THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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● W. C. Dowd, 1865-1927 ●

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The Burden

If Curfew Comes To Charlotte, Some Parents Should Be Held

The news that curfew might, after all, come to Charlotte in wartime might have been saddening to a great many youngsters accustomed to gallivanting around at all hours; to the parents of the City it must have been heartening to hear law enforcement officers discuss the problem of juvenile delinquency in such common sense fashion. There was, of all things, the word from Chief Frank Littlejohn that the great need of America today was more trips to the woodshed.

There are, alas, too many youngsters about now who have no idea of what the Chief meant by his reference to the woodshed; millions of younger citizens, we venture, never saw one, inside or out. And too many more have never felt the keen bite of a hickory withe, or the broad, stinging slap of a razor strap. Progress and modern times seem to have by-passed the woodshed and switches and razor straps (strops in the old days). There is a little too much mouthing of juvenile delinquency, and far too little practice of family discipline in the homes.

That Chief Littlejohn saw that is proof enough, for us, that he sees to the bottom of the entire situation. Not only war pressure has stirred America's youngsters to a new restlessness; there is not the hold upon them at home there once was. The American family comes apart. Thus, in the absence of a woodshed, or the lusty sounds of thrashings emanating therefrom, officers discuss the curfew. It is, after all, only an admission by the community that its children cannot be controlled in the homes; it is a confession of failure, but it is a weapon against delinquency.

Many American cities have turned to the curfew, making it illegal for children under 16 (sometimes 18) to be on the streets after certain hours (ranging from 8 to 10 o'clock). Some ordinances require children to be accompanied by parents or guardian, or to carry a written permit. In some few courageous cities, laws have been passed to fine or imprison parents found guilty of neglecting their children—and that is meeting a present-day problem realistically.

If the curfew comes to Charlotte it will be unacceptable to a great many parents because it will increase their responsibilities at home by lengthening their acquaintanceship with their children during the day. Those have no protest, for they are the parents who have aided and abetted this juvenile delinquency, by letting their children run loose and free—while they have followed the trail of adult pleasure alone. The day of parental responsibility to the child will never pass; there is no such thing as a family which is not a unit, but a band of individuals following separate paths. If curfew comes to Charlotte, it should be placed upon some parents, and not upon children alone.

Just think: If all the world spoke a common language there would be no more misunderstandings than there are in the United States Congress.

Our Warning

Mr. Ritch Should Not Make The Race for Senate in '44

As regards the senatorship, Martin Ritch

Is not yet ready to say what or which.

It's oke by us should he rear and pitch,

But to see him run we're not all of an itch.

The rhyme is that of O. J. Coffin of the Greensboro Daily News; the subject is of something less than burning importance; the sentiment expressed is very likely that of the voters of North Carolina. Charlotte's Representative Ritch apparently can't decide whether he should throw his hat in the ring with Our Bob Reynolds and Clyde R. Hoey. For our money it's an even bet he's convinced his hat-size is just as big; he wants only to hear the clamor of the multitude, pleading for a champion by name of Ritch.

Not having approached him on the subject, we grant ourselves the privilege of a bold surmise: that Mr. Ritch will not run for the Senate. If he does, we daresay he will gain only experience, and little of that. Against him, the State is pre-divided. There will be an awful flurry of vote-casting after a knock-down campaign—for the battle of a nation is to be fought on North Carolina soil next year—and between the cutups of the incumbent and the strong appeal of ex-Governor Hoey, there will be precious little support for Mr. Ritch.

The gentlemen who make up their minds to make races for such public offices are seldom open to advice and suggestion, but if we're allowed a word in this case we'll say: No, Mr. Ritch, do not run. Somehow, we have a hunch that you will not appear to the electorate as just the man to save us, from either Reynolds or Hoey. The voters, in case you or other new candidates run, are quite likely to overlook all men in the field except the two major antagonists. The lines are already drawn, Mr. Ritch. Stand back.

The line must be drawn somewhere. An Eastern housewife offers a maid war factory wages but won't let her wear slacks.

The War Ends?

Soothsayers Give Germany Until October, This Year

A famous advertising agency, apparently after some long days and nights of honest research, has come out with a scientific-looking graph of the future. It represents what a group of studious professional men think the tomorrows hold for us; the predictions have been so clearly made as to be utterly fearless. There is no guarantee from anywhere that the dates and events will come to pass on schedule, but there is a pattern which is of tremendous interest to every American. The highlights of the findings for tomorrow:

July to October, blitz on Germany and Italy, with large casualty lists. In October, German collapse. Until January, occupation of defeated nations, internal revolts. Allied victory in Burma. January to April, 1944, completing bases in Burma and China for drive on Japan. Until October, a six-months' drive on Japan (in the meantime, revolution, disease and disruption in Europe). In October and November, '44, Japan is defeated. Until the end of the year, a program of U. S. help for Allied countries goes forward. In 1945, an army of occupation is maintained in defeated countries, with a discharge of 700,000 men a month from the U. S. Army. The Allies' program of relief and government is set up, and a U. S. armed force of four million men is retained.

On the home front: Rationing tightens during late '43 and '44, a Beveridge Plan for the U. S. is promoted, inflation creeps up, there is guaranteed employment for returning soldiers, placing of large orders by the Government for rebuilding foreign countries. Just before the end of Japan, there is great criticism of business for slowness in post-war planning. And, at about the time of Japan's collapse, there is an anti-New Deal election. Immediately thereafter, the announcement of a plan for new international relations, new taxes, new price controls. Soon, the Government adopts a more friendly attitude toward business, and the necessity of the profit system is recognized again.

That, according to the men of advertising and the men of government whom they interviewed, is our tomorrow. The dates and events may be shifted here and there—but by and large the prediction may be taken as analysis, and not sheer guesswork. The future lies before us in just such a fashion.

With further refinements of the RAF blockbuster, the German war factory may have its choice of being granulated, pulverized or drip ground.

We are to say as little as possible about a fourth term, according to a new party directive. Weather items, including the political, are to be handled with the greatest delicacy.

War Humor

(Moffett Field Gas Bag)

"I had a beard like yours once but when I realized how it made me look I cut it off."

"I had a face like yours once and when I realized that I couldn't cut it off I grew a beard."

Public Resistance

Swedes Favor The Allies

By Raymond Clapper

GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN

ALTHOUGH there is a wartime political truce in Sweden, strong opposition to the Stockholm Government exists here. The opposition demands a more active policy of favoring the Allies. This ancient maritime city is the center of pro-Ally strength in Sweden, and has been from the start of the war.

The opposition leader is the most celebrated editor in Scandinavia, Prof. Torgny Segerstedt of the Gothenburg Handels-stidning, which is the Manchester Guardian of Sweden. Although he is a provincial editor, this white-haired Horace Greeley is one of the most powerful men in Sweden, and he is feared by the Government. The Nazis had a price on his head. For a long time he carried a gun, and he had two Great Danes which walked to the office with him. One of these died, whereupon a friend sent him a barrel-legged English bulldog.

On the day Hitler came to power in 1933, Mr. Segerstedt wrote an editorial saying this meant war with the democracies. A telegram came the next day from Germany from Goering, warning him not to make trouble. Mr. Segerstedt used the telegram as his text for a second warning that the Nazis could not intimidate the free press. He has carried the fight to this day, when he is bitterly critical of Stockholm for permitting German troops to travel through Sweden on their way to and from Norway.

At lunch Mr. Segerstedt told me that Germany was in no position to retaliate on Sweden, and that Stockholm could cancel the German troop trains without getting into war as the Goverment fears. These trains go through Gothenburg, one each way every day. I went to the railroad tracks and saw one going south, loaded with troops being taken from Norway back to Germany. The Nazi soldiers were young and looked fit. They smiled and waved at anybody they saw along the tracks. The train consisted of 20 cars—four baggage cars, and 16 packed with troops.

Gothenburg authorities have been protesting that it is dangerous to have German troop trains moving through the country. Originally the north- and south-bound trains crossed during the night near Gothenburg, and the argument was made that it would be easy to unload the trains, with fifth-column help, and do the same thing that was done in Norway. Protests forced a change, and the trains cross now at a distant point. But even so it means that every German troops pass through Sweden. They are supposed to carry no equipment, although local authorities question whether there is a very severe checkup on hand luggage against smaller weapons.

The issue is hot politically, and feeling here is strong. The question has been repeatedly forced to the attention of the Government, which is postponing action. Neutral observers believe the Government will have to cancel these trains as soon as a major incident occurs to provide an excuse. This troop traffic is the main reason for Norwegian bitterness toward the Swedish Government. Defenders of the Government say it resisted German demands for troop passage until after Norway capitulated, when it saw no reason for further refusal, since the traffic was only to permit the replacement of existing troops and not to increase the Germans' strength in Norway.

Editor Segerstedt's fight for the Allied cause and against cold-blooded neutrality cost him heavily in circulation and advertising while the Nazis were winning. Stockholm confiscated one edition of his paper which protested Nazis atrocities in Norway. Now the tide has swung his way. Circulation and advertising are bigger than ever. I did not ask him, but I have a hunch that if he were in America he would be screaming in boxcar type against President Roosevelt's restriction on freedom of the press at the Food Conference. There has been no public comment here on the Hot Springs conference, but excerpts from American editorials reaching here make puzzling reading in the presence of a free editor like Torgny Segerstedt.

Cracking

—By Dorman Smith

For Any Peace

Germany Must Be Saved

By Dorothy Thompson

In June American Mercury

THE eternal dilemma of war and peace is that the mentality engendered by war is rarely, if ever, the mentality capable of constructing a lasting peace.

War is a short-range project for a limited objective: the defeat of the armies of the enemy. It is waged in an atmosphere charged with passion. As it proceeds, with its sufferings and sacrifices, the viewpoint steadily contracts into a smaller and smaller focus, on the single point of Victory. The issue is seen in sharpest black and white, purged of all skepticism, objectivity, or generosity. Victory, it seems, when achieved will solve everything, provided only that it is such a victory as will keep the enemy permanently defeated.

In modern wars this fanatic concentration on the extermination of the enemy becomes endemic to whole populations. In previous centuries, wars were fought between professional armies and dynastic houses. The people suffered but the broad masses were seldom spiritually, mentally or even physically engaged. Modern wars are between peoples, their armies drawn by mass levees, every worker and farmer with the industries to which he is attached integrated in the war plant, in a transformation which embraces everybody. The war is between all of one people against all of another.

No matter what the original issues of the war may be, the fact that peoples are fighting peoples produces its own logic. The whole people of the enemy are, in fact, the enemy. Defeating the enemy means in fact defeating their soldiers, industrialists, scientists, workers, farmers, writers, and even their women and children. The human mind adapts itself readily to this reality.

Before the war the people of the democracies were almost universally of the opinion that Hitler's coup d'etat, which destroyed popular government, free expression of opinion, and rule by law, was a crime committed by a ruthless minority-conspiracy against the masses of the German people. But as the war proceeds, the German nation, as a nation, becomes the enemy because it is in fact the enemy. And the view is advanced that Hitlerism is but another form of a congenital German disease. United Nations propagandists, usually un-official, are busy compiling against the Germans a veritable Protocol of the Elders of Zion.

This mentality of war, shared by the millions of the peoples of nations, is not a mentality in which peace can be constructed. Peace is not Victory. Peace is not the Defeat of the Enemy. Victory and the enemy's defeat are the culmination of war. Peace is the reconstruction that victory allows.

Needed for the reconstruction, which is peace, is not the short-range view of war but the most long-range view of which the mind is capable. What is needed is not partisanship, but an almost disembodied disinterestedness, not passion, but intelligence, not physical heroism, but intellectual courage, not the vision of 1943, but the vision of 1963 at least.

There have been very few leaders who were [illegible] who wisely did not choose to run for a third term, could not have averted the period of chaotic senselessness that followed the revolutionary war. Lincoln, through the entire Civil War, retained the sombber balance and tragic humanism expressed in the Second Inaugural address. But the "peace" began with his assassination—and what a peace!

In all countries after the wars of the last century there was a conviction, usually held by the officers of victorious armies, that the statesmen "lost what the generals won." The European allies, after defeating Napoleon, were accused of leaving France as strong as ever. But France never afterward engaged in a vast military adventure. Security, not conquest, became her watchword.

Bismarck, who as Chancellor of Prussia made three wars for the establishment of what he considered safe frontiers for a new German Reich, was in constant hot water with his King, his generals, and popular opinion, because he did not keep and consolidate all his gains. After the war against Austria, fought for excluding from the Reich that Habsburg-ruled nation of mixed peoples, he did not even march into Vienna. He left his enemy intact and withdrew his troops from Bohemia (Czech Austria) which he had conquered. His ambition was to make an alliance with his recently defeated enemy, and he succeeded.

Today, every human being has the feeling that he is a direct participant in the war and has the right to his victory. And there is not the slightest indication that the peoples, thinking, or rather reacting emotionally, under the passions and propagandas of war, are more farsighted or just than the political leaders. On the contrary, political leaders are pushed by their peoples.

I do not think anyone doubts my feelings about Nazism. The rape and loot of nations and persons by the Nazis has no parallel in any modern history. If justice be an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" and if statesmanship be this sort of justice; if silence and passive acceptance by large masses of the German people themselves under Gestapo rule, constitute collusion; then there is no fate for the German nation that is not deserved.

Few persons stop to ask themselves, however, how, throughout history, nations have been capable of behaving, especially in time of war and revolution. It is not a pretty story, and it is a story which exonerates no nation. Few distinguish between "the nation," in normal, and the nation behaving under certain leadership and circumstances.

In the case of Germany retribution against personalities responsible for outrages is one question; that retribution will occur in the nature of events—and it is to be hoped that no uniform, when the time comes, will protect them. But retribution is not the function of statesmanship. And I doubt whether plans now repatedly crystallizing in allied foreign offices for dealing with defeated Germany are based upon an accurate reading of history or of folk psychology. These plans seem to me to offer no hope

Side Glances

"Maybe I won't be the town umpire this year—with all the boys gone, I'm getting in shape so I can get in there and pitch a game!"

In Martinique

The Returned Ones

The Christian Science Monitor

I HAD a startling experience in the Concord Library the other night. I was grabbed by a book. I had been looking for something about Martinique, where Admiral Georges Robert is juggling three governments with typical Vichy dexterity. I had dipped into several bright superficial volumes, when a faded greenish book held its name to my eyes, "Two Years in the French West Indies." I had never heard of it, but one could trust Lafcadio Hearn. I samyied a page, then read all of another page, then sat down with the book. It was too long, too old, no use to me whatever, but it had me. It marched me to the desk.

"I'll take this," I told the girl in charge. "I don't want it, but it's got me."

"They'll do that," the girl said. "The good ones."

On the walk home, I wondered why none of those other books on the West Indies had forced me to carry them home. Most of them were fairly recent and looked informative. They seemed to be entertainingly written. Some were lavish with local color and were quick to contrast the Antilles with the author's home state, to the latter's disadvantage. The photographs were good, the covers lureful. Yet they had about the same appeal for me as juke-box music.

Once at home, I saw that Lafcadio Hearn's book was drenched with an unspoken nostalgia.

"And I thought that there could be no greater delight in existence than to lie down at night, with all the windows open—and the Cross of the South visible from my pillow—and the sea-wind pouring over the bed—and the tumultuous whispering and muttering of the surf in one's ears—to dream of that strange sea white-bursting over its beach of black sand."

As he had roamed about the island, staying in a place until it ripened for him and opened to his touch, nostalgia heightened each yesterday's pleasure into a happiness. The waking hours were rounded, lost, and then regainable in his writing. He was in love with Martinique, really in love and not simply shrill with publishable ecstasy. His glances were sharp because he must see his loved one's face, the whole island's every shape and color and way of living. And, when he moved from some small village to St. Pierre or Fort de France, he became more conscious of the deserted place through his profound unreasoning nostalgia for it.

"I had long desired to examine a plantation drum and see it played upon under conditions more favorable than the excitement of a holiday . . . ."

So he did, and told about it so clearly, vibrantly, effortlessly, that that drum beats in the reader's ears. You see the drummer, hear him chant:

"Oh! yole-yole!" (drum roll)
"Oh! misste-o!" (drum roll)
"Y bel tambouye!" (drum roll)
"Ale, ya, yale!" (drum roll)

As I read fascinating pages about the fer de lance, a snake suitable for nightmares; about zombis—a zombi is sometimes a horse with three legs, sometimes a woman fourteen feet high, and at other times other things—; about the volcano, the hurricanes, the history of this Paradise that was; I longed to go to Martinique. The other books had made of it merely another tourist stop, a sort of populated desert. For them it was one chapter in twelve.

"How about the West Indies next?" asks the publisher.

"I can swing that before the novel. But I'll need an advance."

"Can you get the script to me in time for the Fall trade?"

That's all there is to it. The author with his contract, his advance, and his time limit, arranges to sandwich Martinique in between Antigua and Barbados. Forty pages is enough. Just hereabouts in my reflections, my conscience said: "Is it quite fair to deride the nongenuines for not being Lafcadio Hearn?"

I squelched that quickly. "Suppose," I said to my conscience, "that just one of them had set about doing his travel-book differently? Suppose he had been a man of vocation, instead of just another business man? He would have found the place he loved, instead of agreeing to the places his publisher suggested. He would have gone there at his own time, about the volcano, the hurricanes, dictated. If his publisher had protested that a book about twelve places sold twelve times as well as a book about one place, he would have found another publisher. Must commerce ruin everything? Must it arrange for the sentiment one feels about places? Must it measure out the minutes one may look at something?"

Conscience was mute. The truth was, I was right. The very name of Martinique is Le Pays de Revenants, The Country of Returners. The Land of Returned Ones. It held Lafcadio Hearn two years; and he could always return to it in his pages for they spoke the truth. To speak the truth one has to have one's own subject and to live with it and love it. Without love, no nostalgia, no homesickness, no writing from the heart.

Newspaper World

Editor and Publisher

WOMEN were ever thus, and nothing can be done about it even though it holds up the works at times:

AP's house organ, Inter-Office, reports that Francis Gonia, printer attendant in the Milwaukee bureau, called Chicago one morning recently to request a repeat of the first four items on the main wire. When asked the reason she replied:

"Mouse."

Questioning revealed that Miss Gonia had arrived in plenty of time to turn on the printer, but a mouse had treed her on a desk. The mouse kept her sitting there for 15 minutes by "just sitting and looking at me until it decided to go away," Miss Gonia reported.

Editor-Publisher H. B. Fox of the Madisonville (Tex.) Meteor recently advertised for rain, after having heard "dozens of cattlemen, farmers and businessmen say they practically had to have a rain."

Moreover, Fox put the name of 21 persons to the ad, knowing they wanted the rain but admitting they knew nothing about the ad, which said the 21 owed him a dollar apiece if an inch of rain fell by the following Thursday. Otherwise, they owed him nothing.

Confident in the Meteor's drawing power, the ad concluded:

"Get your roof patched, it's bound to rain."

It did—24 hours later—to the extent of an inch or more.

"And what is more phenomenal," Fox said, according to an AP dispatch, "I'm collecting from all except a few and I'm instructing them never again to belly-ache to me about the weather."

The suburban news department of the Lewiston (Me.) Sun-Journal stopped this one from a correspondent's copy: "OAKLAND—The second grade Sunday School class of the All Souls' Universalist Sunday School hung their teacher, Tuesday evening. Games were enjoyed and refreshments served . . ." The same day, the Journal weekly magazine headlined, on its theatre page, an appropriate double billing