the appearance of a lake.

Truman's plane was supposed to land at the torn-up Army field. But, arriving over the Army base, the pilot decided to turn back and use the Navy field with its clear and unflooded landing strips.

That was when his troubles began.

Radioing his difficulties to the Navy field, the Army pilot got word from the Navy field officer that he was without authority to land any planes other than the Navy's.

Then followed about twenty minutes of air-ground argument. But the Navy stood pat. "Navy planes, only," it ruled.

Finally, the Army pilot took a chance on the Army field, bending a couple of propellors in "the landing and shaking up his legislative cargo. Congressmen, after being loaded into trucks, headed for San Diego, most of them irritated by Navy's adamant stand.

Bumping over the flooded field, Harry Truman remarked to a colleague:

"Something is rotten here. Perhaps all of the services—Army, Navy and Air—should become one."

That was where the Navy's troubles really began.

Secret Story Of The Vatican

NOW that various war secrets are being told by former Secretary of War Stimson and others, it may be appropriate to reveal the great human story of how one religious group cared for another during the war.

The story—of how the Vatican saved thousands of Jews—is told in a secret report by the War Refugee Board, an organization, largely non-Catholic, appointed by President Roosevelt to save religious minorities from Nazi death and persecution.

The report is couched in the unemotional, prosaic language of bureaucracy. But reading between the lines is one of the most human, dramatic stories of the war. How the Pope gave refuge to Italian Jews in the sanctity of the Vatican, how the Pope sent money into Hungary to help the terrorized Jews of that country, and how the Vatican worked closely with American Jewish organizations to send supplies to refugee camps inside Hitler's territory.

Here are some of the highlights of the unpublished refugee report:

"Constant communication was had with Vatican circles through Ambassador Myron Taylor and Harold Tittman, American representatives at the Vatican City, and through the Apostolic Delegate in Washington.

"Various appeals were addressed by the Vatican to authorities in Germany and the satellite countries in an attempt to halt deportations and other forms of persecution directed against Jews and other minority groups. When the Hungarian situation become particularly acute, a personal appeal for tolerance was addressed by Pope Pius XII to Hungarian Regent Horthy. From the United States, Archbishop Francis Spellman addressed an impressive plea to the Catholics of Hungary, asking that they protect and help the persecuted.

Italian Jews Aided

"VATICAN co-operation was likewise obtained," continues the War Refugee Board, "in helping afford relief to the Jewish community in Rome throughout the German occupation, the cost of these operations having been borne by the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee.

"The Vatican was similarly helpful in transmitting and supporting the Board's request for alleviation of the lot of unassimilated persons detained in enemy territory, at least to the extent of permitting them to receive relief parcels under the supervision of the International Red Cross.

"Vatican support was also lent to the Board's efforts to insure protection to endangered persons in Axis territory holding Latin American papers."

The War Refugee Board also tells how the Vatican advanced money to save persecuted minorities in Hungary and established a special refuge in Jewish lands in immediate danger of death out of that country.

Another instance of the invaluable assistance rendered through Vatican channels was courier service for the transmission of Palestine certificates authorized by the Jewish Agency for endangered persons in enemy territory, notably the relaying of such certificates from the Apostolic Delegate in Istanbul to the representative in Budapest to enable their emigration from Hungary.

"Throughout the course of the war substantial amounts of money were placed by the Vatican at the disposal of the bishops of Hungary for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of persecuted minorities."

Converted Jews

SO determined was His Holiness to alleviate suffering of those whom Hitler had singled out for destruction, that he attempted to protect large numbers by alleging their conversion to Christianity.

"Perhaps the most unusual means of extending protection to endangered persons in enemy-controlled territory were the efforts of the Catholic Church to save lives by means of conversion to Christianity. Nazis attempted to oppose these measures met with the response that the Church had authority to baptize immediately any person who was in imminent danger of death. When the situation in Hungary grew more critical, groups of Hungarian Nazis entered churches and broke up religious classes being held for Jews, with the result that many baptisms took place . . . Hungarian air-raid shelters, where hundreds were hidden, were used for the purpose of baptisms.

"Conversion to Christianity did not, however, permanently exempt persons of Jewish descent from Nazi persecution. Discriminatory and deportation measures were generally extended to such converts in short order, as well as to partners of mixed marriages and individuals who had been Christians from birth and whose families had been Christian for generations."

Of all this, there are thousands of non-Catholics alive today who would have died in Nazi gas chambers, had it not been for the help of the Vatican and its co-operation with the American Government.