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And Evening Chronicle

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The Senators

They Have a Chance To See How Victory Can Be Won

As the Senate committee of investigation jogs around the globe, poking into every corner where American men are fighting, they carry our hopes and dreams with them. They could, if they would, become men on this trip. They could see so much that they could not be blinded by the glare of the Washington limelight; hear so much in the roar of battle that they would never be deafened to the call of men at war; feel so deeply that they could never rest, in the Senate's halls, while Congress dallied.

In all the wars of history, we suppose, commissions have gone forth to inspect. Mostly, they have been non-military men who did not understand what they saw from a military point of view. And so it has been said, bitterly, by military men, that these commissions have never worked any good. The picture is of fat, aging politicians, mincing and lumbering around the fringe of battlefields, sniffing death from afar, consuming public funds, and going home to gossip and carp.

The happy American Senators need not fill that bill. In this modern war they can see enough, and be told enough, to know that the globe is tiny, that its every turn must be felt in America as well as in Europe or Asia. If these happy, probing Senators do not find out how this war is being fought, or should be fought, they will at least know for a certainty why it should be fought to a quick victory. They will know, droning over the airlanes of the world, how magically it has shrunk in the years of war.

We hope for these men that they can see battle spread before them, and see and understand the flow of men and weapons into the theaters of death and combat. And we hope that they can come home full of the fever of a new crusade, to whip Washington toward unity of purpose, to convince the niggling bureaus of the urgency of our times, and to prove that peace may be brought with astonishing swiftness, if only America will really bend its great back, and work with a purpose so that the fighting services might fight, unencumbered.

"How're we doing—but don't tell me" remarked one of the Fuehrer's tame astrologers, to another who was skimming the late headlines.

Louis Ratcliffe

He Takes a Thankless, But Highly Important Job

We don't know of a more responsible position of public service in Mecklenburg County than that of Chairman of the Welfare Board. The Welfare Chairman must say grace over something like $500,000 a year in relief funds of one kind or another, and must combat the red tape and constant friction of personalities caused by the distribution of such patronage of government. After a long search, County authorities have found the man they sought in Louis Ratcliffe, successor to the late Max Kahn.

Mr. Ratcliffe, as County Chairman Sid McAden has pointed out, is admirably fitted for such a task. That he has accepted it, knowing full well the difficulties to be overcome daily, and the endless grief he must suffer is an indication of his willingness to serve his community at whatever personal sacrifice. For this job is not one to be dreamed about. Lack of remuneration, a great responsibility, the danger of being loudly charged with unscrupulous playing of politics, and the certainty of numberless complaints all go to make it far from an ideal position.

To this job Mr. Ratcliffe brings outstanding abilities; he has been often called upon by public, civic and social agencies to render important service in the past. He has always answered with a will, and with a capable rendition. As Chairman of the Welfare Board he will become increasingly important to the County, for the tasks in this field are only now becoming defined. The need for greater funds will continue to grow, until today's welfare manna will seem a small contribution indeed.

It is well that, in such a field, where great expansion is a certainty, the County is served by so able a man as Louis Ratcliffe. Mr. McAdden, the Democrat, is to be congratulated. So, of course, are the people of the County. A big job has been filled.

Any Takers?

CIO Wants To Sponsor a Move Against the People of the U. S.

This week there looms the chance of a lifetime for a promising, ambitious and far-sighted candidate for the Presidency. The way is open, the bars are down, and a guide is waiting to lead the neophyte to glory. Phil Murray and the CIO are ready to back a candidate for any office, providing he will declare himself against the anti-strike bill rammed down the President's throat by Congress. There, men, is the chance.

Murray jumped to the rostrum sprely, like a young Labor leader who felt the pulse of the country, and not like a middle-aged boss who has lost the touch. He cried that Congress was out of contact with the people of the United States. Its members did not understand the wishes of the nation. Congress had run amok, passing a no-strike bill.

It's taking Phil Murray a long, long time to catch on. They mean it, Phil, those Congressmen. They have heard from the people back home, Phil. The people are not with you, Phil. They are working hard, steadily, without asking every week or so for new wage increases to keep up with living costs, and thus bring on inflation. The people believe in the war, Phil, and they have told their Congressmen. In the end, Congress did not dare to forget. The boys passed the no-strike bill, and when it was vetoed they stormed the heights.

No, Phil Murray, if is you and your kind who would contribute to broken morale, who have forgotten what the people want. It is selfishness and class greed, it is blindness to the needs of the nation; these passions take you afar. You had just as well go ahead and prepare your blacklists against Congressmen; no man will advance to meet you who has a ghost of a chance at election. Now, yours would be the kiss of death. Labor still does not understand the temper of the people.

"A mixture of soot and soapsuds is suggested to keep slugs from the Victory Garden lettuce." Thanks. On the whole, we believe we'd as soon have mayonnaise.

Olin's Thesis

He Speaks for Keeping Negro Race Where It Has Ever Been

If ever we've seen material for poor Allied propaganda, it is in the recent speech of South Carolina's Governor Olin Johnston on race relations. The Governor, answering the call of a Negro ministers association, declared that he would forcibly eject from the state any and all men who sought to stir up sentiment in favor of race equality. That much, so far as we're concerned, is all right. The South needs no radical help from the outside.

But then the Governor promised the appealing Negro ministers that their race would continue to get the same kind of treatment in South Carolina as in the long past. Here, the Governor did not clarify himself, and left himself open to a barrage from the Negro organizations and sympathizers. It is our guess that he will be maligned for that speech from coast to coast, in the Negro press.

There will be, however, ample questioning from more reasonable sources of the Governor's statement. For generations we have lived here in South Carolina without trouble. We have treated the Negro race fair. We have given him educational advantages far beyond his ability to pay. We have given him every opportunity of work that leads to a decent, and adequate livelihood, but we demand and will not tolerate the mixing of the races in our schools, churches and dwelling places."

As we remember the appeal of the Negro ministers, it decried those who have advocated race equality on a social basis. But as we know and love the South, we know Governor Johnston's claims of open-handed generosity toward the Negro race are not based upon fact. The Governor was correct in ruling out the Northern societies who have compiled an unlovely record of intervention. He was wrong in his reading of the record.

Senator Barkley says our generation can expect little in the way of tax relief. Any candidate who promises otherwise is merely speaking from momentum.

Looking At History

A Correspondent Flies Over Rome

By Raymond Clapper

ALLIED HEADQUARTERS, NORTH AFRICA

ALREADY a large number of heavy bombers had been over Rome when we got there. As we turned in from the sea to run down from the north we could see off on our right rolling clouds of smoke being blown from a target—the work of the bombers ahead of us.

Ten minutes later our group of Flying Fortresses was rushing down the bomb run over the same target. Because of the controversy that might easily develop over this air attack on Rome I made it my special business to watch as closely as I could. I was in the nose of the plane with the bombardier. Particularly I watched out of my right-hand window, for on that side lay the Vatican, just across the winding Tiber. Actually it was three to four miles away. We could not possibly have hit it without making a special detour to do so.

No accident could have caused bombs to drop even near the Vatican. I saw the Coliseum and the ruins of the Forum also, completely in the clear, racing on my right. Several churches, especially marked on the pilot's charts, also were out my right window and they were all clear. I emphasize this because Axis propagandists can easily distort facts about this raid. Several newspaper correspondents were invited to accompany the mission so that they might give independent testimony. There is a good deal more to say about precautions taken to prevent damage to churches and monuments of religious significance. But that can come later.

The impressive thing about the raid on Rome was the pitiful opposition encountered. This parade of Allied bombers, heavies and mediums with escorting P-38s, were making bomb runs over the heart of Rome for hours. This was, you might say, a triumphal procession, marking the new age of air which is destined to change many things in this world. Whatever Mussolini may have been doing at the time he must have recognized the Allied parade of devastating air power as an omen of doom. Romans of old looked to the heavens for portents. New portents are there in the sky for Romans and their allies of today to see.

We saw only two enemy fighters in the air. It was just after our bombs were dropped. One came flying past us on our right. He was not heading for us, he was just chasing on home it seemed. Our bombardier and navigator swung their machine guns at him and there was a terrible din for a few seconds in our nose compartment. Other guns in the formation opened up and the little enemy fighter raced by under a shower of red tracers and escaped.

The same thing happened on our left side a few minutes later. Neither fighter was looking for anything except a safe place to the rear. They made no passes at us, just beat it like small boys used to run past through a gantlet. The bombardier, Lt. Charles P. Gough, of Denver, said they probably were both ME 109s but evidently flown by Italians.

Raymond Clapper (left), just off a Flying Fortress which bombed Rome, talks with his pilot, Major Warren Whitmore of Jacksonville, Fla. (NEA telephoto.)

Then we saw flak. I had been hearing about flak for a long time but this was a poor specimen, so our crew told me. We saw black puffs up ahead. Some of them got up a little above our altitude which was about 25,000 feet. It looked like a barrage of it just ahead of us as we were running for the bomb drop point but it never hit any of us. It was set too far ahead or broke too low. Our crew said it was not good aiming or fuse setting.

That was all there was to the enemy opposition. The whole Allied show, carefully arranged over a period of months, went clocking off on schedule. We were back over our field fifteen minutes ahead of our estimated time of arrival, fired when we left hours earlier. No ships were lost, not a man injured so far as I have heard from the other formations. This raid says Italy is through.

Our Fortresses had bombs to drop at the extreme right hand corner of the railroad yards. For days the Air Force command had been working out bomb charts. All crews were given a map and enlarged air photographs with the Vatican and other religious institutions marked out. The Vatican had a large white line drawn around it. Each of several such locations had a warning in large letters: "Must on no account be damaged."

At briefing the crews were told not to drop bombs if there was any doubt or if the target was obscured to the slightest degree by clouds or smoke. The command had been conscious of its responsibility in this matter. It considered Rome a military target because it was a bottleneck for rail traffic from Germany through Brenner Pass to Southern Italy and Sicily.

The railroad tracks were congested, making a good target. Furthermore they were on the opposite side of the city from the Vatican and historic monuments. Even so there was much anxiety lest some enthusiastic pilots get out of hand. At the briefing of our crew, Col. Fay R. Upthegrove, the leader of our group, said, "I don't want any damn individual bombing today."

I got along all right except that the hole in the nose compartment is not made for middle age sizes. But once inside there was plenty of room; I wore an oxygen mask about two hours during the active part of the trip. No particular strain was evident around the plane until the climb for bombing altitude started.

Then the crew adjusts their parachutes and oxygen masks. The bombardier settles down to an intense study of his bombing chart because he must recognize the aiming point as it comes up in his bombsight. All crew members scan the sky everywhere, looking for enemy fighters. The machine guns are unstrapped, ready for use.

As far as I was concerned the most tension was just as we started down the bomb run but when we were over the target and also in the flak dealing with enemy fighters so much was happening that suddenly I realized it was all over and everything is all right.

As soon as we were out of the enemy area an amazing quiet settled over the ship. Our co-pilot, Col. R. H. Smith, of Nashville, asked the waist gunner on the interphone how his watermelons were that the Colonel had placed in the ship for cooling. The melons were nicely chilled but when the Colonel cut them, back at the field, they had spoiled inside which was the only bad luck in our Fortress group all day long.

Working Up To The Neck

—By Dorman Smith

Time Is Running Out

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

THE Russian counter offensive begins in July this year, not in November. In other words any kind of weather can be good weather for our side. The Russians have torn up their old military calendar. There is no month any more which need necessarily be a good month for Hitler. What the Russians exploit on the Orel front tells us is that history can be made on any Thursday morning, and without first checking the thermometer.

At the beginning of this war the Summers belonged to Hitler, the Winters belonged to nobody. Good weather was pro Nazi. Bad weather was neutral. The Russians changed that, in November 1941, with their invention of the Winter counter offensive. They used it again the following year. Each Winter wiped out, in part or in whole, the territorial losses of the preceding Summer. The Summers were still Hitler's. But the Winters became ours.

Now we stare at the fact that the Russians have stopped the biggest German tank offensive of the entire war, not in three months, but in eight days. An offensive which would once have gained the Germans 300 rounding miles of territory now gains them nothing. Russian penetrations in eight days of counter attack are twice as deep as German penetrations in eight days of the original offensive.

This news from the Orel-Belgorod front changes the whole character of the war. It is far more significant than even the fantastically good news from Sicily. The invasion of Sicily was a great development. But the Russians have topped it and topped it quickly.

The invasion of Sicily is part of a long, slow careful plan for nearing down the Axis. But the Russian exploit of last week and this is part of an instant, pressing immediate plan for defeating the Axis, and for defeating it this year. The American British plan in Sicily is a plan for containing the Axis, for reducing its territory and freedom of movement. The Russian plan is a plan for beating the Axis by wrecking its armies.

It would appear to be sheer deduction from Russia's new exploits that she is thinking of winning this year, while we are thinking of winning in years to come. If that is true, then there is a fundamental difference between Russian strategy and American-British strategy. And one might say that whereas Russia's defeats once made the second front the order of the day, now Russia's victories make the second front the order of the day.

One the purpose of the second front was to save our Russian ally and keep her in the fight. Today the function of the second front is to win this year.

Whereas Germany is bleeding from a cut finger in Sicily, she is bleeding from a cut artery in Russia. We and the British are fighting magnificently in Sicily. Our spirit, planning and style have amazed the world. But if we win in Sicily, we do not win the war. If we win in Italy, we do not win in the war. If the Russians win the great battle around Orel, they may come very close to winning the war. Our campaign is not decisive, the other is decisive.

Evangelical Counselor

The Hand Of God

By Rev. Herbert Spaugh

GOD moves in a mysterious way. His wonders to perform! The whole country was electrified by the miraculous deliverance of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his companions after 21 frightful days, during which eight men drifted helplessly about in three little rubber rafts under a burning tropical sun. The story can be read in three different books already published. Seven Came Through" by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, "We Thought We Heard The Angels Sing" by James C. Whittaker, and "Life Out There" by Johnny Bartek. In the July Christian Herald, Francis Stifler adds another striking chapter to these events in his article, "I Visit the Bartek's."

He tells how God used 20 years of devotion to the Bible in the home of an obscure working man to focus the attention of the world on the power of the Word as nothing else could have done. He tells how the 6th Chapter of Matthew has taken on new meaning for many. "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof . . . Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

As a result of this the American Bible Society wrote to the War Shipping Administration in Washington, offering to place a New Testament in a waterproof container on every liberaft and every life boat of a merchant vessel. The offer was accepted. A formal presentation was to take place as a large new vessel was to commence her maiden voyage to an eastern port. The vessel was named "The S. S. Elijhalet Nott." That name may mean nothing to most of us, but Elijhalet Nott was one of those who came to New York City in 1816 to organize the American Bible Society.

Author Stifler concludes, "Some people call such things coincidents; others see them as the acts of God!"

P.S.—Johnny Bartek's "Life Out There" (Scribner $1.75) is reviewed in the July issue of The Christian Herald.

Merry-Go-Round

Weeding Out

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

THE Army's promiscuous granting of "cellophane" commissions to all sorts of people during the first year of the war is now coming home to roost.

There is such a huge surplus of commissioned officers holding down desk jobs on the home front that hundreds will be sent back to civilian life. Older officers with reserve and national guard background will be relieved first. There has been no ballyhoo about it, but a systematic weeding out of such officers already has begun.

An order has gone out that officers below the rank of brigadier general serving in the United States shall be retired when they reach the statutory age limit of 60 years. The statutory age limit for a brigadier general is 62, and for a major general, lieutenant general and full general, 64. The order will lop off an estimated 1,000 officers in the United States (only) who are about 60. They are chiefly majors, lieutenant colonels and colonels who were taken from reserve and national guard inactive lists and placed on active duty after Pearl Harbor.

(Note:—Officers overseas will not be retired even when over age. Gen. MacArthur, for instance, has passed the age for retirement, 64, but will continue on active duty.

Here is the latest "fourth term" joke going the rounds of the capital.

A friend called on a New Dealer who had just become the father of a bouncing boy. He was ushered into the nursery, where the infant was engaged with the business end of a bottle.

"What do you think of him?" inquired the proud father.

"He sure is a fine-looking boy," replied the visitor. "Yes, sir, sure is. Have you ever thought that some day he might grow up to be President?"

The New Deal father reared back in rage.

"Say," he exclaimed, "what's the matter with Roosevelt?"

Veto Mystery

Most talked of incident during the closing days of Congress was why the President took his administration leaders completely by surprise and sent up his veto of the anti-strike bill without warning them in advance. They did not know the veto message was coming until it arrived at 3 05 P. M.

Here is the backstage explanation of that mystery. Actually the veto message was sent to Ed Halsey, Secretary of the Senate, at a little before 1 o'clock, with instructions not to deliver the message until 4 30 P. M., just a few minutes before the Senate adjourned. At 4 o'clock, White House advisers knew, Senator Tom Connally, co-author of the Smith-Connally anti-strike bill, was to take a train to Canada. So the strategy was to wait until he had left to catch his train, then have the veto message delivered by Senate Secretary Halsey.

Halsey was supposed to keep secret the fact that he had the message. However he made the mistake of telling Senator Lister Hill of Alabama. Senator Hill was Acting Majority Leader in the absence of Senator Barkley and supposed to be fighting for the President.

When Hill learned about it, he instructed Halsey to bring the veto message out on the floor right away. Halsey understood by this time Hill, the Administration leader, had enough votes to uphold the President. But when the President's message was read, he was amazed to note that Senator Hill led the fight to override his chief in the White House.

South Carolina Friends

One little-noticed by-play in the closing days of Congress was the way Senator Maybank of South Carolina stabbed his old friend ex-Senator ex-Justice Byrnes of South Carolina on the vital vote on commodity subsidies. This was Byrnes' pet bill. It was a personal issue. Maybank had succeeded to Byrnes' place in the Senate and is considered his disciple. But he voted against his old friend on every roll-call. That one vote was the deciding factor.

"I just delivered a fine baby boy to that gardener on Vine St. who grows tomatoes—that fixes us up for ketchup next Winter!"