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THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1943

Destiny Stirs
The European Revolution

By Dorothy Thompson
private property in any society—the peasant. But it is anti-monopolistic and anti the great industrial cartels and trusts essentially, to come out for popular control in one form or another of the basic resources and heavy industries of Europe.



"Goah, Pop, when do take fathers, you'll sure be a scream in a uniform!"

To The Future
We Cannot Fail

By Samuel Grafton
NEW YORK
WE are addressing the future now, and we dare not stutter. When Secretary of State Hull condones the disenfranchisement of 100,000 native-born Frenchmen on racial grounds by General Giraud, and then says a month later that one of our war aims is equal civil rights for Jews everywhere, he stutters. The rule is, jam tomorrow and jam yesterday, but never jam today. This is a war between sense and nonsense, and nonsense is our enemy, no matter who utters it. Even if we utter it ourselves, it is equally our enemy. Here's another example:

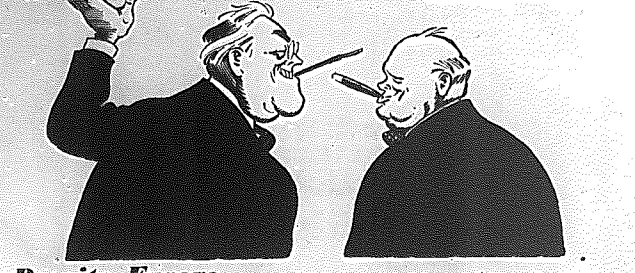
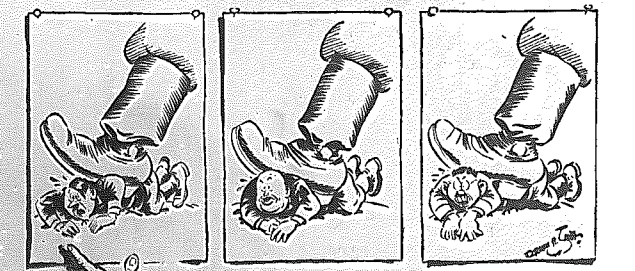
THE historical events in Europe will take their inevitable course. We can influence that course only by collaborating with the historical events. If we choose to ignore or oppose them, then the historical events will move against us.
There is an absolute logic in history. One thing inevitably leads to another, and there are no "cooling off periods" of political and social vacuum.
We have helped call into being the European revolution, as supplement to our own. The European revolution is taking on form. We have sufficient reports from the underground movements on our side except out of opportunism and a passion to retain their offices and pensions.

In all countries leaders of the workers are on our side. So can be, tomorrow, the masses of the soldiers. Everywhere in Europe the peasants are at least passively anti-Nazi, but rarely the big landowners. Everywhere in occupied Europe the universities, the students, and all classes of intellectuals and free professions are with us. And everywhere most of the religious bodies, and especially the simple priests and pastors are with the European revolution for humanity.
If, therefore, we have our occupation and government of Europe upon military chiefs, property interests, and ruling bureaucracies, we shall eventually find ourselves in conflict with the people. The European revolution has characteristics, which differentiate it greatly from the Russian revolution.
It has been forged under foreign occupation, without a dogmatic ideology. It is not, for instance, atheist. The Church, Catholic and Protestant, has contributed some of the noblest martyrs to its cause. It is not a "proletarian" movement, with a class conflict ideology. It includes the great humanist figures of Europe—scientists, professors, and every group of intellectuals, who have entered, not as "intellectuals" espousing the cause of the workers, but as men of learning and breeding, espousing the cause of justice and reason. There are aristocrats in the movement, fighting for the honor of a noble tradition.

It is in the truest sense, a movement of the people and their natural leaders, not of the "proletariat". It is pro-Russian, though not pro-Communist. It is, however, social, if not socialist. It is not against private property, on the contrary it is supported by the most intrepid defenders of real estate.
The character of the European revolution will nevertheless be modified and influenced according to which nations support it. It is occurring geographically and ideologically, in the space between the Anglo-American and the Russian world. It has all the characteristics of the love for political and individual freedom, and civilized and traditional values, of the Western world. But it is also influenced by social and economic experiments in Russia. If unsupported by us, it will inevitably become dependent upon Russia alone and that dependency will influence its course.

If supported by us, it will fuse Western and Eastern ideas, and become the bridge and interpreter between Russia and the West. If supported by us, it will turn against us, and confront us with a divided world. This is the issue of this war. And if our political and military leadership do not realize it, the twentieth century will find no peace.

"Did I Ever Show You My Stamps, Winnie?"



Despite Favors
Danes Are Rebellious

By Raymond Clapper
STOCKHOLM
GOOD information is received here about Denmark. It indicates that even when the Nazis are on their best behavior they simply can't make a subject people accept their New Order.

The Nazis have been making a real effort to win the Danes with sugar instead of using the brutality they have practiced in Holland, Norway and Poland. Denmark did not resist invasion in 1940, so the Germans undertook to reward the Danes with what, for the Nazis, was generous treatment. For an occupation, it was a lenient, tolerant job.
But even so the Nazis have had a dismal failure in their effort to win over the people of Denmark. King Christian's appeal to the Danes to stop sabotage is conclusive proof that the Nazis have failed. It is fairly clear now that even if the Nazis had won the war they would never have been able to win the co-operation of the subject peoples for their New Order. That is the significance Denmark has in the picture that one sees looking out through this close-up window onto Nazi Europe.

Among the occupied countries Denmark is the only one which still has a government elected by its own people, the only one where there has been no open conflict between the people and the Nazi conquerors. Yet there has been a considerable increase in sabotage. In recent months there has been scarcely a day without attempted explosions or planted fires.
The Germans have made threats of death penalties, but the Danes are not cowed, and now the King has been induced to make an appeal to the Danes to stop sabotage. The force of the German invasion is being broken around Copenhagen toward the end of January, there has been a notable increase in sabotage.

Hoskins Raises A Protest

The News:
of two different reads out of Charlotte? They are as different as Eastover and Myers Park and as snobbish as the T. & N. tracks and a creek.
We are more closely related to Glenwood Park than to the T. & N. I am not the only one that objects to the Hoskins-Thomson expression. There are plenty of others that talk a lot but never take the trouble to inform the newspapers.
I appreciate your getting this right.
Come out and see what an attractive little settlement was shown to the schools, churches, stores and community life.
—MRS. LOY BEAM

A Council of French Resistance has been formed finally inside metropolitan France. At last, eight major French underground organizations and six major French parties, running all the way from right to left, have united. But because General de Gaulle has done this, we do not recognize this Council. We have cried our eyes out for French unity, and now, when it comes knocking at the door, we know it or not.

We know only Giraud, who has not quite made up his mind whether French resistors shall be given official recognition. The soul of France is strictly unofficial and illegal. Laval does not recognize the Council of French Resistance. Hitler does not recognize the Council of French Resistance. When we also fail to recognize it, we help these two men to fight it, whether we know it or not, or admit it or not.

This new Council is the spirit of France. When Laval denies this, he speaks nonsense. When we deny it, we speak nonsense, too. And nonsense calls to nonsense, and sustains nonsense, and it does not matter in the least that these are bitter enemies who have jointly contributed to the flood of nonsense. Nonsense itself is our enemy. All agitated stammering in the face of the fact is our enemy, no matter how innocently it is uttered, nor by whom. And here's another example:
Mussolini made good use of nonsense when he used the Italian royal family for twenty years as a facade for Fascism. If the dark muttering that we intend also to be the friends of that family turn out to be true, then, we equally, shall have become dealers in nonsense, and we shall have abandoned, by that degree, the true and lucid positions which we can afford to hold in the war between sense and nonsense.

We, too, shall have become merchants of abracadabra, vendors of incoherency, dealers in no meanings, traders for a passing political profit. And if we do that, we shall find that we have helped the other side in the end; if not today, then tomorrow; if not next year, then ten years from now; for the other side goes by many names, only one of which is Hitler.
The other side also has its new recruits, some of them perhaps still unborn, who will operate in the next generation; men who will trade their own brands of incoherency. They will make full use of every new outpost we may win for incoherency in this war.
We are talking to a century, and if we stammer now, we may break its heart. The treaty is that our side should do as really offered to be called. Our side alone does not need to tell men our fairy tales about disenfranchisement that is really enfranchisement, of non-recognition of heroes that is really recognition, and of how every selfish can become the herald of the masses.

From The Front
Lewis Looks Bad

From Stars and Stripes

FIGHTER AIR FORCE BOMBER STATION, May 4.—The pilots, co-pilots, bombardiers, navigators and gunners of the Eighth Air Force bomber station cordially invite John L. Lewis to accompany them on their next mission over Europe. This base has suffered particularly grave casualties on the last three operations over Germany.

The invitation was proposed this afternoon by First Lieutenant William Coleman, bombardier, a member of Hickam Park. Lieutenant Coleman, a former coal miner, is a member of Local 6263, United Mine Workers of America.

Lieutenant Coleman's suggestion was roundly approved by the base personnel, who feel that a taste of flak over St. Nazaire or other target with Focke Wulfers over Bremen would forcibly alter the opinions of Mr. Lewis.

Besides, they are curious to meet the man who can dare to threaten a paralyzing strike against his Government in war time. Coleman, who is this Mr. Lewis, they ask, who not only commits what they call an act of treason against the armed forces of his country, but compels his Government to agree to a humiliating fifteen-day "truce"?
A large number of fighting men in the Eighth Air Force are the Lieutenant Coleman, union men. They believe in collective bargaining and the right to strike. But they simply cannot comprehend work stoppages in a vital industry in war time.

These men are very sensitive to news from the civilian front. Here in the war's most dangerous theater of bombing operations, where the odds on surviving twenty missions are very slim, they have evolved a pattern of sacrifice which is little understood at home. They have seen ten of their ships and loads of bombs and comrades vanish on a single raid. They have watched the dead and wounded carried out of ships so riddled with flak and fighter shells that one wondered how the Fortress got back at all.
"Worked in a mine and I know how things are," said Lieutenant Coleman. "It is hard work, dangerous work, but I know that things are not so bad as they would have us believe. The coal mine, he said, "you should have had a hard time. The force of the water putting in 21 missions over here, I figure I'm lucky to be alive. Sometimes, I wish to hell I was back in the mine mine mine.
A lot of those miners have kids here and in Africa. I don't believe that they should have gone on strike—it's too much like stabbing their own kids in the back."

The Lippards
At Last, Jail Sentences
Have Caught Up With Them

In August, 1921, Carl Lippard and most famous of the Clan Lippard, made his first court appearance in Charlotte. He was charged with larceny and receiving stolen goods. He was seventeen years of age, and in the case of many another court appearance since, Carl escaped his sentence by a process of dragging justice through the court routine until she was exhausted and set him free. Because of the pharosicality of the judge's charge to the jury, Lippard wriggled out of a sentence of five years at hard labor.

Until yesterday, through a long career of trafficking in liquor and wandering into and out of trouble, followed by high-powered attorneys, he had always escaped serving a sentence. Now, with the North Carolina Supreme Court having found no error in his most recent trial, he faces eighteen months in prison his uncle, Paul, faces a six-months' sentence. The decision represents a landmark in the history of Charlotte's drinking habit, and a great victory for the forces of law and order which have so often pursued the Lippards.

It was interesting to note that Carl started off with high-priced legal aid helping him to beat the law, and he ends his years of freedom by falling on a technical appeal. The Supreme Court found that stories and editorials in The News, though claimed to have convinced a majority of Mechanicsburgers that the Lippards were guilty, did not interfere with justice in this case.

Through the years (and the record is too long even to outline) the Lippards have dodged through the courts, appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and through a maze of legal processes and prayers for judgment, made that they come to make their first payment for their behavior, they struggle mightily still, but to no avail. They were sentenced to light terms, in view of the records of their past behavior, the maximum of two years permitted on a charge of conspiracy to violate the liquor laws. There is only a very slim hope that the Lippards will be able to escape their fate in prison through an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. It appears certain that they must languish behind bars. And, the shape the liquor business is getting into in these times of scarcity, there couldn't be a better time to be put away.

Cabinet sessions in Rome, we are told, centered largely now on the Duce conferring with himself. That's the trouble with the fellow; he listens to the wrong people.

Last Request
Voice of Fascism Humbly
Asks for Allied Terms

There are too many in this world like you, Virginia Gayda, who have not been listening to the great hum of the world of reality, of the coming world of tomorrow. You have been deaf, you puppet journalist, a puppet ruler of a puppet state, you have been screaming with laughter these years since 1939, holding your sides at the sight of what you thought to be the collapse of great nations. In those years you would have been laughing, not laughing. Suddenly, with the disaster of Tunisia, so close to you that you can no longer overlook the truth, you have sobbed.

So you have been reading the leaflets dropped by the RAF over Rome's ancient city, oh Gayda! And you acknowledge the request of the Allies that the Italian people come peacefully, now, into the fold, and resist no longer. You make a confession of that, valiant Virginia, and yet you dare ask the next question—and a leading one, at that. You want to know what are the terms of this peace. One moment, you have decried the democracies, jackal journalist; the next, you would examine closely the fate they offer you, having suddenly become convinced that defeat means freedom.

For some years now, Gayda, you have engaged with the blating scribbles of Berlin in a mad contest of words at Berlin and America. You have thrown yourself into the Fascist abyss with such ardor that there is no leaving your position; yet you now wriggle toward escape. In '39, when you drew a beanstalk up to Hitler, you would be the same if you didn't.

course of world murder, you laughed with the Nazi hirelings, chuckling from Berlin to Bremer Pass to Rome over the reply that Adolph had received "a curious message from the President of the United States."

Today, somehow, you are not in the laughing mood. You could shout in the Spring of '40, when Mussolini plunged into the conflict as France fell and England was apparently done. But somehow, you have not been able to hear the world of late—and it has been much louder and clearer.

Where were you, Virginia, when the message of Unconditional Surrender was shouted from Casablanca; where have you been these weeks since, as the armies fell back toward your Italy, and the victors wiped out your abortive empire in Africa? Why, Gayda, have you not heard the heavy crump of bombs in the harbor towns, and in the munitions cities to the North? Do you not recognize the sound of the Unconditional Surrender all over again.

For you, Gayda, there will be no special explanation. The leaflets from the RAF are the most honest, simple and innocuous weapons ever to fall upon Italian soil. The truth, Gayda, is that Italy is no longer a choice. Either she gives up, as you have been told on the leaflets, or she will be blasted out of the war. There is no compromise, however strange that may seem to you, American, and these years in perpetual compromise. The message is the same now as from Casablanca, and it will grow louder and louder. Italy must capitulate or be ruined, and one of the treasures to be given up in surrender, Gayda, is your blustering voice of a blustering king of evil.

Dora thinks it would serve John Lewis right if everyone just started his own victory coal mine in the backyard.

Brass Tacks
Soon or Late, Planners
Must Come Down To 'Em

A new note comes into the talk of planning for the post-war era. It comes from the engineers, apparently having thought through the business of staking out tomorrow's world, and having looked at the plans of the dreamers and considered the dreams of the realists, have decided it's about time something definite was done. The end of war, certain to bring about great upheavals in American life, may not be so far away—at any rate, there may be far too much planning, and not enough actual doing.

The construction industry, which will bear the major burden for keeping employment at a high level and for rebuilding this and other nations, wants to put an end to all the musing and turn to blueprints. For local government and individuals, the suggestion is an excellent one, perfectly timed. As hinted heretofore, there is a very real danger that planning will become an end in itself, not a means to improvement of national life. Professional planners is apt to bob up, ready to solve all problems by doing nothing more than engaging in grandiose talk of the possibilities of tomorrow, thus and so. Now is the time for local governments, and that includes Charlotte, to lay basic plans and put them down concretely.

If, for example, the community is able to decide, following the leadership of the Charlotte Planning Committee, that the City needs an uptown auditorium, the way should be cleared for the purchase or transfer of property, and architects should be employed to furnish the plans. If new zoning laws are to be considered, model laws should be outlined for demonstration. If the community has need of new airports or rail facilities, then definite proposals for enlargement should be made, now. It is to be hoped that the Planning Committee will do that—and a part in the planning of tomorrow may be developed by every citizen. The Committee needs nothing so much as earnest suggestions.

A few more trips with seventy-one fellow passengers in a plane designed for twenty-one, and Jimmy Doolittle will be in condition for a hop on a cross-town bus.

The war costs \$5,000 every time you draw a beanstalk up to Hitler, it would be the same if you didn't.