



# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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## The Old Beast

New Jap Atrocities  
 Call for Hard Revenge

The ghastly story of revenge from China, of wholesale murder by the Japanese, and of violation of the elemental code of humanity by the perpetrators of the Co-Prosecution Sphere is just one more demonstration of the nature of the beast that is our enemy. It is the same whether he wears grey-green whipcord and shining boots, and desecrates a town in Bohemia in the ungodly memory of a hangman—or whether he lays waste to a whole territory and its people in coastal China, and wears the shabby mock uniform of enlightened Japan.

If there is an edge in brutality and savagery, the Japanese hold it. To them, violation of every decent principle of man comes easily. For them, there is no war except war to the death; they have no mercy. They are the helpmates in their anger for bombed Tokyo. There must come a day when American boys in American planes will drop American bombs upon their empire from one end to the other. They must come, this year or next, perhaps when men of civilization, fighting under an honorable code, but willing to fight to the death as the enemy fights, will seek counter-revenge for assassinations, murder and pillage.

It is to be hoped that the Jap nation will be forced to pay a fearful price, not only for aggression, and the untold millions of murders in the rape of China—but also for the degraded form of warfare they have imposed upon the world. The Japanese have done as much as surprise the Japs at their worst. For the dark deeds, they must be punished. Not only must the leadership be forced to pay a price; the people themselves are as guilty, for they have spoken quickly, once in uniform, to bestial slogans.

The deeds against American airmen and helpless Chinese civilians are unrepeatable, but they are not by any means the first such deeds of their kind. Unrestricted warfare, with encouragement for the beast, has been the Jap sin and practice from the beginning. There is no news in the stark tales of horror; but there must be the determination among Americans that this man-made war, which only may be allowed to stalk among mankind, mad and lustful. Whatever edge and humane decisions are to be made at the peace tables, the Japs and Germans of these days we live through now must not be forgotten.

There is, we think, too loose a theory that the un conquered aggressors must be treated humanely, so that they will not fall under the treatment of the victors, and soon rise to another war. This time, the Axis populations must be made to feel the heavy hand of punishment, and shown for the first time the kind of world they live in. They must be told, children and adults, leaders and followers, that the world can be soft and kind and hard and cruel; they must know something of the suffering they have visited upon others. In no other way will they understand the tragic errors of making war.

## The Last Word

President's Ultimatum  
 Must Halt John Lewis

The ultimatum handed down by the President in the case of John Lewis and his coal miners is more than an historic clash between Lewis and Franklin Roosevelt. It is the first clearly defined case of passionate defiance of the national will in wartime short of treason; it is the first complete break between the New Deal and Labor, bringing to an end a honeymoon. As Labor Administrations, the Roosevelt terms have been unimpaired and it became known that the people that Labor was determined to make greater and greater gains at the apparent expense of other groups—and that Labor was not to be satisfied, even with those gains, recentment grew.

Labor's leadership, as in the case of Lewis and this UMW strike, has often been uninspired. It has shown a complete lack of understanding of the mood of people and administration. The lacking methods of early organizing days are still accepted by John Lewis. He had the thought of holding up the United States at a vital point of the war just as he has the same old hope that, if UMW re-

fuses to abide by the President's order, he shows Labor the full force of his powers. Otherwise, it will not be long until UMW bucks again, and other irresponsible Labor leaders, seeing what may be accomplished through defiance, will follow the Lewis lead. We're for quick and total punishment if the deadline is not met.

## Lester Stevens

Famous Artist Gives City  
 Benefit of Great Talents

The presence in the City of Lester Stevens, one of the most famed of contemporary American artists and a veritable master in the demanding medium of water color, is being hailed by a considerable number of Charlotte art lovers. As teacher, artist and judge, he is giving local artists the benefits of his talents through his work at the Mint Museum.

Though a New Englander, Mr. Stevens has always found appealing subjects for his brush in the South, and his work in South Carolina's low country, especially in Charleston, is unsurpassed. Much of his most recent work in that coastal region may now be seen at the Mint. His visit is part of the expanded program of activities being carried forward by the Mint, which is making greater efforts this year with a smaller outlay than ever before.

It is becoming, we think, that the City give Mr. Stevens, the eminent artist, the welcome he deserves. He has previously visited Charlotte, but never before, he says, has he found an expression of interest in art as he finds now. This week he will, as he has done before, leave behind him impressions and influences upon local artists which will be permanent. And that is a part of his contribution as a foremost artist to American life.

## Well, Now . . .

The Lady Talks Confidently;  
 It May Be the Day's Trend

We have no desire to assume the position of needless and heedlessly lampooning Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and her daily doings. In point of fact, we frequently deprive ourselves of following her published diary for fear that we might become allergic to her very sentiments, rather than to the respectable portion of them. In short, we'd like to be fair with the unofficial lady of the Cabinet. She is, after all, one of the great Americans of our time. Not always, however, do we understand or

There was recently, for example, the account of her visit to a Japanese relocation camp in the West. She made some rather naive observations during the course of her description—and her own expressions that we feel sure the Administration, had a censor been at hand, would have ruled out.

She showed, strangely enough, almost a passion for hard work. That she mentioned several times—and that is not New Deal. There we see the trend toward change.

This is desert country which flowers only when water is brought to it. Water is available if you work hard enough to irrigate the land. The people work, and around almost every barracks you can see the results of their labor.

This is, in the light of the past, amazing. But there is more. There is even the expression that farm production is possible, under native, expert farmers. And that is not New Deal at all.

The city, itself, can employ a good many people and the 7,600 acres under cultivation for the community require much work and attention. This is under the direction of an extremely capable and efficient and astonishing amount of food.

In conclusion, she charmed us here as never before. She described the transplanted community in language scarce anyone could understand. We've tried, but strain as we might we've been able to attach no political or social significance to this statement.

Of course, like any other city of its size, there is a great variety of backgrounds and a larger per cent of college graduates than is usual in a town of about 13,000 inhabitants.

We do not wonder that you do not see what we mean. There are days when the lady is superbly detached from anything that is of this world as we know it.

## Still A Danger

# Goebbels Is Heard

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK—The German propaganda machine, it does so cut ice. The German story of the twelve thousand Polish officers supposedly killed by the Russians and buried near Smolensk winds up as a brilliant personal triumph for Dr. Goebbels. The story did exactly what he wanted it to do. Dr. Goebbels succeeded in making the world talk about murders of Poles by Russians, at a time when Poland is dying at the hands of Germans. That was a formidable accomplishment.

It could be said that the Polish government-in-exile was already sufficiently anti-Russian, that Dr. Goebbels's little seed merely fell on fertile ground. These circumstances do not detract from his grisly achievement. It is not the function of propaganda to start wholly new trends, nor to move mountains. The function of propaganda is to seek out existing trends, to nurse them, to speed them, to build them carefully, to give the final shove to the mountain that is already about to fall.

Dr. Goebbels's propaganda is not interested in the slightest degree in making us love Germany. As an able propagandist, he does not attempt the impossible. But if there is among us, say, a whisper that de Gaulle is too close to Russia, then he builds on that. Whenever de Gaulles are arrested in France, they are described as Communists, the French underground movement, of whatever variety, is labeled Red, even when priests are involved in it, and, but for Dr. Goebbels's greater currency to this conception and builds up the fear that already pre-exists in some American hearts.

The able propagandist merely amplifies existing impulses, operating like a kind of electronic tube in the field of ideas.

He believes that the customer is always right, and he will sell him whatever he wants. If some members of the Polish government-in-exile are so anti-Soviet that they cannot say that feeding aid even for the duration, he does not quarrel with them, he does not try to steer them in new directions; he steers them in the direction

in which they already want to go. He tries to be unobtrusive, feeling they already have to the crisis level, to the acute stage. But they must have the original impulse before the propagandist can hope to magnify it. The aim is to win, of course, is not counter-propaganda, but to beware of officials who have dangerous original impulses.

German propaganda to the effect that the United States intend to reduce England, Scotland and Wales to just three more American states, and that we also intend to seize the airways of the world, would be mere wind, were it not for the Chicago Tribune, which preaches precisely this kind of lengthening of our shadow, and were it not for several American Congressmen whose first question to a boiling world is who gets the airlines.

The job of German propaganda is to build England's small worry about its future plans to the point where it will be a big worry. It is silly, is it not? England cannot really distrust us, can she? England cannot really distrust an explosion of outraged protest against some of our talkers on the floor of the House of Commons, and a good part of the British press has already been set busily to work demanding airlines.

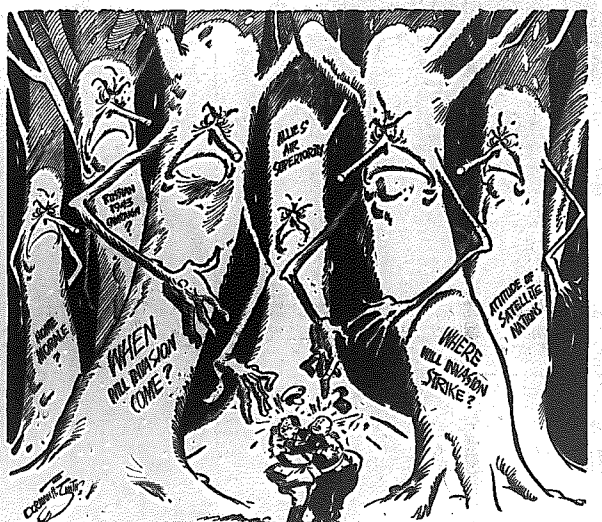
That is progress, from the propagandist's point of view. Now, with Britshers at last agitatedly demanding airlines, it should not be long before more Americans are demanding them, and twice as loud as before.

Dr. Goebbels will find our weak spots, never fear. He found one in the Polish government-in-exile. He finds others among those Allied diplomats whose fear of a disorderly Europe keeps them from their love for King George. He holds, the Franco issue still divides us as it did five years ago, and France, once rendered staid by fear, is still staid and still weak.

The remedy is not smarter propaganda, but fewer weak spots. When there is nothing to build on, Dr. Goebbels does not build.

## Babes in the Woods

—By Dorman Smith



## One Bright Spot

# The Haven In The Alps

By Carl Hartman

(One of the bright spots in blacked-out, blood-drenched Europe is the handsome way in which little Switzerland, nestled by a lake and surrounded by the forested tradition of asylum for refugees. How the Alpine republic is doing it is told in the following article by Carl Hartman, ONA Washington correspondent.)

WASHINGTON—SWITZERLAND, for centuries a haven of the world's oppressed, has its own way of dealing with refugees. The full story has been told only recently, but reports reaching here through diplomatic channels. It will undoubtedly get detailed consideration with the steps to be taken following the Anglo-American Refugee Conference at Bern.

Half the size of South Carolina and more than twice as thickly populated, frugal Switzerland will soon be sheltering 40,000 people who would much rather not go home. Of these, 15,000 will be children on a three-month vacation designed to build reserve strength in their privations of Hitler's Europe, a group of 10,000 children is in Switzerland now.

Not only Jews, but many distinguished Germans who could not live in a Hitler-ridden country came to the hospitable mountains. When war broke out in 1938, Austrians and Czechoslovaks had raised the total to about 7,000. Switzerland worked as a kind of clearing-house for the refugees. They stayed there until they could find a way of reaching lands with more space and more opportunities.

The fall of France changed all that. Completely surrounded by Nazi-occupied territory, the Swiss found it immeasurably harder to let refugees out of their country and make room for others. In addition to their own burden, the heroic Franco left 30,000 French men, 12,000 soldiers and several hundred British and Belgian soldiers interned on Swiss territory. The French later were repatriated, but the Poles and others remain.

As persecutions and deportations increased, especially in France, the number of refugees grew. In February of this year, 10,000 came in from France, and the Netherlands. They were brought to the total of about 12,000. They were stripped of every possession.

Refugees were coming in so fast even in

August, that the Swiss Government tried to close the frontiers to the desperate come who had entered illegally. The Swiss press and public opinion, far from backing this policy, denounced the Government for its inaction. It was in vain. Said The Basler Nachrichten: "We will share in the guilt for the terrible fate of these people who have fled to our country."

Finally Justice Minister Edouard Von Steiner told the Swiss National Council: "The right of granting asylum is the right of the State, and will continue to be exercised freely and independently in the spirit of Swiss tradition, as a dictate of humanity, but not as a legal obligation." He went on to warn smugglers who were making a business of slipping refugees across the border.

The food and other necessities consumed by the refugees make a real difference in the small country's reduced resources. But with 25,000 men constantly under arms—the economic equivalent of a 15,000,000-man army—in this country—Switzerland needs the labor of every refugee capable of working. And they do work—the interned Polish soldiers and everyone else.

Each refugee is registered and housed in a camp or a private home. Empty hotels and factories have been turned into housing units. At least one large estate near Geneva, left empty by the owner's death, has been placed by the Government at the disposal of the refugees. As far as possible, families are kept together. Small children are placed in the homes of Swiss families, or often lodged with Swiss families. On their arrival, the refugees get necessary medical care, food and clothing. Great attention is given to their education and recreational programs. In addition to their keep, all who work get a daily wage for pocket-money.

The Federal Government, the Swiss Red Cross, as well as other welfare agencies and special committees all share the cost.

The children whom the Swiss bring in for three months' vacation from Hitler are not refugees, strictly speaking, since they go home after a fixed period. But the drain on Swiss economy is greater. Not only are the children clothed and fed with view to the hardships they will have to face, but the Swiss school for boys and the support of Europe's overcrowded communications system.

The children—from six to twelve years old—are selected by Swiss doctors in France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Yugoslavia and Greece. Wherever possible, they are sent to the homes of carefully chosen "family parents" with a knowledge of their language. The Greek and Serbian children, whose tongues are not widely spoken in Switzerland, lodge together in a school for boys under the supervision of nurses and teachers.

This work is done largely by the Swiss Red Cross. It is believed that the work done by the Swiss will furnish valuable guidance in planning for relief of refugees now in other neutral countries.

## Side Glances



"Happy anniversary, dear! Don't tell me you don't know what it is—why, it's a churn!"

## Eerie Yet

# World Of Books

By BENNETT CERF

In Saturday Review of Literature  
 THE book of the year unquestionably is Wendell Wilkie's "One World." Within five days of publication, 240,000 copies had been sold, and dealers were clamoring for more. The take looked so impressive that a couple of prominent meat blackleggers were rumored to be shifting their fields of operations. More than one bookdealer tried by that noble spirit of co-operation and fair play that always manifests itself at such times, was suggesting to the publishers, "Can you sneak 50 copies out of So and So's allotment and give them to us? We'll send them in a taxicab!" Mr. Wilkie is pleased as punch, as well he should be. His book adds another inch to his steadily growing stature as one of the great men of this country.

Incidentally, you would be started to know the identity of the raffish-looking lady who barged into Brennan's on April 1 and demanded a copy of Wilkie's book. "You mean 'One World'?" asked the clerk. "It's not out until eighth." "But our my left so-and-so," thundered the old battle-axe. "Alexander Woolcott said it was the first full-length detective novel ever written!" "What her ladyship was seeking, of course, was 'Wilkie Collins'." "The name of the author," she should have known, but she diverted my patronage from Putnam's," she sniffed on the way out.

And Paul Pearlman reports from Washington that one of his customers demanded a copy of Dos Passos' "U.S.O. . . ." The next section of the Reader's Club is in some respects the most interesting to date. It is Elmer Davis's "Giant Killer," first published by John Day in 1928. The new edition carries an introduction by Sinclair Lewis as a characteristically modest and forthright foreword by Mr. Davis. You will recall his final words as a CBS news commentator after his appointment as Director of the OWI: "This is my last broadcast, as I have been called into another office. I have never before. Always have coined a new expression for easing the pain of a civilian passenger whose seat is pre-empted for military purposes. 'You are unable' is what he is told.

The question that has been splitting the OWI into two angry factions for weeks resolved itself to this: was the country going to be given cold, hard facts and treated like an intelligent adult, or was it going to be laddered another time and another time by radio announcers used to boom the sale of soaps and hairdressing? On the side of facts stood Henry Pringle and a dozen other top-notch writers. The sloshers were led by Bill Murray, New York's vice-president of CBS, and high-powered fugitives from Coca-Cola and Spearmin. Elmer Davis had to choose between them, and with his assistant, Mike Cowley, he leaned over to the facts element and a fight for new appropriation loomed in Congress. The writers found the cards stacked too heavily against them. They resigned in a body.

One fascinating artist led on his desk a satirical poster of a tanked maiden, captioned "The Four Delicious Freedoms—The War That Refreshes." From now on we will probably get more Office and even less information. One bit of consolation for the publishing world: Chester Kerr, able and informed liaison man for the book division, has survived the explosion.

Lucius Beebe, who sees and hears more darn things that nobody else does, voices for the authenticity of this unlikely episode: Two palookas were dining in one another's palooka at a Manhattan night club, the other evening. There was a momentary lull in the prevailing tumult, and the voice of one of them rang out clearly: "If I had ten thousand dollars, by golly I'd marry the other one. I'd want a stranger turned politely and remarked, 'So? You really would?' Well, go and do it!" And while patrons fainted and the bar staff gazed on Mr. Beebe, "the palooka is married in Morocco, New York's very first time. Why do things like that happen only when Mr. Beebe is around? The last time I was at Morocco, the only free table was next to the kitchen. I lost a bet on the identity of Lily Damita, and the check was too high.

## Platform Of The People

# Council Advice

Editors, The News:  
 I urgently suggest that the new Councilmen, when they are elected and qualified to serve, immediately begin going by electing Ben Douglas as our city manager. He is our own product, knows and understands us, the local public and we know and appreciate him. The city manager, under our Charter, is responsible for the administration of all departments, which of course includes the police department. Like all others, he has made mistakes; but with his accumulated knowledge of our city and public affairs, locally, the state and the nation, his unusual executive ability, his tremendous energy, pleasing personality and poise, he would tactfully keep the Queen City well governed, bring new industries and enterprises here, and above all work harmoniously with all departments, including the police department, and through it, reform our city as rapidly as the property owners and the several vested interests would allow.

In this connection, we should mention that the present city manager who allows his or her property to be used for immoral purposes is indefensible, as much so as those who see it. Yet we have heard nothing of any crusade against property owners, who would perhaps, as heretofore, begin to be taken care of. The results are cut off or revenues substantially reduced. We cannot afford the local public all at once.

The local police problem is our own problem. How many of us, here, have ever seen the police, or have ever seen their uniforms, or have ever seen their duties and difficulties, and shown any sympathy for them? We have heard many preachers have ever gone to them and invited them, severely or by group, to the church, to hear a sermon on civic righteousness? And why do we not encourage our young men who are leaving college to seek service as policemen? There is no greater service than being a policeman, and it can be rendered. Our police force, like what we ourselves, have made it, is a disgrace to the city. We do not want a force of men who are not interested in the welfare of the city. We believe we are yet capable of local self-government.

What is the effect upon the city of the fact that many politicians have known all local products, their long hours of service, their duty and their involvement in the city, and yet, as a group, my sons and sympathies are expressed in the words of the poet:

"Woodman, spare that tree, though not a single bough, or a group, to come to church, and I'll protect it now!"  
 —And I'll protect it now!"  
 —THADDEUS A. ADAMS  
 Charlotte.